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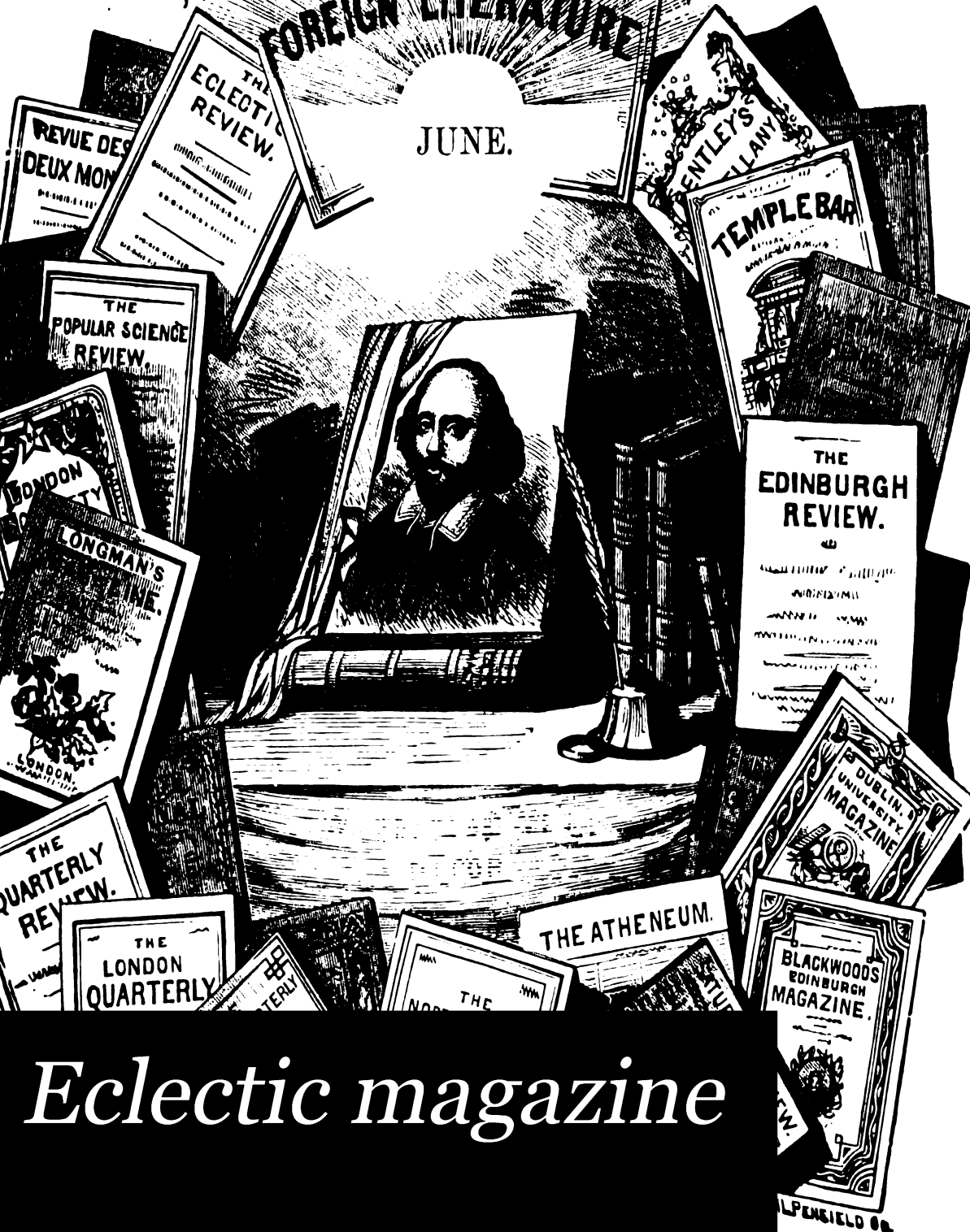
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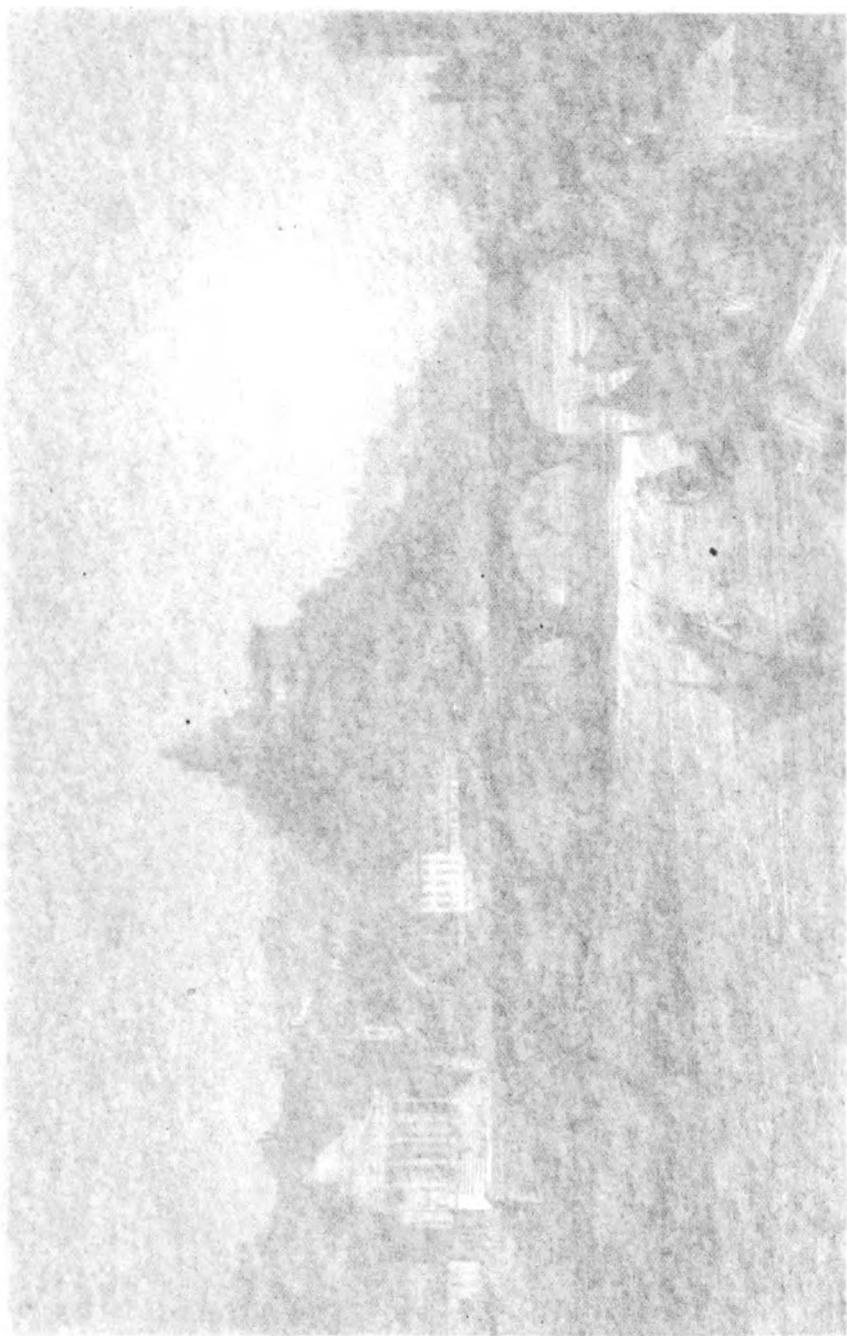
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THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DIARY.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

IF to the German nation the Emperor Frederick was "Unser Fritz," he held and holds a scarcely less close place in our English heart. We loved, admired, and honored the noble, steadfast man, who had come to be regarded among us as hardly a foreigner. We knew him for the loyal husband of a lady deservedly very dear to us, as not less loved by our Sovereign than one of her own sons, as a true and staunch friend of England. We took pride in his career as a warrior, but we loved him all the better for that, conqueror though he was on many a stricken field, he yet detested war with all his great, tender heart. Among our cherished memories of him are his opposition to the bombardment of Paris and his steadfast advocacy of the introduction into the beleaguered city of medical comforts for the sick and wounded. To a free people his enlightened and liberal sentiments and as-

pirations, known although undemonstrative—for his life as Crown Prince was one of severe and constant self-restraint—specially commended him. Throughout the Jubilee celebration of last year every eye centred with affectionate admiration on the dumb majestic figure, stateliest beyond compare, in the towering helmet, the flashing mail, the white uniform. Since the Prince of Wales lay wrestling with death at Sandringham sixteen years ago, the nation has hung on no news from a sick room with solicitude so keen as on the strange, perplexing tidings from San Remo that alternately depressed and elevated us. Then came the brief delusive Indian summer of an apparent measure of health and strength, when the new Kaiser conquered death for a few short weeks, that he might give earnest to the world of his vigorous yet enlightened kingcraft.

Scarcely had we doffed our mourning

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I

for the dead, and while our sorrow for the premature ending of a life which had promised so much was yet fresh, when there appeared in a German periodical the extraordinary document purporting to be a series of extracts from the diary kept by the late Emperor Frederick during the Franco-German War of 1870-71. The authenticity of the extracts, we were told by the newspaper correspondents, was promptly credited by the German public with all but entire unanimity. The ready acceptance of the diary followed here in England as a matter of course. It is not too much to say that it was received with acclamation. It was taken for the crowning-stone on the cairn of the dead Emperor. Passages and expressions were recognized in it with hearty welcome, fragment of the beautiful nature of the man as the nation had pictured him to itself. From the pen now forever silent drops one day a pearl of paternal love; on another it records a glowing aspiration for the liberal development of Germany following on blessed peace. It scintillates on another day a flash of "the stern rapture of the fray," tells with a glow of pride of German valor, and sorrows over the wounded, friend and foe alike. It is Frederick to the life to note amidst the battle-turmoil, the pathos of "General Douai's little dog nestling up to his master's dead body;" not less is it Frederick to the life, the chivalrous compliment, with the soldierly rebuke interposed, to the despondent French officer, one of the prisoners of Wörth: "Ah, Monseigneur, what a defeat, what a catastrophe—we have lost everything!" "You have no right to say you have lost everything: you have fought like brave men, and so you have not lost your honor." It is Frederick to the life, again, who remembers, in the heat and bustle of war, the anniversary of his betrothal-day at Balmoral fifteen years before. It is our modern King Arthur, it is the finest gentleman in Europe in the highest sense of the term, who with gracious tact enters into conversation with poor forlorn Reille, standing out there among the stubbles, while the answer is being prepared which he is to take back into Sedan; who, on the following day, prevails on the King to give Napoleon his interview at the

Château Bellevue, instead of subjecting the broken man to the humiliation of coming to the conqueror's feet through the masses of curious soldiery. The diary is interspersed with passages which reveal to us the innermost nature of a man greater than the closest students of his character had realized. How fine is this: "My task and my wife's has now become doubly arduous" (the Empire having been consummated); "but I hail it all the more as I quail before no difficulties, and as I am full conscious that I do not want for steady courage fearlessly and perseveringly to face the work that awaits me." The ceremony in the Galerie des Glaces stirs his soul to its depth. He had sobbed as he knelt and kissed the hand of his father and his Kaiser; his pen is in his hand ere his pulses are calm again: "The long-deferred hopes of our forefathers, the dreams of German poets are fulfilled: freed from the dross of the 'Holy Roman' *fiasco*, there now emerges from the long night, under the old name and the old emblems of ten centuries, an Empire reformed in head and limbs."

But this diary has produced infinitely greater results than the illustration of Emperor Frederick's character in its phases of tenderness, generosity, and devotion to duty. It has startled the world by creating the impression that, to put it bluntly, Frederick was the inventor of the German Empire. It had been the universal conviction that Bismarck was the planner, compeller, and negotiator of the German unity, and of that *Kaiserthum* to which the achievement of German unity was the immediate vestibule. To quote a *Times* leader:—

"It (the diary) radically modifies all our notions upon the genesis of the German Empire. The world has been accustomed to regard the German Chancellor as the engineer of German unity. His brain, we were taught, conceived the great idea, and his will carried it into execution. But according to the diary, it was the Crown Prince in whose mind the Imperial idea took form. It was the modest, retiring Crown Prince, whom everybody has chosen to take more in the light of a frank gentleman and brave soldier than in any other, who urged this colossal stroke of statesmanship upon the reluctant King and his Minister."

Just as people chose to take the Prince

in the lesser light than was his due, the world, for the language of the *Times* is certainly the impression of the many, chooses to ascribe to him a far more important part than anything in the published diary warrants. Later I shall attempt to trace the inception and growth of the Imperial idea; but for the present I shall confine myself to a few extracts from the diary, to prove that nowhere in it does Frederick affect to claim the credit of having originated "this colossal stroke of statesmanship."

Diary, 3rd Sept. (first allusion to Imperial topic)—"The Imperial idea scarcely touched on as yet. Noticed that he (Bismarck) is favorable to it only on certain conditions. He cautioned me not to be in a hurry, although I am convinced it must come to this." No suggestion in this, surely, of the springing on Bismarck of a momentous novelty, but the simple comment that the project of the Empire had scarcely entered the regions of "practical politics."

Sept. 30th—"I address his Majesty on the Kaiser question, which is now being broached. He thinks there is no prospect of it," and refers to the remark of a Berlin professor, "that in Germany for the future there can be but a King of Prussia, Herzog of Germany. Against this I urge that the three kings (of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony) compel us to express our supremacy by the title of Kaiser. At last his opposition grows weaker." No suggestion of initiative here; the question is admittedly already under discussion, having become so because of the commencement of negotiations for confederation with the Southern States. As for the King's opposition, through his long life his attitude was always that of diplomatic opposition. Having his hand apparently forced was his greatest luxury. His opposition to anything he had a mind for invariably "grew weaker," and ultimately disappeared.

Oct. 9th—"Bismarck considering the Kaiser question; tells me that it was a mistake on his part in 1866 not to have then treated the question with greater consideration." The words in the italics of themselves are subversive of the notion that the Imperial idea originated with the Prince.

If Frederick's interposition contributed at all toward the Empire, its utmost effect was toward the quickening up of the consummation. Bismarck was sapping up to it by successive parallels, giving South Germany, in his own language, "time to cool down," between the steps. The last parallel was open from mid-September to the 23rd of November, when the Convention of Confederation was signed. While the negotiations thus culminating were well advanced, the Imperial project was "broached," and was debated and virtually settled concurrently. Bismarck in September may have been inclined to let the former end well before the latter should be mooted; may have thought the dove of peace an auspicious harbinger of the new *régime*; and the Prince's urgency may have accelerated his pace. But again, Bismarck is just the kind of man to have been negotiating for the *Kaiserthum*, while telling the Crown Prince, as he virtually did on the 14th of November, not to concern himself with what was not his business.

I have been writing hitherto on the assumption that the *Rundschau's* publication is the veritable diary of the dead Emperor. It seems to me that the more closely its text is studied the stronger is the assurance that no alternative is admissible. No *via media* in hypothesis appears practicable. Examine critically the style, sentence by sentence, entry after entry. No trace of patchwork can be detected. The most skilful literary craftsman could not have been deft enough to fit in his interpolations so dexterously that every joint should be undiscernible. A strange pen, however expert in style-catching, could not fail to betray itself. But there is no trace of interpolation, not the shadow of a shade of diversity in style. The diary is one man's work. And the indications are strong that it is wholly the work of a man writing from day to day. The composition gives no sign of subsequent "writing up."

Bismarck pronounces the diary, in its published form, to be "spurious," and he sets out, rather confusedly, sundry statements which he seems to regard as conclusive evidence. Some of those statements consist simply of contradic-

tions on his part—of averments contained in the diary—unsupported by any proof, direct or collateral. As regards those statements then, it is simply Bismarck's word against the word of the writer of the diary—and the latter the world believes to have been the Crown Prince. When, however, Bismarck impugns the authorship of the diary because of the "many mistakes of fact and time" which he alleges it to contain, there are the means of testing the weight of this specific aspersion. He speaks of "many" such "mistakes," but cites only three, which I shall notice in their order.

"Mistake" Number 1.—Bismarck writes :—

"At the very beginning it is said that, on the 13th of July 1870, I looked upon peace as secured, and therefore meant to return to Varzin; while it is a fact, which can be proved by documentary evidence, that his Royal Highness already knew that I regarded war as necessary, and my resolution was only to retire to Varzin after resigning my office if war should be shunned; and his Royal Highness was at one with me about this, as appears from the alleged entry (in the diary) of the 15th July."

A brief summary of the course of events about the dates involved must be borne with. For some days before the 12th of July, Benedetti, the French Ambassador, had been badgering King William, who was taking the waters at Ems, on the subject of the Hohenzollern candidature. The situation had been extremely ominous. The King had telegraphed for Bismarck to come to him from Varzin. Bismarck reached Berlin (*en route* for Ems) on the evening of the 12th, "where"—I quote from Busch (Bismarck's semi-official biographer)—"he found the telegraphic announcement (transmitted by the French Ambassador in Paris) that Prince Leopold had withdrawn his candidature." Europe for a few hours breathed freely again. Taking his early walk on the promenade of Ems on the morning of the 13th, Wilhelm began a momentous conversation with Benedetti by the remark that he supposed the matter was now satisfactorily settled. Bismarck, instead of going on to Ems himself, sent Eulenburg, the Home Minister, and it was certainly the impression in Berlin at the moment, and was telegraphed to

this country, that he deemed the trouble over, and was going home. Mr. Lowe, in his painstaking biography of the Chancellor, published so late as 1885, writes thus: "Both he (Bismarck) and Moltke prepared to return to the country; and Prince Adelbert, commanding the German Squadron, whose outward-bound course had been arrested at Portsmouth, was telegraphed to that he might now at last proceed on his cruise." It is certain that, if Bismarck had any such intention, it could not have lasted longer than the morning of the 13th, when he received Werther's telegram from Paris reciting Gramont's impossible demand; but it does not follow that Bismarck may not have continued to express rural intentions; for Werther's was a private communication, and the Crown Prince "stood outside the sphere of political negotiations, and was therefore liable to be incompletely or inaccurately informed about many incidents." Again, the entry in the diary of July 15—"Bismarck's views on the state of our relations with France enable me *now* to perceive that any yielding on our part for the sake of peace was already impossible"—does not very clearly prove, as Bismarck cites it as doing, that the Prince previously to the 15th knew that on the 13th he (Bismarck) already regarded war as necessary.

"Mistake" No. 2.—That the diary errs in stating that the King had not much objection to immediate mobilization. This is a question merely of degree and quantity. Probably Bismarck is in the right, for it is a good distance from Brandenburg to Berlin, and his Majesty would have the longer gratification of that special foible of his—indulgence in a fine old crusted opposition the character of which Bismarck understood perfectly well.

"Mistake" No. 3.—The statement in the diary that on the afternoon of Sedan the King dictated to Count Hatzfeldt the draft of his reply to the letter of Napoleon. "The Crown Prince," writes Bismarck, "was standing by when the King ordered *me* to draft the answer; and this rough draft was read out to the King for his Majesty's approval." Bismarck certainly ought to know; yet Busch has yet another version. Busch was Bismarck's Boswell,

and was "standing by" too. Says Busch: "The Crown Prince, Moltke, and the Coburg Highness talked with him (General Reille, the bearer of Napoleon's letter), while the King conferred with the Chancellor, who then commissioned Hatzfeldt to sketch an answer to the Imperial letter." Here, then, are three different versions of the same little episode—another illustration how difficult it is to write history. Count Hatzfeldt, as like as not, might contribute a fourth.

The petty slips or discrepancies on which Bismarck leans so heavily, as well as others which it is not worth while to notice, make for the authenticity of the diary rather than for its spuriousness; and make, too, against the theory that it was written up at leisure. A writer up, whether he were Frederick himself, or, to take Bismarck's expression, "some one in his *entourage*," would naturally have made away with such obvious weapons for the adverse commentator, at the trivial cost of half an hour spent in consulting references. But the little mistakes stand in evidence that the world has the diary just as the curt notes went down in its pages in honest, if occasionally erroneous record of the passing day. Such trifles are not to shake our credence in the genuineness of this remarkable diary. The strain on that belief becomes severe only when we read the record of that strange and painful conversation with Bismarck of November 14, in which the Crown Prince discloses attributes in strong and sombre contrast to any hitherto ascribed to him. What! Is it our ideal *preux chevalier*, who in hard cold words urges harsh measures to compel under the Imperial yoke reluctant peoples whose troops have aided in carrying him from victory to victory, troops whose battle shout is still ringing in his ears, troops whose blood shed for the common Fatherland is scarce yet dry on the slopes of Wörth or the water-meadows below Bazeilles! But Frederick, liberal as were his aspirations, German as were his longings, was a Prussian of the Prussians, a people in whose nature is embedded a stratum of hard masterfulness. And he was a Hohenzollern—scion of a race always successful in conquering sentiment, with less or greater

effort, and on less or greater occasion. Notwithstanding his consciousness that he "represented the future," it was no personal ambition that stirred Frederick to the advocacy of duress; he was simply at a white heat for the German Empire, and could not wait.

It is intelligible enough why Bismarck should diplomatically denounce the "alleged diary" as spurious; but it is not just on his part that he should strain its terms to support his position. He characterizes as a calumny on the dead Prince "the assertion of the diary that his Royal Highness could have thought of *employing force* against our allies (the South German States), and of thus breaking the treaties that had been faithfully kept by them." But the diary does not bear out the strong expression I have placed in italics. Here is its language: "Bismarck asks . . . whether I wish the South Germans to be threatened. I reply, '*Ja wohl*, there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and you will see I was right in asserting that you have not yet the consciousness of your power.'" The counsel was bad counsel: it was not the counsel that should have emanated from a well-wisher of German unity of the right kind, and of a German empire truly based. But it did not go the length of approval of "employing force;" indeed, the necessity for the use of force was specifically argued against by the Prince. The advice urged but the moral pressure of North Germany's cold shoulder, and the consequent isolation of the Southern States. And when Bismarck airs his righteous wrath against the infraction of treaties, it may be germane to recall the fact that it was a threat of that identical nature whereby he brought South Germany to accept the Customs and Military Conventions of 1867.

Taking, then, the late Emperor, and none other, to have been the author of the diary, which for my own part I confess to do not without reluctance, spite of the fine traits which it discloses, and holding also that he added no subsequent touches, but that we have it just as he dashed it down night after night, there remains the problem—by what devices has it become public property?

It must surely, in the nature of things, have been among the most private of Frederick's private papers, to be seen of no man for the most obvious reasons. The idea that he could have connived at its posthumous publication is naturally to be rejected with contempt. If Frederick did not love Bismarck—and it is pretty clear there was no love lost between them—Frederick was a man of honor and courage; not the poltroon who would shoot a blunt Parthian arrow from behind the cover of his own gravestone. Frederick was a patriot, and would have scouted the base suggestion that, in subserving any petty personal vanity, he could throw from the tomb an apple of discord into the contented amity of united Germany. Frederick was chivalrous and humane: he would have spared the memory of a broken man, and the feelings of a lone sorrowing woman, remembering that he had eaten the salt of the Tuileries. Frederick died the head of that great realm of which Roon was one of the makers: if he had jotted down the good Roon's fashion of "shoulder-shrugging and spitting," it was not in his nature deliberately to promulgate the sneer. It follows with equal stringency that Frederick could not have given opportunities for his diary to be copied, far less have disseminated it among his intimate friends. For, although frank and trustful, he was not precisely childlike and bland; he must have been aware how weak and prone to temptation is fallen humanity, even of the German species. Risks may be taken by the discreetest of men for adequate ends; but in disseminating this narrative, however confidentially, the risks were there, with no object to be gained conceivable to influence a man constituted as was Frederick. Suppose him to have been free in gossip with "his *entourage*," one need not read the diary critically to be convinced that it never could have been constructed out of narrated reminiscences. The conclusion, then, at which I finally arrive is that it must have been stolen, or have been copied surreptitiously, in the confusion and relaxation in wonted vigilance of Frederick's long illness, or possibly after his death. There is a story of private papers left behind in a drawer at San Remo, which,

if true, would indicate some such lapse of vigilance.

I remember to have read somewhere that "the egg from which was hatched the German Empire was laid on the battle-field of Sadowa." But the Imperial idea had "taken form" long before that stubborn combat was fought. In 1848, the year of revolution, the first German Parliament met at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the ancient electoral and coronation city of the German Emperors. It had but a short life, and soon "melted into insignificance, anarchy, and air;" but while yet in its brief span of feverish vigor, it elected Frederick William IV. of Prussia to the hereditary dignity of Emperor of the Germans. A deputation went to Berlin to tender to that sovereign the Imperial Crown, headed by the self-same Herr Simson, who twenty-one years later was the spokesman of the Reichstag deputation, which in the Prefecture of Versailles prayed Wilhelm "to consecrate the work of unification by accepting the Imperial Crown of Germany." Frederick William declined the dangerous honor, fearing those revolutionary Greeks, and the gifts they brought: as he wrote to Bunsen, "We accept or refuse only what *can* be offered, but they have absolutely nothing to offer." A tender from his fellow princes he would have considered favorably: "it is with my peers I must settle such an affair." The mortified deputation betook themselves to the palace of the Prince of Prussia—the title then borne by him who later came to be Kaiser Wilhelm. There they were received with the greatest cordiality. A cautious man, the Prince did not compromise himself; after explaining that the King's refusal was neither absolute nor final, but that he would not accept the German Crown without the assent of the German sovereigns, Wilhelm left them to the further consolations his Princess was not chary of tendering.

Thus early, then, had the Imperial idea taken form. Was the Empire practicable then, if Frederick Wilhelm had hardened his heart to accept the tender made him by the deputation from Frankfurt? Gossiping at Versailles, in 1870, Bismarck said: "At that time things looked well for a while for a union of

Germany under Prussia. The little Princes were mostly powerless and in despair. If only they could have had a good deal of property secured to themselves—domains, appanages, &c.—most of them would willingly have consented to everything else. The Austrians had their hands full with Hungary and Italy. The Emperor Nicholas would at that time have made no protest. If before May 1849 we had put our backs into it, been decided, and settled up with the minor Princes, we might have had the South. . . . But time was lost through delays and half measures, and the opportunity was gone." The opportunity might have come in other fashion if the Frankfort assembly had been temperate. If that body had but acted on the wise Welcker's good counsel, if the violence of the revolutionist element in that body had not alienated the support of men who discriminated between license and liberty, the great work might have been accomplished while the man, who twenty-one years later was to be the first German Emperor, was living in his quiet Babelsberg seclusion.

Bismarck, in contradiction of a passage in the diary, asserts that "the Crown Prince never entertained the idea that the Empire would have been possible or profitable in 1866;" but he does not and cannot aver that the Kaiser question was not freely spoken of in the Royal *entourage* and elsewhere as the immediate result of Sadowa. From the date of that triumph till its final solution at Versailles, it may truly be said to have permeated the air of North Germany. The Liberal Press did not hesitate to write of it. The enthusiasts in the Prussian Chambers, in the discussions on the annexation measure, breathed their aspirations for the Empire when they blamed the Government for not having forced the Southern States to become members of the new Confederation. The Empire was in the hearts and on the lips of the ardent Liberals who, in the first session of the Reichstag, clamored for the immediate completion of German unity by the union of North and South. The Unionists in the new Customs Parliament of 1868 interrupted the discussions on cotton and tobacco to express their impatience of the shackles which the Treaty of Prague

imposed on the realization of their aspirations for complete union and "the consummation of the national destinies." In the early spring of 1870, on their motion for the admission of Baden into the Confederacy, the spokesmen of the pan-German party inveighed vehemently against the policy of delay. Bismarck stood in the path, invoking the Treaty of Prague, the fourth clause of which, stipulating that the Southern States were to "maintain an international independent existence" was the little device of Austria and France to put a spoke in the wheel of German unity. To the enthusiasts of the Prussian Chamber he had pointed out that it was necessary to give South Germany time to cool in her enmity to Prussia, and to reconcile herself to union with the North. To the orators of the Reichstag he explained significantly—Prussia and France were then within hours of war on the Luxemburg question, and on the day he spoke Moltke's finger was actually on the button of the mobilization-bell—that the South for its own safety's sake would come into the Union the moment that the North should engage in war. "No horseman can afford to be always at a gallop" was the figure with which Bismarck met the clamorers of the Customs Parliament. "What hurry is there?" he asked of the Unionists of 1870, when they hinted at the *Kaiserthum*. "Has not the King of Prussia," he continued, "more military authority in Germany than any Emperor had enjoyed for five centuries? Had the old Empire ever possessed a unity of economical policy? We must wait."

But was he waiting in secret, while professing the waiting policy in public? Here is an extract from Edouard Simon's book, "The Emperor William and his Reign," a work containing internal evidence that its author had exceptional inside information:—

"While awaiting the moment of freeing himself from the restrictive clauses of the Treaty of Prague, the King would willingly have accepted the title of Emperor of North Germany. To that effect, some time before the war of 1870, conferences had been opened with the Kings of Bavaria and Württemberg. King William only asked them to recognize his Imperial title, promising to adhere strictly, in every other respect, to the Treaties of 1866.

The Cabinet of Berlin said that the object of this measure was to consecrate before foreign Powers the unity of Germany, exposed to the hostility of France and the dubious attitude of Austria. . . . But neither the King of Bavaria nor the King of Württemberg showed himself inclined to accept the proposal, and, consequently, the negotiations fell to the ground."

I come now to the Franco-German War time, the period with which the diary concerns itself. Bismarck had been so far right in his assurance that a war would bring in the Southern States; for now the proposals for union came spontaneously from them. Only the motive was not the one he had counted on; they were now actuated by a fine healthy hunger for a share of the spoils of victory, for the German armies were in possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the likelihood was growing that the temporary occupation could result in definitive conquest. The negotiations begun at Munich a fortnight after Sedan were presently transferred to Versailles, and, after a considerable amount of haggling, the details of which need not be followed, the Convention with Bavaria was signed on the evening of November 23. On that night, in Madame Jesse's salon in the Rue de Provence of Versailles, not only was German unity accomplished, but the German Empire was achieved. Busch vividly depicts the great moment:—

"About ten o'clock I went to tea, and found Bismarck-Bohlen and Hatzfeldt still there. The Chief was engaged with the Bavarian plenipotentiaries in the salon. After a quarter of an hour or so, he threw open the folding doors, put his head in, looked round kindly, and when he saw that there were several of us, came up to us, and sat down at the table with a glass in his hand. 'Now,' he exclaimed excitedly, 'the Bavarian business is settled, and everything is signed. *We have got our German unity and our German Emperor.*' There was silence for a moment. Then I begged to be allowed to take the pen with which he had signed the document. 'In God's name,' said he, 'take it.' . . . 'Bring us a bottle of champagne,' said the Chief to a servant, 'it is a great occasion.' After musing a little, he remarked: 'The convention has its defects, but it is all the stronger on account of them. I count it the most important thing that we have accomplished during recent years. . . . As for the Emperor, I reconciled them to that during the negotiations, by representing that it would be much pleasanter and easier to concede certain points to the German Emperor than to the neighboring King of Prussia."

The sequel, up to the grand culmination in the Galerie des Glaces, was comparative formality.

The unpleasant suspicion cannot but arise that throughout these proceedings the Crown Prince "stood outside the sphere of political negotiations, and was therefore liable to be incompletely or inaccurately informed about many incidents." The Bavarian plenipotentiaries had been in Versailles a month, when he and Bismarck had the remarkable discussion of November 14, in which the Prince advocated the policy of threatening the South. The negotiations must have been well advanced by that time, but no disclosure as to their progress on Bismarck's part is alluded to in the diary. Nor is there a word therein to show that the Prince had timely knowledge of the momentous event which occurred on the evening of the 23rd. He knew indeed on the following morning of the bare fact of the signature of the convention, and there is the curt entry on the 28th, "Holstein has suddenly left." But the first entry in the diary indicating that he knew anything of the great game that was being played out is that of November 30, which runs: "A draft of Bismarck's for the letter of the King of Bavaria about offering His Majesty the Imperial dignity has been forwarded to Munich." But this entry must seem painfully belated, when it has to be mentioned that Count Holstein had left for Munich with that document on the 26th, and the Prince had his sparse and tardy information, not from Bismarck, but from the Grand Duke of Baden. One cannot but get the impression that Bismarck throughout, to use an expressive Americanism, "had been playing a lone hand," at least in so far as the Crown Prince was concerned.

The impression is all but universal that Wilhelm throughout was but the figure-head of the ship at the helm of which stood Bismarck, subtle, shrewd, cynical, and unscrupulous. This conception I believe to be utterly wrong. I hold Wilhelm to have been the maker of the United Germany, and the creator of the German Empire; and that the accomplishment of both those objects, the former leading up to the latter, were

already quietly in his mind when he succeeded to the throne of Prussia. I believe him to have possessed the shrewdest insight into character. I believe him to have been quite unscrupulous, when once he had crossed the threshold of a line of action. I discern in him this curious, although not very rare, phase of character, that although resolutely bent on a purpose, he was apt to be irresolute and even reluctant, in bringing his will to consent to measures whereby that purpose was to be accomplished. He was that apparent contradiction in terms, a bold hesitator—in the language of the hunting field, a “daring funker;” he occasionally needed, and knew he needed, to have his hand apparently forced for the achievement of the ends he was most bent upon. Finally, he possessed that quality rare in man—that he thoroughly knew himself. His career exemplifies each and all of these attributes.

He began his reign strongly. He set the crown on his own head at Königsberg, asserting the *jus divinum* in the words, “I receive this crown from God’s hand, and from none other.” This was his brusque warning to the Liberal majority of his first Parliament: “I can never permit the progressive development of the nation’s inner consciousness to question or endanger the rights and power of the Crown.” The army was obsolete: Wilhelm knew full well that his aspirations could be accomplished only at the bayonet point; and when still Regent he had energetically set himself to the task of making Prussia the greatest military Power of Europe. He it was who had put into the hands of Prussian soldiers the weapon that won Sadowa. He surrounded himself with officers whose names as warriors Europe was later to know—Manteuffel, Vogel von Falckenstein, Hindersin, his nephew Frederick Charles. With his clear eye for the right man, he had found Moltke, and placed the premier strategist of modern times at the head of the General Staff. Roon was in comparative obscurity, no doubt “shoulder-sbrugging and spitting” even then; Wilhelm picked him out as if by intuition, and assigned to him the work of preparing and carrying out that scheme of army reform which all Europe except

Great Britain has copied. And then, constant in the furtherance of his purposes, he invented Bismarck. He had steadily taken note of the man he chose to be his Minister from the big Landwehr lieutenant’s first commission to the Frankfort Diet in 1851; probably, indeed, earlier, while Bismarck was as yet among the silentest members of Frederick Wilhelm’s “quasi-Parliament.” In Bismarck Wilhelm saw the man after his own heart—the complement of himself: arbitrary as he was, unscrupulous as he was, but bolder, and at the same time more wise. Knowing where he himself was lacking, he recognized the man who, when he himself should have the impulse to balk and refuse, was of that harder nature—“grit,” the Americans call it—to take him hard by the head, and cram him over the fence which all the while he had been longing to be on the other side of. Wilhelm had all along completely realized that war with Austria was among the inevitables between him and the accomplishment of his aims, and had accepted it as such when it was yet afar off; but when confronted full with it, his nerve failed him, and Bismarck—engaged among other things for just such an emergency—had to act as the spur to prick the side of his intent. The spur having duly done its work, Wilhelm was himself again: he really enjoyed Königgrätz, and would fain have dictated peace to Austria from the Hofburg of Vienna. He threatened to abdicate rather than return to Berlin without territorial acquisitions, and was anxious to annex to Prussia, not only Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the Elbe Duchies, but also Saxony and part of Northern Bavaria. In his zeal for promoting German unity at Prussia’s bayonet point, he lost his head a little, and on Bismarck—the man of all work—devolved, in the latter’s own words, “the ungrateful duty of diluting the wine of victory with the water of moderation.” One of the beads on the surface of the former fluid was certainly the Imperial idea. Wilhelm had evinced no reluctance to carry war into the territories of his German neighbors, whether of the North or South; his sole compunction had been in regard to a breach with Austria, and this partly for family rea-

sons, partly from the influence of traditional associations, partly because he was not quite confident in his unproven arms. Reassured on this last score by the Seven Weeks War, he was briskly ready for the further inevitable adventure of a war with France when the right hour should strike. He was eager for the quarrel on the Luxemburg question in the spring of 1867, when the French army was in the chaos of just-begun reconstitution; and when sagacious Moltke calculated, "To-day we have fifty chances in our favor; a year hence we shall have but twenty-five." The deterrent voice of Europe gave him reluctant pause then, but his purpose did not falter. War with France on the first tangible opportunity was firmly resolved on in the Pavilion Marsan of the Tuileries, when, in May 1867, Wilhelm was Napoleon's guest. Fortune singularly favored him, for France made him an undeniable opportunity in those July days of 1870. Bismarck, as usual, was equal to the duties of his position. The little half-serious comedy of royal hesitation and its timely conquest was duly enacted, and Wilhelm, with braced nerves, threw himself heart and soul into the war. He was urgent for the bombardment of Paris; burst into a passion with General Hindersin because

of the delay in the arrival of siege ammunition, took the matter into his own hand, and set indefatigable Roon to the task of hurrying up the shot and shell. His son's diary depicts with unconscious humor the amusing progress of the "weakening" of Wilhelm's opposition to the Kaisership: it had weakened in good time quite out of the sort of existence it had ever had; and he was ready for the Kaisership before the Kaisership was ready for him. Throughout his long life, he despised the voice of the people. Just as, during the three years of the "conflict time" he had made his army in their very teeth, steadfastly outraged the Constitution, and levied taxes in contempt of rejected budgets; so, when the Reichstag deputation came to Versailles in December 1870, to beg in the nation's name his acceptance of the Imperial dignity, he kept them waiting until he had received, what was in his eyes of infinitely greater consequence than the prayers of peoples—the assent of the South German Kings. And, finally, he so mistrusted the Liberal proclivities of his heir, that throughout his reign he consistently kept that noble-minded and patriotic Prince "outside the sphere of political negotiations."—*Contemporary Review*.

ON THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

I.

WHAT is written here belongs to the experiences of a woman whose humble career had terminated in great yet modest promotion in another world than ours. This traveller between life and death, this little pilgrim, had been in her further development very curious to see and hear all that could be learned in the wonderful country in which her abode was fixed concerning the race of men; and all the wonderful ways of the Father in respect to those children of His who were not as His children in the other worlds, but exposed to adversity and sorrow and trouble, which are but as names to the others—those things which the angels desire to look into, and

which are the subject of story and of song not only in the little world below, but in the great realms above. She had seen what the dealings of the Father were in the hearts of men, and how till the end came He did not cease to send His messengers to plead in every heart, and to hold a court of justice that no man might be deceived, but each know whither his steps were tending, and what was the way of wisdom. And it had been permitted to her to read in the archives of the heavenly country the story of one who, neglecting all that the advocates of God could say, had found himself, when the little life was completed, not upon the threshold of a better country, but in the midst of the Land of Darkness—that region in which the

souls of men are left by God to their own devices, and the Father stands aloof, and hides His face and calls them not, neither persuades them more. Over this story the little pilgrim had shed many tears : for she knew well, being enlightened in her great simplicity by the heavenly wisdom, that it was pain and grief to the Father to turn away His face ; and that no one who has but the little heart of a man can imagine to himself what that sorrow is in the being of the great God. And a great awe came over her mind at the thought, which seemed well-nigh a blasphemy, that He could grieve : yet in her heart, being His child, she knew that it was true. And her own little spirit throbbed through and through with longing and with desire. "And oh !" she said, "if I could but go ! There is nothing which could make a child afraid, save to see them suffer. What are darkness and terror when the Father is with you ? I am not afraid—if I might but go !" And by reason of her often pleading, and of the thought that was ever in her mind, it was at last said that one of those who knew might instruct her, and show her by what way alone the travelers who come from that miserable land could approach and be admitted on high.

"I know," she said, "that between us and them there is a gulf fixed, and that they who would come from thence cannot come, neither can any one—"

But here she stopped in great dismay, for it seemed that she had thus answered her own longing and prayer.

The guide who had come for her smiled upon her and said, "But that was before the Lord had ended His work. And now all the paths are free—wherever there is a mountain-pass or a river-ford : the roads are all blessed, and they are all open, and no barriers for those who will."

"Oh," she cried, "dear friend, is that true for all ?"

He looked away from her into the depths of the lovely air, and he replied : "Little sister, our faith is without bounds, but not our knowledge. I who speak to you am no more than a man. The princes and powers that are in high places know more than I ; but if there be any place where a heart can stir and

cry out to the Father and He take no heed—if it be only in a groan—if it be only with a sigh—I know not that place : yet many depths I know." He put out his hand and took hers, after a pause, and then he said, "There are some who are stumbling upon the dark mountains. Come and see."

As they passed along there were many who paused to look at them, for he had the mien of a great prince—a lord among men—and his face still bore the trace of sorrow and toil, and there was about him an awe and wonder which was more than could be put in words ; but those who saw him understood as he went by, not who he was, nor what he had been, but that he had come out of great tribulation, of sorrow beyond the sorrows of men. The sweetness of the heavenly country had soothed away his care, and taken the cloud from his face ; but he was as yet unaccustomed to smile—though when he remembered and looked round him, and saw that all was well, his countenance lightened like the morning sky, and his eyes woke up in splendor like the sun rising. The little pilgrim did not know who her brother was, but yet gave thanks to God for him she knew not why.

How far they went cannot be estimated in words, for distance matters little in that place ; but at the end they came to a path which sloped a little downward to the edge of a delightful moorland country, all brilliant with the hues of the mountain flowers. It was like a flowery plateau high among the hills, in a region where are no frosts to check the glow of the flowers, or scorch the grass. It spread far around in hollows and ravines and softly swelling hills, with the rush over them of a cheerful breeze full of mountain scents and sounds ; and high above them rose the mountain-heights of the celestial world, veiled in those blue breadths of distance which are heaven itself when man's fancy ascends to them from the low world at their feet. All the little earth can do in color and mists, and traveling shadows fleet as the breath, and the sweet steadfast shining of the sun, was there, but with a tenfold splendor. They rose up into the sky, every peak and jagged rock all touched with the light and the smile of God, and every

little blossom on the turf rejoicing in the warmth and freedom and peace. The heart of the little pilgrim swelled, and she cried out, "There is nothing so glorious as the everlasting hills. Though the valleys and the plains are sweet, they are not like them. They say to us, Lift up your heart!"

Her guide smiled, but he did not speak. His smile was full of joy, but grave, like that of a man whose thoughts are bent on other things: and he pointed where the road wound downward by the feet of these triumphant hills. She kept her eyes upon them as she moved along. Those heights rose into the very sky, but bore upon them neither snow nor storm. Here and there a whiteness like a film of air rounded out over a peak, and she recognized that it was one of those angels who travel far and wide with God's commissions, going to the other worlds that are in the firmament as in a sea. The softness of these films of white was like the summer clouds that she used to watch in the blue of the summer sky in the little world which none of its children can cease to love: and she wondered now whether it might not sometimes have been the same dear angels whose flight she had watched unknowing, higher than thought could soar or knowledge penetrate. Watching those floating heavenly messengers, and the heights of the great miraculous mountains rising up into the sky, the little pilgrim ceased to think whither she was going, although she knew from the feeling of the ground under her feet that she was descending, still softly, but more quickly than at first, until she was brought to herself by the sensation of a great wind coming in her face, cold as from a sudden vacancy. She turned her head quickly from gazing above to what was before her, and started with a cry of wonder. For below lay a great gulf of darkness, out of which rose at first some shadowy peaks and shoulders of rock, all falling away into a gloom which eyes accustomed to the sunshine could not penetrate. Where she stood was the edge of the light—before her feet lay a line of shadow slowly darkening out of daylight into twilight, and beyond into that measureless blackness of night; and the wind in her face was like that which comes from a great depth

below of either sea or land—the sweep of the current which moves a vast atmosphere in which there is nothing to break its force. The little pilgrim was so startled by these unexpected sensations that she caught the arm of her guide in her sudden alarm, and clung to him, lest she should fall into the terrible darkness and the deep abyss below.

"There is nothing to fear," he said, "there is a way. To us who are above there is no danger at all—and it is the way of life to those who are below."

"I see nothing," she cried, "save a few points of rock, and the precipice—the pit which is below. Oh, tell me what is it?—is it where the fires are and despair dwells? I did not think that was true. Let me go and hide myself and not see it, for I never thought that was true."

"Look again," said the guide.

The little pilgrim shrank into a crevice of the rock, and uncovering her eyes, gazed into the darkness; and because her nature was soft and timid there came into her mind a momentary fear. Her heart flew to the Father's footstool, and cried out to Him, not any question or prayer, but only "Father, Father!" and this made her stand erect, and strengthened her eyes, so that the gloom even of hell could no more make her afraid. Her guide stood beside with a steadfast countenance, which was grave yet full of a solemn light. And then all at once he lifted up his voice, which was sonorous and sweet like the sound of an organ, and uttered a shout so great and resounding that it seemed to come back in echoes from every hollow and hill. What he said the little pilgrim could not understand; but when the echoes had died away and silence followed, something came up through the gloom—a sound that was far, far away, and faint in the long distance, a voice that sounded no more than an echo. When he who had called out heard it, he turned to the little pilgrim with eyes that were liquid with love and pity—"Listen," he said, "there is some one on the way."

"Can we help them?" cried the little pilgrim: her heart bounded forward like a bird. She had no fear. The darkness and the horrible way seemed as nothing to her. She stretched out her

arms as if she would have seized the traveller and dragged him up into the light.

He who was by her side shook his head, but with a smile. "We can but wait," he said. "It is forbidden that any one should help. For this is too terrible and strange to be touched even by the hands of angels. It is like nothing that you know."

"I have been taught many things," said the little pilgrim, humbly. "I have been taken back to the dear earth, where I saw the judgment-seat, and the pleaders who spoke, and the man who was the judge—and how each is judge for himself."

"You have seen the place of hope," said her guide, "where the Father is and the Son, and where no man is left to his own ways. But there is another country, where there is no voice either from God or from good spirits, and where those who have refused are left to do as seems good in their own eyes."

"I have read," said the little pilgrim, with a sob, "of one who went from city to city and found no rest."

Her guide bowed his head very gravely in assent. "They go from place to place," he said, "if haply they might find one in which it is possible to live. Whether it is order or whether it is license, it is according to their own will. They try all things, ever looking for something which the soul may endure. And new cities are founded from time to time, and a new endeavor ever and ever to live, only to live. For even when happiness fails and content, and work is vanity and effort is naught, it is something if a man can but endure to live."

The little pilgrim looked at him with wistful eyes, for what he said was beyond her understanding. "For us," she said, "life is nothing but joy. Oh, brother, is there then condemnation?"

"It is no condemnation, it is what they have chosen—it is to follow their own way. There is no longer any one to interfere. The pleaders are all silent: there is no voice in their hearts. The Father hinders them not, nor helps them: but leaves them." He shivered as if with cold; and the little pilgrim felt that there breathed from the depths of darkness at their feet an icy wind

which touched her hands and feet and chilled her heart. She shivered too, and drew close to the rock for shelter, and gazed at the awful cliffs rising out of the gloom, and the paths that disappeared at her feet, leading down, down into that abyss—and her heart failed within her to think that below there were souls that suffered, and that the Father and the Son were not there. He the All-loving, the All-present—how could it be that He was not there?"

"It is a mystery," said the man who was her guide, and who answered to her thought. "When I set my foot upon this blessed land I knew that there, even there, He is. But in that country His face is hidden, and even to name His name is anguish, for then do men understand what has befallen them, who can say that name no more."

"That is death indeed," she cried; and the wind came up silent with a wild breath that was more awful than the shriek of a storm: for it was like the stifled utterances of all those miserable ones who have no voice to call upon God, and know not where He is nor how to pronounce His name.

"Ah," said he, "if we could have known what death was! We had believed in death in the time of all great illusions, in the time of the gentle life, in the day of hope. But in the land of darkness there are no illusions, and every man knows that though he should fling himself into the furnace of the gold, or be cut to pieces by the knives, or trampled under the dancers' feet, yet that it will be but a little more pain, and that death is not, nor any escape that way."

"Oh, brother!" she cried, "you have been there?"

He turned and looked upon her, and she read as in a book things which tongue of man cannot say—the anguish and the rapture, the unforgotten pang of the lost, the joy of one who has been delivered after hope was gone.

"I have been there: and now I stand in the light, and have seen the face of the Lord, and can speak His blessed name." And with that he burst forth into a great melodious cry, which was not like that which he had sent into the dark depths below, but mounted up like the sounding of silver trumpets and

all joyful music, giving a voice to the sweet air and the fresh winds which blew about the hills of God. But the words he said were not comprehensible to his companion, for they were in the secret tongue which is between the Father and His child, and known to none but to them alone. Yet only to hear the sound was enough to transport all who listened, and to make them know what joy is and peace. The little pilgrim wept for happiness to hear her brother's voice. But in the midst of it her ear was caught by another sound—a faint cry which tingled up from the darkness like a note of a muffled bell—and she turned from the joy and the light, and flung out her arms and her little voice toward him who was stumbling upon the dark mountains. And "Come," she cried, "Come, come!" forgetting all things save that one was there in the darkness, while here was light and peace.

"It is nearer," said her guide, hearing, even in the midst of his triumph song, that faint and distant cry; and he took her hand and drew her back, for she was upon the edge of the precipice gazing into the black depths, which revealed nothing save the needles of the awful rocks and sheer descents below. "The moment will come," he said, "when we can help—but it is not yet."

Her heart was in the depths with him who was coming, whom she knew not save that he was coming, toiling upward toward the light; and it seemed to her that she could not contain herself, nor wait till he should appear, nor draw back from the edge, where she might hold out her hands to him and save him some single step, if no more. But presently her heart returned to her brother who stood by her side, and who was delivered, and with whom it was meet that all should rejoice, since he had fought and conquered, and reached the land of light. "Oh," she said, "it is long to wait while he is still upon these dark mountains. Tell me how it came to you to find the way."

He turned to her with a smile, though his ear too was intent, and his heart fixed upon the traveller in the darkness, and began to tell her his tale to beguile the time of waiting, and to hold within bounds the pity that filled her heart.

He told her that he was one of many who came from the pleasant earth together, out of many countries and tongues; and how they had gone here and there each man to a different city, and how they had crossed each other's paths coming and going, yet never found rest for their feet. And how there was a little relief in every change, and one sought that which another left; and how they wandered round and round over all the vast and endless plain, until at length, in revolt from every other way, they had chosen a spot upon the slope of a hill, and built there a new city, if perhaps something better might be found there. And how it had been built with towers and high walls, and great gates to shut it in, so that no stranger should find entrance. And how every house was a palace, with statues of marble, and pillars so precious with beautiful work, and arches so lofty and so fair, that they were better than had they been made of gold; yet gold was not wanting, nor diamond stones that shone like stars, and everything more beautiful and stately than heart could conceive.

"And while we built and labored," he said, "our hearts were a little appeased. And it was called the city of Art, and all was perfect in it, so that nothing had ever been seen to compare with it for beauty: and we walked upon the battlements and looked over the plain and viewed the dwellers there, who were not as we. And we went on to fill every room and every hall with carved work in stone and beaten gold, and pictures and woven tissues that were like the sun-gleams and the rainbows of the pleasant earth. And crowds came around envying us and seeking to enter. But we closed our gates and drove them away. And it was said among us that life would now become as of old, and everything would go well with us as in the happy days."

The little pilgrim looked up into his face, and for pity of his pain (though it was past) almost wished that *that* could have come true.

"But when the work was done," he said: and for a moment no more.

"Oh, brother! when the work was done?"

"You do not know what it is," he

said, "to be ten times more powerful and strong, to want no rest, to have fire in your veins, to have the craving in your heart above everything that is known to man. When the work was done, we glared upon each other with hungry eyes, and each man wished to thrust forth his neighbor and possess all to himself. And then we ceased to take pleasure in it, notwithstanding that it was beautiful; and there were some who would have beaten down the walls and built them anew—and some would have torn up the silver and gold, and tossed out the fair statues and the adornments in scorn and rage to the meaner multitudes below. And we, who were the workers, began to contend one against another to satisfy the gnawings of the rage that was in our hearts. For we had deceived ourselves, thinking once more that all would be well: while all the time nothing was changed, and we were but as the miserable ones that rushed from place to place."

Though all this wretchedness was over and past, it was so terrible to think of that he paused and was silent a while. And the little pilgrim put her hand upon his arm in her great pity to soothe him, and almost forgot that there was another traveller not yet delivered upon the way. But suddenly at that moment there came up through the depths the sound of a fall, as if the rocks had crashed from a hundred peaks, yet all muffled by the great distance, and echoing all around in faint echoes, and rumblings as in the bosom of the earth. And mingled with them were far-off cries, so faint and distant that human ears could not have heard them, like the cries of lost children, or creatures wavering and straying in the midst of the boundless night. This time she who was watching upon the edge of the gloom would have flung herself forward altogether into it, had not her companion again restrained her. "One has stumbled upon the mountains; but listen, listen, little sister, for the voices are many," he said,—“it is not one who comes, but many; and though he falls, he will rise again."

And once more he shouted aloud, bending down against the rocks, so that they caught his voice—and the sweet air from the skies came behind him in a

great gust like a summer storm, and carried it into all the echoing hollows of the hills. And the little pilgrim knew that he shouted to all who came to take courage and not to fear. And this time there rose upward many faint and wavering sounds that did not stir the air, but made it tingle with a vibration of the great distance and the unknown depths; and then again all was still. They stood for a time intent upon the great silence and darkness which swept up all sight and sound, and then the little pilgrim once more turned her eyes toward her companion, and he began again his wonderful tale.

"He who had been the first to found the city, and who was the most wise of any, though the rage was in him like all the rest, and the disappointment and the anguish, yet would not yield. And he called upon us for another trial, to make a picture which should be the greatest that ever was painted. And each one of us, small or great, who had been of that art in the dear life, took share in the rivalry and the emulation, so that on every side there was a fury and a rush, each man with his band of supporters about him struggling and swearing that his was the best. Not that they loved the work or the beauty of the work, but to keep down the gnawing in their hearts, and to have something for which they could still fight and storm, and for a little forget.

"I was one who had been among the highest." He spoke not with pride, but in a low and deep voice which went to the heart of the listener, and brought the tears to her eyes. It was not like that of the painter in the heavenly city, who rejoiced and was glad in his work, though he was but as a humble workman, serving those who were more great. But this man had the sorrow of greatness in him, and the wonder of those who can do much, to find how little they can do. "My veins," he said, "were filled with fire, and my heart with the rage of a great desire to be first, as I had been first in the days of the gentle life. And I made my plan to be greater than all the rest, to paint a vast picture like the world, filled with all the glories of life. In a moment I had conceived what I should do, for my strength was as that of a hundred men: and none of

us could rest or breathe till it was accomplished, but flung ourselves upon this new thing as upon water in the desert. Oh, my little sister, how can I tell you—what words can show forth this wonderful thing? I stood before my great canvas with all those who were of my faction pressing upon me, noting every touch I made, shouting, and saying, 'He will win! he will win!' When lo! there came a mystery and a wonder into that place. I had arranged men and women before me according to all the devices of art, to serve as my models that nature might be in my picture, and life: but when I looked I saw them not, for between them and me had come a Face."

The eyes of the little pilgrim dropped with tears. She held out her hands toward him with a sympathy which no words could say.

"Often had I painted that face in the other life,—sometimes with awe and love, sometimes with scorn: for hire and for bread, and for pride and for fame. It is pale with suffering, yet smiles; the eyes have tears in them, yet light below, and all that is there is full of tenderness and of love. There is a crown upon the brow, but it is made of thorns. It came before me suddenly, while I stood there, with the men shouting close to my ear urging me on, and fierce fury in my heart, and the rage to be first, and to forget. Where my models were, there it came. I could not see them, nor my groups that I had planned, nor anything but that Face. I called out to my men, 'Who has done this?' but they heard me not, nor understood me, for to them there was nothing there save the figures I had set—a living picture all ready for the painter's hand.

"I could not bear it, the sight of that face. I flung my tools away. I covered my eyes with my hands. But those who were about me pressed on me and threatened. They pulled my hands from my eyes. 'Coward!' they cried, and 'Traitor, to leave us in the lurch. Now will the other side win and we be shamed. Rather tear him limb from limb, fling him from the walls!' The crowd came round me like an angry sea; they forced my pencils back into my hands. 'Work,' they cried, 'or we will

tear you limb from limb.' For though they were upon my side, it was for rivalry, and not out of any love for me." He paused for a moment, for his heart was yet full of the remembrance, and of joy that it was past.

"I looked again," he said, "and still it was there. Oh, face divine—the eyes all wet with pity, the lips all quivering with love! And neither pity nor love belonged to that place, nor any succor, nor the touch of a brother, nor the voice of a friend. 'Paint,' they cried, 'or we will tear you limb from limb!'—and fire came into my heart. I pushed them from me on every side with the strength of a giant. And then I flung it on the canvas, crying I know not what—not to them but to Him. Shrink not from me, little sister, for I blasphemed. I called him Impostor, Deceiver, Galilean; and still with all my might, with all the fury of my soul, I set Him there for every man to see, not knowing what I did. Everything faded from me but that face—I saw it alone. The crowd came round me with shouts and threats to drag me away, but I took no heed; they were silenced, and fled and left me alone, but I knew nothing; nor when they came back with others and seized me, and flung me forth from the gates, was I aware what I had done. They cast me out and left me upon the wild without a shelter, without a companion, storming and raving at them as they did at me. They dashed the great gates behind me with a clang, and shut me out. And I turned and defied them, and cursed them as they cursed me, not knowing what I had done."

"Oh, brother!" murmured the little pilgrim, kneeling, as if she had accompanied him all the way with her prayers, but could not now say more.

"Then I saw again," he went on, not hearing her in the great force of that passion and wonder which was still in his mind—"that vision in the air. Wherever I turned, it was there,—His eyes wet with pity, His countenance shining with love. Whence came He? What did He in that place, where love is not, where pity comes not?"

"Friend," she cried, "to seek you there!"

Her companion bowed his head in deep humbleness and joy. And again

he lifted his great voice and intoned his song of praise. The little pilgrim understood it, but by fragments—a line that was more simple than came here and there. And it praised the Lord that where the face of the Father was hidden, and where love was not, nor compassion, nor brother had pity on brother, nor friend knew the face of friend, and all succor was stayed, and every help forbidden—yet still in the depths of the darkness and in the heart of the silence, He who could not forget nor forsake was there. The voice of the singer was like that of one of the great angels, and many of the inhabitants of the blessed country began to appear, gathering in crowds to hear this great music, as the little sister thought; and she herself listened with all her heart, wondering and seeing on the faces of those dear friends whom she did not know an expectation and a hope which were strange to her, though she could always understand their love and their joy.

But in the middle of this great song there came another sound to her ear—a sound which pierced through the music like lightning through the sky, though it was but the cry of one distraught and fainting,—a cry out of the depths not even seeking help, a cry of distress too terrible to be borne. Though it was scarcely louder than a sigh, she heard it through all the music, and turned and flew to the edge of the precipice whence it came. And immediately the darkness seemed to move as with a pulse, in a great throb, and something came through the wind with a rush, as if part of the mountain had fallen—and lo! at her feet lay one who had flung himself forward, his arms stretched out, his face to the ground, as if he had seized and grasped in an agony the very soil. He lay there, half in the light and half in the shadow, gripping the rocks with his hands, burrowing into the cool herbage above and the mountain flowers; clinging, catching hold, despairing, yet seizing everything he could grasp—the tender grass, the rolling stones. The little pilgrim flung herself down upon her knees by his side, and grasped his arm to help, and cried aloud for aid; and the song of the singer ceased, and there was silence for a moment, so that

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the breath of the fugitive could be heard panting, and his strong struggle to drag himself altogether out of that abyss of darkness below. She thought of nothing, nor heard nor saw anything, but the strain of that last effort which seemed to shake the very mountains; until suddenly there seemed to rise all around the hum and murmur as of a great multitude, and looking up, she saw every little hill and hollow, and the glorious plain beyond as far as eye could see, crowded with countless throngs; and on the high peaks above, in the full shining of the sun, came bands of angels, and of those great beings who are more mighty than men. And the eyes of all were fixed upon the man who lay as one dead upon the ground, and from the lips of all came a low murmur of rapture and delight, that spread like the hum of the bees, like the cooing of the doves, like the voice of a mother over her child; and the same sound came to her own lips unawares, and she murmured "welcome" and "brother" and "friend," not knowing what she said; and looking to the others, whispered, "Hush! for he is weak"—and all of them answered with tears, with "hush," and "welcome," and "friend," and "brother," and "beloved," and stood about smiling and weeping for joy. And presently there came softly into the blessed air the ringing of the great silver bells, which sound only for victory and great happiness and gain. And there was joy in heaven,—and every world was stirred. And throughout the firmament, and among all the lords and princes of life, it was known that the impossible had become true, and the name of the Lord had proved enough, and love had conquered even despair.

"Hush!" she said, "for he is weak." And because it was her blessed service to receive those who had newly arrived in that heavenly country, and to soothe and help them so that like new-born children they should be able to endure and understand the joy, she knelt by him on the ground and tried to rouse him, though with trembling, for never before had she stood by one who was newly come out of the land of despair. "Let the sun come upon him," she said; "let him feel the brightness

of the light,"—and with her soft hands she drew him out of the shade of the twilight to where the brightness of the day fell like a smile upon the flowers. And then at last he stirred, and turned round and opened his eyes, for the genial warmth had reached him. But his eyes were heavy and dazzled with the light, and he looked round him as if confused from beneath his heavy eyelids. "And where am I?" he said: "and who are you?" "Oh, brother!" said the little pilgrim, and told him in his ear the name of that heavenly place, and many comforting and joyful things. But he understood her not, and still gazed about him with dazzled eyes, for his face was still toward the darkness, and fear was upon him lest this place should prove no more than a delusion, and the darkness return, and the anguish and pain.

Then he who had been her guide, and told her his tale, came forward and stood by the side of the new-comer. And "Brother," he said, "look upon me, for you know me, and know from whence I come."

The stranger looked dimly with his heavy eyes. And he replied, "It is as a dream that I know you, and know from whence you came. And the dream is sweet to lie here, and think that I am at peace. Deceive me not—oh! deceive me not, with visions that are sweet—but let me go upon my way and find the end: if there is any end, or if any good can be."

"What shall we do," cried the little pilgrim, "to persuade him that he has arrived and is safe, and dreams no more?"

And they stood round him wondering, and troubled to find how little they could do for him, and that the light entered so slowly into his soul. And he lay on the bank like one left for death, so weary and so worn with all the horrors of the way that his heart was faint within him, and peace itself seemed to him but an illusion. He lay silent while they watched and waited, then turned himself upon the grass, which was as soft to the weary wayfarer as angels' wings; and then the sunshine caught his eye, as if he had been a new-born babe awakened to the light. He put out his hand to it, and touched the

ground that was golden with those heavenly rays, and gathered himself up till he felt it upon his face, and opened wide his dazzled eyes, then shaded them with trembling hands, and said to himself, "It is the sun, it is the sun." But still he did not dare to believe that the danger and the toil were over, nor could he listen, nor understand what the brethren said. While they all stood around and watched and waited, wondering each how the new-comer should be satisfied, there suddenly arose a sound with which they were all acquainted—the sound of One approaching. The faces of the blessed were all around like the stars in the sky—multitudes whom none could count or reckon; but He who came was seen of none, save him to whom He came. The weary man rose up with a great cry, then fell again upon his knees, and flung his arms wide in the wonder and the joy. And "Lord," he cried, "was it Thou? Lord, it was Thou! Thine was the face. And Thou hast brought me here!"

The watchers knew not what the other voice said, for what is said to each new-comer is the secret of the Lord. But when they looked again the man stood upright upon his feet, and his face was full of light; and though he trembled with weakness and with weariness, and with exceeding joy, yet the confusion and the fear were gone from him. And he had no longer any suspicion of them, as if they might betray him, but held out his trembling hands and cried, "Friends: you are friends? And you spoke to me and called me brother? And am I here? And am I here?" For to name the name of that blessed country was not needful any longer, now that he had seen the Lord.

Then a great band and guard of honor, of angels and principalities and powers, surrounded him, and led him away to the holy city, and to the presence of the Father, who had permitted and had not forbidden what the Lord had done. And all the companies of the blessed followed after with wonder and gladness and triumph, because the great love of the Lord had drawn out of the darkness even those who were beyond hope.

II.

The little pilgrim saw them depart from her with love and joy, and sat down upon the rocky edge and sang her own song of peace; for her fear was gone, and she was ready to do her service there upon the verge of the precipice as among the flowers and the sunshine, where her own place was. "From the depths," she said, "they come, they come!—from the land of darkness, where no love is. For Thy love, O Lord, is more than the darkness and the depths. And where hope is not, there Thy pity goes." She sat and sang to herself like a happy child, for her heart had fathomed the awful gloom which baffles angels and men, and she had learned that though hope comes to an end and light fails, and the feet of the ambassadors are stayed on the mountains, and the voice of the pleaders is silenced, and darkness swallows up the world, yet Love never fails. As she sang, the pity in her heart grew so strong, and her desire to help the lost, that she rose up and stepped forth into the awful gloom, and, had it been permitted, in her gentleness and weakness would have gone forth to the deeps and had no fear.

The ground gave way under her feet, so dreadful was the precipice; but though her heart beat with the horror of it, and the whirl of the descent and the darkness which blinded her eyes, yet had she no hurt; and when her foot touched the rock, and that sinking sense of emptiness and vacancy ceased, she looked around and saw the path by which that traveller had come. For when the eyes are used to the darkness, the horror of the gloom was no longer like a solid thing, but moved into shades of darker and less dark, so that she saw where the rocks stood, and how they sank with edges that cut like swords, down and ever down into the abysses, —and how here a deep ravine was rent between them, and there were banks and scaurs as though some one had caught the jagged points with wounded hand or foot struggling up the perpendicular surface toward the little ray of light, like a tiny star which shone as on immeasurable heights to show where life was. As she travelled deeper and

deeper, it was a wonder to see how far that little ray penetrated down and down, through gulfs of darkness, blue and cold like the shimmer of a diamond; and even when it could be seen no more, sent yet a shadowy refraction, a line of something less black than the darkness, a lightning amid the gloom, a something indefinable which was hope. The rocks were more cruel than imagination could conceive—sometimes pointed and sharp like knives, sometimes smooth and upright as a wall with no hold for the climber, sometimes moving under the touch, with stones that rolled and crushed the bleeding feet; and though the solid masses were distinguishable from the lighter darkness of the air, yet it could only be in groping that the travellers by that way could find where any foothold was. The traveller who came from above, and who had the privilege of her happiness, sank down as if borne on wings, yet needed all her courage not to be afraid of the awful rocks that rose all above and around her, perpendicular in the gloom. And the great blast of an icy wind swept upward like something flying upon great wings, so tremendous was the force of it, whirling from the depths below, sucked upward by the very warmth of the life above, so that the little pilgrim herself caught at the rocks that she might not be swept again toward the top, or dashed against the stony pinnacles that stood up on every side. She was glad when she found a little platform under her feet for a moment where she could rest, and also because she had come, not from curiosity to see that gulf, but with the hope and desire to meet some one to whom she could be of a little comfort or help in the terrors of the way.

While she stood for a moment to get her breath, she became sensible that some living thing was near, and putting out her hand she felt that there was round her something that was like a bastion upon a fortified wall, and immediately a hand touched hers, and a soft voice said, "Sister, fear not! for this is the watch-tower, and I am one of those who keep the way." She had started and trembled indeed,—not that she feared, but because the delicate fabric of her being was such that every

movement of the wind, and even those that were instinctive and belonged to the habits of another life, betrayed themselves in her. And "Oh," she said, "I knew not that there were any watch-towers, or any one to help, but came because my heart called me, if perhaps I might hold out my hand in the darkness, and help where there was no light."

"Come and stand by me," said the watcher; and the little pilgrim saw that there was a whiteness near to her, out of which slowly shaped the face of a fair and tender woman, whom she knew not, but loved. And though they could scarcely see each other, yet they knew each other for sisters, and kissed, and took comfort together, holding each other's hands in the midst of the awful gloom. And the little pilgrim questioned in low and hushed tones—"Is it to help that you are here?"

"To help when that may be; but rather to watch, and to send the news and make it known that one is coming—that the bells of joy may be sounded, and all the blessed may rejoice."

"Oh," said the little pilgrim, "tell me your name, that I may do you honor: for to gain such high promotion can be given only to the great who are made perfect, and to those who love most."

"I am not great," said the watcher; "but the Lord who considers all has placed me here, that I may be the first to see when one comes who is in the dark places below. And also because there are some who say that love is idolatry, and that the Father will not have us long for our own: therefore am I permitted to wait and watch and think the time not long for the love I bear him. For he is mine; and when he comes I will ascend with him to the dear country of the light, and some other who loves enough will be promoted in my place."

"I am not worthy," said the little pilgrim. "It is a great promotion; but oh, that we might be permitted to help, to put out a hand, or to clear the way!"

"Nay, my little sister," said the watcher, "but Patience must have its perfect work; and for those who are coming help is secret. They must not

see it nor know it; for the land of darkness is beyond hope. The Father will not force the will of any creature He has made, for He respects us in our nature, which is His image. And when a man will not, and will not till the day is over, what can be done for him? He is left to his will, and is permitted to do it, as it seems good in his eyes. A man's will is great, for it is the gift of God. But the Lord, who cannot rest while one is miserable, still goes secretly to them, for His heart yearns after them. And by times they will see His face, or some thought of old will seize upon them. And some will say, 'To perish upon the dark mountains is better than to live here.' And I have seen," said the watcher, "that the Lord will go with them all the way—but secretly, so that they cannot see Him. And though it grieves His heart not to help, yet will He not; for they have become the creatures of their own will, and by that must they attain." She put out her hand to the new-comer, and drew her to the side of the rocky wall, so that they felt the sweep of the wind in their faces, but were not driven before it. "And come," she said, "for two of us together will be like a great light to those who are in the darkness. They will see us like a lamp, and it will cheer them though they know not why we are here. Listen!" she cried. And the little pilgrim, holding fast the hand of the watcher, listened and looked down upon the awful way; and underneath the sweep of the icy wind was a small sharp sound as of a stone rolling or a needle of rock that broke and fell, like the sounds that are in a wood when some creature moves, though too far off for footstep to sound. "Listen!" said the watcher, and her face so shone with joy that the little pilgrim saw it clearly, like the shining of the morning in the midst of the darkness. "He comes!"

"Oh, sister!" she cried, "is it he—whom you love above all the rest?—is it he?"

The watcher smiled, and said, "If it is not he, yet is it a brother; if it is not he now, yet his time will come. And in every one who passes, I hope to see his face; and the more that come, the more certain it is that he will come. And the time seems not long for the

love I bear him. And it is for this that the Lord has so considered me. Listen ! for some one comes."

And there came to these watchers the strangest sight ; for there flew past them while they gazed a man, who seemed to be carried upon the sweep of the wind. In the midst of the darkness they could see the faint white in his face, with eyes of flame and lips set firm—whirled forward upon the wind, which would have dashed him against the rocks ; but as he whirled past he caught with his hand the needles of the opposite peaks, and was swung high over a great chasm, and landed upon a higher height, high over their heads. And for a moment they could hear, like a pulsation through the depths, the hard panting of his breath. Then, with scarcely a moment for rest, they heard the sound of his progress onward, as if he did battle with the mountain, and his own swiftness carried him like another wind. It had taken less than a moment to sweep him past, quicker than the flight of a bird, as sudden as a lightning flash. The little pilgrim followed him with her eager ears, wondering if he would leap thus into the country of light and take heaven by storm ; or whether he would fall upon the heavenly hills, and lie prostrate in weariness and exhaustion, like him to whom she had ministered. She followed him with her ears, for the sound of his progress was with crashing of rocks and a swift movement in the air : but she was called back by the pressure of the hand of the watcher, who did not, like the little pilgrim, follow him who thus rushed through space as far as there was sound or sight of him, but had turned again to the lower side, and was gazing once more, and listening for the little noises in the gulf below. The little pilgrim remembered her friend's hope, and said softly, "It was not he?" And the watcher clasped her hand again, and answered, "It was a dear brother. I have sounded the silver bells for him, and soon we shall hear them answering from the heights above. And another time it will be he." And they kissed each other, because they understood each the other in her heart.

And then they talked together of the old life when all things began, and of the wonderful things they had learned

concerning the love of the Father and the Son, and how all the world was held by them, and penetrated through and through by threads of love, so that it could never fail. And the darkness seemed light round them, and they forgot for a little that the wind was not as a summer breeze. Then once more the hand of the watcher pressed that of her companion, and bade her hush and listen. And they sat together holding their breath, straining their ears. Then heard they faint sounds which were very different from those made by him who had been driven past them like an arrow from a bow,—first as of something falling, but very far away, and a faint sound as of a foot which slipped. The listeners did not say a word to each other ; they sat still and listened, scarcely drawing their breath. The darkness had no voice ; it could not be but that some traveller was there, though hidden deep, deep in the gloom, only betrayed by the sound. There was a long pause, and the watcher held fast the little pilgrim's hand, and betrayed to her the longing in her heart ; for though she was already blessed beyond all blessedness known on earth, yet had she not forgotten the love that had begun on earth, but was for evermore. She murmured to herself, and said, "If it is not he, yet is it a brother. And the more that come, the more certain it is that he will come. Little sister, is there one for whom you watch?"

"There is no one," the pilgrim said,—"but all."

"And so care I for all," cried the watcher ; and she drew her companion with her to the edge of the abyss, and they sat down upon it low among the rocks to escape the rushing of the wind, and they sang together a soft song,—
"for if he should hear us," she said,
"it may give him courage." And there they sat and sang ; and the white of their garments and of their heavenly faces showed like a light in the deep gloom, so that he who was toiling upward might see that speck above him, and be encouraged to continue upon his way.

Sometimes he fell, and they could hear the moan he made, for every sound came upward, however small and faint it might be ; and sometimes dragged

himself along, so that they heard his movement up some shelf of rock. And as the pilgrim looked, she saw other and other dim whitenesses along the ravines of the dark mountains, and knew that she was not the only one, but that many had come to watch and look for the coming of those who had been lost.

Time was as nothing to these heavenly watchers : but they knew how long and terrible were the moments to those upon the way. Sometimes there would be silence like the silence of long years : and fear came upon them that the wayfarer had turned back, or that he had fallen and lay suffering at the bottom of some gulf, or had been swept by the wind upon some icy peak and dashed against the rocks. Then anon, while they listened and held their breath, a little sound would strike again into the silence, bringing back hope. And again and again all would be still. The little pilgrim held her companion's hand, and the thought went through her mind that were she watching for one whom she loved above the rest, her heart would fail. But the watcher answered her as if she had spoken, and said, " Oh no, oh no ; for if it is not he, it is a brother : and the Lord give them joy ! " But they sang no more, their hearts being faint with suspense and with eagerness to hear every sound.

Then in the great chill of the silence, suddenly, and not far off, came the sound of one who spoke. He murmured to himself, and said, " Who can continue on this terrible way ? The night is black like hell, and there comes no morning. It was better in the land of darkness, for still we could see the face of man, though not God." And the muffled voice trembled at that word and was still suddenly, as though it had been a flame, and the wind had blown it out. And for a moment there was silence, until suddenly it broke forth once more—

" What is this that has come to me that I can say the name of God ? It tortures no longer, it is as balm. But He is far off, and hears nothing. He called us and we answered not. Now it is we who call and He will not hear. I will lie down and die. It cannot be that a man must live and live forever, in pain and anguish. Here will I lie,

and it will end. Oh Thou whose face I have seen in the night, make it possible for a man to die ! "

The watcher loosed herself from her companion's clasp, and stood upright upon the edge of the cliff, clasping her hands together and saying low, as to herself, Father, Father ! as one who cannot refrain from that appeal, but who knows the Father loves best, and that to intercede is vain. And longing was in her face and joy. For it was he ; and she knew that he could not now fail, but would reach to the celestial country and to the shining of the sun : yet that it was not hers to help him, nor any man's, nor angel's. But the little pilgrim was ignorant, not having been taught. And she committed herself to those depths, though she feared them, and though she knew not what she could do. And once more the dense air closed over her, and the vacancy swallowed her up, and when she reached the rocks below, there lay something at her feet which she felt to be a man ; but she could not see him nor touch him, and when she tried to speak, her voice died away in her throat, and made no sound. Whether it was the wind that caught it, and swept it quite away, or that the well of that depth profound sucked every note upward : or whether because it was not permitted that either man or angel should come out of their sphere, or help be given which was forbidden, the little pilgrim knew not : for never had it been said to her that she should stand aside where need was. And surprise which was stronger than the icy wind, and for a moment a great dismay, took hold upon her, for she understood not how it was that the bond of silence should bind her, and that she should be unable to put forth her hand to help him whom she heard moaning and murmuring, but could not see. And scarcely could her feet keep hold of the awful rock, or her form resist the upward sweep of the wind ; but though he saw her not nor she him, yet could not she leave him in his weakness and misery, saying to herself that even if she could do nothing, it must be well that a little love should be near.

Then she heard him speak again, crouching under the rock at her feet, and he said faintly to himself, " That

was no dream. In the land of darkness there are no dreams, nor voices that speak within us. On the earth they were never silent, struggling and crying : but *there* was all silent, silent within. Therefore it was no dream. It was One who came and looked me in the face : and love was in His eyes. I have not seen love, oh, for so long. But it was no dream. If life is a dream I know not, but love I know. And He said to me, 'Arise and go.' But to whom must I go ? The words are words that once I knew, and the face I knew. But to whom, to whom ?"

The little pilgrim cried aloud, so that she thought the rocks must be rent by the vehemence of her cry, calling like the other, Father, Father, Father ! as if her heart would burst ; and it was like despair to think that she made no sound, and that the brother could not hear her who lay thus fainting at her feet. Yet she could not stop, but went on crying like a child that has lost its way ; for to whom could a child call but to her father, and all the more when she cannot understand ? And she called out and said that God was not His name save to strangers, if there are any strangers, but that His name was Father, and it was to Him that all must go. And all her being thrilled like a bird with its song, so that the very air stirred, yet no voice came. And she lifted up her face to the watcher above, and beheld, where she stood holding up her hands, a little whiteness in the great dark. But though these two were calling and calling, the silence was dumb. And neither of them could take him by the hand nor lift him up, nor show him, far, far above the little diamond of the light, but were constrained to stand still and watch, seeing that he was one of those who are beyond hope.

After she had waited a long time, he stirred again in the dark, and murmured to himself once more, saying low, "I have slept and am strong. And while I was sleeping He has come again : He has looked at me again. And somewhere I will find Him. I will arise and go—I will arise and go—"

And she heard him move at her feet, and grope over the rock with his hands. But it was smooth as snow with no holding, and slippery as ice. And the

watcher stood above and the pilgrim below, but could not help him. He groped and groped, and murmured to himself, ever saying, "I will arise and go." And their hearts were wrong that they could not speak to him, nor touch him, nor help him. But at last in the dark there burst forth a great cry, "Who said it ?" and then a sound of weeping, and amid the weeping, words. "As when I was a child, as when hope was—I will arise and I will go—to my Father, to my Father ! for now I know."

The little pilgrim sank down into a crevice of the rocks in the weakness of her great joy. And something passed her, mounting up and up—and it seemed to her that he had touched her shoulder or her hand unawares, and that the dumb cry in her heart had reached him, and that it had been good for him that a little love stood by, though only to watch and to weep. And she listened and heard him go on and on ; and she herself ascended higher to the watch-tower. And the watcher was gone who had waited there for her beloved, for she had gone with him, as the Lord had promised her, to be the one who should lead him to the holy city and to see the Father's face. And it was given to the little pilgrim to sound the silver bells and to warn all the bands of the blessed, and the great angels and lords of the whole world, that from out the land of darkness and from the regions beyond hope another had come.

She remained not there long, because there were many who sought that place that they might be the first to see if one beloved was among the travellers by that terrible way, and to welcome the brother or sister who was the most dear to them of all the children of the Father. But it was thus that she learned the last lesson of all that is in heaven and that is in earth, and in the heights above and in the depths below, which the great angels desire to look into, and all the princes and powers. And it is this : that there is that which is beyond hope, yet not beyond love. And that hope may fail and be no longer possible, but love cannot fail. For hope is of men, but love is the Lord. And there is but one thing which to Him is not possible, which is to forget. And that even when the Father has hidden His face and help

is forbidden, yet there goes He secretly and cannot forbear.

But if there were any deep more profound, and to which access was not, either from the dark mountains or by any other way, the pilgrim was not

taught, nor ever found any knowledge, either among the angels who know all things, or among her brothers who were the children of men.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR.

BY JOHN GERALD BRENAN.

- “ My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
 (But she was not my grandmother then),
 And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
 As she laughed a defiance to men !
 Her sun-bonnet flutter'd like bird on its string,
 Her hair wandered free on the breeze ;
 And gayly I ween did my grandmother sing
 Underneath those old gnarl'd apple trees.
- “ My grandfather rode through the white orchard gate,
 And tethered his roan to a tree ;
 He'd a well-powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
 And high tassel'd boots, to his knee !
 From the pink apple blossoms that over him hung,
 He brush'd off the dew with his hat ;
 Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair swung,
 And my merry young grandmother sat.
- “ The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
 And bees of their sweetness did sip ;
 But my grandfather blush'd and my grandfather sigh'd,
 As he flick'd off their heads with his whip ;
 My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
 ' Faint heart never won ladye fair !'
 So he wooed and he prayed, and before very long
 There sat *two* in that old rocking-chair !”

—*Temple Bar*.

THE REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFT.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

FOR some time past there has been a good deal of interest shown in what is called in our modern slang Art Workmanship, and quite recently there has been a growing feeling that this art workmanship to be of any value must have some of the workman's individuality imparted to it beside whatever of art it may have got from the design of the artist who has planned, but not executed the work. This feeling has gone so far that there is growing up a fashion for

demanding hand-made goods even when they are not ornamented in any way, as e.g. woollen and linen cloth spun by hand and woven without power, hand-knitted hosiery, and the like. Nay it is not uncommon to hear regrets for the hand labor in the fields, now fast disappearing from even backward districts of civilized countries. The scythe, the sickle, and even the flail are lamented over, and many are looking forward with drooping spirits to the time when the

hand-plough will be as completely extinct as the quern, and the rattle of the steam-engine will take the place of the whistle of the curly-headed plough-boy through all the length and breadth of the land. People interested (or who suppose that they are interested) in the details of the arts of life feel a desire to revert to methods of handicraft for production in general; and it may therefore be worth considering how far this is a mere reactionary sentiment incapable of realization, and how far it may foreshadow a real coming change in our habits of life as irresistible as the former change which has produced the system of machine production, the system against which revolt is now attempted.

In this paper, I propose to confine the aforesaid consideration as much as I can to the effect of machinery *versus* handicraft upon the arts; using that latter word as widely as possible, so as to include all products of labor which have any claims to be considered beautiful. I say as far as possible; for as all roads lead to Rome, so the life, habits, and aspirations of all groups and classes of the community are founded on the economical conditions under which the mass of the people live, and it is impossible to exclude social-political questions from the consideration of æsthetics.

Also, although I must avow myself a sharer in the above-mentioned reactionary regrets, I must at the outset disclaim the *mere* æsthetic point of view which looks upon the ploughman and his bullocks and his plough, the reaper, his work, his wife, and his dinner, as so many elements which compose a pretty tapestry hanging, fit to adorn the study of a contemplative person of cultivation, but which it is not worth while differentiating from each other except in so far as they are related to the beauty and interest of the picture. On the contrary, what I wish for is that the reaper and his wife should have themselves a due share in all the fulness of life; and I can, without any great effort, perceive the justice of their forcing me to bear part of the burden of its deficiencies, so that we may together be forced to attempt to remedy them, and have no very heavy burden to carry between us.

To return to our æsthetics: though a certain part of the cultivated classes of

to-day regret the disappearance of handicraft from production, they are quite vague as to how and why it is disappearing, and as to how and why it should or may reappear. For to begin with the general public is grossly ignorant of all the methods and processes of manufacture. This is of course one result of the machine-system we are considering. Almost all goods are made apart from the life of those who use them; we are not responsible for them, our will has had no part in their production, except so far as we form a part of the market on which they can be forced for the profit of the capitalist whose money is employed in producing them. The market assumes that certain wares are wanted; it produces such wares, indeed, but their kind and quality are only adapted to the needs of the public in a very rough fashion, because the public needs are subordinated to the interest of the capitalist masters of the market, and they can force the public to put up with the less desirable article if they choose, as they generally do. The result is that in this direction our boasted individuality is a sham; and persons who wish for anything that deviates ever so little from the beaten path have either to wear away their lives in a wearisome and mostly futile contest with a stupendous organization which disregards their wishes, or allow those wishes to be crushed out for the sake of a quiet life.

Let us take a few trivial but undeniable examples. You want a hat, say, like you wore last year; you go to the hatter's, and find you cannot get it there, and you have no resource but in submission. Money by itself won't buy you the hat you want; it will cost you three months' hard labor and £20 to have an inch added to the brim of your wideawake; for you will have to get hold of a small capitalist (of whom but few are left), and by a series of intrigues and resolute actions, which would make material for a three-volume novel, get him to allow you to turn one of his *hands* into a handicraftsman for the occasion; and a very poor handicraftsman he will be, when all is said.

Again, I carry a walking-stick, and like all sensible persons like it to have a good heavy end that will swing out well before me. A year or two ago it be-

came the fashion to pare away all walking-sticks to the shape of attenuated carrots, and I really believe I shortened my life in my attempts at getting a reasonable staff of the kind I was used to, so difficult it was.

Again, you want a piece of furniture which the trade (mark the word, "trade," not "craft!") turn out, blotched over with idiotic sham ornament; you wish to dispense with this degradation, and propose it to your upholsterer, who grudgingly assents to it; and you find that you have to pay the price of two pieces of furniture for the privilege of indulging your whim of leaving out the trade finish (I decline to call it *ornament*) on the one you have got made for you. And this is because it has been made by handicraft instead of machinery.

For most people, therefore, there is a prohibitive price put upon the acquirement of the knowledge of methods and processes. We do not know how a piece of goods is made, what the difficulties are that beset its manufacture, what it ought to look like, feel like, smell like; or what it ought to cost apart from the profit of the middleman. We have lost the art of marketing, and with it the due sympathy with the life of the workshop, which would, if it existed, be such a wholesome check on the humbug of party politics.

It is a natural consequence of this ignorance of the methods of making wares, that even those who are in revolt against the tyranny of the excess of division of labor in the occupations of life, and who wish to recur more or less to handicraft, should also be ignorant of what that life of handicraft was when all wares were made by handicraft. If their revolt is to carry any hope with it, it is necessary that they should know something of this. I must assume that many or perhaps most of my readers are not acquainted with Socialist literature, and that few of them have read the admirable account of the different epochs of production given in Karl Marx's great work *Capital*. I must ask to be excused, therefore, for stating very briefly what (chiefly owing to Marx) has become a commonplace of Socialism, but is not generally known outside it. There have been three great epochs of

production since the beginning of the Middle Ages. During the first or mediæval period all production was individualistic in method; for though the workmen were combined into great associations for protection and the organization of labor, they were so associated as citizens not as mere workmen. There was little or no division of labor, and what machinery was used was simply of the nature of a multiplied tool, a help to the workman's hand labor and not a supplanter of it. The workman worked for himself and not for any capitalistic employer, and he was accordingly master of his work and his time: this was the period of pure handicraft.

When in the latter half of the sixteenth century the capitalist employer and "free" workman began to appear, the workmen were collected into workshops, the old tool-machines were improved, and at last a new invention, the division of labor, found its way into the workshops. The division of labor went on growing throughout the seventeenth century, and was perfected in the eighteenth, when the unit of labor became a group and not a single man; or in other words the workman became a mere part of a machine composed sometimes wholly of human beings, and sometimes of human beings plus labor-saving machines, which toward the end of this period were being copiously invented: (the fly-shuttle may be taken for an example of these).

The latter half of the eighteenth century saw the beginning of the last epoch of production that the world has known, that of the automatic machine which supersedes hand labor, and turns the workman who was once a handicraftsman helped by tools, and next a part of a machine, into a tender of machines. And as far as we can see, the revolution in this direction as to kind is complete, though as to degree (as pointed out by Mr. David A. Wells last year) the tendency is toward the displacement of ever more and more "muscular" labor as Mr. Wells calls it.

This is very briefly the history of the evolution of industry during the last five hundred years; and the question now comes, are we justified in wishing that handicraft may in its turn supplant machinery? Or it would perhaps be

better to put the question in another way; will the period of machinery evolve itself into a fresh period of machinery more independent of human labor than anything we can conceive of now, or will it develop its contradictory in the shape of a new and improved period of production by handicraft? The second form of the question is the preferable one because it helps us to give a reasonable answer to what people who have any interest in external beauty will certainly ask: Is the change from handicraft to machinery good or bad? and the answer to that question is to my mind that, as my friend Belfort Bax has put it, *statically* it is bad, *dynamically* it is good. As a condition of life, production by machinery is altogether an evil; as an instrument for forcing on us better conditions of life it has been, and for some time yet will be, indispensable.

Having thus tried to clear myself of mere reactionary pessimism let me attempt to show why *statically* handicraft is to my mind desirable, and its destruction a degradation of life.

Well, first I shall not shrink from saying bluntly that production by machinery necessarily results in utilitarian ugliness in everything which the labor of man deals with, and that this is a serious evil and a degradation of human life. So clearly is this the fact that though few people will venture to deny the latter part of the proposition, yet in their hearts the greater part of cultivated civilized persons do *not* regard it as an evil, because their degradation has already gone so far that they cannot in what concerns the sense of seeing discriminate between beauty and ugliness: their languid assent to the desirableness of beauty is with them only a convention, a superstitious survival from the times when beauty was a necessity to all men. The first part of the proposition (that machine industry produces ugliness) I cannot argue with these persons, because they neither know, nor care for, the difference between beauty and ugliness; and with those who *do* understand what beauty means I need not argue it, as they are but too familiar with the fact that the produce of all modern industrialism is ugly, and that whenever anything which is old disappears, its

place is taken by something inferior to it in beauty; and that even out in the very fields and open country. The art of making beautifully all kinds of ordinary things, carts, gates, fences, boats, bowls, and so forth, let alone houses and public buildings, unconsciously and without effort has gone; when anything has to be renewed among these simple things the only question asked is how little it can be done for, so as to tide us over our responsibility and shift its mending on to the next generation.

It may be said, and indeed I have heard it said, that since there is some beauty still left in the world and some people who admire it, there is a certain gain in the acknowledged eclecticism of the present day, since the ugliness which is so common affords a contrast whereby the beauty, which is so rare, may be appreciated. This I suspect to be only another form of the maxim which is the sheet anchor of the laziest and most cowardly group of our cultivated classes, that it is good for the many to suffer for the few; but if any one puts forward in good faith the fear that we may be too happy in the possession of pleasant surroundings, so that we shall not be able to enjoy them, I must answer that this seems to me a very remote terror. Even when the tide at last turns in the direction of sweeping away modern squalor and vulgarity, we shall have, I doubt, many generations of effort in perfecting the transformation, and when it is at last complete, there will be first the triumph of our success to exalt us, and next the history of the long wade through the putrid sea of ugliness which we shall have at last escaped from.

But furthermore, the proper answer to this objection lies deeper than this. It is to my mind that very consciousness of the production of beauty for beauty's sake which we want to avoid; it is just what is apt to produce affectation and effeminacy among the artists and their following. In the great times of art conscious effort was used to produce great works for the glory of the City, the triumph of the Church, the exaltation of the citizens, the quickening of the devotion of the faithful; even in the higher art, the record of history, the instruction of men alive and to live hereafter, was the aim rather than

beauty ; and the lesser art was unconscious and spontaneous, and did not in any way interfere with the rougher business of life, while it enabled men in general to understand and sympathize with the nobler forms of art.

But unconscious as these producers of ordinary beauty may be, they will not and cannot fail to receive pleasure from the exercise of their work under these conditions, and this above all things is that which influences me most in my hope for the recovery of handicraft. I have said it often enough, but I must say it once again, since it is so much a part of my case for handicraft, that so long as man allows his daily work to be mere unrelieved drudgery he will seek happiness in vain. I say further that the worst tyrants of the days of violence were but feeble tormentors compared to those "Captains of Industry" who have taken the pleasure of work away from the workmen.

Furthermore I feel absolutely certain that handicraft joined to certain other conditions, of which more presently, would produce the beauty and the pleasure in work above mentioned ; and if that be so, and this double pleasure of lovely surroundings and happy work could take the place of the double torment of squalid surroundings and wretched drudgery, have we not good reason for wishing, if it might be, that handicraft should once more step into the place of machine production ?

I am not blind to the tremendous change which this revolution would mean. The maxim of modern civilization to a well-to-do man is, Avoid taking trouble ! get as many of the functions of your life as you can performed by others for you. Vicarious life is the watchword of our civilization, and we well-to-do and cultivated people live smoothly enough while it lasts. But, in the first place, how about the vicars, who do more for us than the singing of mass for our behoof for a scanty stipend ? Will they go on with it forever ? For indeed the shuffling off of responsibilities from one to the other has to stop at last, and somebody has to bear the burden in the end. But let that pass, since I am not writing politics, and let us consider another aspect of the matter. What wretched lop-sided crea-

tures we are being made by the excess of the division of labor in the occupations of life ! What on earth are we going to do with our time when we have brought the art of vicarious life to perfection, having first complicated the question by the ceaseless creation of artificial wants which we refuse to supply for ourselves ? Are all of us (we of the great middle-class I mean) going to turn philosophers, poets, essayists, men of genius, in a word, when we have come to look down on the ordinary functions of life with the same kind of contempt wherewith persons of good breeding look down upon a good dinner (eating it sedulously however) ? I shudder when I think of how we shall bore each other when we have reached that perfection. Nay, I think we have already got in all branches of culture rather more geniuses than we can comfortably bear, and that we lack, so to say, audiences rather than preachers.

I must ask pardon of my readers ; but our case is at once so grievous and so absurd that one can scarcely help laughing out of bitterness of soul. In the very midst of our pessimism we are boastful of our wisdom, yet we are helpless in the face of the necessities we have created, and which, in spite of our anxiety about art, are at present driving us into luxury unredeemed by beauty on the one hand, and squalor unrelieved by incident or romance on the other, and will one day drive us into mere ruin.

Yes, we do sorely need a system of production which will give us beautiful surroundings and pleasant occupation, and which will tend to make us good human animals, able to do something for ourselves, so that we may be generally intelligent instead of dividing ourselves into dull drudges or duller pleasure-seekers according to our class, on the one hand, or hapless pessimistic intellectual personages, and pretenders to that dignity on the other. We do most certainly need happiness in our daily work, content in our daily rest ; and all this cannot be if we hand over the whole responsibility of the details of our daily life to machines and their drivers. We are right to long for intelligent handicraft to come back to the world which it once made tolerable amid war and

turmoil and uncertainty of life, and which it should, one would think, make happy now we have grown so peaceful, so considerate of each other's temporal welfare.

Then comes the question, How can the change be made? And here at once we are met by the difficulty that the sickness and death of handicraft is, it seems, a natural expression of the tendency of the age. We willed the end, and therefore the means also.

Since the last days of the Middle Ages the creation of an intellectual aristocracy has been, so to say, the spiritual purpose of civilization side by side with its material purpose of supplanting the aristocracy of *status* by the aristocracy of wealth. Part of the price it has had to pay for its success in that purpose (and some would say it is comparatively an insignificant part) is that this new aristocracy of intellect has been compelled to forego the lively interest in the beauty and romance of life, which was once the portion of every artificer at least, if not of every workman, and to live surrounded by an ugly vulgarity which the world amid all its changes has not known till modern times. It is not strange that until recently it has not been conscious of this degradation; but it may seem strange to many that it has now grown partially conscious of it. It is common now to hear people say of such and such a piece of country or suburb, "Ah! it was so beautiful a year or so ago, but it has been quite spoilt by the building." Forty years back the building would have been looked on as "a vast improvement;" now we have grown conscious of the hideousness we are creating, and—we go on creating it. We see the price we have paid for our aristocracy of intellect, and even that aristocracy itself is more than half regretful of the bargain, and would be glad if it could keep the gain and not pay the full price for it.

Hence not only the empty grumbling about the continuous march of machinery over dying handicraft, but also various elegant little schemes for trying to withdraw ourselves, some of us, from the consequences (in this direction) of our being "superior persons;" none of which can have more than a temporary and very limited success. The great

wave of commercial necessity will sweep away all these well-meant attempts to stem it, and think little of what it has done, or whither it is going.

Yet after all even these feeble manifestations of discontent with the tyranny of commerce are tokens of a revolutionary epoch, and to me it is inconceivable that machine production will develop into mere infinity of machinery, or life wholly lapse into a disregard of life as it passes. It is true indeed that powerful as the "cultivated" middle-class is, it has not the power of recreating the beauty and romance of life; but that will be the work of the new society which the blind progress of commercialism will create; nay, is creating. The cultivated middle-class is a class of slave-holders, and its power of living according to its choice is limited by the necessity of finding constant livelihood and employment for the slaves who keep it alive. It is only a society of *equals* which can choose the life it will live, which can choose to forego gross luxury and base utilitarianism in return for the unwearying pleasure of tasting the fulness of life. It is my firm belief that we shall in the end realize this society of equals, and also that when it is realized it will not endure a vicarious life by means of machinery; that it will in short be the master of its machinery and not the servant, as our age is.

Meantime, since we shall have to go through a long series of social and political events before we shall be free to choose how we shall live, we should welcome even the feeble protest which is now being made against the vulgarization of all life: first because it is one token among others of the sickness of modern civilization; and next, because it may help to keep alive memories of the past which are necessary elements of the life of the future, and methods of work which no society could afford to lose.

In short, it may be said that though the movement toward the revival of handicraft is contemptible on the surface in face of the gigantic fabric of commercialism; yet, taken in conjunction with the general movement toward freedom of life for all, on which we are now surely embarked, as a protest against intellectual tyranny, and a token

of the change which is transforming civilization into socialism, it is both note-

worthy and encouraging.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

BY ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century a branch of industry peculiar to England, and, we might almost say, peculiar to London, drove a roaring trade—infamous, it was true, but active and lucrative. On the site of the eastern side of the present Farringdon Street stood, some 200 years ago, the old Fleet Prison, with its recognized buildings and officials, while clustering about it like an excrescence were its various other buildings and officials, which, though not recognized, seem to have held their own, and in spite of censures, civil and ecclesiastical, to have exercised a sway which was practically undisputed. Beneath the iron-grated windows of the prison rolled the unsavory tide of the Fleet ditch till it met the embrace of the Thames at Blackfriars, where it formed a wide but shallow mouth, called a *Fleet*. At one time the ditch, so railed at by the satirists of Queen Anne, was a river, and ships of considerable tonnage, it is said, were able to anchor where the Holborn Viaduct now stands.

The Fleet was a prison purely for debtors, and its governor, or warden as he was then styled, made a considerable addition to his salary by affording better accommodation to such of his victims as could pay for it, and whose instincts, social and moral, rebelled at the filth and degradation of the common side, the quarters of the poor debtors. In conjunction with the warden there was also another official who made an excellent thing out of his appointment. In the prison was a chapel, where the chaplain, for a moderate fee, joined such couples together as wished to be married in secret, or who objected to the publicity of the parish church, or who had not the funds to be married elsewhere. These perquisites of the reverend gentleman soon excited the envy of his poorer but equally qualified brethren who were out of ecclesiastical work. It

was in the days before clauses in Bankruptcy Acts came to the relief of the impecunious, and when imprisonment for debt was a real and unpleasant fact, as many an offender had found to his cost. In the Fleet and its boundaries—or “Rules,” as they were called—were scores of parsons, whom vice and extravagance had brought within its walls, and who were at their wits’ end to find shillings enough to pay for their dirty beds and meagre food. Why, they asked, should they not turn the channel of fees from the well-lined pockets of the chaplain into their own, to which coin had so long been a stranger?

At this time England, like all Protestant countries, was not bound by the teaching of the Council of Trent, which made it compulsory upon all who obeyed the Vatican to have marriage celebrated by a priest and in presence of two witnesses. An Englishman at that date, so long as he complied with the elastic terms of the common law of the land, could be married very much where, when, and how he pleased. He could be married in church with his friends and relatives around him, as at the present day, or he could mumble a few words promising to make a woman his wife in the back room of a tavern, with or without a priest, and the union was recognized by the law as perfectly legal. A fee had to be paid for the marriage certificate, an insertion entered in a register, a rule not always complied with, and the claims of justice and decency were satisfied. The Church, then as now, condemned such proceedings; but when the common law sanctioned them, ecclesiastical censures, especially by the class against whom they were directed, were laughed at and calmly ignored. Around London there existed a host of places where people could be joined together in holy matrimony with or without “benefit of clergy,” and though the ceremony might be deficient, the union

was complete in substance and indissoluble. The terrible consequences of such a system, or rather lack of system, were conspicuous in every page of our social history. Young men in a drunken freak were linked for life to the scum of the streets; heiresses were spirited away and compelled to submit to a hateful union; men, owing to the facilities afforded them, rushed into matrimony and repented at leisure; so easy was the process, that no man about town, who had led in his hot early days the dissolute life of a Corinthian, ever knew whether or not one of these hasty but legal weddings might in after years be sprung upon him. The atmosphere was redolent with seduction, desertion, and the vain efforts of unhappy bridegrooms to escape the toils their folly or carelessness had prepared for them.

Chief among the agents who carried on this nefarious trade stood, a good head and shoulders above the rest of the community, the Fleet parson. In vain he was censured by the warden, denounced by the bishop, and banned by church and chapel; he went through his ceremonies, entered the names in his registers, genuine or false, received the fees he bargained for, and thus found money to pay for his bed, his mutton, and his gin. Prevented from using the chapel in the Fleet, every tavern within the boundaries of the prison had a room fitted up as a chapel to accommodate this scoundrel priest, in which the marriage ceremony could be performed. As a rule, "those about to marry" preferred to be "tied up," as they expressed it, by a Fleet parson in bands and cassock to a layman; failing such a person, however, the services of the blacksmith or cobbler known to attend upon the shrine of Hymen were availed of. Hence, outside the taverns and lodging-houses which fringed the Fleet ditch, were a tribe of disreputable men called pliers, who, whenever they saw a rustic with a wench, or a shamefaced couple on whose brows elopement was stamped, or a drunken sailor with his Molly, rushed forward like foreign touts at a landing stage, and advanced their rival claims.

Gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair.
The busy pliers make a mighty stir,

And whisp'ring cry, "D'ye want the parson,
sir?"

Pray step this way, just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
The Doctor's ready there, at your command."
"This way" (another cries). "Sir, I declare
The true and ancient register is here."
The alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
And haste with soothing words t' invite 'em in.
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
Th' enamored couple know not where to go;
Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
Th' experienced matron came (an artful guide)!
She led the way without regarding either,
And the first parson splic'd 'em both together.*

The income made by these dissolute divines was often no mean one. The fee for a marriage was, as a rule, a guinea, with five shillings for the certificate and half a crown each to the clerk and plier. This sum, however, varied according to the notoriety and wants of the holy man who welded the bonds of wedlock. There were Fleet parsons who were glad to pick up half a crown, a roll of tobacco, or a dram of gin, for the performance of their professional duties; while there were others—the famous doctors "within the Rules"—to whom five pounds was a gratuity of frequent occurrence. The drunken sailor who had just been paid off, and whose blue trousers, as loose as his morals, were filled with guineas, was always generosity itself when he quitted the tavern parlor which had witnessed his union with the blushing bride who was as well known in Wapping or Ratcliff Highway as was the Monument in Fish Street. "Here, mate, help yourself," was his usual remark, as he pulled out a handful of gold, and the irregular divine was not slow to avail himself of the offer. To the ancient dame who had run away with her young footman, to the needy man of fashion who had eloped with an heiress, to the couple who shunned banns and licenses, and whose union once effected secured numerous advantages, the payment of a few pounds more or less was a matter of no moment. The three famous doctors—Gaynham, Ashwell, and Wigmore—who lodged within the Rules of the Fleet, made over seven hundred a year by their iniquitous proceedings. Excommunication, the

* *Records of the Fleet.* By J. S. Burn. A work published half a century ago, and now out of print, to which I beg to acknowledge my obligations.

penalties of certain Acts, the censure of the bishop, had no effect upon this infamous trio—they were privileged persons living in a privileged quarter, and the law, either civil or ecclesiastical, was powerless to touch them.

Long has old Gaynham with applause
Obeyed his Master's cursed Laws,
Readily practis'd every Vice,
And equall'd e'en the Devil for device.
His faithful Services such favor gain'd,
That he first Bishop was of Hell ordain'd.
Dan Wigmore rose next in Degree,
And he obtained the Deanery.
Ned Ashwell then came into grace,
And he supplied th' Archdeacon's place.
But as the Devil, when his ends
Are served, he leaves his truest friends,
So fared it with this wretched three,
Who lost their Lives and Dignity.

The vocation of the Fleet parson—like the dog in the hymn, "It was his nature to"—was to celebrate clandestine marriages, and, however irregular might be his proceedings, the knot tied by him was valid and binding. A few, however, of this class of clergy appear to have been not wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. "*Video meliora*," said one, when severely reprimanded by the Bishop of London, "*deteriora sequor*." Another wrote in his pocket-book, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe." A third was anxious to quit the miserable business. "May God forgive me what is past," he sighs, "and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue cannot take place unless you are resolved to starve." It was his poverty and not his will that made him often consent. To the ordinary Fleet parson a wedding was his one only means of obtaining a livelihood. We know from Smollett that Peregrine Pickle became acquainted in the Fleet with a clergyman "who found means to enjoy a pretty considerable income by certain irregular practices in the way of his function." The practices were "irregular," and the places in which they were performed were styled "lawless," but unhappily, as the law then stood, all such unions were perfectly sound and indissoluble.

A walk along the Fleet, with its notorious taverns and lodging-houses, its hungry pliers, its crowd of bullies and

stalwart viragoes ready to rob, drug, marry, and if compelled to it even murder the victim who strayed within the boundaries of this Alsatia, was a pilgrimage fraught with no little danger to the unwary. A study of its registers and of the paragraphs in the weekly newspapers of the time plainly reveals to us the condition of things suffered to exist in a quarter which was within the very shadow of our great cathedral. "In walking along the street," writes Pennant in his History of London, "in my youth on the side next to the Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid profligate figure clad in a tattered plaid nightgown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco." Here is a paragraph from the *Weekly Journal*, September 26, 1719: "One Mrs. Ann Legh, an heiress, having been decoyed away from her friends in Buckinghamshire and married in the Fleet against her consent, we hear the Lord Chief Justice Pratt hath issued out his warrant for apprehending the authors of this contrivance, who have used the young lady so barbarously that she now lies speechless." Occasionally the Fleet parson appears in a more favorable light, and was employed for the redress of vicious acts. Thus we read in the *Post Boy*, June 18, 1730: "Yesterday a cooper in St. John Street was seized and carried before Justice Robe, being charged with violating a certain young woman. The man, considering the danger he was in, compounded the affair by sending for a clergyman from the Fleet, who married them at a tavern in Smithfield to the great joy of all parties." Many of the tavern keepers of the Fleet retained a parson on the premises at a regular wage of a pound a week; while other landlords upon the arrival of a wedding party sent for any clergyman they chose to employ and divided the fee with him. Divines like Gaynham and Ashwell were of course not to be had on these terms. Another

extract from the *Post Boy* shows the extent to which compulsion was carried in bringing about one of these unholy but legitimate unions: "Margaret Prendergran and Mary Henson, two Irishwomen, were convicted at the Old Bailey sessions for aiding and assisting one Russell, an Irishman, in forcibly marrying a young gentlewoman, the marriage being performed by a Fleet parson." A letter inserted in the *Grub Street Journal*, January 15, 1735, exhibits, however, in more vivid colors and with greater detail the manners and customs at the Fleet and the vile conduct of its peculiar clergy. Indeed, from the ample evidence we have on the subject, the parsons of the Fleet, what with their feuds among themselves, their maintenance of all that was base and detestable, the vicious tactics they adopted to evade discovery, their ignorance, inebriety, and lack of most of the requirements of civilization, would have disgraced even the lowest of the set that Ireland has ever sent to represent her at Westminster. The "Grub Street" letter is long, but as its contents will be novel to our readers, no apology is offered for its insertion:—

Sir,—There is a very great evil in this town, and of dangerous consequence to our sex, that has never been suppressed, to the great prejudice and ruin of many hundreds of young people every year, which I beg some of your learned heads to consider of, and consult of proper ways and means to prevent for the future. I mean the ruinous marriages that are practised in the liberty of the Fleet, and thereabouts, by a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church and almost tearing their cloaths off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened.

Since Midsummer last a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach

for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. "Madam," says he, "this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad and there is no other I beg leave to bear you company; I am going into the city and will set you down wherever you please." The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister who waited his coming, but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. "Madam, you are come in good time, the Doctor was just a-going!" "The Doctor," says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse; "what has the Doctor to do with me?" "To marry you to that gentleman; the Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!" "That gentleman," says she, recovering herself, "is worthy a better fortune than mine," and begged hard to be gone. But Dr. Wryneck swore she should be married; or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, which, says she, "was my mother's gift on her death-bed, injoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring." By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew. Some time after this I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopt near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. "Madam," says he, "you want a parson!" "Who are you?" says I. "I am the clerk and register of the Fleet." "Show me the chapel." At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, "That fellow will carry you to a peddling alehouse." Says a third, "Go with me, he will carry you to a brandy-shop." In the interim comes the Doctor. "Madam," says he, "I'll do your job for you presently!" "Well, gentlemen," says I, "since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time;" so drove away. Learned Sirs, I wrote this in regard to the honor and safety of my own sex; and if for our sakes you will be so good as to publish it, correcting the errors of a woman's pen, you will oblige our whole sex, and none more than, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,
VIRTUOUS.

The registers of the Fleet are, however, the mine to be worked by the antiquary or historian interested in this

curious and not very flattering chapter of our past social life. Let us turn over their unsavory leaves and make a few extracts from the more startling and characteristic entries. Our friend Wigmore appears to have been, if a licensed priest, at least an unlicensed publican, for we read under date May 26, 1738 :

"Yesterday, Daniel Wigmore, one of the parsons noted for marrying people within the Rules of the Fleet, was convicted before the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of selling spirituous liquors contrary to law."

Occasionally the Fleet parson was nothing more nor less than a common beggar.

"On Friday last [December 19, 1746] was brought before Sir Joseph Hankey, at Guildhall, a man in a clergyman's habit, for begging, which he made a common practice of : he was committed for further examination the next day, when it appeared he was a notorious idle fellow, and common cheat, having made use of that habit only to impose on the public ; as also to perform the office of marrying several persons at the Fleet Prison ; whereupon he was committed to Bridewell to hard labor."

Here is a precious revelation of infamy :

"On Tuesday, one Oates, a plier for and clerk to weddings at the Bull and Garter, by the Fleet Gate, was bound over to appear at the next Sessions, for hiring one John Funnell, a poor boy (for half-a-guinea), that sells fruit on Fleet Bridge, to personate one John Todd, and to marry a woman in his name, which he accordingly did ; and the better to accomplish this piece of villainy, the said Oates provided a blind parson for that purpose."

In 1737 a Richard Weaver was indicted for bigamy, when the following evidence was given :

Alice Allington. "On January 18, 1733-4, I was married to the prisoner at the Hand and Pen, in Fleet Lane, by the famous Doctor Gaynham."

Prisoner. "I don't know that woman for my wife. I know nothing about the wedding. I was fuddled over night, and next morning I found myself a-bed with a strange woman,— 'And who are you ? how came you here ?' says I,— 'O my dear,' says she, 'we were marry'd last night at the Fleet.'"

A remarkable entry shows that women were accustomed to pay men to become their temporary husbands in order to plead coverture to any action for debt. In the July of 1728 we find Josiah Welsh, a cordwainer of St. Giles', Cambridge, marrying four women in fourteen months, each time, of course, changing his name ! The entry then proceeds to add that there was paid to this precious individual "two and sixpence for his trouble." Thus comments one Dr. Gally upon this custom : "It is well known to be a common practice at the Fleet, and that there are men provided there, who have, each of them, within the compass of a year, married several women for this wicked purpose." One further entry and we close the list ; it shows how bitter was the penalty men had to pay for entering unconsciously into these unions. On May 16, 1733, Sir John Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, was married to Elizabeth Vade, of Bromley, Kent. Listen how the union took place. Vade goes with Sir John to London to attend a christening. He makes his victim drunk, takes him in a hackney coach to a lodging already engaged for the purpose he has in view, then sends for a Fleet parson and marries Sir John, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, to his [Vade's] own daughter, "a girl about sixteen or seventeen years old, without any fortune, whom Sir John had scarce ever seen before." We read : "Sir John Leigh by this marriage was placed entirely under the influence of William Vade, the father of the bride, who obtained the control over his estates, and procured the execution of a will which was subsequently disputed in Chancery, and eventually the question was carried to the House of Lords." With what result we know not.

Though the Fleet was the most notorious spot in London where clandestine marriages were celebrated, it was not by any means the only place of resort patronized by the unconscious or secret votary of Hymen. In addition to the Fleet, with its chapel and taverns, where weddings freely took place, there were the King's Bench Prison, the Mint, the Savoy, and the Chapel in Mayfair, presided over by the notorious Alexander Keith, who, according to Lord Orford,

"constructed a very bishopric of revenue." It was at Mayfair Chapel that the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning "with a ring of the bed-curtain at half an hour past twelve at night." In the north and east of London there were also various haunts and chapels where similar marriages were suffered to be celebrated.

It was impossible that as civilization progressed the scandals arising from these clandestine unions could be permitted to continue. Year after year the evil had been discussed in Parliament, but though reformers had brought in bills and amendments upon the subject nothing was practically done to redress the grievances complained of until the eighteenth century had entered upon its fifth decade. Then, in the year of grace 1753, Lord Hardwicke introduced a measure enacting that any person solemnizing matrimony in any other than a church or public chapel without banns or license should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; also, that all such marriages should be void. Strange to say, this reform bill encountered considerable hostility; it was an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject, and of the two evils people preferred to be immoral than to be enslaved. Fox—whose own father had been married in the chapel of the Fleet—loudly declaimed against the measure, and was the hero of the hour with the mob, who cheered his name to the echo.

"It is well you are married," writes Horace Walpole to Seymour Conway, who had married the widow of Lord Ailesbury. "How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds forever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new Bill, which under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every Dowager and her H * * *, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented

this Bill, but had drawn it so ill that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote."

In spite, however, of all opposition and the sarcasm of the wits, the Marriage Act passed through both Houses, and was enrolled on the Statute Book; it was to take effect from March 25, 1754. The Fleet parsons were in a towering rage at this interference with their vested interests, and with that most sensitive portion of the human frame—the trousers pocket. Henceforth there was to be a long farewell to fees, pliers, gin, and tobacco. "Damn the bishops!" said the pious Dr. Keith, of Mayfair; "so they will hinder my marrying, will they! Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged; I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, begad, I'll *under-bury them all!*" The *Connoisseur*, a sarcastic weekly paper of the time, knowing how sore Keith was on the subject, and how severely the Act would cripple his resources, took the matter up, and inserted a few kindly remarks purporting to come from the divine himself. "I received," it writes, "a scheme from my good friend Dr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. The rev. gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up on sale, purposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messrs. Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Dr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman who has a colt's tooth remaining may match himself with a tight young filly. The Doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided ne

can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the Parliament that, as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in Mayfair may still continue the grand mart for marriages.

"Catalogue of Males and Females to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Dr. Keith's Repository in Mayfair.

"A young lady of £100,000 fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

"A homely thing who can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding. This lot to be bid for by none but country parsons.

"A very pretty young woman, but a good deal in debt; would be glad to marry a member of Parliament or a Jew.

"A blood of the first-rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

"Five Templars—all Irish. No one to bid for these lots of less than £10,000 fortune.

"Wanted, four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia."

The chaplain of Mayfair regarded himself as the special and most injured victim of this measure, and published a pamphlet, which had an enormous circulation, entitled "Observations on the Act for Clandestine Marriages." A few of his remarks may be taken out of oblivion. "Happy is the wooing," he writes, "that is not long a-doing; is an old proverb and a very-true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backward, and from that period (fatal indeed to old England!) we must date the declensions of the numbers of the inhabitants of England. . . . As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humor of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they

had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, &c. . . . Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half a crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloaths. . . . I remember once on a time, I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls, there there was fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating; at length one of the tars starts up, and says 'D——n ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner.' The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The calvacade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure: he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing when a fleet comes in to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors."

As is always the case, the interval between when a Bill is passed and when it becomes law was fully availed of in taking every advantage to commit the offences the measure was to prevent. Never was marrying and giving in marriage doing such a brisk trade in the Fleet and at Mayfair Chapel as during the months which preceded the coming into operation of the Hardwicke Act. On the 24th of March no less than two hundred and seventeen marriages took place between eleven and six in the Fleet. It was the last day for the celebration of the Fleet weddings. While Lord Hardwicke's Bill was under discussion, the *Grub Street Journal* humor-

ously suggested the following amendments :

" When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor anything to begin the world with, resolve to marry and be miserable : let it be deemed *petty larceny*.

" If a younger brother marries an old woman purely for the sake of a maintenance : let it be called *self-preservation*.

" When a rich old fellow marries a young wench in her full bloom, it shall be *death without benefit of clergy*.

" When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together to be miserable, they shall be deemed *non compos*, and sent to a madhouse.

" When a lady marries her servant, or a gentleman his cook-maid (especially if there are children by a former marriage), they both shall be *transported for fourteen years*.

" When a man has had one bad wife and buried her, and yet will marry a second, it shall be deemed *felo de se*,

and he shall be buried in the highway accordingly.

" And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of *High Treason*."

For several years after the passing of this Act a method was, however, found to evade its enactments. We read that at Southampton vessels " were always ready to carry on the trade of smuggling weddings, which, for the price of five guineas, transport contraband goods into the land of matrimony." And who has not heard of the last of the species of Fleet parson, he who solemnized clandestine weddings at Gretna Green ?

As we wander through the echoing halls of history and study the votive tablets hung upon its walls, in grateful recognition for such reforms as have been inspired by religion, prompted by education, or demanded by civilization, in very truth among the most conspicuous of them should be the offering which commemorates the abolition of the Fleet marriages. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE WAGNER BUBBLE.

A REPLY.

BY C. VILLIERS STANFORD, MUS.D.

MR. ROWBOTHAM'S article in the October number of this Review would seem at first sight to have its best answer in the title which he has prefixed to it. To find its parallel in critical blindness one is forced back to the articles on Beethoven which appeared half a century ago in the *Musical Quarterly Review*. He covers, however, so large a ground, touching on literature, ethics, drama, and music, that I may be pardoned if I confine myself to the consideration of the æsthetic portion of his article and leave ethics and Schopenhauer to those who understand them better than he or I. To me it is at once a difficult and a distasteful task to descend for the first time into the sanguinary arena of Wagnerian controversy. The sand is stained with the blood of

many good Christians and many wild beasts, but we search in vain for the body of Mr. Rowbotham. He will be found aloft where the vestal virgins sit, with his critical thumb turned inexorably down. He looks at the fray and the chief actors from a seat of safety sufficiently remote to require the aid of opera-glasses (or their antiquarian equivalents), which he has not taken care to clean before he leaves home. His arguments would even allow of the supposition that he has not himself been present, but has drawn his conclusions from the reports of others.

I have said that it is both difficult and distasteful to me to discuss Wagner, because at this date, when controversy on the subject is still warm, it is hard to defend Wagner without being written

down as a Wagnerian by his opponents, and impossible to attack the least of one of his tenets without being smirched as an anti-Wagnerian by his supporters. Persons who consider that all human genius is liable to err, and that the best way to pass through life is to give praise where praise is due and learn what is best without hunting for what is worst in great men, find themselves in the unenviable position of being attacked by both parties at once. Assuredly, however, their time will come, and in the case of Wagner it is close at hand. The controversy is still warm, but it is rapidly cooling; and the spasmodic application of Mr. Rowbotham's drawing-room bellows will scarcely do more than kindle a momentary spark and blow the ashes about to the annoyance of bystanders. I venture then to consider Mr. Rowbotham's statements from the point of view of one who does not necessarily accept as perfect every note of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, or Wagner, but who undoubtedly claims for the last that place among the immortals which is not denied him by his most furious antagonists—with the exception of Mr. J. F. Rowbotham.

It will be interesting and instructive to follow piece by piece the method which he pursues and the statements which he makes. To find the authorities which he quotes for his statements will be impossible, for he is above giving chapter and verse for a single proposition. The first assertion which meets the eye is that Wagner's numerous worshippers asked Mr. Rowbotham and other musicians to believe "that Beethoven, Handel, Bach, and all the great musicians, his precursors, were as nothing to him." Where? I have never been asked to believe anything of the kind by my Wagnerian friends, and I have many: it would be interesting to know where this new gospel is to be found, in or out of print. Apart, however, from the fact that Mr. Rowbotham begins already in his second sentence to confound Wagner and his worshippers, just as later on he confounds Wagner the author and Wagner the musician, it may be as well to refer Mr. Rowbotham to the article "Wagner" in Grove's

Dictionary, written by one of the composer's intimate friends, which may lay bare to him the real facts of Wagner's appreciation of his precursors. If our critic possesses this document, he must have perused it with a glass applied to his eye after the fashion of Nelson at Copenhagen. Many sentences follow, all enclosed in inverted commas, all alike devoid of a reference. The Germans are sneered at, not for any reasons of philosophy or manners, but because they "often stumble in their English," a glib way of dismissing the countrymen of Kant and Goethe. I fear, however, that they will accord no reciprocity treaty to Mr. Rowbotham—they will not "accord him an attentive hearing," be his German ever so faulty.

Under the influences, then, of these unidentified reviewers and illiterate Germans, "the Wagner bubble" is blown to a portentous size, and mankind at large and Mr. Rowbotham in particular wait patiently to see an atmospheric phenomenon of the most startling description, namely, what influence it (the bubble) will have on the common practice of the art of music. But if the metaphors are somewhat mixed, the writer's way out of the difficulty is simple. "None appeared!" Granting Mr. Rowbotham's premiss, no other conclusion is possible from his point of view. But both his premiss and conclusion are proved wrong by hard facts. The Wagner creations are no bubbles, or else they would not be the only works which are safe to fill the German theatres; and if they are bubbles they have not burst, for the performances at Bayreuth in the year of grace 1888 were better attended than they have ever been before. The fact is, Mr. Rowbotham is confusing two species. He is confusing the lion and the jackals; the noble animal and the inferior beings who exist on his leavings; the great man and his unthinking and illogical parasites. The literary jackals have blown bubbles, it is true; but even these contain their atoms of matter, and when they burst there will still be a fragile residue of soap-sud which existed before the bubble and in the bubble, and will exist after the bubble has burst. It is this little particle of soap which

has got into Mr. Rowbotham's eye and made it smart.

From the worshippers we are brought to the consideration of the idol himself. We find that he did not hit the exact style of writing in vogue at the time, and made several attempts to do so, which "all alike resulted in deplorable failure." If we were informed what these attempts were, we should be able to form a judgment on the deplorable failure. If *Die Feen* and the *Liebesverbot* are referred to, failure might be admitted in the same sense as a failure is or was admitted for Weber's *Silvana*. But it is possible that the names of these operas may be new to our critic, and, from the internal evidence of his article, he evidently does not mean these earliest works, but *The Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi* (see p. 505). Against such statements as this it is impossible and unnecessary to argue; it would only be necessary to state how many performances these two works have had this year, four decades and a half after their production.*

Following this astounding remark is a whole page of matter full of unauthenticated statements and absolutely confusing to the reader. The key of the difficulty is in the first sentence. Wagner's "bent was exceedingly polemical. He would have made an excellent controversialist, and it was only through a caprice of destiny that he was a musician." It is hard to believe that Mr. Rowbotham really thinks that Wagner's gifts, however much he disapproves their application, were a freak of chance. Wagner's worst enemies have hitherto allowed him his gifts while they insisted on his misapplication of those gifts; but they have acknowledged that it was the caprice of destiny that made him a controversialist. Many of his reasonable admirers regret this "destiny," and would have preferred him to stay his pen from many sentences which gave perhaps more pain than he was conscious of giving. But Mr. Rowbotham is for once right—his bent was polemical; and it was his misfortune that his position in the world of music was made more assailable during his lifetime by

the very fact of his controversial writings being published. Critics and brother-artists when stung by his remarks might be forgiven for confusing the composer and the man. The publication of the Wagner-Liszt correspondence is likely, unfortunately, to revive for a brief space the consideration of the great man's least attractive side; but it will become year by year more impossible to judge of *Tristan* or *Parsifal* by the light of Wagner's human weaknesses in daily life. We have ceased to apply such judgment to Byron, in spite of the efforts of some ghouls, or even to Carlyle, notwithstanding Mr. Froude's friendly daggers; and the new motto of "*De mortuis nil nisi malum*" will be forced out of fashion by its own hideousness.

Mr. Rowbotham asserts that Wagner, with his great controversial powers, made many converts. I, on the contrary, would assert that his controversial powers made many enemies, but next to no converts. A litigant who had a good case would not forward it by abusing the opponent's attorney as well. Mr. Rowbotham, having no case, or rather not having taken care to get his case up, follows the proverbial legal advice with a vengeance. He states, for instance, that Wagner proclaimed that "all else was wrong, and that what he wrote alone was right" (p. 502), "that operas henceforth must cease among men, and that their place must be taken by a new sort of production which was the offspring of his own brain," that "there was too much music in the opera as he found it," and countless other vaporings of a similar description for which the writer not only has no authority at all, but is directly confuted by the composer's own writings. Has Mr. Rowbotham ever read *Ueber das Dirigiren*? or the titlepage of the *Meistersinger*? or the letter upon the performance of Spohr's *Jessonda* at Leipzig in 1875, which Wagner came expressly from Bayreuth to hear? Mr. Rowbotham will be sorry to hear that this monster of ingratitude and egotism thus showed his regard and respect to the memory of the first great musician who gave him a helping hand, who introduced to the public for the first time that exploded failure *The Flying Dutch-*

* In the season 1886-7 *Rienzi* was given 35 times, and *The Flying Dutchman* 86 times.

man, who nearly resigned his post at Cassel because such empty rubbish as *Tannhäuser* was refused by the Intendant.

But we are now brought down from generalities to particulars, and we are told (shades of Gluck and Weber !) that Wagner stated that "all existing operas had been written on a wrong system;" and upon the basis of this perversion of truth Mr. Rowbotham proceeds to the discussion of Wagner's stage reforms. Here we might at least expect some small admission of success. But no ! While Wagner objects to the tenor leaving "his lover" at the back of the stage and singing to the top gallery, Mr. Rowbotham approves of this vandalism on the theory that unless the singer sings upward his voice cannot tell. Little does Mr. Rowbotham know that the greatest singing masters, witness Lamperti of Milan, recommend their pupils to sing downward, in order that the voice may rise : but this is only a speck among the clouds of inaccuracies in the article. With the *Liebeslied* from the *Walküre*, the Forge Song from *Siegfried*, the countless songs in the *Meistersinger* staring him in the face, he asserts that Wagner eliminated airs from his operas, and condemned them to one eternal monotonous recitative. With all the marvellous choruses from the *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal* (to name only two of the later works) to bear witness against him, he asserts that "complicated contrapuntal passages are out of the question." After this he calmly states that "opera after the severe shake it received from his attacks is now following its old beaten path again," in blind ignorance of the fact that since Wagner's influence became extended, not an opera has been written in any country, not even by the strongest opponents of his musical theories, which has not borne the traces of his reforms upon every page : from Verdi to Goetz, from Gounod to Massenet, all are obliged to accept opera and carry it on from the point to which Wagner has brought it. If Othello were now to sing scales while Desdemona was being smothered, the house would hiss in spite of all Mr. Rowbotham's arguments ; and the reason they would hiss is because Wagner has exposed the absurd-

ity, and as far as can be has banished incongruity from the musical stage.

But the remarks of our critic grow more reckless as he proceeds on his path of fire and slaughter. Wagner is made to declare that "no man could be a musician unless he were at one and the same time a poet" (by which, I suppose, is meant a writer of poetry). How then can Wagner's love for Gluck, for Beethoven, for Weber, be accounted for ? How can we find him praising many works by the very men who, he is represented to say, were "no musicians at all ?" No ! Wagner did not care for art, for the stage, for music, for poetry, for philosophy for their own sakes ; he only mastered them and used them in order to vent his spleen, says Mr. Rowbotham. One step further and we shall be told that the theatre at Bayreuth was erected as a monument of vengeance, and that all the subscribers to it and all visitors to the performances therein are only actuated by motives of hatred for the anti-Wagnerians. Has he ever been there ?

When we come to the poetry section of this article we are greeted by the statement that Wagner "cuts a sorry figure in verse." A little further on and we discover why : our critic apparently despises German so much (p. 501), and is so afraid of qualifying for an attentive hearing by a few stumbles (*ibid.*), that he gives the specimens, not in the original—that would be the solitary accuracy in the paper—but in a translation, which he says "keeps pace with the original." Mr. Corder will not thank him for the estimate or the comparison, for he knows, as well as any German scholar knows, the immense difficulty of conveying an idea of such a complicated original by any translation, and the impossibility of doing so when cramped by the necessities of adapting syllables to music. In any case specimens have been given which are perhaps the worst which could have been chosen ; but this is to be expected in critics of Mr. Rowbotham's stamp. It is not a little amusing to find him, accurate as ever, describing Loki as the Prince of Darkness instead of the God of Fire. But then, perhaps, he had been reading *Faust* by mistake, and mixed up the scores. The quotation

from *Tristan* is practically impossible except in the original, and it is only in its connection with the music set to it and the manner of its setting that it can be criticised at all. The disquisition on Schopenhauer and Wagner's misapprehension of him, with all the sweeping philosophical statements in which our author indulges, I leave to more learned pens than mine to discuss.

It is not, perhaps, Mr. Rowbotham's fault that he is unable to grasp the problem which he has set himself to discuss. Granting that he has seen most or all of Wagner's operas adequately performed—a necessary preliminary without which of course he would not have ventured to sit in judgment on the composer—it is obvious that he has only been able to apply the microscope to small separate details of the works, and is incapable, through no fault of his own, of taking in the whole at once. He talks of the music without considering the poetry, of the poetry without considering its connection with the music, of the action without considering the other two ingredients. He fails to see that scenery, poetry, music, action, all must be taken as a whole and considered as a whole. Hence an article which no musician or critic in Europe would venture to write, still less to sign. Its very intemperance of language proves the shakiness of the ground upon which he takes his stand. He might have assailed Wagner from many vulnerable points. I will make him a present of a few for future use. There may be many *longueurs* in his operas. Wotan may be a bore, King Mark a trial to impatient pittites. The second act of the *Götterdämmerung* may close in what is best described as cacophony. The opening scene of *Parsifal* may be too spun out. The whole of

Lohengrin, with the exception of the prayer and the bridal march, is in common time. He may be too fond of making two lovers stand gazing at each other for a quarter of an hour while a third person sings. All this and much more of the same sort can be made something of, and can be quoted with some show of reason. On the other hand, it is wise to remember that the slow movement of the seventh symphony of Beethoven and the finale of Schubert's great symphony in C were once both condemned as outrageously long, and yet who now would allow the omission of a single bar of them? After all is said there remains the great solid fact that the eleven great operas of Wagner, ranging from 1844 to 1881, are all in actual possession of the stage, and draw fuller houses every year; moreover, the experience of concert-givers has proved that Beethoven and Wagner are almost the only names which allure large audiences to orchestral concerts. These are hard facts, and can be proved by hard cash; and when all arguments as to Wagner's music or cacophony are over, the public are the final Court of Appeal. Mr. Rowbotham would be a bold man to prophesy the bursting of his bubble in our generation, considering that Wagner is approaching a half-century of musical existence; but to assert that it has burst already is to state what men's eyes and ears and pockets know to be absolutely false. He concludes his article with a slight token of respect for the "little" opera of *Lohengrin*. I may for once indorse his prophecy of a future existence for this opera, together with the little poem of *In Memoriam*, the insignificant novel of *Vanity Fair*, the poor daubs of Turner, and the paltry portraits of Lenbach.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BEARING OF WAIST-BELTS AND STAYS.

BY C. S. ROY, M.D., AND J. G. ADAMI, M.R.C.S.

To explain the use of any article is not to justify its abuse. In the following pages we deal wholly with the physiological aspect of constriction of the waist, and only refer to the utility of abdominal compression; it must not be

thought that we therefore countenance any extreme course, or that we for a moment deny that this constriction may be of such a nature, or be carried to so great an excess, or be employed under such adverse conditions, as to lead to

serious bodily harm. Our object is to discuss the *physiology* and not the *pathology* of constriction of the waist.

In the course of a series of investigations with which we have been recently occupied, on the nature of certain forms of heart disease, a number of facts have come to our knowledge, which appear to us to throw much light on the matter expressed by the title of our paper. We think that, with the conclusions which may reasonably be drawn from them, these facts may be of interest to non-medical readers.

Let us begin by saying that the functional activity of any of the tissues of the body is dependent on its blood supply; increased activity, for example, requiring an increased supply of blood. Thus, when a muscle contracts, this contraction is accompanied by an augmented flow of blood through its vessels, these becoming more expanded than when the muscle is at rest. The same fact applies, so far as is known, to all other organs of the body.

The amount of blood pumped out by the heart into the arteries is distributed, by a wonderfully perfect vaso-motor mechanism, to the different tissues of the body in conformity with their requirements at any given time. It may be added, also, that anything which increases the amount of blood sent out by the heart in a given time, will tend, *ceteris paribus*, to increase the activity of the tissues to which the blood is distributed. All this, of course, within certain limits which need not be defined here. The above statements are fully accepted by physiologists, and we only give them here in order that the general reader may see the bearing of what follows.

In our investigations we employed an instrument—a Cardiometer—which permits of the amount of blood sent out by the heart being accurately measured.

In the course of our work with this instrument we found that even slight pressure upon the abdomen resulted in the expelling by the heart of a considerably increased quantity of blood in a given time, and this, without increasing the rapidity of the heart-beat. At each impulse, that is, a larger amount was driven out. Thus, for instance, in one experiment, compression of the abdomen increased the quantity of blood

thrown out by the heart, to the extent of 29.6 per cent. during the period of compression. In some of our other experiments even a larger increase was obtained. Further, the increased outflow from the heart, which is in this way produced, is not limited to the few seconds after the first application of the pressure, but persists concurrently with the pressure.

These results, with which physiologists have not hitherto been acquainted, can be easily enough explained. The calibre of the veins (which are especially large and numerous in the abdominal cavity) is much more affected by a slight pressure than that of the arteries. Hence slight abdominal pressure has but little influence upon the inflow to the abdominal viscera, while accelerating the outflow from these organs, and will, without harming their nutrition (seeing that within fairly wide limits, variations in the amount of blood in the veins do not affect the supply of nourishment to the parts drained by those vessels), press into the service of the rest of the body a correspondingly increased volume of blood. Or, in other words, such pressure diminishes the quantity of blood which is stored in the abdominal veins and venous capillaries, and places more of it at the disposal of the organism as a whole.

We may note, in passing, that the opposite condition of congestion, or sudden distension of the abdominal veins, by withdrawing blood from the general circulation, is a recognized cause of fainting, bringing about, as it does, an insufficiency in the blood supply to the brain.

Great pressure does indeed increase still more the quantity of blood taken from the abdominal organs, and therefore available for the supply of the rest of the system, but this implies an interference with the nutrition of the organs in question. It must be kept in mind, however, that such extreme pressure, harmful as it must be, is not equally so at all times; for example, when functional activity is slight, as between the acts of digestion which follow meals, interference with the blood supply will, it need hardly be said, be less injurious than at times when the tissue change is more active.

Pressure on the abdomen, or constriction of the waist, which comes to the same thing, increases therefore the amount of blood placed at the disposal of the muscles, brain, skin, etc. Moreover, this increased blood supply, on which the degree of functional activity of the tissues so greatly depends, may be obtained without serious interference with the nutrition of the organs that fill the abdominal cavity. It is to be noted, also, that in front and at the sides the abdomen is bounded by walls having no bony framework, formed partly of muscles, which always contract involuntarily during great physical exertion. Even in the case, however, of a typically healthy unsophisticated savage the action of these muscles which compress the abdominal viscera will be assisted by the wearing of a belt. The efficacy of such a girdle is not so great when formed of an elastic material, as when it is composed of some comparatively inelastic substance such as leather. In the case of civilized man, and still more in the case of women, weakness of the muscles in question is common enough, and with them the support given by a girdle is even greater than with savages.

These considerations explain how it is that men, as well as women, finding a definite gain therefrom, have taken to the employment of some method of abdominal compression, wearing waistbands, belts, or the more elaborate corset, and this, in some cases only temporarily, at periods of increased activity, in others throughout the day. Having been led thus to examine into the custom, we have been surprised to learn how widely spread and how ancient it is.

Let us refer briefly to this custom of constricting or supporting the waist, as employed at various times in the history of the human race, and by different peoples.

The Egyptians, whose history, as recorded on their monuments and in their writings, is the most ancient of any with which we are acquainted, habitually wore broad belts of one kind or another. These girdles were used by both sexes, and, we are informed by Professor Macalister, were worn tight, this being apparently the cause of the remarkably slim waists which are so characteristic a feature of the sculptures and paintings

of the ancient Egyptians. The breadth of their girdles varied considerably, but they were usually broad, and made of linen. The women appear to have frequently worn two distinct girdles, one high up, immediately below the bosom, while the other was placed lower, just above the hip-bones. There is no reason to suppose that the one round the waist proper was used to support any part of the clothing.

The Semitic races, who derived their civilization mainly from the Egyptians, also wore girdles as part of their ordinary costume. With regard to the Jews and Phœnicians, we may remark that girdles, which were worn by both sexes, were recognized as being of benefit in assisting active exertion. As an instance of this, the case of Elijah may be quoted—2 Kings xviii. 46—where it is stated that the prophet “girded up his loins” to run before Ahab. As is mentioned elsewhere in Scripture, Elijah wore a leathern girdle, and the words in the original, which have been translated “girded up,” should be rather “tightened up,” and can be rendered more exactly by the Latin “fortiter constrinxit,” than the usual English translation, which might lead to the erroneous impression that pulling up of the skirts was meant. The girding up of the loins referred to elsewhere in the Old Testament—for example, with regard to the ceremonies observed at the feast of the Passover—has the same signification, and expresses also the connection between such girding and active exertion. The Arab tribes of our own day wear girdles from their earliest infancy, and we are informed by Prof. Robertson Smith that in the case of the Bedouins, they are worn tight as a matter of respectability. He further tells us that when he himself travelled in an Arab dress, he was instructed always to draw his girdle tight, a loose girdle being regarded in the East, at the present day, as characteristic of a dissolute, luxurious person. In the privacy of home life the girdle is either loosened or removed. Many similar examples could be given with regard to other Semitic races.

When we come to the Greeks, it need hardly be said that the girdle was an essential part of the male and female

costume. The expression *εὐζωνος*, employed by Herodotus, and other writers, where the distance between two places is referred to as what "a well-girt man" can do in a given time, shows that the Greeks also had recognized the connection between tight waist-belts and active muscular exertion. Greek women, we know, used several varieties of girdles, wearing frequently, and at one period of Greek history, usually, one girdle below the bosom, and the other round the waist, lower down, the upper one being sometimes called the *Strophion*, which was worn over the under tunic, while the other, the *Zone*, was worn round the waist proper, or even lower. The *Zone*, or *Cestus of Venus*, which, as will be remembered, was borrowed by the Queen of Heaven, is represented in very archaic figures of the younger goddess as being worn round the waist; higher, therefore, than the virgin *Zone*, and lower than the *Strophion*. Diana is often represented as wearing both the upper and lower girdles.

The leathern girdle of the Greek soldiers, frequently referred to as the *Mitra*, was worn at the bottom of the cuirass. The corresponding military belt of the Romans was called the *Cingulum*.

The Roman women also employed a variety of girdles, similar in position and purpose to those used by the women of Greece. Among the Romans, the girdle was worn tight, it being considered most effeminate and indecorous for a man to appear in the street with the tunic loosely girded. For instance, Nero, Mæcenas, and even Julius Cæsar, were spoken of disparagingly, owing to their appearing in public, either ungirt or loosely girded. When the Egyptian, Greek, or Roman women wore more than one girdle, one only of these, as a rule, appeared outside the tunic, the other, or others, being worn either next the skin or over some under garment. One must add, however, that exceptions to this are common enough.

After the decadence of the Roman Empire, girdles continued to be worn. In Weiss' *Kostümkunde*, for the period from the fourth to the fourteenth century, they are referred to as forming part of the costume of all European nations.

The information which we have been

able to collect as to the employment of girdles during the Middle Ages is less full in detail than that which is so easily obtained in the case of the Greeks and Romans. We may say, however, that the recumbent effigies on the tombs of knights and ladies point very clearly to the conclusion that girdles were worn by the nobility of both sexes. These girdles were often elaborately worked and embroidered; indeed, ornamental girdles of one kind or another have been employed from the earliest recorded times.

This brings us to consider the difficult question of the relation between girding and its employment for what may be termed æsthetic purposes. We have referred to the tightness of the girdles worn by some civilized races of antiquity. The comparative narrowness of these girdles, however, limited the degree of tightness to which they could be drawn without causing pain as well as disfigurement. Toward the fourteenth century, however, girdles appear to have increased in breadth. Strutt, who is a very trustworthy authority on costumes, says (*English Dresses*): "Toward the conclusion of the fourteenth century, women were pleased with the appearance of a long waist, and in order to produce that effect, they invented a strange disguise, called a corse or corset." "The word corset appears at least as early as the thirteenth century," and in sumptuary laws made early in the reign of Edward IV., wrought corsets, and corsets worked with gold, are restricted to certain classes of the female nobility. They appear, however, to have been worn by both sexes, and were usually quilted, having slips of whalebone between the quilting. Their breadth, together with the mode of fastening them by lacing, permitted of their being drawn very tight, and thus produced the slim waists referred to by various writers of the period. "A French moralist (!), who wrote during the reign of Henry VI., says: 'By detestable vanity, ladies of rank now cause their robes to be made so tight in the waist that they can scarcely respire in them, and so often suffer great pain by it, in order to make their bodies small.'" "In the time of Queen Elizabeth," says Strutt, "the

bodice was used also by men, though this custom, I believe, was never generally adopted."

Pictures of some of the remarkable men of that time are represented with slim waists, which are presumably the result of such tight lacing. From that period up to our own day corsets have been worn by women of England and of most other civilized nations. They combine in one the mammillare, the strophion, the zoster, the zona, etc., etc., etc. of the ladies of ancient Greece and Rome.

That the wearing of corsets is a gain to many women is evident enough from the fact that they are worn under conditions in which the wearers are regardless of mere appearance. For instance, we may cite the working peasant-women, unmarried as well as married, of France, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Austria and Hungary, etc., etc., who wear stays during the performance of very laborious work, yet who, one could not suppose, would do this if their stays interfered with their comfort or movements.

Another example of the same fact is illustrated by the very poor working-women of our own nation, who, when obliged to sell their clothes, or, when these hang about them in rags, still, as a rule, stick to the use of stays.

Many other examples to the same effect might be given, showing that mere regard for appearance will not, as is usually supposed, explain the widespread adoption by the women of our own time of corsets, or of tightly-bound sashes, as in the case, for instance, of the countrywomen of Spain.

In view of such facts, it may be asked why the custom of wearing corsets has been so generally looked upon as nothing more than a saddening example of how far this regard for appearance will lead the gentler sex to disregard common sense. The answer to this question is presumably to be found in the fact that the objections to the custom are more evident to men, and especially to medical men, than are any advantages which it may possess. Thus, constriction of the waist causes, or increases, pain in certain diseased conditions; the use of stays causes the body to differ in shape from that which it would otherwise present; no evident good could be

seen to accrue from the practice; and, finally, no line of distinction has, as a rule, been drawn between the glaringly harmful "sylph-waist" of the lady who sacrifices too much to fashion, and the moderate constriction of the waist employed by the vast majority of woman-kind.

The facts stated in the above pages appear to us fitted to explain why, in spite of such evident objections, the custom of wearing stays still holds its own.

The constriction usually produced by properly constructed stays acts chiefly, we are informed, by compressing the waist, resembling so far the broad belt which has been associated in men with active exertion; while the rest of this elaborate article presumably replaces the various other girdles which we have referred to as worn by the women of ancient times. If this be the case, we do not see that any distinction is to be drawn between the constriction of the waist produced by the corset, and that which results from the tight belt associated, in the case of men, with active exertion—keeping in mind, however, that in the former the girdle is of greater breadth, and so permits of greater compression, which, in excess, is necessarily harmful. If the corset be so tight as to cause the wearer to become short of breath when walking fast, when playing tennis, or when running upstairs; or, again, when "stitch" in the side, or any discomfort is experienced: then it may easily be assumed that the wearer is making an unwise sacrifice to fashion. Such excessive compression, or blindly continuous slighter constriction, will, we may safely say, be countenanced by no physiologist. None feel this more strongly than we do. We do not think that what we have said above warrants the conclusion that all women *ought* habitually, or even at periods of active exertion, to wear corsets, any more than that all men, or even that all athletes, ought to wear more or less tight belts.

Let us now consider the men of our own time, with regard to the custom of wearing waist-bands. We need but call to mind the fact that a belt of leather or other material, or a sash, worn tight, is associated usually with active muscular exertion. For example, the broad, tight

belt habitually worn in the gymnasium, abroad as well as at home, may be cited. Breadth of the belt appears to be an important consideration; the broader the belt, the greater the constriction that can be obtained without producing discomfort. In this connection we may quote the fact that soldiers engaged in regimental sports are not unfrequently accustomed to substitute for the regulation belt a broader inelastic band, which they either manufacture for themselves or buy. The soldiers of most European armies wear a fairly tight belt; and it is by no means uncommon for them, in addition, to wear a belt round the top of the trousers, although braces are, by the regulations, required to be worn. This under belt is tightened during forced marches. Similarly, our sailors, as those acquainted with naval matters are aware, are accustomed to tighten their belts before going into action. Rowing men, by the way, form an exception to the general rule, in loosening rather than tightening their belts. The cause of this is, that the abdominal muscles come specially into play in rowing, and that the pressure of a belt leads to cramp in these, presumably through interference with their blood supply at a time when a free circulation through them is specially requisite.

Many long-distance runners also wear an especially tight belt; this is markedly the case with the "Syces" who, in the East, run beside the horses, whose powers of endurance are so striking, and who are specially characterized by the tightness of their girdles. Finally, we may note the almost universal use of leathern belts by navvies and those employed in hard manual labor, very often in addition to braces, which will serve to recall a connection of which we might give many more examples.

In passing, we may refer to the employment of very tight girding as a means of stilling the pangs of hunger. The "Schmachtriemen" of the North Germans, or the "hunger-belt" of the Zulus and Basutos, illustrate a fact of which some of us, at least, have had personal experience. In all probability the hunger-belt, by compressing the organs of digestion, interferes with their

blood-supply, dulling thereby the sensations which constitute the feeling of hunger.

In conclusion we may mention that in South, and certain parts of North America, where the lasso is fastened, in one case to the girth, and in the other to the pommel, of the saddle, which necessitates the girths being drawn excessively tight in order to prevent displacement of the saddle, no harm to the activity of the horses appears to result. The girths are drawn to what, at first sight, appears a cruel extreme, very much more than would be possible with girths made after the English fashion, yet nowhere have we seen horses so quick and agile in their movements, or with such powers of endurance for long journeys. It is noteworthy that these horses, being grass-fed, are large-bellied, and that this necessitates the girth being fastened, not as in England, round the posterior part of the thorax, but round what corresponds to the waist in man. The fact that on the pampas of South America, where every one, from the highest to lowest, habitually rides on horseback, very tight girthing is customary with people who never use the lasso, as well as by those who do, makes it evident that such tight girthing round this part of the horse is, at all events, not recognized as harmful to the powers of the animal. This, with the conclusions which we have attempted to describe in the above pages, leads us to suggest to trainers of horses, that it would certainly interfere less with the horse's breathing if the racing saddle were girthed, not over, but behind the ribs, and that they might thereby gain for the horse the same advantage as is experienced by the Syce from his broad, tight girdle. We think it desirable that some one should make a few experiments of a kind fitted to settle the question, whether the South American or the European mode of girthing be the better.

[We are grateful for an opportunity of publishing this paper, which was read by us at the Bath Meeting of the British Association, in order to correct the erroneous reports as to its contents which have appeared in various quarters.]

—*National Review.*

WHERE IS STANLEY?

BY H. H. JOHNSON.

THE anxiety felt about Stanley's fate by the English-speaking peoples is only second to that originally felt about Gordon. There is hardly a meeting held dealing with geographical subjects, whether it be the source of the Orinoco, the trade of Inner Siberia, or the course of some newly-discovered African river, that some person present does not put the inapposite question to the chairman, "Has he any news of Stanley?" and then the interest of the assembled meeting is completely diverted from Venezuelan rivers, or Russian tariffs, or African watersheds, to the consideration of the fate of the American Columbus, the Napoleon of African exploration. This intense anxiety seeks relief in continually framing theories and asking questions of experts in African travel. De Brazza, Wiessmann, Oscar Lenz, Cameron, Baker, and Kirk, not to mention a large number of minor African authorities, have all been called upon to give their opinion as to Stanley's fate, and almost without exception—if we exclude the more pessimistic views of Dr. Peters and M. Janssen—have unanimously asserted that they believe Stanley to be living, and most probably to have been, for many months past, in conjunction with Emin Pasha. No doubt in expressing this opinion, consciously or unconsciously, the wish has been father to the thought. In view of the intense personal interest taken in Stanley by the British public, those called upon to give their opinion as to his fate, if they wavered in their belief, have preferred to give Stanley the benefit of the doubt. As one who has, in times past, known Stanley intimately—known him as one gets to know men when you live and travel with them in Africa—I, for my own satisfaction, have considered and sifted, with assiduity, all the meagre data we possess from which a credible theory might be framed which would explain the long silence of Stanley and of Emin Pasha, and I here venture to put the results of my cogitations before the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*, trusting they may have some effect in

allaying the exaggerated apprehensions of the general public as to Stanley's safety.

We have heard no news of Stanley—setting aside, of course, the vague rumors of the white Pasha, as not necessarily applicable to the lost explorer—since July 2nd, 1887. The last communication we received from Emin was dated Nov., 1887; up till then Emin had heard nothing of Stanley except the uncertain rumor that there was a white man moving about west of Monbuttu Land. Since these two communications there has been silence, as far as Emin and Stanley are concerned. We really do not feel such keen anxiety about the fate of Emin Pasha, because we know that the local troubles in Bunyoro have temporarily cut off this large-hearted German from communicating with the English missionaries at Buganda. At any time these rather mysterious troubles in Bunyoro may have quieted down, and we may once more hear direct from Emin. When this takes place, I firmly believe myself that the first message we get from him will convey the welcome tidings that Stanley is safe, and has long since united his resources to those of Emin, whom he will supply, no doubt, rather with added strength of will and tenacity of purpose, an increased moral influence over the natives than with material and physical support, because it seems only too probable that Stanley will have lost not a few of his followers and consumed the bulk of his stores in his long and arduous struggle through the querulous populations, the tortuous mountain paths, the dense trackless forests and the sloughs and papyrus marshes of the Mabode country. Once having met and joined their forces, and as soon as Stanley and his followers have recovered from their exhaustion, they may have made in company a reconnoissance northward to test the present strength of the Mahdi's position on the White Nile.

The rumors from Bunyoro are rather difficult of belief and explanation when they suggest that Captain Casati and

Mohamed Biri have been assassinated by Kaba Rega's orders, for, hitherto, Kaba Rega, the sovereign of Bunyoro, has been, since many years, the unvarying and steadfast friend of Emin. Possibly the murder of Casati and Mohamed Biri—if it has really taken place—may have been committed by emissaries of Mwanga, the treacherous King of Buganda, who caused Bishop Hannington to be assassinated, and who is given to paroxysms of unreasoning savagery when he has apprehensions of European invasion, which are from time to time quickened by the rumored approach of a European traveller from the north or east; or these two officers, despatched by Emin—if, as I have doubted, they have really lost their lives—may have perished in some obscure attack of roving robber tribes, such as there are, especially to the east of Bunyoro, who are of different race and language to these more placable Bantu folk, and who are more nearly related, linguistically and racially, to the blood-thirsty Masai of regions east and south of the Victoria Nyanzi. It is possible, however, that owing to the unceasing war which prevails between the kindred states of Bunyoro and Buganda—peoples speaking almost identical languages and who were originally simply tribal divisions of the same north-east branch of the Bantu race—may have rendered it too difficult, or quite impossible for Emin to despatch Stanley back to civilization by the southern route. I say advisedly "to despatch Stanley" because I believe—and we have his own written assurance to that effect—that Emin will not quit his territory even for a holiday, until there is some permanent civilized administration to take his place. If he sees no reason to detain Stanley for any length of time in his province, it is possible that these two men have cast about for a route leading to countries under European influence, which it would not too seriously try Stanley's reduced strength and resources to follow. We may well conceive that they pushed northward and north-westward, testing on the one hand the real strength of the Mahdi's waning power, and on the other ascertaining what reliance could be placed on the hospitality and good-faith of the populous negro tribes of the country to the

west of the main Nile, watered by the numberless affluents of the western Nile—the Bahr el Ghazal—tribes, which before the break-up of the Egyptian power in the Soudan, proved themselves so friendly and amenable to the administration and quasi rule of the foreign European employes of the Egyptian Government, such as Gessi, Lupton, Junker, Potagos, and others.

Persistent rumors have come to us by traders and pilgrims arriving at Suakin from Khartum to the effect that a white Pasha had reached Darfur from Nyam Nyam country, and had been enthusiastically received by the chiefs and people of that once conquest of Zebeir Pasha, which, although it may have disliked the somewhat stringent Egyptian rule, certainly appears to have spurned indignantly the attempts of the false prophet of Kordofan to include it within the sphere of his spiritual and temporal rule.

Dwelling in the almost unknown oasis of Faredgha, just within the borders of Egypt, but very close to the frontiers of the Turkish province of Barka, is the great Sheikh Senusi, the son of a celebrated Mohammedan reformer, Sheikh Senusi el-Mejahiri, who in 1843 quitted Mecca, where his outspoken criticism of Mohammedan decadence, and his almost aggressive morality in that sink of foul living, had made him many enemies, and who afterward settled down in Benghazi, the capital of Cyrenaica. Here his influence slowly began to spread coincidentally with the decline and fall of that Mohammedan hero, Abd-el-Kader. Many Algerians flocked to the spiritual standard of Sheikh Senusi I., who had been dispersed from the armies of Abd-el-Kader when the French and Moroccans broke up his power. Sheikh Senusi I. spread a kind of Mohammedan reform and a moral purity that would have won the approval of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He soon attained such an extraordinary influence over the inhabitants of the Tripolitaine that thenceforward and to this day the Turkish Government found it easier to rule with him than against him, and appointed, and still appoints, many of his designated agents to posts in the judicial administration of the country, and the Senusiya confederacy have founded many col-

leges, mosques, hospitals, religious houses, barracks, and arsenals. Their influence extends from the borders of Morocco right through Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt to Syria and the Euphrates valley, and southward to the Niger basin, and the Mohammedan kingdoms of Central Africa, and most markedly to Wadai and Darfur. The present Sultan of Wadai—which, as my readers can see on the map, is a large state immediately contiguous to Darfur on the western side—is a devoted adherent of Sheikh Senusi II. The protection of the Senusiya is reported to be sufficient to carry one safely all over the Sahara and the Western Soudan. It will no doubt be remembered by those who have paid attention to the course of events which succeeded our intervention in the affairs of Egypt, that as soon as the so-called Mahdi of Kordofan came into prominence his pretensions to be the Mohammedan Messiah, or even a great Mohammedan leader, were coldly rejected and denied by the present head of the Senusiya, and it was even hoped at one time that this repudiation by so respected an authority as the Sheikh Senusi would suffice to extinguish the rebellion in the Soudan. No doubt it has served to greatly limit the extension of the Arab empire, which has its centre in Khartum.

The policy of the Senusiya has consistently been that of a Mohammedan reform, and they have avowedly striven to extend their influence rather by teaching and preaching than by force of arms, which has caused the movement to be not unfavorably regarded by France and Turkey; consequently the agents of El Senusi who, we are told, are so powerful at Wadai and Darfur, would be interested in opposing any extension in that direction of the influence of the so-called Mahdi of Khartum. Therefore, should Mr. Stanley, after parting with Emin in the northern borders of the Nyam Nyam country (leaving Emin to return to the government of his province) have started for Darfur, it is not improbable that the influence of the Senusi in that country may have been exerted in his favor. Should he have met with this favorable reception in these countries, where camels, and horses, and asses are so abundant, where

the population is more or less settled and something better than mere savages, it would really be as easy for Stanley and his party to make their way westward past Lake Tsad, through Bornu and Sokoto, to the Niger, as similar journeys have been in the past for Barth, Rohlfs, Nachtigal, Massari, Matteucci, and Hartert. It must be remembered that the last European, Dr. Nachtigal, who crossed Wadai was well received there, and found no difficulty in making his way through to Darfur. Should the people of Darfur be out of sympathy with the Arab rebellion in the Soudan, I do not believe that Mr. Stanley would have much difficulty in penetrating from Darfur to Wadai in the reverse direction. Anticipating that Mr. Stanley's appearance in the Niger basin is not an improbability, the Royal Niger Company have, I believe, sent instructions to their various agents in those countries to afford all possible assistance which they might be able to render, so that once Mr. Stanley's expedition has entered the great empire of Sokoto, or, for the matter of that, has got to the west of Lake Tsad, we might look upon Mr. Stanley as safe. Of course the crux of the whole question would be his ability to penetrate and maintain friendly relations with the country of Darfur. With his encyclopædic knowledge of Africa, Mr. Stanley would be able to review the pros and cons of any of these routes as fully and critically as my readers or I who may be sitting in a comfortable reference library in England. I have little doubt that Stanley, with his magnetic power of winning the respect and admiration of semi-civilized peoples, would meet with a kindly reception in the Western Soudan.

I have based the suggestion of this western return route of Stanley on the supposition that the White Pasha rumors are correct, and that Stanley or Emin, or both, have been operating in Darfur, and that Stanley has been desirous of returning, or Emin has been desirous that Stanley should return. I do not see any particular reason, however, why Stanley should hurry back. It is understood that he left instructions with Bartelott to follow him after a certain lapse of time, provided that he heard no news, and no doubt the Congo route

closed to Stanley behind his advance, on account of the jealous opposition of the natives to his penetration of their countries, and consequently, although able to force his way through, he was unable to send back messengers to communicate with Barttelott on any place on the Congo. Possibly, knowing that Barttelott had orders to follow him after a certain interval of time, he may now be anxiously awaiting his arrival in the basin of the Nile. It must not be forgotten that, whether he be associated with Emin or not, Stanley, as far as we know, is not quite alone, because he is accompanied by Mr. Jephson. No doubt Stanley has been staying in the vicinity of the Nile to help Emin Pasha to re-organize his province. Having been probably prevented by the enormous difficulties of his route from supplying Emin with the reinforcements of arms and stores originally intended for him, he is desirous of compensating for this disappointment by remaining a longer time with Emin to assist him with his personal co-operation. I do not see why he should feel any pressing need to allay anxiety as to his fate; although his friends are almost represented by the entire population of Great Britain and America, he is practically a solitary man, unmarried and without relations. Moreover, he is so circumstanced, that by an extraordinary series of simultaneous mishaps, both he and Emin, with every wish to let us know where they are and what they are doing, are really unable to open up communication with the outside world. The Congo is cut off from them by the hostility of the Aruwimi and Mabode peoples. The tribes in Bunyoro interrupt intercourse with the Zanzibar coast, and even the rumors descending the Nile and penetrating to us *via* Khartum and Suakin have temporarily ceased, owing to the investment of the latter place by the hostile Sudanese Arabs.

The utmost we have heard in the way of unfavorable news were the old rumors which reached the Congo the beginning of this year about Stanley's having been wounded. We have heard nothing about his death or the dispersal of his large and disciplined following. He had probably five hundred men with him when he left the station on the Aruwimi.

It is now to the Imperial British East African Company that we must look for news of Stanley and Emin. Lieutenant Swayne has already been despatched by the Company on an expedition toward the interior, and it is reported that a second caravan is being organized to proceed to the Victoria Nyanza. Soon the Imperial British East African Company will be able to give us news of Stanley, and re-open communications with Emin Pasha. Most opportunely, affairs in Buganda are taking a promising aspect with regard to the interests of Great Britain and civilization. Mwanga has practically ceased his persecution of the native Christians, and has bestowed very marked signs of his favor on those courageous agents of the Church Missionary Society who have so long and so stubbornly held on to the evangelization of this populous kingdom, the leading state on the great Victoria Lake. Barttelott's sad death has really no bearing on Stanley's present fate. Barttelott was not killed by the natives of the country, but in a manner that, from the latest reports, would seem to have been somewhat accidental, by one of his own carriers. Barttelott, no doubt harassed and worried and ill with the dreadful straits of his arduous journey, was over-irritable in his dealings with his untamed, savage porters. The incessant beating of tom-toms at night is enough to drive a sleepless, excitable man frantic. How Stanley would have dealt with a similar annoyance I can quite understand. His nerves, to begin with, are probably much more under control and less sensitive than were those of Major Barttelott, and if he could not have put a stop easily to the annoyance he would have philosophically endured it. Probably he would have first remonstrated in a half-humorous way, and finding that of no avail I can quite imagine him appearing suddenly among the circle surrounding the drum-beater, marching good-humoredly up to the performer and gently abstracting the offending drum, with some appropriate joke or witticism that would set the grumbling porters laughing, and disarm their vexation. Then he would probably carry the drum off to his tent, and invent, the next morning, some little tale, to explain that there was some

high fetishistic reason why the leader of the expedition only should play the drum. One of the main secrets of Stanley's success as an explorer is his wonderful faculty of dealing with savages. He knows instinctively when to coerce and when to cajole. If he cannot get over an obstacle he will get under it or go round it, but he will not unnecessarily thrust himself into forcible opposition that may seriously damage himself as well as the obstacle.

People in general, who have not personally witnessed Stanley's mode of procedure in Africa, are too apt to picture him a somewhat truculent, arrogant pioneer, who ruthlessly slays all savages who heedlessly or ignorantly oppose his progress. They too frequently cite as their text the descriptions given in *The Dark Continent* of the desperate river contests with the cannibal tribes of the Upper Congo, when Stanley and his followers were descending that stream toward its unknown outlet—engaged in a fierce struggle to pass their blood-thirsty assailants and reach a safe haven of rest. Not only was there justification for this display of fighting-power in the cruel straits of this never-to-be-forgotten pioneering expedition, but as a matter of fact, Stanley considerably though unconsciously exaggerated the damage he believed himself to have inflicted on his assailants—an exaggeration which he has admitted frequently since in conversation. I have talked much of this with certain of his original Swahili followers, and they have expressed their belief that in repelling the piratical assaults of these Upper Congo savages, very few lives were lost; and further, at several places on the Congo above Stanley Pool where Stanley, in his *Dark Continent*, has recounted desperate fights, the natives themselves have told me, when I visited their villages in 1883, that no lives were lost in these skirmishes; a few canoes were upset, and their occupants swam to shore. Certain it is that had Stanley been the slaughterer of savages which, at one time, a few fanatics in England tried to represent, he would have found many blood-feuds waiting him on his return to the Upper Congo, instead of which he and his assistants were everywhere well received, and to call oneself

"Mwana wa Bula Matadi"—the child of the Stone-breaker (Stanley), was, as I have elsewhere and formerly described, a sure passport to the friendship of the riverain natives. Stanley is loath to resort to force, not from sentimental reasons, but because he, as an experienced African traveller, realizes the futility of travelling through savage countries as an enemy, where you must alternately fight pitched battles for your life and struggle against impending starvation induced by the severe boycotting of the natives. He would, you may be sure, only attack and kill in absolute self-defence, to prevent the ruin of his expedition; but he is such a past master in the art of managing that child-man, the untutored savage, that it will have been only under circumstances of the gravest danger and the cruellest provocation that in his march from the Aruwimi to the Nile he will have given orders to fire on the hostile natives. Often, no doubt, he will have stopped to talk, to argue, to playfully cajole, to dissipate obstructions and hostility with wheedling words and humorous tricks. I remember his once saying to me, just as I was starting to ascend the Congo, "Pat a native, slap him if you will with the open hand, but never strike him with the closed fist; and never shoot until you are first attacked and escape seems hopeless." This was meant—and I, too, quote it—as both literal and figurative advice. The "patting policy" is the only one that carries an explorer safely through Negro Africa, and it is the one that men like Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Kirk, Thomson, De Brazza, Emin, Schweinfurth, Lonsdale, Coquilhat, and Vangèle have pursued with such success; whereas what I would term the "fist fashion"—the impatient recourse to brute force—has often led to grievous disasters, and has never resulted in much increase of knowledge or gain to civilization. It is the application of the old fable, "The wind, the sun, and the traveller, or persuasion is better than force," which is so often needed as an explanation of African successes and failures. A savage is much like a cat. Once get your hand—your open hand, your palm, not your fist—in contact with his body, gently and in friendship, and it is rare

that he does not yield sympathetically. If he waxes friendly you may pat his broad back approvingly, if he is saucy you may vent your annoyance in a smart slap, but beware of the kick and the knock-down blow. They effectually preclude reconciliation. Chaff the savage, poke him in the ribs, pull his ear, make him grin, and urge the grin on into a laugh, and he is yours, and the contagion of good-humor spreads among his hesitating fellows. You need not go in for buffooneries or lower that dignity which should always attend the white man, but you will find a little playfulness, a little human sympathy and kindness in no way prejudice the respect that the poor savage innately feels for the—to him—god-like white man. In penetrating and over-running these uncivilized lands, European travellers should remember that they belong to the native inhabitants, not to the civilized discoverer—it is *their* country, not ours—and this is too easily forgotten. Let us try to realize what our feelings would be, if the natives of some central African State, or some far Cathay, Cipango, or remote Phæacia, started on a voyage of exploration and discovered England, and proceeded to act on their discovery as Europeans too often behave in central Africa, Cipango, or Phæacia. We can imagine—though the thing is an impossibility that makes us smile—these adventurers of an alien race landing noisily on our shores and bullying the custom-house officers, chucking under the chin all the pretty girls they met in the streets, selecting the court-yard of Buckingham Palace as a nice dry place to camp out in, kicking and cuffing the sentries or policemen who objected, and calling them the foulest names in the English language, which they had quickly and purposely acquired to hurl at our people; cutting down the trees in St. James's Park for firewood, and shooting the ducks for dinner. Then they would drive down in vehicles they had impressed to Windsor Castle and would insist on seeing the Queen immediately, for whom they had somewhat contemptuously brought as a present two flannel petticoats and a cask of rum. On being told that her Majesty could not accord them an interview, and declined their offering, they

would dwell loudly and emphatically on the insult offered to Cathay, and on resolving to leave "this beastly country," they would probably break into two or three churches and carry off the vessels and candlesticks on the altar "as specimens of our fetishes," and abstract the spoons and forks and tablecloths of their inn as "objects of native manufacture." Then the journals of Cathay, Phæacia, and Monomotapa would be filled with indignation at learning that their illustrious fellow-countrymen had been slain in a popular *émouvante* in England, or sentenced to a long imprisonment, and the Cathayan or Phæacian galleys would start for our shores to avenge their death or to effect their release. Yet this tragi-comic description is not an inapt parallel to the deeds or misdeeds of Europeans in Africa.

I remember on one occasion, when I was staying with Stanley at Léopoldville, he invited me to accompany him on a cruise round Stanley Pool. He had arranged to meet an important chief named Ngantshu on an island in that lake-like expansion of the Congo. Ngantshu had hitherto been reported as decidedly hostile to Stanley's advance up river, but a meeting was arranged, and Ngantshu had come down the river some hundred and fifty miles to see "Bula Matadi" and confer with him. He arrived escorted by a number of canoes and many followers, and a show of state. Above all, he brought with him his ancestral fetish, a horrid-looking object made of a monkey's skull and red clay, studded with cowries, and hung with little bells. This thing, to his mind and "bringing-up," embodied the spirits of his departed ancestors, and must be treated with great consideration and respect. Libations of palm wine must be poured over its head when it was thirsty, and chewed-up food spat into its mouth when it was anhungered. The fetish was introduced deprecatingly to "Bula Matadi." Instead of doing as so many heedless explorers would have done—rudely laughing and saying through the interpreter, "What dam nonsense! Ask him why he believes in such rot?"—Stanley gravely sent for a camp chair, and respectfully seated the fetish in it, so that Ngantshu's ancestors might be present at the confer-

ence ; and when lunch-time came, and Ngantshu squirted palm wine over the beaded skull of the fetish, and spat chewed-up fish and manioc into its gaping mouth, Stanley with a serious face followed suit with weak claret-and-water and minced chicken. The result was that Ngantshu signed a treaty, and was forever after Stanley's friend. No doubt long since the Baptist missionaries, or the fathers of the Catholic mission established at the mouth of the Kwa, have taught Ngantshu that his ancestral fetish is foolish, and useless, and dirty, and have gently persuaded him to put it away ; but this result would not have been easier brought about had

Stanley, on his first acquaintance, commenced by jeering and flouting the savage's belief. That Stanley has consistently acquired the sympathy and respect of Africans those who have seen him at work can testify, and therefore it is that those who know him cannot believe him to be dead, for his decease, even in the heart of Africa—the death of "Stamlee," "Standili," "Mzungu Mkubwa," "Mundele munene," "Bula-matadi"—would have made such a *retentissement* among the natives that the noise and news of it would have even reached our ears.—*Fortnightly Review*.

KRAKATOA.

BY SIR R. S. BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

IN these modern days, when most of the notable events which take place all over the world to-day are duly laid before us in the newspapers to-morrow, it may seem like bringing up a piece of ancient history to discuss now an occurrence that took place on August 26-27, 1883.

But an event of the majestic proportions of the great eruption of Krakatoa can only be studied properly when placed in suitable perspective, and five years have been required before sufficient data could be collected to enable us to take an adequate view of the several incidents of the explosion. The eruption of Krakatoa was not only a mighty and appalling event in the neighborhood of the Straits of Sunda. It was there no doubt that the fatal aspects of the disaster were exclusively developed. It was along the shores of Sumatra and Java that the inundations took place in which 36,380 lives are said to have perished. But the phenomena of Krakatoa, which give it a peculiar interest, are of an innocuous type, and have had a far wider range than those of a tragical character. The shock given to our globe was such that the influence of the explosion has extended in some degree to almost every part. To appreciate all that Krakatoa implies it is therefore not sufficient merely to gather the informa-

tion which can be procured at the seat of the volcano itself, we must extend our inquiries much farther afield, we have to learn what observers within many hundred of miles around can tell us. Ships' logs have to be examined. The records of barometers and of magnetic instruments all over the globe, even to the very antipodes of Krakatoa, have to be brought together. The descriptions of extraordinary optical phenomena, such as wonderful ruddy glows at sunset and sunrise, or strange hues in which the sun and the moon were occasionally decked, have to be collected and scrutinized from numerous places scattered over both hemispheres. Need it be said that such a task as this must be a protracted one, but it has at length been accomplished, and now those interested in the matter have the opportunity of studying a unique chapter in the history of the earth.

It is to the Royal Society that we are indebted for the inception and the carrying out of this laborious undertaking. A few months after the eruption took place the Royal Society appointed a Krakatoa committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. G. J. Symons. So multitudinous were the phenomena to be investigated that the committee was divided into sections. To examine into the eruption itself and the volcanic

phenomena generally, a geological section was necessary. To study the air-waves and the sounds, as well as the distribution of dust and pumice by wind and water, required the aid of meteorologists. On the border territory, between the sciences of meteorology and of astronomy, must be placed the investigation of the twilight effects and the strange coronas and weird colors of the sun and moon. The great sea-waves must clearly be studied by hydrographers, and there were also some groups of facts connected with terrestrial magnetism and electricity. Immense numbers of letters and reports had to be brought to a focus from all parts of the globe, and the extensive printed literature relating to Krakatoa had to be ransacked. At length, however, by the spring of 1887, the manuscript was completed, and now, in the autumn of 1888, a superb quarto volume of nearly 500 pages, copiously illustrated both by artistic drawings and by charts and maps, has been issued.

Midway between Sumatra and Java lies a group of small islands, which, prior to 1883, were beautified by the dense forests and glorious vegetation of the tropics. Of these islands, Krakatoa was the chief, though even of it but little was known. Its appearance from the sea must, indeed, have been familiar to the crews of the many vessels that navigate the Straits of Sunda, but it was not regularly inhabited. Glowing with tropical verdure, such an island seemed an unlikely theatre for the display of an unparalleled effect of vulcanicity, but yet there were certain circumstances which may tend to lessen our surprise at the outbreak. In the first place, as Professor Judd has so clearly pointed out, not only is Krakatoa situated in a region famous, or perhaps infamous, for volcanoes and earthquakes, but it actually happens to lie at the intersection of two main lines, along which volcanic phenomena are, in some degree, perennial. In the second place, history records that there have been previous eruptions at Krakatoa. The last of these appears to have occurred in May, 1680, but unfortunately only imperfect accounts of it have been preserved. It seems, however, to have annihilated the forests on the island, and to have eject-

ed vast quantities of pumice, which cumbered the seas around. Krakatoa then remained active for a year and a half, after which the mighty fires subsided. The irrepressible tropical vegetation again resumed possession. The desolated islet again became clothed with beauty, and for a couple of centuries reposed in peace.

A few significant warnings were given before the recent tremendous outbreak. Admonitory earthquakes began to be felt in the vicinity some years before, and for a period of three months Krakatoa was gradually preparing itself, and, as it were, rehearsing the majestic performance with which the world was astounded on August 26-27. The inhabitants of those regions were so accustomed to be threatened by volcanic phenomena that the early stages of the outbreak, which began on May 20, do not seem to have created any alarm; quite the reverse, indeed, for a pleasant excursion party was organized at Batavia, and they made a trip to Krakatoa in a steamer, to see what was going on. The party landed on the island, and found a large basin-shaped crater, more than half a mile across at the top, and almost 150 feet deep. In the centre of this was an aperture 150 feet in diameter, from which a column of steam issued with a terrific noise. Even at this early stage of the eruption the volcanic dust was projected aloft in quantities sufficient to be wafted to the adjoining shores of Sumatra and Java.

For the next fortnight or three weeks the intensity of the eruptive phenomena seemed at first to decline, but about the end of June other craters began to open on the island, and the volcanic energy thence steadily increased until the mighty climax. The actual nature of that awful event can only be imperfectly known. The Straits of Sunda were no longer a pleasant place for a steamboat excursion. They had become the theatre of an appalling catastrophe. For many hours the adjacent shores were wrapped in profound darkness, while the tremendous agitation of the volcano originated great sea-waves which swept away entire towns and villages, and destroyed in great measure their populations.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon of

Sunday, August 26, 1883, when Krakatoa commenced a series of gigantic volcanic efforts. Detonations were heard which succeeded each other at intervals of about ten minutes. These were loud enough to penetrate as far as Batavia and Buitenzorg, distant 96 and 100 miles respectively from the volcano. A vast column of steam, smoke, and ashes ascended to a prodigious elevation. It was measured at 2 P.M. from a ship 76 miles away, and was then judged to be 17 miles high—that is, three times the height of the loftiest mountain in the world. As the Sunday afternoon wore on, the volcanic manifestations became ever fiercer. At 3 P.M. the sounds were loudly heard in a town 150 miles away. At 5 P.M. every ear in the island of Java was engaged in listening to volcanic explosions, which were considered to be of quite unusual intensity even in that part of the world. These phenomena were, however, only introductory. Krakatoa was gathering strength. Between 5 and 6 P.M. the British ship *Charles Bal*, commanded by Captain Watson, was about ten miles south of the volcano. The ship had to shorten sail in the darkness, and a rain of pumice, in large pieces and quite warm, fell upon her decks. At 7 P.M. the mighty column of smoke is described as having the shape of a pine-tree, and as being brilliantly illuminated by electric flashes. The sulphurous air is laden with fine dust, while the lead dropped from a ship in its anxious navigation astounds the leadsman by coming up hot from the bottom of the sea. From sunset on Sunday till midnight the tremendous detonations followed each other so quickly that a continuous roar may be said to have issued from the island. The full terrors of the eruption were now approaching. The distance of 96 miles between Krakatoa and Batavia was not sufficient to permit the inhabitants of the town to enjoy their night's sleep. All night long the thunders of the volcano sounded like the discharges of artillery at their very doors, while the windows rattled with the aerial vibrations.

On Monday morning, August 27, the eruption culminated in four terrific explosions, of which the third, shortly after 10 A.M. Krakatoa time, was by far

the most violent. The quantity of material ejected was now so great that darkness prevailed even as far as Batavia soon after 11 A.M., and there was a rain of dust until three in the afternoon. The explosions continued with more or less intensity all the afternoon of Monday and on Monday night. They finally ceased at about 2.30 A.M. on Tuesday, August 28. The entire series of grand phenomena thus occupied a little more than thirty-six hours.

We may imagine several different standards by which the significance of a volcanic outbreak is to be estimated. The most obvious standard of comparison is, of course, that of the quantity of materials which are extruded. Another, would be the area covered by the clouds of volcanic dust and the duration of the darkness thus caused. Other standards would be sought in the incidental effects of the outbreak, such as the great waves which are thereby propagated in the sea and the distances to which the sounds are carried. Other more subtle, but not less interesting, phenomena are the waves in the atmospheric ocean, which are neither seen nor heard, but of which the barometer gives no uncertain indications. Among the remaining effects of a volcanic explosion are the curious sunset glows and the strange optical phenomena that are sometimes witnessed. We have thus a number of distinct points of view from which the significance of a volcano can be estimated. We had all heard so much about Krakatoa that at first it is a little disappointing to read the assurances of Professor Judd that, so far as the first two of these standards are concerned, Krakatoa has been surpassed by other volcanoes. He enumerates three distinct outbreaks—viz., that of Papan-dayang, in Java, in 1772; of Skaptar Jökull (Varmárdalur), in Iceland, in 1783; and of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, in 1815—in all of which the quantity of matter poured forth was considerably greater than that from Krakatoa. However, even in this respect the achievements of Krakatoa if second-rate are at least respectable. The estimates made are necessarily founded on precarious data, but it seems to be certain that if all the materials poured forth from Krakatoa during the critical period could

be collected together, the mass they would form would be considerably over a cubic mile in volume. It is in the other standards of comparison that the importance of the explosion at Krakatoa is to be sought. The intensity of this outbreak in its last throes was such that mighty sounds were heard and mighty waves arose in the sea for which we can find no parallel. Every part of our globe's surface felt the pulse of the air-waves, and beautiful optical phenomena made the circuit of the globe even more than once or twice. In these last respects the eruption of Krakatoa is unique.

Professor Judd has satisfactorily accounted for the enormous manufacture of dust during the eruption. It appears to consist of comminuted pumice, and is produced by the attrition of the pumice masses, as in successive outbursts they are hurled aloft, and then tumble back again into the crater.

It appears to me that the most remarkable incident connected with the recent eruption of Krakatoa was the production of the great air-wave by that particular explosion that occurred at ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 27. The great air-wave was truly of cosmical importance, affecting as it did every particle of the atmosphere on our globe. This phenomenon alone extends the study of Krakatoa beyond the province of Vulcanology, and gives to the subject a particular interest in physical science.

A pebble tossed into a pond of unruffled water gives rise to a beautiful series of circular waves that gradually expand and ultimately become evanescent. A very large body falling into the ocean would originate waves that might diverge for miles from the centre of disturbance ere they became inappreciable. Waves can originate in air as well as in water. We are not at this moment speaking of those familiar air-waves by which sounds are conveyed. The waves we now mean are inaudible and apparently much longer undulations.

Imagine a great globe, which for simplicity we may think of as smooth all over, and imagine this globe to be covered with a uniform shell of air. Let us suppose that this globe has the stupen-

dous dimensions expressed by a diameter of 8000 miles, and that the atmosphere is, let us say, 100 miles deep. Now, suppose that all is quiet, but that at some point, which for the moment we may speak of as the pole, a mighty disturbance is originated. Let us regard this disturbance as produced by a sudden but local pushing up of the atmosphere by a force directed from the earth's surface outward, and let us trace the effect thereby produced on the atmosphere. Such a sudden impulse will at once initiate a series of circular atmospheric waves, which will enlarge away from the centre of disturbance just like the waves caused by the pebble in the pond. If the original atmospheric impulse be large enough we shall find the circle growing larger and larger, its radius increasing from hundreds of miles to thousands of miles, until at last the wave reaches the equator. What is to happen when the diverging waves have attained the equator, and are now confronted by the opposite hemisphere? This is one of those cases in which the mathematician can guide us where the experimentalist would be otherwise somewhat at fault. We know that as the wave entered the opposite hemisphere it would at once move through a similar series of changes to those through which it had already gone, but in the inverse order. The wave will thus, after leaving the equator, glide onward into a parallel small circle, ever decreasing in diameter, and converging toward the anti-pole. Finally, just as the waves all radiated from the original pole, so will they all concentrate toward the opposite one. But what is now to happen? Here, again, the mathematician will inform us. He can follow the oscillations after their confluence, and he finds that from the anti-pole they will again commence to diverge. Again they will expand, again they will reach the equator, and again will they gradually draw in to concentration at the original pole, nor will the process even here end. From the second confluence there will be a new divergence, and thus the oscillations will be sent quivering from one pole of the globe to the other, until they gradually subside by friction.

This comprehensive series of phenom-

ena wherein the atmosphere of the entire globe participates in an organized vibration has, so far as we know, only once been witnessed, and that was after the greatest outbreak at Krakatoa, at ten o'clock on the morning of August 27. But the ebb and the flow of these mighty undulations are not immediately appreciable to the senses. The great wave, for instance, passed and re-passed and passed again over London, and no inhabitant was conscious of the fact. But the automatic records of the barometer at Greenwich show that the vibration from Krakatoa to its antipodes, and from the antipodes back to Krakatoa was distinctly perceptible over London not less than six or seven times. The instruments at the Kew Observatory confirm those at Greenwich, and if further confirmation were required it can be had from the barograms at many other places in England. This is truly a memorable incident, and the scientific value of the labors of those who so diligently obtain automatic barometric records year after year would be amply demonstrated, if demonstration were required, by this single discovery of the great Krakatoa air-wave.

From all parts of Europe, from Berlin to Palermo, from St. Petersburg to Valencia, we obtain the same indications. Fortunately self-recording barometric instruments are now to be found all over the world. Almost all the instruments show distinctly the first great wave from Krakatoa to its antipodes in Central America, and the return wave from the antipodes to Krakatoa. They also all show the second great wave which sped from Krakatoa, as well as the second great wave which returned from the antipodes. Thus, the first four of the oscillations are depicted on upward of forty of the barograms. The fifth and sixth oscillations are also to be distinguished on several of the curves, and even the seventh is certainly established at some few places, of which Kew is one. Then the gradually increasing faintness of the indications renders them unrecognizable, from which we conclude that after seven pulsations our atmosphere had sensibly regained its former condition ere it was disturbed by Krakatoa.

Among the instruments which have

yielded valuable information about the air-wave, we have, curiously enough, to mention the register of the recording gasometer-indicator at Batavia. This apparatus, designed and employed for a widely different purpose, shows that extraordinary fluctuations in the barometric pressure occurred at the time when the great wave passed over the town.

It is of particular interest, from a physical point of view, to study the numerical facts with reference to the speed at which this world-embracing wave was propagated. We shall for this purpose select the records taken at Greenwich. The phase of the wave found most convenient for measurement was the depression following the outbreak, and the moment at which this phase started from Krakatoa was 3 hrs. 32 mins. P.M. on August 17, Greenwich mean time. This is probably correct within two or three minutes. Diverging from its source this wave reached Greenwich after an interval of a little more than ten hours. The interesting point is, however, the determination of the period of a complete oscillation, that is to say, the interval between the passage of the wave over Greenwich and the next passage of the wave in the same direction also over Greenwich. It has been found convenient to designate the successive waves as i., ii., iii., iv., etc., the odd numbers being those from Krakatoa to its antipodes, and the even numbers being the return waves from the antipodes to Krakatoa. At Greenwich, for example, we find the interval between i. and iii. to have been 36.47 hours, between iii. and v. 36.82 hours, and between v. and vii. 37.05 hours. For the return waves the interval between ii. and iv. was 34.78 hours, and between iv. and vi. 35.25 hours. The similar values vary slightly when obtained at the several stations, but the average results indicate that for its first circuit of the earth the wave required 36 hrs. 24 mins., for the second 36 hrs. 30 mins., and for the third 36 hrs. 50 mins. The similar periods for the waves travelling in the reverse way were 34 hrs. 46 mins., and 35 hrs. 4 mins. respectively. The average of all is very nearly a day and a half.

Before leaving this part of the sub-

ject, I must refer to the approximate identity between the velocity of this aerial disturbance and the velocity of ordinary sound. This is well brought out by General Strachey. The speed of the wave varies from 674 to 726 miles per hour. The speed of sound propagation is 723 miles at zero Fahrenheit, and is 781 miles at 80° Fahrenheit. Considering that the waves had, of course, to cross the poles in their journeys, it would almost seem that within the limits of probable error the speed of the great wave and the speed of ordinary sound-waves were identical. It would, I think, have been an improvement on the plates containing the barograms, if the scale had been given, so that it would have been possible to obtain some definite notion of the amplitudes of the oscillations at the different stations. The only pressure-diagram contained in the plates which does give any scale measures, is that of the gas-holder at Batavia. From this it would appear that the barometric fluctuation produced by the great wave was about four-tenths of an inch of mercury at a distance of 100 miles from the source of disturbance.

While the chapter on the air-waves is the most novel scientific feature in the Report of the Krakatoa Committee, it will be admitted that the most amazing features of the same work are those contained in the section on "Sounds." Here we find a collection of statements so marvellous that they would be well-nigh incredible were it not for the ample body of excellent testimony by which they are substantiated. In the whole annals of noise there is nothing which can be compared to the records set forth in a table which occupies not less than eight pages of the volume. Let us select a few instances, almost at random.

Lloyds' Agent at Batavia, 94 miles distant, says, that on the morning of the 27th of August the reports and concussions were simply deafening. At Carimon, Java Island, reports were heard which led to the belief that some vessel offshore was making signals of distress, and boats were accordingly put out to render succor, but no vessel was found, as the reports were from Krakatoa, 355 miles away. At Macassar, in Celebes, explosions were heard all over the prov-

ince. Two steamers were sent out to discover the cause, for the authorities did not then know that what they heard came from Krakatoa, 969 miles away. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to exemplify the range of this stupendous siren. In St. Lucia Bay, in Borneo, a number of natives, who had been guilty of murder, thought they heard the sounds of vengeance in the approach of an attacking force. They fled from their village, little fancying that what alarmed them really came from Krakatoa, 1116 miles distant. All over the island of Timor alarming sounds were heard, and so urgent did the situation appear that the Government was aroused, and sent off a steamer to ascertain the cause. The sounds had, however, come 1351 miles, all the way from Krakatoa. In the Victoria Plains of West Australia the inhabitants were startled by the discharge of artillery—an unwonted noise in that peaceful district—but the artillery was at Krakatoa, now 1700 miles away. The inhabitants of Daly Waters in South Australia were rudely awakened at midnight on Sunday, August 26, by an explosion resembling the blasting of a rock, which lasted for a few minutes. The time and other circumstances show that here again was Krakatoa heard this time at the monstrous distance of 2023 miles. But there is undoubted testimony that to distances even greater than 2023 miles the waves of sound conveyed tidings of the mighty convulsion. Diego Garcia in the Chagos Islands is 2267 miles from Krakatoa, but the thunders traversed even this distance, and created the belief that there must be some ship in distress, for which a diligent but necessarily ineffectual search was made. To pass at once to the most remarkable case of all, we have a report from Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in Rodriguez, that "several times during the night of August 26-27, 1883, reports were heard coming from the eastward like the distant roar of heavy guns. These reports continued at intervals of between three and four hours." Were it not for the continuous chain of evidence from places at gradually increasing distances from Krakatoa, we might well hesitate to believe that the noises Mr. Wallis heard were really from the

great volcano, but a glance at the map, which shows the several stations where the great sounds were heard, leaves no room for doubt. We thus have the astounding fact that almost across the whole wide extent of the Indian Ocean, that is to a distance of nearly 3000 miles (2968), the sounds of the throes of Krakatoa were propagated.

We appreciate this result more strikingly if we reflect on the velocity of sound. Seconds or minutes may elapse between the appearance of a flash of lightning and the arrival of the thunder. A brilliant meteor has been known to be followed by an appalling crash of noise in a quarter of an hour afterward, showing that the explosion took place about 180 miles away. But the volcanic sounds could not have been heard at Rodriguez until four hours after they had commenced to travel from Krakatoa. Were Vesuvius now to break out as Krakatoa has done, every inhabitant of Great Britain would apparently be quite near enough to hear the awful detonation.

I have not space to enter fully into the discussion of the great sea-waves which accompanied the eruption of Krakatoa. I shall content myself with the mention of three facts in illustration thereof. Of these probably the most unusual is the magnitude of the area over which the undulations were perceived. Thus, to mention but a single instance, and that not by any means an extreme one, we find that the tide gauge at Table Bay reveals waves which, notwithstanding that they have travelled 5100 miles from Krakatoa, have still a range of eighteen inches when they arrive at the southern coast of Africa. The second fact that I mention illustrates the magnitude of the seismic waves by the extraordinary inundations that they produced on the shores of the Straits of Sunda. Captain Wharton shows that the waves, as they deluged the land, must have been fifty feet, or, in one well-authenticated case, seventy-two feet high. It was, of course, these vast floods which caused the fearful loss of life. The third illustrative fact concerns the fate of a man-of-war, the *Berouw*. This unhappy vessel was borne from its normal element and left high and dry in Sumatra, a mile and

three-quarters inland, and thirty feet above the level of the sea.

Such incidents, tragic as they doubtless were, are not so unusual as the exquisite series of optical phenomena which has made most of the nations on the earth spectators in some degree of the wonders of Krakatoa. Resounding as were the crashes of the explosions, they still subsided thousands of miles to the east of Great Britain, and though the great aerial vibrations tingled to and fro through the air over every part of this globe, yet they were not perceptible to our unaided senses. But now we are to consider a splendid series of phenomena which scorned limitations of distance, and which obtruded their glories on our notice for weeks and even months together.

One of the most striking maps that the Report of the Royal Society contains is that which illustrates the progress of the main sky phenomena from August 26 (evening) to September 9 (eastern time), 1883. I doubt if the skies have ever presented to our vision, within atmospheric limits, a more singular series of phenomena than those which are most clearly depicted within the modest limits of this little map on Plate XXXVII. Let me endeavor from the series of maps, of which this is one, as well as from the abundant body of matter so luminously set forth by the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell and Mr. E. Douglas Archibald, to present a brief outline of this elaborately beautiful series of phenomena and their cause.

During the crisis on August 26-27, the volume of material blown into the air was sufficiently dense to obscure the coasts of Sumatra to such a degree that at 10 A.M. the darkness there is stated to have been more intense than it is even in the blackest of nights. The fire-dust ascended to an elevation which, as we have already mentioned, is estimated to have been as much as seventeen miles. Borne aloft into these higher regions of our atmosphere, the clouds of dust at once became the sport of the winds and the currents that may be found there. If we had not previously known the prevailing tendency of the winds at these elevations and in these latitudes, the journeys of the Krakatoa dust would have taught us.

We shall confine our attention for the present to the chief phenomena, and we begin with the manifestations of these phenomena which were witnessed in the tropics.

It seems certain that, having attained their lofty elevation, the mighty clouds of dust were seized by westerly winds, and were swept along with a velocity which may not improbably be normal at a height of twenty miles above the earth's surface. It has been demonstrated by Dr. Vettin at Berlin that the upper cirrus clouds in winter at a height of only four or five miles have an average velocity of 44·5 miles an hour. The Rev. W. Clement Ley has shown that the velocities of the upper cirrus clouds often amount to 120 miles an hour. These facts enable us without hesitation to attribute velocities to the great clouds of Krakatoa dust which shall be quite sufficient to account for the various phenomena.

It appears that this cloud of dust started immediately from Krakatoa for a series of voyages round the world. The highway which it at first pursued may, for our present purpose, be sufficiently defined by the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn, though it hardly approached these margins at first. Westward the dust of Krakatoa takes its way. In three days it had crossed the Indian Ocean and was rapidly flying over the heart of Equatorial Africa; for another couple of days it was making a transatlantic journey; and then it might be found, for still a couple of days more, over the forests of Brazil ere it commenced the great Pacific voyage, which brought it back to the East Indies. The dust of Krakatoa had put a girdle round the earth in thirteen days. The shape of the cloud appears to have been elongated, so that it took two or three days to complete the passage over any stated place. When the dust-cloud had regained the Straits of Sunda the eruption was all over, but the winds were still the same as before, and again the comminuted pumice sped on its impetuous career. The density of the cloud had, however, lessened. Doubtless much of the material was subsiding, and the remainder was becoming diffused over a wider area. Accordingly, we find that the track of the

stream during this second revolution is somewhat wider than it was on the first, though still mainly confined between the tropics. The speed with which the dust revolved was, however, unabated. Continents and oceans were again swept over with a velocity double that of an express train, and again the earth was surrounded within the fortnight. The dust-cloud had now further widened its limits, but was still distinguishable, and with unlesened speed commenced for a third time to encircle the earth. The limits of the stream had spread themselves outside the tropics, though still falling short of Europe. There is no reason to think that there was any decline in the velocity of 76 miles per hour, but the gradual diffusion of the dust begins to obliterate the indications by which its movements could be perceived, so that during, and after, the third circuit the phenomena became so fused that while their glory covers the earth, the distinction between the successive returns has vanished. In November the area which contained the Krakatoa dust had sufficiently expanded from its original tropical limits to include Europe and the greater part of North America. During the winter months the suspended material gradually subsided or, at all events, became evanescent, and in the following spring the earth regained its normal state in so far as the Straits of Sunda were concerned.

It remains to give some brief account of the optical phenomena due to the presence of dust, unusual both in quantity and in character, in the upper atmosphere. The frontispiece of the volume shows some beautiful pictures of the twilight and after-glow effects as seen by Mr. W. Ascroft on the bank of the Thames a little west of London, on the evening of November 26, 1883. Analogous phenomena to those here depicted, were seen almost universally during November and December in the same year. Who is there that does not remember the wondrous loveliness of the twilights and the after-glows during that remarkable winter! These appearances at sunrise and sunset are only the more generally recognized of a whole system of, strange optical phenomena. One of the most striking indications of the presence of the dust stream in its

first voyage round the earth was given by a strange blue sun, which scampered round the globe in thirteen days. The dust stream was also visible in its rapid voyages as a lofty haze or extensive cloud of cirro-stratus. Then, too, strange halos were often seen, there were occasional blue or green moons, and the sun was sometimes glorified by a corona that had its origin in our atmosphere. Everywhere in the world there were remarkable features in the sky that winter : from Tierra del Fuego to Lake Superior. From China to the Gulf of Guinea. From Panama to Australia. Wherever on land there were inhabitants with sufficient intelligence to note the unusual, wherever on the sea there were mariners who kept a careful log : from all such observers we learn that in the autumn and winter months following the great eruption of Krakatoa, there were extraordinary manifestations witnessed in the heavens.

Just one point more in conclusion. We have recorded the great volcanic outbreak of Krakatoa, and we have recorded a wonderful series of optical phenomena. It remains to say a word as to the proof that the latter was indeed the consequence of the former. As the Committee have begun their book with pictures of sun-glows, and as they have occupied more than half of the work with descriptions of the purely optical effects, it seems as if they, at all events, entertained but little doubt that the dust of Krakatoa was responsible for the sunsets of Chelsea. Still I notice that some members of the Committee seem to shrink from deliberately committing themselves to this view. Indeed, the very title of their book exhibits a certain degree of caution on this point. They have called it "The Eruption of Krakatoa and *subsequent* Phenomena." The word I have italicized would not improbably have been *consequent* had it not been for the existence of some such reserve as that I have indicated. But the magnificent body of information which their labors have brought together will enable every one who will carefully study the book to form his own opinion as to whether or not it was Krakatoa dust which painted our sunsets with those glorious hues. In attempting to decide this question we

must first endeavor to conceive the kind of evidence which would be necessary and sufficient to establish the fact that the optical phenomena were consequent upon, as well as subsequent to, the great eruption.

First of all it would be natural to ask whether the existence of volcanic dust in the air could have produced the optical effects that have been observed. This must be answered in the affirmative. Then it would be proper to inquire whether other volcanic outbreaks in other parts of the world, and on other occasions, had been known to have been followed by similar results. Here, again, we have page after page of carefully stated and striking historical facts which answer this question also in the affirmative. Next it would be right to see whether the sequence in which the phenomena were produced at different places in the autumn of 1883, tallied with the supposition that they all diverged from Krakatoa. The instances that could be produced in support of the affirmative number many hundreds, though it must be admitted that there are some few cases about which there are difficulties. Surely we have here what is practically a demonstration. It is certain that these optical phenomena existed. No cause can be assigned for them except the presence, at that particular time, of vast volumes of dust in the air. What brought that dust into the air except the explosion of Krakatoa? Most people find themselves unable to share the scruples of those who think there can be a doubt on the matter. Would another eruption of Krakatoa, followed by a repetition of all the optical phenomena, convince them that in this case, at all events, *post hoc* was *propter hoc*. Perhaps not, if they have already failed in being convinced by the fact that, when Krakatoa exploded two centuries ago, blood-red skies appear to have been seen shortly afterward as far away as Denmark.

Let me venture here to express the thanks which all scientific people must feel to the members of the Committee of the Royal Society, who have brought together in so masterly a manner a report worthy of the majestic series of phenomena which their labors illustrate. When we reflect that an explosion on an

insignificant islet in the Straits of Sunda has sufficed to set the whole atmospheric covering of our globe trembling, when we remember that the dust then poured forth in a few days of volcanic activity,

was adequate to adorn the sunsets of every country in the earth, we are reminded once again of the old truth: "How small the world is after all."—*Contemporary Review*.

THE POET AS HISTORIAN.

BY W. P. J.

"Of all Writers under the sunne, the Poet is the least lier."—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A POINT of some importance in literary criticism was raised by an *obiter dictum* of the "Athenæum," occurring in its review of Mr. Browning's last volume. "We are by no means sure," wrote the reviewer, "that poets in creating imaginary characters will in future times continue to think it worth their while to christen them after the characters of history, calling them Thomas à Becket, Mary Stuart, Paracelsus, Sordello, Bernard de Mandeville, and what not. We are by no means sure that they will always consider themselves justified in doing so. They have no doubt the highest authority for this kind of dramatic art—the very highest; but then, as regards Mr. Browning he sets himself to spurning authority in art. As Carlyle has said, the mere facts of history have a special and peculiar preciousness of their own just because they are facts and not poetic fancies about facts." The "Athenæum" concluded that the question was too large and important a one to be discussed there and then. This conclusion was tantalizing, because a thorough consideration of so interesting a point by such an authority would doubtless have been in the highest degree instructive. But there is this consolation. The dictum remains an *obiter dictum*, and there is place for repentance before it is made into a binding decision. Such critical *dicta* need not in general be taken too seriously, but there is undoubtedly something disquieting about these solemn sentences. They are disquieting because they seem to be symptomatic. It really looks as if science were going to break out in a fresh place. The "Athenæum" talks only of the present and the future, and shrinks from con-

demning Shakespeare. But if its contention be true, it cannot escape the logical necessity of condemning the past as well. If history be fruit forbidden to the poets of to-day and to-morrow as poets, it cannot but be that the poet Shakespeare also transgressed the law in plucking of this tree. Truly, so far from being the persecuted Cinderella of Mr. Huxley's portrayal, science seems to be a persecuting Bluebeard rather, ever craving fresh victims for that grim closet. Has it indeed come to this, that the poet as well as the romancer is solemnly required to withhold his sacrilegious hand from the sanctuary of history? Must, then, the deeds of the mighty dead lack henceforward the glory of undying verse? Must a wiser world sadly put away its Tennysons and Brownings, and take to its widowed bosom the bulky volumes of the Norman Conquest? If our newly awakened historical conscience is going thus to offend, placing such stumbling-blocks in our spirit's path, one is tempted to think it were better at once to pluck it out and cast it from us, and to enter into life maimed.

It is droll to find Carlyle cited as an authority for this high and dry scientific view, to the sterner sort Carlyle himself being little better than one of the poets. In some other *obiter dicta*, less solemn than the "Athenæum's," Mr. Birrell has had to defend Carlyle from an attack directed upon him from the same scientific quarter. The author of "The Life and Times of Stein" pleaded before the Historical Society of Birmingham (a very suitable forum) for "an organization of history similar to that by which science is maintained in its seriousness and rigor," in order that his-

tory should not live "under the loose democracy of mere literature,"—the democracy of Birmingham being, no doubt, no loose democracy, but a democracy seriously and rigorously organized. The author who had written "Ecce Homo," and who was to write "The Expansion of England," strangely bitter against what he styled "delightful history," condemned at once both Macaulay and Carlyle. Macaulay and Carlyle in the self-same Procrustean bed!—such strange bed-fellows does adversity make acquainted. Well, we may leave Mr. Birrell to defend Clio and the mere literary historians. Assuredly it should be an easier task to defend "Richard the Third" and "Henry the Eighth," or indeed, Mr. Browning's poems, even if it be conceded that the parleyings do not represent with rigid accuracy some people of importance in their day. Does not the very word "defence" smack of impiety? Defend with our puny pens Goethe, Shakespeare, Æschylus! Which way should the advocate look when he met his clients in the court of heaven? With Professor Seeley delighting to honor Professor Mommsen and Bishop Stubbs there can be no quarrel. But with Professor Seeley delighting to dishonor Carlyle, with the "Athenæum" fearing lest Shakespeare impair the special and peculiar preciousness of the mere facts of history, it should, we venture to think, be war to the death.

It is not quite clear whether the solicitude of the "Athenæum" is on the behalf of poetry or of history, but it would hardly contend seriously, one would think, that historical characters and actions are bad material for poetry. It is indeed somewhat difficult to understand how the "Athenæum" would have the poet to proceed. The Shakespeare of the future, it seems (if such there be in the womb of the future) will create an imaginary Henry the Fifth, for example, but he will not think it worth his while to christen his creation after Harry of Monmouth. Must he go further, and evolve from his poetical consciousness imaginary nations waging an imaginary war, trusting to the same source entirely for manners and customs, dress, weapons, tactics and what not? Or is he at liberty to paint to the best of his

poor poet's ability England and France at the end of their hundred years' struggle upon the condition that he does not breathe the syllables England, France, or Agincourt, or profess to portray a feudal society? We cannot but think, as we recall to mind the many great poems dealing with historical names and historical deeds, that, if only stern science will graciously permit, poets may continue to think it worth their while to christen their creations after the characters of history. The roll-call of these poems is the proper and overpowering answer to such a question; the thunder of the great names should be enough to overwhelm the questioner. What, after all, is a theory of the "Athenæum" weighed in the balance with Shakespeare's triumphant practice?

The question remains whether science is to vouchsafe its permission. Alas, that a literary journal—our own familiar friend in which we trusted—should already be found to hint, that the poet ought not any longer in a scientific world to consider himself justified in using his poet's fancy to tamper with the virgin facts. If it had been an open enemy that had done us this dishonor, methinks we could have better borne it. But let us examine a little and see whether the pretender to the exclusive possession of the ground have a title absolutely without flaw. And first of all, where are we to look for these same virgin facts in all their special and peculiar preciousness? It is a matter of melancholy experience that they are not to be had on oath in a Court of Justice. Half-a-dozen sworn eye-witnesses of a common assault will give half-a-dozen narratives of a rich variety. In the case of historical facts, the only question is, whether we shall have the tampering spirit of the poet or of the chronicler, or of the historian literary or scientific. Go whither we will, we cannot escape this spirit of men. If we climb up into poetry it is there, if we go down to scientific history it is there also: to say nothing of taking the wings of the morning and flying with the "delightful" historians. And of this be sure, it is not all gain to exchange poetic for prosaic fancy. For again let us ask, what precisely is meant by the mere facts of history? Mere antiquarian research,

disdaining or suspecting the creative spirit of the imagination, can at best but unearth a skeleton of the living truth, ay, and but a fragment of a skeleton; a blank form of facts, a mere series of such abstract statements as that so and so killed so and so in such a time and place. Everything beyond this, everything which fills the blank form with living reality, everything which gives to historical facts their value and interest, comes of the personalities of the actors, and the nexus of motives, aims, beliefs and principles which go to make up the action. Now these things are beyond the reach of mere research. These things demand the quickening spirit, an effort of ideal reconstruction. This ideal reconstruction—poetic fancy about facts, if the "*Athenæum*" will have it so—is as essential to the historian as to the poet; and if it be a sin, the historian too, who is worth his salt, must cry, *Peccavi!* The facts of history, when they were not yet history but actual facts, were something very different from the valley of Dry Bones of the scientific historian. They were the meeting points of far-radiating spiritual issues and had boundless spiritual significance. Is it not manifest that no amount of rigorously organized research can be in itself a virtue to breathe again through these bones the breath of life? How much ideal reconstruction of personalities and principles is needful, before any attempt can be made to present the mere facts of the deed of Charlotte Corday or the execution of Mary Stuart? In what scales shall the scientific investigator weigh the conflicting motives, in what glass shall he catch the cross lights of policy and passion? How long, think you, would it take all the students of the Birmingham Historical Society, however rigorously organized, to construct a catalogue of mere facts which would exhaust the difference, to take examples at random, between the stroke for freedom and a sister's honor of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and the stroke of the Amalekite, not afraid to stretch forth his hand against the Lord's Anointed, who put a merciful end to the anguish of Saul? Is it not clear that a dull soul may be a still more fatal obstacle than a luxuriant imagination even to the attainment of literal accuracy? The truth of

the matter is that in the simplest fact of history, in the most seemingly transparent historical character, there is more than the intellect of one man, perhaps more than the combined intellects of all men, can exhaust and interpret. If the world desires to know something of the truth of the hero and his deed, or a nation and its history, it should discourage neither poet nor plodder, but rather encourage men of the most diverse talents to present each such aspect thereof as he has eyes to see or heart to understand. Let the seer utter his vision and the man of science collate his chronicles and decipher his inscriptions; and when we have looked upon this picture and upon that, and have fitted the facts into a thousand theories, we may at length begin to get a glimpse into the real significance of the thing itself. Which of us would entrust his own life and character finally and absolutely to the Historical Society of Birmingham? If the "*Athenæum*'s" reviewer could in another sphere read an account of himself in the pages of future scientific histories, would he not, think you, long and justly long, to figure as the hero of novels and poems; nay, perhaps to be parleyed with by a future Mr. Browning (as having been himself a person of importance in his day), in order that the meagre outlines might be filled out to something like the fulness of his real spiritual stature? For the most vital part of the historian's task, the dramatic poet has the most essential qualifications even in the realm of mere knowledge. He has the loving insight into human nature and quick communion with the purpose of the ages that can read a character from a gesture, a policy from a stray recorded word.

It was on this that Carlyle was always insisting. The gist of his exhortation was the exact contrary of that which the "*Athenæum*" suggests. He was forever saying to the poet and novelist, not "Please, confine yourselves to your own pleasing fictions," but "Why waste your great gifts on unrealities? Use all the faculties God has given you to find and interpret the facts. Give us the real men and the real deeds that have made the world what it is."

It cannot, I am afraid, be denied that poetry has bequeathed to the world

many a deluding portrait. But poetry has had no monopoly of error. And even here, I think the advantage is with the poet. He does not hold himself out as an historian in the strict sense. There is no rivalry, and there should be no deception. Poetry frankly offers itself as ideal reconstruction, and can therefore mislead none but the wilfully or culpably blind. Whereas the last historian is always for giving us absolute truth. His predecessor may have been ignorant, careless, or prejudiced; too many, not to mince matters, have palmed off a pack of lies upon a credulous world. But with the rising of this sun the mists of error are to scatter, and we are to have at last "the pure serenity of perfect light." The sagacious reader however does not take the historians nearly so seriously as they take themselves. He knows very well that in their pages he has got not the very men as they lived and breathed, but the best idea of them that they could piece together from surviving clews. He knows that it is after all Mr. Freeman's "Cnut" or Professor Seeley's Napoleon as much as it is Shakespeare's Richard the Third or Mr. Browning's Paracelsus. But this is due to no warning from the historian; he tenders his narrative as gospel truth; and so sometimes the unwary may be deceived and led astray. That however is Mr. Birrell's business, and not mine. No man in his right senses can be misled by the Wolsey and Cromwell, whom he loves so well in his "Henry the Eighth." These are Shakespeare's Wolsey and Cromwell, and no lesser man's.

But I think we may take higher ground still on behalf of the poets. If Shakespeare's Richard the Third is not the real, he is at any rate an ideal Richard the Third. If the gallery of historical portraits with which poetry has enriched the world be not of a photographic accuracy, they none the less are possessions forever, more precious than the great work of Thucydides itself. Nay, the mere literary historians too, when they err, at least enrich us with "delightful" histories, which are a joy for the moment if not a possession forever. The scientific historian perhaps does not often fall; but if he falls, he falls like Lucifer. What historian has

given us men and women, whom we could think of taking in exchange for Shakespeare's Coriolanus or Brutus, for Richard the Third or Wolsey, for Cleopatra or Queen Katharine or Constance the mother of Prince Arthur, even if it be that these characters do not commend themselves to the latest historical criticism? Or what accuracy of information about the tactics at Agincourt would we accept in place of a single line like "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers?" Is there not truth here too, ay and the highest kind of truth, the truth of patriotic feeling, the truth of the brotherhood begotten of the common peril, the truth of true warrior kingship? Poetry is really truer than the literal truth. It is so with all art. I wonder whether the reader remembers a collection of drawings of Prout and Hunt in 1879—80, for which Mr. Ruskin contributed some characteristic notes. About a drawing by Prout of a well at Nuremberg Mr. Ruskin wrote: "All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrified all the wood. Very naughty of him! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offence; and, alas! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness! I never knew him do such a thing before or since: but the end of it is, that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nuremberg than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character." Or, since Mr. Ruskin is not precisely a witness to convince the scientific, let us call Thucydides. Admirably scientific as was his method, Thucydides had no slavish superstition about literal accuracy, but, in his celebrated speeches, he too dared to be truer than the literal truth, "to consider principally what might be pertinently said upon every occasion to the points in debate." The actual speakers of Corcyra or Platæa we may be certain never grasped the whole import of the situation with the grip of the great historian: they never had the philosophic insight with which he endows them. Yet these speeches are the kernel of the history and contain much of its most

important truth. Poetry and romance and art distil the very spirit of truth out of the facts. It is to them, after all, that we owe the most vital and fruitful ideas of history. Never in the work-day world was there an historical Age of Chivalry ; never on the sinful earth was there an historical Age of Faith. Be sure that these too are but an "added gleam," a "light that never was on land or sea," that here too we have "the consecration and the poet's dream." The mediæval Catholic Church of devout imaginations is historically as unreal as Arthur's Round Table. But in another sense both Round Table and Mediæval Church were real with the highest kind of reality. Such ideals, and such ideals alone, it is which give any permanent reality to the fleeting generations of men, who, save in so far as they embody them in their lives, are but as the beasts that perish. The real spirit of an age only comes at last to its proper expression in the spirit of its secular poet. Shakespeare is the highest truth of feudal England, as Dante was the truth of Catholic Italy or Homer of heroic Greece. Shakespeare's Eng-

land is what England had aspired to be, had striven to be, had attained to being in certain moments and in certain men :

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,—"

All honor then to the earnest scientific investigator ; but honor likewise to the "delightful historians," to Herodotus and Livy, to Clarendon and Macaulay, to Michelet and Carlyle ; and glory in the highest to Shakespeare and the poets. For, as Wordsworth finely said : "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge ; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immotal as the heart of man."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

IDEAL MARRIAGE.

BY MONA CAIRD.

THERE are few persons more depressing than the average optimist. 'Tis strange, but 'tis also true. He is a cheerful, practical being, with a good balance at his banker's, and probably a nice little place in the country. The world that provides him with roast mutton and champagne, arm-chair and slippers (embroidered by an admiring wife), is clearly the best of all possible worlds, and people who object to it ought to put themselves in the hands of a doctor—clearly, liver out of order, unless perchance, there is a taint of insanity in the family. "He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hand of the physician."

The sentiment seems fiendishly cruel, but the optimist is nothing if not resolute. He is "cruel only to be kind." Pessimists are morbid creatures who

make themselves, and everybody around them, miserable. Hesitation is effeminate ; mercy borders on weakness : the unwary pessimist lifteth up his voice—to the physician with him !

The optimist thinks there is no ground whatever for the modern outcry about—anything. The Sweating System might be a little more commissioned, but beyond that it is hard to see what people really can want. Whatever lamentations may be made, the optimist is shrewdly certain that there is gross exaggeration. Unhappy marriages ? Well, perhaps there *may* be one here and there, but if so, there are faults on both sides, and the matter is of slight importance. Misery and starvation in our great cities ? All nonsense. No man need lack the necessities of life if he will only work hard enough, and take

what wages he can get, and be thankful. The more thankful he is, the more necessities he will get.

Our optimist points to the striking instance of his friend Brown, who, entirely through his own exertions, achieved an excellent position, and now at the age of fifty-five has established himself in a charming residence in Upper Tooting, where he plies a garden-engine and grows peaches. So far from being sick and tired of his work, he feels quite lost without it, and has to grow more peaches than his family can be persuaded to eat, because he does not know how, otherwise, to occupy his leisure.

There is nothing to prevent every man from achieving the success of Mr. Brown of Tooting. This is indeed cheering at first sight. One pictures the East-end millions becoming each and all sternly industrious until they reach the age of fifty-five, and then—but the imagination gives way at this point, and we realize sadly that Mr. Brown's success depended, not upon the absolute amount of his industry, but upon its amount in relation to that of others. To raise the general standard so that each man works as hard as Mr. Brown, is not to multiply rewards, but merely to increase the garden-engines and the peaches of Mr. Brown. Thus do nearly all the optimist's theories prove delusions when they come to be examined.

The present marriage system being under the special protection of the friend of Mr. Brown, while the view which I advocate is diametrically opposed to all his dearest convictions, it becomes necessary to state very clearly the difference between us.

The friend of Mr. Brown believes in what may be called the pendulum theory of history; he sees in social movements a mere *oscillation*, a wave-like motion to and fro, without any real progress. As for the misery and vice in which the vast majority of mankind are plunged, that is eternal and inevitable.

The Meliorist believes, on the contrary, that there is a cure for these things, slow but certain, and that it lies, like a concealed treasure, in the sympathetic and rational impulses of man's nature, which may be developed, or "evolved," to so triumphant a dominion that they will finally subdue the

savage and sensual instincts, even if they do not altogether destroy them. Anti-social feelings becoming weakened by heredity, the social sentiments will be able to hold them easily in check. "Education is the sum of habits." * This, then, is the theory upon which reader and writer must agree for the sake of argument. It is, in fact, the theory of evolution.

Evolution! the word awes us. We are like children frightened at our own shadows; like the shepherd on the Brocken who mistakes his own exaggerated image on the clouds that sweep over the mountain-summit for some angry spirit of the storm. There will come a time—it is close upon us—when the cloud image will cease to mean for us a storm-spirit more powerful than ourselves. We raise our arm, the shadow-form raises his arm also: he is our slave, we can command his every movement.

Belief in the power of man to choose his direction of change: this is the creed of the future, and it will soon come to be the distinctive mark of the essentially modern thinker.

Given this belief that man is arbiter of his own destiny, it becomes obviously right and possible to make an effort to realize even the most difficult of our ideals, knowing that if only it be in the true line of progress, the struggle toward it will bring us to higher ground, even should we fail to achieve what we are striving after exactly in the form we desired.† If we really *are* lords, and not slaves of the evolution spirit, it is surely possible to achieve freedom in marriage without giving reins to license.

At the present moment, indeed, the forces of barbarism are strong: the moral sense, though growing, is still feeble. Therefore, and *only* therefore, our desire is out of reach. We have to tolerate flaws in our institutions in order to avoid still greater evils which at present would follow a too determined attempt to act in harmony with abstract principle. This is no doubt a com-

* *Heredity.* Ribot.

† "As it is true of individual beings, that their height in the scale of creation may be measured by their self-consciousness, so, in a sense, it is true of societies."—Herbert Spencer.

promise, a deliberate contradiction between thought and practice ; necessary (although Count Tolstoi thinks otherwise *), as such compromises always are in our complex life, but none the less calling for dismissal as soon as we are able to overcome the evil without creating another still greater in its place.

We ought to sanction no compromise except for the sake of the ideal itself. For instance, freedom of marriage being our aim, we must yet submit to temporary bondage in deference to that very aim, because we know, or believe, that an attempt at complete emancipation would, in fact, create complete thralldom, and set us back upon the toilsome path of progress, perhaps for centuries. In our zeal for the cause of freedom, it is only too easy to sin against her. But every restraint which is placed upon the actions of men ought to be placed upon them in the name of liberty, whose spirit the average man does not yet understand. The true lover of freedom loves it for others as well as for himself, and he will never by a hair's-breadth encroach upon their rights or their privileges as free-born citizens of the world. It is only license which encroaches on the rights of others. When we have learned this lesson, we shall be free men and women, obeying our own law of justice and of love.

Our present marriage system is coercive ; the marriage contract being the only contract which we have to submit to without having a voice in the framing of its conditions ; the only contract, moreover, which lasts for life. It is entirely arbitrary ; and nothing could justify it except the certainty (which does not exist) that, without this coercion on the part of the State, we should have irresponsible coercion on the part of individuals ; ill-treatment, for instance, of the children. No doubt this is the plea which would be made by the more enlightened advocates of the present system, but it cannot, as I think, be considered strong enough even at the moment, and every advance made by humanity in developing its sympathies

* See *Christ's Christianity*. Count Leo Tolstoi. Count Tolstoi believes that Christ's precepts ought to be interpreted literally, and followed without compromise at the present moment.

steadily weakens the force of the plea, and renders it a mere obstruction, an excuse for sanctioning tyranny.

The injustice of forcing two people, on pain of social ostracism, either to accept the marriage contract as it stands or to live apart, is surely self-evident. If the contract were to be made more glaringly one-sided and absurd, every one would recognize the wrong. For instance—as the *Pall Mall Gazette* pointed out—if it were decreed that the woman, in order to be legally married, must gouge out her right eye, no sane person would argue that the marriage-contract was perfectly just, simply because the woman was at liberty to remain single if she did not relish the conditions. Yet this argument is used on behalf of the present contract, as if it were really any sounder in the one case than in the other. The existing conditions, being less obviously terrible, are put up with, but they remain unfair notwithstanding. Nobody is actually forced by police regulation to buy adulterated food, or to submit to any other iniquitous bargain ; no man is forced to take a farm under conditions which he thinks unjust : yet we do not on that account consider food adulteration permissible or rack-renting blameless.

Certain aspects of the contract question are well brought out in a book which has been quoted against me, and the general drift of which cannot be said to be favorable to my view.

“ ‘ If I signed a contract,’ Ideala explained, ‘ and found out afterward that those who induced me to become a party to it had kept me in ignorance of the most important clause in it, could you call that a moral contract ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I should say that people had not dealt fairly with you,’ the Bishop avowed ; ‘ but there might be nothing in the clause to which you could object.’ ”

“ ‘ But suppose there was something in the clause to which I very strongly objected, that was repugnant to my whole moral nature ; and suppose I was forced by the law to fulfil it nevertheless, should you not say that in acting against my conscience I acted immorally ? ’ ”

“ ‘ We all fell into the trap, and looked an encouraging assent.’ ”

“ ‘ And in that case,’ she continued,

'I suppose my duty would be to evade the law, and act on my own conscience. I should be only doing what the early martyrs had to do.'

"But I don't see what particular contract you are thinking of," said the lawyer.

"The marriage contract," Ideala answered calmly."

Ideala further alarms the Law and the Church by insisting that, "only the love that lasts can sanctify marriage, and a marriage without such love is an immoral contract."

The Bishop becomes piteous, and promises to preach a sermon next Sunday on the subject. If he succeeded in showing that Ideala was wrong in her opinion, he must have been a shining light and a pillar of the Church indeed!

Surely no one will seriously deny that Ideala's principle is perfectly right, and that to substitute a legal form for the sentiment that possesses the real binding force between two persons, is to found our kingdom upon sand, to base our social world upon a mockery and a sham. Why, then, this tempest of indignation? "Why do the heathen so furiously rage together?" Half the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* make the very same protest that I made against our system of false marriages—mercenary and thoughtless marriages, encouraged by a mercenary and thoughtless society; only the letter-writers blame, not the social order, but the victims of that order: the unfortunate girls whose horizon is as limited as their opportunities, whose views of life are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by their surroundings, whose very right and wrong, just and unjust, are chosen for them. They act as they are taught to act; behaving precisely as every average person behaves in all conditions of life—viz., in exact obedience to the public opinion of his little world.

"Yes, marriage is often a failure," say the letter-writers reproachfully; "it is entered into too early, too thoughtlessly, without (on the part of the wife) a knowledge of cooking and the domestic arts, without a flawless temper, without absolute immunity from headaches. Society and the institution of marriage

are not to blame, only the faulty individuals who marry."

Poor much instructed, much badgered, much belabored individuals! Like the absent, you are always in the wrong! The last person I should feel inclined to blame for the marriage failure is the girl who acts according to universal example and precept.

It is impossible for an outsider to realize the restrictions and narrowness of the average girl's life. We are too near to the result to be able to see it. When some one points out to us that the education has been distorting, we, on our side, point beamingly to some of its disastrous consequences and say, "Behold the Eternal has so willed it." The past is an open secret, the future may be foreseen; it is the *present* that remains forever the impenetrable mystery. Truly we know not what to do. It is well, however, that we should be told!

"Evils," as Ish says, in his imaginary dialogue with Adam,* "will not be cured by being shrugged at and hushed up; on the contrary, the more you whitewash the outside, the more the inside will fester." The inner festering is becoming very bad indeed, and—awful to think of—the wonderful resources of British whitewash, applied with all the ardor of the British matron and her disciples, are beginning to give out. We have fallen on evil times! Whitewash growing thin over ugly sores, and more and more whitewash perpetually called for. What, in the name of Podsnap, is to become of the Young Person? Poor pathetic Young Person! incarcerated within those grim Podsnapian walls; your nature dwindling, shrivelling, rotting, day by day, like some cankered fruit-tree; weighed down by stupid authority, overshadowed by shams, tainted by false virtues, false shame, artificial sins, subject to the insults of all the hosts of the Philistine—the manifold vulgarities, which swarm vermin-like, beneath the coarse propriety and proper coarseness delightful to the soul of Mrs. Grundy! If one could but open those heavy doors for you, would you come out into the wholesome sunshine and fill your lungs with warm and living atmosphere? or has Podsnap set up his idols

* *Ideala: A Study from Life.*

* *Education of Girls.* Dalton.

in the very heart of you, so that you return timidly, as the old man in the Bastille to his cell, and tell out the days of your youth under the shadow of the Podsnapian wings (if a winged Podsnap can be compassed by the imagination)?

And this is the bewildered being, stunted in intelligence, in self-respect; frightened, indoctrinated, sermonized, with a swollen unwholesome conscience spreading in all directions like some rankly growing gourd, increasing not in harmony with, but at the expense of, the other sides of the nature—this is the ill-treated being who is held responsible for the failure of marriage; this is the victim to whom a logical and consistent society says: "My dear, marry, and ask no questions: who are you that you should criticise an institution which has lasted for centuries? Marriage is your natural and proper career—your own highly developed conscience must tell you so. If you do not adopt it, well, we fear you will find cause to regret your decision, and your gourd-like mentor will give you no repose. If you can't get a husband we are extremely sorry for you, and we fear that your good parents will regard you as a failure, and your friends may not feel the same hesitation in treating you—always with perfect good breeding—as a supernumerary who has no place in the world, who has been rejected and cast out from among the actors in the drama of life." So the bewildered being turns an alarmed ear to the counsel that greets her on every side, in one form or another, open or disguised; for it is not only from the lips of worldlings that these warnings issue; they are presented in great numbers between texts of Scripture and precepts of morality as a sort of moral sandwich, whereof they occupy the central post of honor. Society knows better than to appeal merely to the instincts of self-preservation and worldly ambition in a being possessing such a magnificent overgrowth of conscience, and such a divine humility of spirit. The being can be led, she need not be driven. Society appeals to her Gourd, and wins an easy victory. The being marries (the Gourd warmly approving). But alas! the marriage turns out unhappy. There is no sympathy between the pair; the wife means well—what

else has she a Gourd for?—but her ability falls below the level of her intentions. She continues to pave the floors of the infernal regions. Things go from bad to worse; the husband yields to temptation; there is little or no influence in his home to counteract it; the wife suffers, and says nothing. In nine cases out of ten she lets no one into the secret of her unhappiness; her husband is the last person to guess how lonely and how sad her life is. "Until a woman cries, men never think she is suffering; bless their block-headism!" exclaims Mrs. Carlyle.

Though, as a rule, an unhappy marriage means utter shipwreck of the woman's life, while the husband can find interest and consolation outside the home, both lives in fact are injured, not necessarily through any inherent and determined "cussedness" in either of the pair, but through want of suitability, intelligence, tact, and, above all, through a lack of tolerance, not only for one another's faults and failings, but also for one another's tastes and ideas. The attempt to check any little signs of individuality which may appear in either of the couple, on the ground that husband and wife ought to be perpetually subordinating their particular desires and interests to the will of the other, is perhaps one of the most fatal causes of unhappiness in marriage, and is certainly one of the most potent factors in the creation of dull homes, and torpid monotonous lives. Out of such homes springs a second crop of bewildered beings, whose only sin is obedience, but upon whose shoulders "right-thinking" people pile almost all the blame of our unsuccessful marriages. Not only the absent, but the sinned-against are always in the wrong.

To encourage a child to put a lighted match to a train of gunpowder, and then to punish him severely because he has caused a disastrous explosion, is not the act of a just person. We really shall come to see this, if we go on progressing at our present break-neck speed.*

* "Instead of boiling up individuals into the species, I would draw a chalk line round every individuality, and preach to it to keep within that, and to preserve and cultivate its identity at the expense of ever so much lost gilt of other people's 'isms.'"—Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Since the publication in the *Daily Telegraph* of the excellent letters on the dulness of our British middle-class homes, it is unnecessary to dwell upon this important aspect of the question. "There is no place like home!"—and a good thing too!" some contributor to *Punch* recklessly exclaims.

Not only the reform in home and social life, but also the reform in education can be dealt with, more or less, by each of us, for education goes on all day long, in play-time as well as during the hours of study. It is sad to think of the thousands of little boys and girls imbibing, with every breath they draw, ideas that are barbarous and irrational. The savage and aggressive instincts are cultivated in boys from the cradle (their very toys are sham instruments of destruction); while the poor little girls learn those lessons of abject self-suppression and humility of which I have already spoken at length.

Would that we could place above all the copy-book precepts of the nursery and the schoolroom Professor Clifford's aphorism: "There is only one thing worse than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey."

Disobedience, in the present crisis of affairs, is woman's first duty! "That will lose her her power," some one exclaims, "the power that she now possesses—the sceptre which, if cleverly wielded, might move the world." "Yes," we reply; "a power that is won by smiles and wiles and womanly devices; and, when won, is hers, not by right but by favor. This is the power, not of a free being, but of a favorite slave." When shall we come to see that such a conception of woman's position and influence is mean, ignoble, *ugly*, through and through? When shall we banish these remnants of Eastern despotism from our homes, these haunting whispers from lands which we profess to despise, where women are shut up in harems, denied all human rights, and are forced to acquire what power they may attain, through cunning and deceit, and the meanest arts of flattery? We are outgrowing these conceptions; but oh, how slowly! Hamerton, the author of the *Intellectual Life*, is one of the few men who have entirely outgrown them. "If the

reader," he says, "has ever had a travelling companion, some person totally unsuited to his nature, and quite unable to enter into the ideas that chiefly interest him; unable to see even the things that he sees, and always ready to treat negligently or contemptuously the thoughts and preferences that are most his own; he will have some faint conception of what it must be to find oneself tied to an unsuitable companion for the tedious journey of this mortal life: and if, on the other hand, he has ever enjoyed the pleasure of wandering through a country that interested him, along with a friend who could understand his interest and share it, and whose society enhanced the charm of every prospect, and banished dulness from the dreariest inns, he may, in some poor and imperfect degree, realize the happiness of those who have chosen the life companion wisely."

The following quotations point to the fact or theory, that while we are burdened with our present ideas about matrimony, it is necessarily more or less unhappy if one of the pair happens to possess an original bent of mind, still more so if that originality is accompanied by exceptional talent. "High intellect is in itself a peculiarity, in a certain sense it is really an eccentricity, even when so thoroughly sane and rational as in the cases of George Eliot and Mill. It is an eccentricity in this sense, that its mental centre does not coincide with that of ordinary people—if there is the touch of original talent or genius in one of the parties, it is sure to result in many ideas that will lie outside of any local common-sense, and then the other party, living in that sense, will consider those ideas peculiar and perhaps deplorable. Here then are elements of dissension lying quite ready, like explosive materials—the merest accident may shatter in a moment the whole fabric of affection."

We ought all to be taught, at the same time as we learn to say "please" and "thank you," and not to make a grab during meals at some tit-bit upon which we have set our hearts, that to respect the freedom of opinion and of action in others—not even excepting our relations or our life-companion—is one of the first duties of civilized life, the neglect

of which is sheer aggression and impertinence. Hamerton points out that, in order to keep the peace and imitate successful marriage, "the more enlightened and intelligent of the two parties has to stifle half his nature."

O admirable institution of marriage which thus watches over the interests of society, and strangles discreetly those of her members who are able to instil fresh life into her, and to keep her pure and sane and sound! The policy resembles that of a gardener, who should snap off the leading shoots of his young pine tree!

This tendency, in fact, constitutes the great danger of the age. We deify the average. Unless a rebellion against this idol shortly takes place, we shall sink into a condition of *bourgeois* Philistinism, which makes one's hair stand on end to contemplate.

If a desperate person under that *régime* committed bigamy or trigamy, or any other crime, for a diversion, he would certainly do it under what a friend of Mrs. Carlyle calls "attenuating circumstances."

Mrs. Grundy in black silk, with a sceptre in her hand, on the throne of the ages, supported by an angel-choir of Young Persons! Is this to be the end of our democracy? There are ominous signs of it. One is forced regretfully to acknowledge the fidelity to Nature of the description in the *Nonsense Songs and Stories* of the visiting acquaintance of the seven unfortunate families, which we are told "was very numerous, and distinguished, and select, and responsible, and ridiculous."*

Matters are becoming serious. Poetry survives in the heavy atmosphere only with an effort; romance languishes; painting and sculpture are distinguished by "a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous."

This is in spite of an under-stirring among the stronger spirits in all branches of art, as if the smothered genius of the age were struggling to throw off the mighty incubus of British Philistinism. For our life we must not let that effort fail.

We must consent to give play to the individual, or our democratic institu-

tions will plunge us into a slavery from which there is no redemption. We shall find ourselves in leading strings to the "practical man," the friend of Mr. Brown, mediocrity personified. In our imagined safeguards against tyranny lurks our greatest danger. We stand confronted with what a master of mixed metaphor calls, "barricades in sheep's clothing!"

It is in deference to our deity—"the greatest number"—that wives are exhorted to endure the miseries, even the indignities, of an unhappy marriage, rather than weaken by their rebellion the power of the legal tie.

In short, the rights of minorities are absolutely *nil*, in spite of the fiction that all citizens stand equal before the law; the sufferings of the exceptional person, whether as regards character or circumstance, being disregarded on the ground that they happen seldom, though their rarity is after all a pure assumption.

The infrequency of an occurrence, in any case, does not in the slightest degree alter the nature or bitterness of the sufferings; if an evil is intolerable, it is equally so whether one or many suffer it, and society is not just but tyrannical when it asks its members to endure it in silence. There are miseries which no one ought to be called upon to endure by the laws of his country, which every human being is justified in resisting at all hazards, and in spite of every law, written or unwritten. Passive endurance in such cases is not for the good of the "greatest number;" it is simply for the degradation of human dignity and the torture of human souls, and by that the "greatest number" never reaped a benefit. Even if it did, it ought not to exact this awful sacrifice. Of what value is the "good of the community," if in that community individuals can suffer thus under the wing of the Law? What is the meaning of the term, "the welfare of society," if not the comfort and security of the individuals composing it?

There is no virtue in mere *number*. It is an abstraction, an unreality. We have still to learn that the only things that actually exist are individual cases, and that it is men and women—John and Jemima—who suffer, and not ab-

* Edward Lear.

stract masses which we call, for convenience, the greater or the less.

Marriage by free contract would help to prevent the immolation of minorities and the injury to the majority which all such sacrifices really inflict. It is impossible to wound one part of the social organism without hurting the whole, just as, happily, one cannot make one person healthier, nobler, and more reasonable without bestowing the same qualities in some slight degree upon the commonwealth of which he is a member.

There is yet another aspect of the question that ought not to be overlooked.

Laws are intended to restrain people from sinning against the life and welfare of others; they are not instituted for the purpose of forcing a rich crop of heroes and Christian martyrs. A man or woman may regard it as an imperative duty to accept martyrdom in marriage in order to show reverence for the institution, or for the majesty of the law. Within limits, the State is ready to permit self-immolation; but it goes altogether beyond its sphere when it *demand*s it of the average human being.

The law has no business to require martyrdom from any one. That is a matter to be settled with a man's own conscience. It is a most common and dangerous mistake to suppose that because a course of action may be in accordance with the highest morality, the law is justified in making that action compulsory. The question for the State to decide is rather negative than positive. It ought to decree what its members may *not* do, rather than what they *must* do. A man may take upon himself a duty which would be ludicrous for the State to require of him—such, for instance, as adopting and educating the orphan children of a friend.

In the same way, a woman may regard it as a duty to endure the worst miseries of an unhappy marriage, although conscious that she has been forced or persuaded into it, when not experienced enough to judge for herself. But that is her own affair; the State has no right to force upon her the martyrdom which her conscience induces her to take upon herself.

We are told very often—and this has never been disputed—that society is not

in a state to admit of the successful establishment of free marriage. Clearly, it is not; but, equally clearly—if we are satisfied that it is theoretically right—the best thing we can do is to try our hardest to make it so. That is a mere matter of common-sense. We have to do this, however, without endangering the ideal of monogamy which we have already placed before us, and which experience has shown to be the only form of sex-relationship which permits the progress of the race. Many polygamous countries have been happy and orderly enough, but they have remained in a state of ignorance and barbarism, while their women have occupied a very degraded position, rendering advance in civilization practically impossible. Reformers cannot be too careful, but neither can they be too persistent. Whatever is good and true in the present idea of marriage ought to be clung to, but there must be no sentimental timidity in attacking the cunning and insidious evils that fly to sanctuary, and conceal themselves behind the high altar of the sacred institution. These must be hunted out without mercy. Herbert Spencer emphatically insists on the supreme importance of monogamy for the progress of the race. "It is clear," he says, "that monogamy has long been growing innate in the civilized man. For all the ideas and sentiments now associated with marriage have, as their inspiration, singleness of union." He traces an interesting connection between polygamy and the militant type of society, and between monogamy and industrialism; he shows that war is the enemy of monogamy and of woman. War, in killing off so many young men, brings about that inconvenient disparity between the numbers of the sexes, which creates many of our present difficulties, and makes complete freedom in the marriage contract a sheer impossibility. We find, then, that all modern reforms—notably those in the direction of international intercourse, brotherly co-operation and peace—tend toward the same distant goal beyond our present horizon, and that no ideal can possibly be realized by itself—a solitary space of calm in a raging sea—but only in connection, direct and indirect, with the other ideals of the

age. All that substitutes knowledge for ignorance, insight for stupidity, sympathy for aggression, love for indifference, moves toward salvation.

My first article, which covered too much ground to allow details to be worked out, was intended to lay down general principles, and to suggest ideas rather than to justify them. The amount and the kind of restriction which the State ought to consider necessary to protect the welfare of its members, is one of the most difficult questions in the whole range of politics, and it could not be touched upon in a paper which attempted a history of marriage, however brief.

It is better, according to my view, to suffer some evils, than to cure them at the expense of individual freedom, because to curtail that freedom is to cut away part of the foundation of further progress. Freedom is more valuable than even a great benefit thrust upon us against our will. Better to endure (while trying to cure) evils which are inevitable when half educated people are at liberty to blunder "at large," than sink into a nation of children spoon-fed by a paternal government.* Germany, for instance, will have to grow up before she can take any step of real progress. She must achieve liberty to make a fool of herself, and having done so, to think better of it, and go forward as a nation capable of self-direction and self-control.

In writing my first article, I took it for granted that by "marriage" would be understood the life union of a man and a woman, as that is the sense in which we always use the term in this

country. But in case of further misunderstanding in a different direction, I must state that there is, as I think, no rational limit to the principle of liberty; moderation in liberty is as ridiculous as moderation in truth, or health, or happiness, or love, or any other of the elements that "make for righteousness" in this world. Absolute liberty, then, in the relations of men and women, is indeed the ideal; a limited ideal is as ludicrous as a limited belief in the axioms of geometry. But we can go to the utmost length of the principle, as a principle, without in the least ignoring the fact dwelt upon earlier in this paper, that the State cannot fully carry out principles purely abstract, because the material in which it has to work is, to say the least of it, imperfect. The State, therefore, in registering and enforcing contracts between men and women, must make the stipulation that they use the word marriage in the national sense: that is, as a life-long union, provided the terms of the contract are kept faithfully. A temporary union may not be in itself necessarily vicious or evil, but the State cannot register it, because it does not come under the definition of marriage. That is the difference between free-marriage and promiscuity, and the distinction holds good even in the case of a union entered into for life without any State registration at all. If, on the other hand, a couple change their minds, and part to marry again, and yet again, then they have placed themselves in a different social category, and can no longer call any of their temporary unions marriage in the national sense. Again, on exactly the same grounds, the State cannot be called upon to register and protect a contract in which the couple select merely frivolous and ridiculous reasons for divorce, because that is an evident attempt to make a temporary contract and not a permanent one, and to claim for it the name of State-ratified marriage.* In a still distant condition of

* "We have strong ground for believing that permanence in marriage relations is a mark of a higher civilization and higher types of character. But do not let us forget that the outward union must be based upon the inward union. If union be only the result of external authority, or power of external kind, it becomes a mere superstition, a fetter. There can be nothing which so lowers our view of marriage as the belief that for the imagined good of society two people whose lives and aims are inharmonious should, by a sort of external coercion, be bound together; as if society had ever been benefited by sacrificing the individual. Here, as everywhere else, freedom must be our guide. In all great matters of human feeling, not only the higher forms, but even the conception of the higher forms, can only be reached through freedom."—Auberon Herbert.

* Everything has its comic side. "On accuse Henri VIII.," says Madame de Flamaréil, alluding to his treatment of his wives; "moi, je le comprends, et je l'absous; c'était un cœur généreux: lorsqu'il ne les aimait plus, il les tuait." This is carrying the doctrine of the sanction by affection almost too far!

society, however, it is probable that unions may exist outside the law, but inside society; men and women caring only for the real bond between them, and treating as of quite minor importance the artificial or legal tie. So that gradually the State may come to have very little part in marriages. It is a mere question of the growth of the principle of liberty, the strengthening of the social feeling at the expense of the anti-social. The tendency will be gradually to substitute internal for external law; the worship of liberty for the worship of self; social sentiment for anti-social license.*

This movement toward freedom, this tendency to lay more stress on the real bond than on the artificial, can be studied to good purpose by comparing different countries. Wherever we find affection in marriage regarded as essential, or desirable, there we have a higher form of society, a higher level of morality, and, above all, a more progressive tendency. Beginning with pure savagery we pass on to more or less civilized countries in different stages of development: India, Persia, China, Turkey, Italy, Germany, France, America, and England (the list is not intended to be arranged in order of precedence). The rule holds good, more or less strictly, in all these cases. And now the foremost countries have to go a step further, and emphasize still more the importance of the bond of affection and friendship, and the baseness of a union sanctioned only by a mere legal formality.†

In connection with this part of the subject Mrs. Carlyle's delightful comment must not be forgotten. "I do think," she says, "there is much truth in the German idea, that marriage is a

shockingly immoral institution, as well as what we have long known it for—an extremely disagreeable one."

Also for our souls' sake let us contemplate the idea of the Mrs. Grundys of the Zambesi being horribly shocked when they heard of the English custom of monogamy. The Makalolo women, according to Livingstone, did not think it at all respectable. No doubt they hurried all their young persons out of ear-shot as rapidly as they could!*

Marriage has been defined as a contract between two persons and the State. Because of the children the State is said to have a special concern in the matter.

This is no doubt true, but it means rather less than is generally supposed.

The State has a concern in everything that affects a human being, down to the minutest details of his daily life. It matters to the State every time a man smokes more cigars than are good for him, every time a woman pinches in her waist. It matters to the State very much when men grow absorbed in the business of money-making, and have no time or ability to assist in the development of a higher type of manhood. It matters to the State perhaps even more when women give themselves up wholly to the care of their households and the rearing of their children, rendering themselves unfit for their task, and sending forth into the already overburdened world, swarms of ill-trained, stupid, prejudiced human beings, whose influence upon their fellows is evil and retrograde.

All these things concern the State nearly, but the State cannot send inspectors into our homes to count the cigars of the men, and inquire into the system of education adopted by the women.

In the marriage contract the State has a deep concern, but it does not follow therefrom that it has a right to interfere.

* "Changes which may further facilitate divorce under certain conditions are changes which will make those conditions more and more rare."—*Principles of Sociology*, vol. i. chap. xii.

† A philosopher of Truro, Mr. Cragoe, says: "We are not gods, but imperfect short-sighted creatures, passing through a life where change is legible upon the face of all created things" (even upon the face of our marriage institutions); "while marriages are made in heaven," he adds, "the bonded miseries of our mortal existence are often made in the hell of our own conventions."

* In a letter from Dr. C. Fayette Taylor of New York occur the following words: "It has been the fashion for Englishmen and writers to allude sneeringly (as if the fact necessarily carried an implied censure) to the divorce laws obtaining in most of the States of the American Union, without stopping to inquire as to the actual facts of the case." The writer goes on to say that "the persons directly involved and the communities . . . are gainers by these laws."

When the parents begin to starve and abandon their children the State naturally steps in to protect its helpless members, but *until* the couple sin in that way why should the State make up its mind that they intend to do so? It might at least give them the benefit of the doubt.

There are plenty of laws to protect children from ill treatment, under which the parents would be punished when the offence was committed. Why then interfere with the freedom of contract in advance, on the assumption that the parents are certain to commit this cruelty?

The children appear to be regarded as the principal difficulty in the introduction of new marriage laws, although this is a Protestant country where divorce is allowed, and where in consequence the question has already had to be faced. It is strange too that this has not long ago been regarded as a difficulty quite apart from all questions of divorce. The child of average parents is sacrificed in the most ruthless manner to tradition, ignorance, and prejudice, yet nobody comes to the rescue. Marriage is a "sacred" institution, and it does not matter what goes on under cover of its sanctity!

It is assumed that a child's welfare is sacrificed when the parents cease to live together (even if they habitually pelt one another with crockery). This idea will probably, before long, come to be looked upon as a superstition. In fact, there is a vast amount of superstition clinging about all our ideas regarding the relations of parent and child, and of domestic life generally, the superstition leading to a complicated system of self-sacrifice through which the amiable group mingle at last in a general holocaust, whose fumes rise to heaven in invocation of the family deities.

Why this universal slaughter of driven cattle? Will not the gods be otherwise appeased? If we did but know it, the more they are fed, the greedier they become.

Is the usual relation between fathers and sons such that one can imagine the son's existence blighted by the removal of the paternal influence? As a rule, the best influence in a boy's or a young man's life comes to him outside the

home. He is respectful to, and perhaps fond of, his mother; but he does not (poor fellow, he cannot) treat her as a friend. She knows nothing, understands nothing; she has close-set, narrow little ideas, trim little maxims, wise little copy-book precepts to suggest as solutions to the hard problems of life. In short, our present parental and filial relations, taking the average of parents and children, are not so admirable as to make it worth while—even if it were just—to bind together husband and wife in a life-long bondage, and to sacrifice the freedom of the marriage relation. To make this sacrifice of the man and the woman, for the sake of providing the children at all hazards with a constant supply of parents, is unjust and inexpedient. It would be so, even if divorce necessarily implied that children and parents were to be parted forever, which it does *not*. Divorced parents, of course, are bound equally with other parents to provide for their children, and to entrust their training to competent hands—a condition, by the way, which they by no means always fulfil while they remain united. They are bound to see that all is well done in this respect, but they are not bound to remain under one roof in order that their children may enjoy the convenience of having both parents simultaneously within easy reach.

There is not sufficient ground in experience for believing that the mother and father are certain or even likely to be the best trainers for their children. Surely, it cannot be denied that the average mother is totally unfitted for her difficult and most important task. How many women, according to popular notions, make good step-mothers? Yet no woman who has so little sense of justice as to treat children less kindly because they are not her own, is fit to bring up children at all. There is no reason for surprise that the ordinary mother should not understand principles whose application demands time and study which can only be bestowed on the business of one's life; but none the less do the children suffer, none the less are they defrauded of the inheritance of the ages. They ought to be habitually in the society of those who not only have special sympathy with

young minds and a special gift for attracting their love and confidence, but a thorough knowledge of the laws of health and of mental and moral development. During a certain portion of the day—for instance, that which is now presided over by nurses—all little girls and boys might enjoy the advantage of coming within the influence of such “heaven-born” friends of children. Nature, be it remembered, takes no count of *motive*: a child suffers just as much from the mistakes of a devoted mother, as it suffers from wilful ill-treatment. We ought to consider, also, the enormous amount of energy that would be set free in our homes by this extension of the principle of the division of labor.* Only by division of labor, really excellent work is possible; only, therefore, by breaking down our old idea that the mother should always take charge of her child, or rather that she should not allow one more competent than herself to do so. Some one *less* competent, as, for instance, the average nursemaid—who has not even maternal affection as a motive for good treatment—is not objected to by popular feeling.†

And now for a suggestion which will appear, at first sight, to contradict the foregoing. I would propose that this system of educating from infancy by specialists should be prolonged when boys and girls grow older, and that, if possible, they should continue to spend

part of their time in their own homes, and not be sent away to public schools at a distance. While the mother would partly surrender her child's training to more able hands, the home-influence might, nevertheless, be much longer preserved in the boy's life (of course a girl has it, and too much of it, till she marries).*

And now, supposing such a system to become general, groups of from eight to ten children received daily by cultivated women in their own homes, wherein lies the special difficulty about the children of divorced parents? The agreement in the contract would arrange how they were to be educated, and with whom they were to live, for how long, and so forth, down to the minutest details. Divorce, it must be repeated, need not part parents and children, though if such parting should become necessary (as it sometimes does without divorce), there would be real homes for the children to go to, preferable beyond all comparison to the houses of relatives or friends. Some day we shall look back with amazement at our folly in giving the raw material of society into ignorant hands, to be mangled and destroyed; some day a mother's affection will show itself, not in industrious self-sacrifice, which reduces her to a pulpy nonentity, feeble in body and mind, and generally ends in bringing her child to a similar condition; but in a resolve to take the full advantage of all that science is busily providing for those who will accept her bounties. The mother will recognize at the same time that self-immolation is obsolete, even among Indian widows, and that, as a civilized human being, she is acting immorally when she voluntarily permits herself—a unit of society—to degenerate in mind or body.

When the hour strikes, when the conscience of women is redirected, and the aspect of her duty changes, the prophetic saying of Emerson will be at last understood—“We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education.”

* Fourier hit upon a profound truth when he placed at the foundation of his social system the “attractions passionées” of its members. Are there not many women among the hordes that now have to make their own living who would feel this “passionate attraction” to the work of sympathetic education (it is more than “education” in the usual acceptance of the word)? And could they not be trained, perhaps by means of a college, to this important task, which no one but those really fitted by nature and education ought to dream of undertaking?

† It is fully admitted that the mother is at present practically forced to be satisfied with incompetent substitutes; her duties compel it; but that is exactly what calls for reform. How many Anglo-Indians, for instance, obliged to leave their children in England, would be thankful if there existed, all through the country, establishments under the care of educated, high-minded women, where children might be left with the certainty that the best training which the most advanced knowledge of the century afforded would be theirs.

* When the mother is no longer head-nurse, children's governess, and general attendant, as well as housekeeper and performer of social duties, she would have time to make herself efficient in her various pursuits, so that home-influences would be far more worth having than they generally are at present.

With regard to the custody of children and the respective claims of the parents, current ideas are scarcely on a higher plane than they were centuries ago when women were openly and ostensibly treated as the property of men.

Just as the slave-girl belongs to her master, with all the children that she may have, so the wife belongs to her husband, and her children also. According to the odious current phrase, the wife "presents" her lord with a son or a daughter. This mode of regarding the matter is surely a conclusive argument against the doctrine of inborn moral ideas. The mother undergoes weariness and torture during her best years; she risks her health, her life, her reason, and very frequently bids farewell to physical well-being and buoyancy of mind altogether through the perpetual strain, anxiety, and worry entailed by the cares of a family.

Yet high-minded men—and women too—see no injustice or hardship in depriving a mother of the child that has cost her so dearly; they claim for the father equal rights in deciding its destiny, and indeed many people actually go so far as to consider them superior to the mother's. Clearly our ideas of morality are the offspring of custom, and have nothing to do with an "eternal principle" planted within our hearts. It must be a strange sort of "eternal principle" which would sanction our present barbarous notions. It is often urged indeed that since the father works for his children and provides for their food and education, he ought to have the supreme authority over them. But it is forgotten that every woman—speaking generally—who is at the head of a house, works at least as hard, in a different way, as her husband, and that this makes them quits so far, although the woman's work is not paid for and is therefore underrated.

Over and above that unpaid labor, the wife has borne and reared the children, and from the very nature of the case has therefore a superior claim. An uncle or a friend might work for the children far harder than the father ever works, but he could not by that means assume rightful authority to direct their career, although the parents would naturally take the benefactor into their

counsels. The mother's right rests upon her unique relationship to the child. The sentiment of justice insists that every one shall enjoy the results of his toil and suffering, and if this sentiment is listened to the supreme authority must certainly be assured to the mother in cases of dispute. The bread-winner, of course, has a strong claim to be consulted, and in practice there would seldom be any need to consider these points of justice; things would arrange themselves; nevertheless, they ought to be thought out and decided, and if the plan of offering a choice of contracts to couples should come to be adopted, these are questions which would require very careful and unprejudiced consideration.

Religion, philosophy, commerce, industrial methods, and all the departments of science and art are open to criticism and re-direction according to the needs and desires of the age; even domestic life must submit to be scrutinized, even the institution of marriage cannot remain motionless on its pedestal while other things are moving on.

Our present twin-system of marriage and prostitution will be attacked from different standpoints, but the attack will be persistent, and the blows thick and fast. Prostitution is as inseparable from our present marriage customs as the shadow from the substance. They are the two sides of the same shield, and not the deepest gulf that ever held human beings asunder can prevent the burning vapors of the woman's Inferno which is raging beneath our feet, from penetrating into the upper regions of respectability and poisoning the very atmosphere.

Practical people think the Inferno necessary, and that the higher and happier marriage is a dream impossible to realize. The twin-system they believe must go on eternally, the division of women into two great classes, both necessary to the community (on the "practical" hypothesis); the one class deliberately cut off, as far as "society" has any say in the matter, from hope and from help forevermore.

The same idea—the purchase of womanhood—in more or less attractive garb, under more or less attractive conditions, rules from base to summit of the social

body. "But the world is blind, and every redemption must be purchased with blood."

Like "Nature" in her singular "Dialogue with a stranger" * society might exclaim, looking back to her former state: "What I now am was once, even as a hope, a great way off. If I had hope then I may well hope now. I was once a mere boiling caldron of horrible confusion under darkness and tempest; and passions and forces raged through and through me; yet I hoped even then, and all along through the wild ages I hoped on. The worst is past."

The worst is past because we have fixed our eyes upon the morning, because, after all these centuries of conflict, *sympathy* has been born into the world! "Life is comic and pitiful as soon as the high ends of being fade out of sight and man becomes near-sighted and can only attend to what addresses the senses." But this near-sightedness disappears at the command of sympathy, which discloses to all eyes the universal tragedy which has no last act, and upon which no curtain falls. It is only by love, led by knowledge, that the world can be saved. We are all actors in this great and mysterious tragedy, and our hope is in each other. If we lose our unity, we lose everything. But we shall not lose our unity; the spirit of it is growing and spreading far and wide; it means a new era, a new departure in the

history of the world. At the very root of our social life, in the relations of man to woman, we shall place sympathy and freedom, and from that source will spring, in the good time that is coming, the universal brotherhood.

This is Utopian? Then the world is incapable of moral government, then the friend of Mr. Brown is the true philosopher. The hopes, the aspirations, the struggles of the noblest men and women have been futile; the Devil reigns, and Love has been cheated of his own.

In vain has he pleaded; in vain have the tears of anguish and pity been shed; in vain is the day of woman's redemption drawing near. With shouts and empty laughter we have crucified this saviour who has come into the world to redeem it; we have nailed him to the cross of our laws and our conventions, and left him there among our shams and our whited sepulchres in lonely passion to bear our sins upon his shoulders, to suffer for our blindness, our self-complacency, our stupid false humility. Making indolence a virtue, we have laughed and gone our way, leaving the saviour of men to agonize through the long and awful darkness of the night. How much longer must he bear it, who deserts us not even in the hour of his bitterest anguish? When will men consent to their redemption?—*Westminster Review*.

WORKING PRINCES.

VERILY the world owes a debt of gratitude to the old Duke Maximilian in Bavaria, if it be for nothing but the education he gave to his sons. It must be the result of their early training that two of these, Prince Ludwig and the Duke Karl Theodor, have been able to solve the problem, How, in this democratic age, can princes earn an honest livelihood? They have solved it simply and manfully, never forgetting the while that, by the old royal signification of their title, they must be the first, not to receive, but to render aid.

In the palace of Luxemburg there is

a picture of the five elder children of Duke Maximilian, every one of whom, even at that early age—the eldest does not look more than fifteen—shows signs not only of great personal beauty but of intelligence of a most unusual order. It is impossible to look into the large, dark, earnest eyes they all possess, to note their mingled expression of wistfulness and reckless daring, and not feel that Nature herself has stamped them as something apart from ordinary, commonplace mortals. Enthusiasm and genius are written too plainly on their faces for them ever to be found among the crowd of those who patiently submit to the monotonous routine of every-day

* *Morgenröthe*. John Pulsford.

existence. Nor have their fortunes belied their faces. In the lives of each of those five there have been bright touches, vivid patches, episodes—tragic or comic as you may view them—such as rarely fall to the lot of princes. Caroline, the eldest and perhaps the most beautiful of the daughters, was, while still a child, selected as a fitting bride for the heir to the Austrian crown, and although there was no formal betrothal her father was informed that she must be educated in such a way as would fit her for her future grandeur. This was more easily said than done, for money was scarce in the ducal palace; but the whole family, from the Duke himself to his youngest child, seem to have thrown themselves *con amore* into the work, and to have cheerfully economized for the sake of the fortunate Caroline. She had professors and teachers of the best, and she well repaid all the care that was lavished upon her, for at nineteen, clever, accomplished, and regally beautiful, she was the very ideal of what a queen should be. But

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.

When the time for the marriage drew near, the young Emperor Joseph came on a visit to the Duke in Bavaria (the family title is "in," not "of"), that he might make the acquaintance of his future wife. He gazed at the stately young creature who had been so carefully trained for him with respectful admiration, but he fell violently in love with her madcap younger sister, Elizabeth, who, regarded in the family as a mere child, and one, too, for whom no high destiny was in store, had been allowed to pass her days on horseback scouring the country-side. Ministers and courtiers stood aghast, but argument and persuasion were alike wasted on the Emperor, who refused to see that a lack of accomplishments was a blemish in the one whom he loved; and a few months later Elizabeth, thorough child as she was, knowing no more of the etiquette of courts than the veriest little *gamine*, entered Vienna in state, as Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. Although this happened more than thirty years ago, she has not yet learned to submit with patience to the

restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns; and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful Empress, openly mourn that the Emperor should have chosen one who regards a court ball as a penance, and a state ceremony as a thing scarcely to be lived through. From the day of her marriage it seems to have been her constant endeavor to shake off the fetters of her station; and perhaps the happiest hours of her life are those in which, while following the hounds in England, or hunting the chamois in her native land, she is able to forget that she is Empress-Queen.

For her age, the Empress Elizabeth is the youngest-looking woman in Europe. When one sees her slight, graceful form, eyes brilliant with life and vigor, and complexion that flushes and pales with every passing emotion, it seems absurd that she should be the grandmother of big boys and girls.

Caroline, the forsaken one, seems to have met her fate with true royal equanimity. Perhaps she thought that as her sister gained what she lost it did not really matter. If one may judge by her face, her life has not been a happy one. When she was about four-and-twenty she was married to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who died some nine years later.

Marie Sophie, too, the youngest of the three sisters in the picture, has had her share of adventures. Married before she was eighteen to the Prince Royal of Naples, afterward King Francis II., she was not destined long to wear a crown; and it is as ex-Queen, not as Queen, that we all think of her. If report be true, this winter she is going to try what hunting and horse-racing in England will do toward satisfying her craving for excitement.

It is in the sons, not the daughters, however, that the peculiar gifts of the family come most to the fore. The work Karl Theodor, Duke Maximilian's second son, is doing has already attracted no little attention in Europe. The veriest medical student whose life and bread depended upon his work never threw himself into the study of medicine with half the ardor of this young scion of royalty. When a boy, botany and chemistry were his favorite pursuits; and no sooner were his school-

days over than he undertook medicine as a serious study, attending the lectures, going through the hospitals, and finally passing the examinations that qualified him to practice as a doctor. Nor did his work end here. Having chosen the eye as his speciality, he devoted some years to a careful study of the various theories concerning the treatment of the blind. This done, he travelled through Europe, seeking the advice and help of every oculist of special eminence in his profession; and it was only when he had learned from them all they could teach him that he returned to his palace at Tegern, where he established himself as a regular oculist. Any one may consult him, his door stands open to all the world; the only difference between him and any other practitioner being that his rate of charges varies in direct ratio with the wealth of those who seek his aid. If he perform an operation for a rich man, the prince's fee is the same as that of any other doctor of equal skill, neither more nor less; if, however, the patient be one of those whose means do not allow of their indulging in such expensive luxuries as great doctors, well, he lowers his charges to what they can afford to pay; while, as for the poor—not merely mendicants, but officers with thirty pounds a year, civilians with perchance forty—all such as these Duke Karl Theodor not only attends without fee, but while they are under his care he receives them as guests, feeding and caring for them with the most kindly thoughtfulness.

Surely this is an ideal social arrangement! Other princes before now have received fees, but which of them ever rendered real honest value in return as Duke Karl Theodor is doing? The old Duke's eldest son, Prince Ludwig, is in some respects more interesting even than Karl Theodor. He is now a man about fifty-five, tall and dark, with a haggard, care-worn face, the result of constant ill-health. There is a subtle resemblance, both in appearance and manner, between him and the well-known actor Mr. Henry Irving; one of the Prince's favorite gestures—the way he throws over his left shoulder the long military cloak he generally wears—might have been studied at the Lyceum.

When about four-and-twenty Prince

Ludwig fell violently in love with a beautiful young actress who had just taken the world by storm, and insisted upon marrying her. But this could not be done without a terrible battle, for a hundred petty restrictions hem in the liberty of German princes; and although his father took no active steps to prevent the marriage, the King of Bavaria, his grandfather, opposed it most vehemently, and even the Emperor Joseph, in whom one might have thought the Prince would have found a stout ally, turned traitor, and declared one love-match in a family was enough.

But threats and entreaties were alike powerless to turn Prince Ludwig from his course; even the declaration that if he persisted he would forfeit his *majorat* failed to move him, and in 1857, in order that he might be able to marry the woman he loved so passionately, he cheerfully surrendered all his rights and allowed his younger brother, Karl Theodor (who did so most reluctantly and only under strong compulsion), to take his place as future head of the family.

The marriage seems to have proved a singularly happy one; to this day the Prince's manner to his wife, the Baroness von Wallersee, as she is styled, is more that of a lover than a middle-aged married man. She, too, unlike the generality of her profession, is a model wife, with a perfect genius for diffusing brightness and happiness around her. They have no children, and live for the greater part of the year in a simple suite of apartments at Bad-Kreuth—that strange anomaly, a lucrative business combined with a most generous charity—over which Prince Ludwig presides, a royally courteous and kindly host.

Bad-Kreuth, perhaps the most ancient of the Alpine health-resorts, consists of some half-dozen houses built by the side of a spring of mineral water, on an elevated plateau on the north-western side of the Hohlenstein, one of the higher Alps that form the boundary between Bavaria and the Tyrol. In 754 A.D. the Burgundian Princes Adalbert and Otkar presented the valley of the Weissach, in which it lies, to the Benedictine monks of Tegern, who were not long in discovering that the water in their new domain possessed strange, if not miraculous, qualities. They built a bath-house

at Kreuth to which they used to send the invalids of their order. This building was accidentally burned down in 1627, but a new one, larger and more commodious, replaced it; and the old monastic chronicle relates that in 1707 Abbot Quirinus IV. further enlarged the baths, built a chapel, "and furnished these valuable healing-waters with special conveniences for his folks." When, in 1803, the Benedictine Order at Tegern was suppressed, Bad-Kreuth passed into the hands of a farmer, who thought more of its fertile soil than of its healing-waters. Ten years later, however, King Max of Bavaria bought the land and laid the foundation of the present establishment. At his death it passed into the hands of his widow, Queen Caroline, from her to her son, and then to her grandson, Karl Theodor. But although he, as Duke in Bavaria, is the owner of Kreuth, the real moving spirit of the institution is his brother Prince Ludwig.

The whole of Bad-Kreuth—houses, spring, land, and everything you can see for miles around—belongs to the ducal family. The servants are theirs, and the entire management of the establishment is more or less under their immediate superintendence. For three months in the year—June, July, and August—Kreuth is simply a health-resort for Southern Germans, who engage their rooms, give their orders, and pay their bills as in any other hotel. These are the paying guests, and this is the Prince's harvest-time; for, as he is his own butcher, brewer, dairyman, and baker, after defraying all expenses a handsome surplus must remain to him. He does not profess that during these months his terms are lower than those of other hotels; the visitors are in the midst of exquisite scenery, have comfortable rooms, and are provided with dainty food: for these advantages they must pay; and it is only fair to add that for the additional luxury—the halo of royalty that is cast around them—they are not charged. During May and September the Duke will have none of these paying guests, but fills his house with what he calls his "friends," that is, with the people found everywhere, but nowhere in such quantities as in Germany—those who are too proud to ask

for charity and who yet stand sorely in need of a little help. Officers who have nothing but their pay to depend upon, university students trying to combine teaching and learning, poor professors, struggling literary men, artists who have got their way to make, failures of every shape and sort, all make their way to Kreuth. For two months in the year there are between two and three hundred of these visitors at the hotel, where they are all housed, tended, and fed as carefully as the wealthiest guests, and that, too, without it costing them one penny. Nor is it only at this time that the Prince's "friends" are to be found at Kreuth; if, at the height of the season, a room is left vacant, some poor invalid is invited to occupy it, and you would never guess from the manner of the host or his servants that the new arrival was not a millionaire.

Kreuth hospitality does not even end here. There is one unpretentious house, standing a little apart from the rest, that is called *Das Könighaus*, and is reserved for the use of the royal family; but as the Bavarian princes never live in it they have made it into a kind of house of refuge for those poor little German princes and nobles, with their long pedigrees and empty purses, to whom an outing gratis is as welcome a boon as to their more plebeian fellows. Occasionally real kings and queens, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the marvellous purity of the air, spend a few weeks in *Das Könighaus*. The Empress of Austria and her youngest daughter are staying there now. During the summer I spent at Kreuth the King of Württemberg, the ex-Queen of Naples, the Princess Frederica of Hanover (who was entered in the list as Princess of Great Britain), and a score of other "royalties" were there; but they seemed to have cast aside all thought of etiquette or rank, and mingled with the other guests on terms of the most friendly equality. The scarlet coat of the Princess Frederica's one attendant was the only sign of royalty I detected. To one and all, whether paying guest, royal visitor, or "friend," Prince Ludwig's manner is the same—that of a friendly, courteous host. He has the true royal gift of never forgetting a face or a name, and as he walks on the long

covered terrace or in the grounds no one is overlooked ; he has a kindly greeting, a sympathetic inquiry, a pleasant word, for each in turn.

It is strange that Bad-Kreuth should be so little known to English travellers, for it is certainly one of the most lovely of the Alpine health-resorts ; and although, fortunately for those who stay there, it is off the tourists' highway, it is easy of access. The railway journey from Munich to Gmund, on the Tegern-See, takes less than two hours, and Bad-Kreuth lies some eight miles beyond.

From Tegern-See, a large beautiful lake surrounded by tiny villages, the road winds up the valley of the Weissach, a river, or rather a raging, tearing torrent, which starts on its course high up in the Alps beyond Kreuth, and is soon joined by two other mountain streams—the Gerlosbach and the Klam-bach—which come dashing down the rocks, forming a thousand cascades, fountains, and waterfalls on their way ; the three rush on together, always meeting other streams and dragging them along in their own wild race until they all reach the Tegern-See. The rugged heights of the Blaubeurg shut in the valley on the south ; on the east are the Walberg, Setzberg, and Rossstein—lofty forest-covered mountains ; while on the west, the great conical Leonhardstein towers above the Raheck and the Hirschberg. At the head of the valley, standing as it were under the shadow of the Blaubeurg, is the Hohlenstein, which on its north-western side, at an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, forms a terrace-like projection, so regular in form that at a first glance it seems impossible it should be the unaided work of nature. On this terrace is the sulphur-well to which the little health-resort owes its origin.

Bad-Kreuth lies in the region of meadows where the beech, birch, ash, silver fir, and pine flourish ; the forests around being almost impenetrable from the Alpine honeysuckle and other shrubs that cling to the ground. A thousand feet higher, however, few trees are to be found with the exception of firs and pines, and soon even these become stunted and meagre, and the gray barren mountains are left without cover. It is curious how color seems to vary with height. In the villages around Tegern-

See the flowers are quite startling from their brilliancy ; the huge beds of scarlet geraniums and pinks at Egern are almost overpowering on a hot summer day ; but as you advance up the valley you soon lose sight of these, and their place is taken by the columbine, yellow violet, campanula, orchid, and fern, all of delicate coloring ; and these in their turn must make way for the gentian-yellow, violet, and blue Alpine rose, nigritella, mountain forget-me-not, and yellow auricula ; while in the higher crevices of the rocks, maidenhair and edelweiss flourish. Nor is the fauna of the Weissach Valley less varied than its flora. Although the bear and lynx are now unknown there, half a century ago it was one of their favorite haunts ; it is still no unusual sight, while breakfasting at Kreuth, to see a herd of chamois grazing on the Grüneck, and after night-fall stags and red deer may often be encountered in the woods ; legends speak, too, of the golden eagles that are there, but it was not my luck to see them.

For the restless—those unhappy beings whose only conception of bliss is movement—Kreuth has another charm : it is a perfectly ideal centre for excursions. Not half a mile from the hotel is the highway from Bavaria into the Tyrol, from which roads and paths of every description branch off in all directions. The Tyroler road itself is well made and well kept, and passes through scenes of marvellous beauty. On this road, about seven miles from Kreuth, is the little hamlet of Glashütte, only a church and a few cottages now, but 800 years ago a flourishing industrial settlement. It was here that the good monks of Tegern had their glass-manufactory—perhaps the first in Germany—and the old chronicle says that “ by the year 1005 their skilful hands could not execute all the orders they received. The Grosse Wolfschlucht, where the valley ends abruptly in an immense gloomy cavern, and the Kleine Wolfschlucht, a less majestic but more picturesque ravine, both offer charming expeditions. The Langenau, a lovely little valley that winds round the foot of the Hohlenstein ; the Kaiserklause, where on St. Bartholomew's Day the peasants, in their picturesque costumes, with zithers in their hands, hold their dances ; and

Tegern, with its old Benedictine abbey, are all within easy distances. A drive of thirteen miles brings you to Archen-see, the largest lake in Northern Tyrol, in the midst of the wildest and most romantic scenery. After the bright flowers and green fields of Tegern, Archensee, with all its beauty, is certainly depressing. The high mountains which, rising sheer from the water-edge, tower above the lake seem to have a lowering, sinister aspect, as if the deities who dwell there view humanity with little favor. The heights, too, are hard and barren, and have lost those fantastic curves, points, and crevices which give such endless variety to the Hohlenstein and its neighbors.

Geisalp, Blaumberg, Königsalp, Schil-denstein, Halserspitze, Risserkogel, may all be ascended from Kreuth; but perhaps the finest panorama is obtained from the top of the Schinderberg, a mountain lying rather to the east. From there you see in the far distance the mountains of Salzburg and Styria, the

Gletscher Range, and the snow-covered Gross Glockner; near at hand the Blaumberg, with its surface all worn and furrowed by the force of the rushing torrents that spring from its side, and the Allgäuer Alps, stretching up their heads above their neighbors; then, between the Leonhardstein and the Rossstein, is the Schwarzenbach-Thal, with the lovely Schwarze Tenne elm, and the valley in which the Weissach winds and twists as if in no hurry to reach the silvery Tegern. On all sides lofty mountains towering above forest-covered hills, shady valleys, barren peaks, foaming rivers, silvery streams, and tiny lakelets reflecting dark firs and pines: all these combine to render the view unequalled for variety and beauty.

As to all these natural beauties is added the attraction of a cordial royal welcome, and the chance of studying an interesting eleemosynary experiment, surely Bad-Kreuth is well worth a visit.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS.

A HUNDRED years, and still more a century, sounds like a wide gap between past and present; yet many middle-aged persons now live who have seen and conversed with men and women who were playing an active part in 1788. Only in July this year there died in County Meath one John M'Donnell at the age of a hundred and twelve. He was in 1788 twelve years old, and may in his childhood, for all we know, have seen and talked to retired soldiers who had fought under the great Duke of Marlborough, or men and women to whom Dean Swift had been a master, an acquaintance, or a customer. Yet 1788 seems from the point of view of changes, and looked back at through the vista of important events which have occurred in the interval between then and now, very remote indeed.

In that year the preliminary growling of the storm which was to burst over France in a few months' time was already making itself heard. Voltaire

had died only eight years previously; Madame Dubarry was scarcely a middle-aged woman; a few old men and women who had basked in the sunshine of Louis XIV.'s Court still survived; Napoleon was a second lieutenant in garrison at Ausonne, and spelling his name Buonaparte; Catherine of Russia was astonishing the world alike with her gross dissoluteness and her remarkable political abilities; Poland had only undergone her first partition, and was still shown on the map of Europe as a skeleton kingdom; Frederick the Great had expired, full of years, glory, and cynicism, in 1786; his rival and foe, Maria Theresa, had died five years before, happily unsuspecting of the terrible sufferings so soon to be showered on the head of her favorite daughter; Holland was still a republic, and Belgium an appanage of Austria; while in the New World Washington was within a year of becoming first President of the United States of America.

Turning to our own country, we find that in 1788 Prince Charles Edward closed his discreditable life in Italy, leaving behind him many Scotchmen who had fought with him at Culloden; Pitt was Prime Minister; Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were in the height of their fame; Sir Philip Frances was a member of Parliament, and constantly repelling any attempt to extract from him an admission that he was the author of the letters of Junius; his great enemy, Warren Hastings, was impeached this year, his trial lingering on till 1795, and ending in an acquittal; George III., after a visit to Cheltenham for the benefit of his health, was attacked toward the close of the year by one of those intermittent illnesses which at length developed into incurable lunacy; Bath was still a place of fashionable resort, though Cheltenham had drawn off some of its accustomed visitors; Fanny Burney, better known as Madame d'Arblay, the authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* had been two years leading the miserable life of one of the keepers of the Queen's wardrobe, a slavery so piteously described in her memoirs. In connection with the Court, we may mention that in the *Annual Register* among the promotions and appointments of the year is to be found the appointment of the Hon. Anne Boscawen, previously maid of honor to the Queen, to the post of seamstress and laundress to her Majesty, vice the Hon. Miss Chetwynd, deceased.

In this year Byron was born in Holles Street, and Gainsborough and Mrs. Delany died. Gibbon brought out his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Horace Walpole was pursuing his *dilettante* career alternately at 11 Berkeley Square and Strawberry Hill. Mrs. Barbauld was living at Hampstead, where her husband received a few pupils, while she occupied herself in writing books for children. Boswell was ostensibly practising at the English bar, but was really devoting most of his time to the preparation of his *Life of Johnson*. Gainsborough died, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was President of the Royal Academy, and had several years of life and painting before him. Beethoven was studying at Vienna, and this year was fairly well. Mozart was at the height of his

fame, and had only the year before produced *Don Giovanni*. Both Beethoven and Mozart had it is true nothing to do with England, but their works belong to the whole civilized world. Haydn, also a German, was in 1788 at the zenith of his reputation, and was destined to come to London three years later. To return to England, Dr. Abernethy was then, at the age of twenty-four years, lecturer in anatomy and surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Hunter was surgeon of St. George's Hospital; and Jenner, practising as surgeon and apothecary at his native village of Berkeley, was working out his theory of vaccination. He could not, however, succeed in winning the confidence of either the profession or the public till some years later. The substitute for vaccination was in 1788 inoculation, which had been introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montague some sixty years previously, and so little was it appreciated, or so ineffectual did it prove, that at the time of which we write out of every hundred persons several bore disfiguring marks of small-pox. Among poets, Walter Scott was nominally articled to his father, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but really spending most of his time in excursions to the Highlands and the borders, collecting unconsciously material for the numerous works which he afterward published. Cowper's pen was busy, and he had already attained considerable reputation, and though Crabbe's muse was silent at this time, his *Village*, published five years previously, had attracted attention and won him a literary position. Burns was farming, writing poetry, and looking after smugglers. Flaxman the sculptor was studying in Italy. Of actors, Kemble was acting at Drury Lane, as was also Mrs. Siddons.

The navy in 1788 had more recent victories to boast of than the army, and many distinguished admirals were still living. Captain Nelson, having just returned from the West Indies and being on half-pay, spent the year in London, Bath, Exmouth, and Barnham. Lord Howe was attending his duties in the House of Lords. Sir John Jervis was during an interval of life on shore sitting as M.P. Captain Pellew, afterward Lord Exmouth, was cruising off the

coast of Newfoundland. Lord Hood was one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

The army numbered only 40,000 men, and was without a commander-in-chief, all orders being issued by the Adjutant-General as the direct mouthpiece of the King or by the Secretary of War. A glance at the *Army List* of that year is interesting. I find the Hon. Arthur Wellesley entered as junior lieutenant but one of the 41st regiment, and know from other sources that the future victor of Waterloo was at that time acting as A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and noted for his boisterous sports and love of mischief. The Prince of Wales was colonel of the 10th Hussars. The Duke of York—Bishop of Osnaburg—was a major-general. The rank of captain-lieutenant still existed, as did also that of regimental chaplain. By the way, I may here mention that when chaplains were first appointed to regiments it was hoped that their good example would tend to improve the morals of the officers and men. Experience, however, showed that the chaplains themselves became demoralized, and it is on record that, some time in the eighteenth century, the chaplain of Bland's Dragoons fought a duel with a brother officer and killed his antagonist. To return to the *Army List* of 1788. Some colonels of regiments are shown as colonels in the army; others were major-generals, lieutenant-generals, or generals. There were no field-m Marshals. The senior major's commission bore date 1745. Some of these may presumably have served under Marlborough. There were four half-pay officers who had belonged to regiments disbanded in 1712 and 1713. In contradistinction to these aged officers the army was full of commissioned children, for it was by no means uncommon in those days to find officers in the nursery whose promotion went on while at school. A still more remarkable instance of the laxity and corruption of those days is afforded by the appointment of Miss Lepel—afterward Lady Hervey—as cornet of horse. The company officers had only laid aside spon-toons two years previously. Cocked hats were the general head-covering of the infantry. The men of all ranks had their hair powdered and tied in a queue

behind. Breeches and black gaiters, with coats open from the top button and showing a waistcoat, were worn; also a gorget, an indication of an officer being on duty. Apropos of the gorget, I have heard from my father, who entered the Scots Guards in 1813, and who probably heard it from some one who joined the same regiment in 1778, that when an officer wanted his guard taken it was the practice for him to place his gorget and sash, with a guinea on the latter, on the table of the coffee-house which they frequented before the establishment of the Guards Club. Whoever was willing to take the guard, took the gorget, sash, and guinea. The coffee-house in question must have been the St. James's Coffee-house—burned down in 1813—which stood at the south-west corner of St. James's Street. The officers of the Guards on guard dined and breakfasted there till 1793, when a royal warrant was issued directing that a table should be kept for them at the public expense. The pay of officers was much lower than it is at present, and that of the men was about half the existing rate. A certain number of the men of the Guards were allowed to work at their trades, only appearing in uniform on muster days or other special occasions. Down also to the reign of William IV. a certain proportion were permitted to work at coal-heaving. The Guards were, when in London, for the most part billeted, the only barracks being at the Tower, Somerset House, at Knights-bridge, and Portman Street, formerly the quarters of the Horse Grenadier Guards. In addition, a detachment was quartered at the Horse Guards. This year was notable for the conversion of the two troops of Horse Guards into the 1st and 2d Regiments of Life Guards. I may remark that at this period regiments were sometimes kept in the same foreign station for an inordinate number of years; one regiment actually served in the same colony for fifty years; and even so late as the reign of George IV. there was a regiment in India which had been twenty-three years in that country. Before quitting the subject of the army I may mention, as showing how far back two lives may take us, that a lady, the daughter of one of King William III.'s officers, was

born at Ghent in 1696 and died in 1788 in Ireland; this lady, it is quite within the bounds of possibility, may have been seen by M'Donnell who, as I mentioned at the beginning of the article, died last July in Meath at the age of 112 years. I will wind up my mention of the celebrated persons living in 1788 by saying that among lawyers Lord Thurlow was Lord Chancellor; Sir John Scott, afterward Lord Eldon, Solicitor-General; and Erskine, who began his career as an officer of the Royal Scots, was rapidly rising in his new profession.

One of the most memorable events of the year was the birth of the *Times* newspaper, or rather the assumption of that title by the *London Daily Universal Register*, which had been started three years previously. Among the events chronicled by one or the other of these papers were the following, illustrative of the stern severity of the law in those days. On the 14th January five pirates were hanged at Execution Dock. On the previous day, at the conclusion of the sessions at the Old Bailey, nine prisoners were sentenced to death, twenty to transportation, six to be whipped and hard labor in the House of Correction, two to imprisonment in Newgate, four to be publicly whipped, while nineteen were "discharged by proclamation." On the 16th of the same month a man was hanged at Newgate for sheep-stealing. Under the head of amusements may be mentioned a match at cricket between the gentlemen of Hampshire and Kent on the one side, and all England on the other. The former won, says the *Annual Register*, by "twenty-four notches."

A more brutal sport was that of prize-fighting, which was patronized by the highest in rank, and was deemed to contribute much to the manliness of the nation—and perhaps it did. In the year under review there was a fight on Brighton race-course in which one of the combatants was killed on the spot. The Prince of Wales, who spent much of his time at Brighthelmstowe—the new watering-place which he had helped to bring into fashion—with his morganatic wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, was present at the fight, and was so shocked at the result that he declared that he would never

be present at one again. Whether he kept his word or not I do not know. He certainly was not much given that way. Rough indeed and brutal were those times, for bear-baiting and even sword-fights, the charm of which consisted in the dangerous wounds and mutilations of the players, were still patronized by a large number of people, and by some of high social position. Among the more refined amusements of Londoners may be mentioned the masquerades at the Pantheon, and attendance at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Almack's had also been started, and admission to it was soon so difficult that a ticket from a lady patroness was considered an unmistakable proof of position and fashion. The theatres were also largely attended, Drury Lane being the most frequented. Of clubs, the principal establishments in existence were Brooks's, White's, Boodle's, and Daubigne's. There were in addition a certain number of other clubs instituted for the purpose of dining, which purpose they carried out at one or the other of the principal coffee-houses.

The habits of the upper classes were very dissolute, gentlemen spending entire nights and days in gambling and drinking so heavily that they were often unfit to join the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. A two-bottle man was common, and a three-bottle man not rare. So general was the practice of drinking that even statesmen of the front rank would enter the Houses of Parliament fuddled with strong port, the fashionable wine of the day. Some hosts had bottles with round bottoms, so that they could not be set down and had to be continually kept in circulation. It is related of Sheridan that, being found in the streets in the early hour of the morning thoroughly drunk, a watchman asked him his name, on which with humorous malice he stammered out "Wilberforce." In Scotland heavy drinking was universal, especially at funerals, and in some houses it was the regular thing to have servants at hand in order to carry fallen toppers up to their rooms and remove their neckcloths. To sip a glass of wine was considered effeminate, and a guest was thought ill of if he did not empty his glass at a draught. It was indeed con-

sidered complimentary to say of any one that he "took his liquor like a man." The custom of drinking toasts and taking wine with each other greatly increased the consumption of wine. Another cause of excessive drinking was that a gentleman dining at a chop-house or inn—and there were few clubs—was expected, whether he wanted it or not, to order a bottle of wine "for the good of the house." The army naturally indulged in the drinking so prevalent in society, common to all professions, and indeed to all classes. A caricature—by Gilray, I think—entitled "Loyal Souls," represents the dinner on guard at St. James's, and represents three present drinking, in various stages of drunkenness, "the King." This habit was even carried on to the field. The late Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere used to relate that in the campaign in Flanders, 1793-4, the Duke of York and the headquarters staff, though in presence of the enemy, got drunk every night, and were carried by their servants to their respective tents. I myself have heard from my father that at the dinner on guard at St. James's the officers used about this time to sit drinking till three A.M., and in order to be able with a clear conscience (?) to certify that they had been their rounds, they used to get up and walk solemnly round their chairs. The navy was in this respect nearly as bad as the army.

As to the dinner hours prevailing in London, some idea may be gathered on this point from the regulations of White's. In those drawn up in 1780 it is laid down that a dinner was to be on the table every afternoon during the sitting of Parliament at five P.M. In the regulations of 1797 the hour is given as six P.M.

The difficulties and expense of travelling, which by the upper classes was accomplished either in stage-coaches, post-chaises, or private carriages horsed by post horses, were so great, that a large number of noblemen and country gentlemen spent as a rule most of their lives on their estates, only going to London occasionally. If tired of home they would take a trip to the nearest watering-place. Many noblemen also had a town house not in London but in the town nearest to their estates.

The dress of the upper classes deserves some notice, for the year 1788 may be taken as dividing the old picturesque garb which indicated the wearer's position in society, and the sombre modern costume which as regards pattern and material places a duke and a shopkeeper's clerk, a duchess and a milliner's girl, on the same level.

Umbrellas were only just beginning to come into fashion, swords were still worn by some gentlemen as part of their attire when in full dress, and stars were carried by those who possessed them as emblems of their position. Wigs had gone out of fashion, but the hair was powdered and in men tied in queue. The writer of this remembers, not quite half a century ago, seeing his grandfather, who was the last man in England who wore his hair in that fashion. About this time there was a transition from long to short waistcoats. The coats were long-tailed with large rolling collars and huge buttons. The color of the coat was blue, brown, or green; the breeches were tight buckskin, and the boots were like Hessians with the points behind. The hat had a low crown, a broad brim, and a band with a buckle. In the evening the costume resembled that worn by civilians now at levees. The ladies wore their hair powdered, frizzed, and hanging down the back of the neck, hats with immense circumference of brim, the latter being turned up front and back into a semicircle. The crowns were flat, plumes of feathers were worn, and the hat was tied under the chin with ribbon. The waists of the dress were becoming short and high heels were being discarded.

The means of going from one part of the town to another were clumsy, rattling, hackney coaches, or sedans. The latter were occasionally used as lately as half a century ago, especially in Dublin and watering-places, as the writer can assert from his own knowledge. The streets were badly lit by oil lamps, and imperfectly guarded by watchmen called "Charlies," who used on their rounds to call out the hour of the night and the state of the weather. With bad lighting and inefficient police it is not surprising that highway robberies, common in the country, also took place in London itself. In 1780 the Prince of Wales was

robbed by a footpad on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square one night; and in 1786 a post-chaise was actually robbed in Pall Mall within call of the guard at St. James's. Even a walk or drive to Kensington or Chelsea, both country villages at that time, was not undertaken without fear of highwaymen or footpads. How little connection with London these places had is proved by the fact that some persons living in the above places had never been in London. London on the west may at that time be said to have ended with Grosvenor Place. St. George's Hospital in 1734 was established at Lord Lanesborough's house. This was in Anne's time reckoned a country residence, and a picture taken in 1746 shows that it had even then, as it were, one leg in the country, for it is represented as standing in the middle of a large open space. At the cross roads, either there or where Vauxhall Bridge Road now joins Buckingham Palace Road, the bodies of those who committed suicide were buried with stakes thrust through them, and this practice lasted till the reign of George IV. The "Pillars of Hercules" public-house was still standing close to Hyde Park Corner in 1788. It was well known in its day, and is mentioned by Fielding in *Tom Jones*. At this spot stood, and remained till 1825, the turnpike gate which had been moved from the end of Berkeley Street in 1722. Hyde Park was then only slightly fringed by houses on the Park Lane—once known as Tyburn Lane—side. It was enclosed by a brick wall, and much frequented by fashionable people in carriage, on horseback, or on foot. It was still occasionally used as a place for duels, though these were beginning to be more often fought at Chalk Farm, Wimbledon, Battersea, and the rural spot to the west of Holland House. Here in 1770 Lord Thurlow, then Mr. Scott, fought a duel in Hyde Park with Mr. Andrew Stuart. In 1783 Colonel Cosmo Gordon, 3d Guards, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas, 1st Guards, fought a duel in Hyde Park. They fired two shots each, the first time without effect, but the second time Colonel Gordon, the challenger, was hit in the hip, while Colonel Thomas received a mortal wound in the body. Colonel Gordon

was tried for murder, but got off on a legal quibble. Other deeds of blood were perpetrated in Hyde Park, for in an old map is marked a spot, close to the Marble Arch and opposite Tyburn Gate, "where soldiers are shot." I have seen in an old order book of the Scots Guards, "the battalion will parade in Hyde Park at — o'clock to witness the execution of a deserter." I have not the book by me, but am convinced from certain circumstances that the date must have been after 1778. Some 150 yards on the Bayswater side of the Marble Arch stands a stone inscribed "Here Tyburn stood." At this celebrated place of execution criminals were hanged up to within five or six years of 1788. Oxford Street, better known only a few years previously as the Oxford Road, was continued by the Bayswater Road, which was entirely in the country. Indeed, I have heard my father say that he has hunted over the ground where Notting Hill now stands. This must have been about 1820, or perhaps a couple of years earlier or later. Returning to the other side of the Park, I find that Grosvenor Place was built in 1767. To the west of it there was nothing but fields, for Belgrave Square was not built till 1814, and Eaton Square till 1827. Regent Street was not built till 1814, there being up to then no broad communication from the east end of Piccadilly to Oxford Street save by Windmill Street, which started from the top of the Haymarket in a diagonal direction, meeting Oxford Street to the west of Oxford Circus.

The site of Regent Street had only in 1778 been recently built over, for old General Oglethorpe, who died in 1780, used to boast that he had shot woodcock there in the earlier part of the century. The fashionable part of London was no doubt the neighborhood of St. James's and Mayfair. Many people of position still inhabited, however, Bloomsbury and Bedford Square and the neighboring streets. Lord Mansfield we know lived in Bloomsbury Square in 1780. Temple Bar had been surmounted only a very few years previously with the skulls of rebels. It is by the way singular that as early as 1788 objection was taken to the existence of Temple Bar, for on the 29th of Septem-

ber of that year a Mr. Pickett, at a meeting of the Common Council, wished to move a resolution for the destruction

of the gate, but was not fortunate enough to find a seconder.—*Fortnightly Review*.

KING OLAF TRYGGVISSON.

AMONG the pictured windows of the Town Hall of Lerwick, which represent the chief historic figures of the Norse period of the ancient Earldom of Orkney and Shetland, there is one in which a crowned king and queen appear standing side by side; in the background of the kingly figure, a dog lies at his master's feet—a dog famed in story. The king is Olaf of Norway—first of that name: the queen is his wife Thyri; the dog is King Olaf's hound "Vigi"—a great wolf-hound whom his master got in Ireland when on a war cruise there. And these three, once for a brief space, companions together amid many changes and chances—bound together in the bundle of this brief earthly life, had it also appointed to them that even in death they were not divided.

This King Olaf, generally known as Olaf Tryggvisson, to distinguish him from the other Olaf who lived a generation later, and who is best known as Saint Olaf, or Olaf Haraldsson, was king of Norway in the very end of the tenth century. His reign began in 995, and closed in the year 1000, in a strange and tragic way, whereof much has been written in the old Northern chronicles; his whole term as king was thus only five years, but they were eventful ones in Norse history, and bore much fruit, not only in the merely local field of the North, but in European politics generally.

Carlyle calls him "a magnificent, far-shining man;" and again he says: "strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifullest man in body and soul that one has ever heard of in the North." While the latest writers and authorities on Northern matters, the editors of the *Corpus Boreale*, recently issued by the Clarendon Press, say:

"The greatest of all the Northern kings, his life is an episode of exceeding interest. Coming out of the darkness, he reigns for five short years, during which he accomplishes his great

design, the Christianizing Norway and all her colonies; and then in the height of his glory, with the halo of holiness and heroism undimmed on his head, he vanishes again. But his works do not perish with him. He had done his work, and though maybe his ideal of a great Christian Empire on the Baltic was unfulfilled, he had single-handed wrought the deepest change that has ever affected Norway. His noble presence brightens the Sagas whenever it appears, like a ray of sunshine gleaming across the dark shadowy depths of a Northern firth. All bear witness to the wonderful charm which his personality exercised over all that were near him, so that like the holy King Lewis (who, however, falls short of Olaf) he was felt to be an unearthly, superhuman being by those who knew him. His singular beauty, his lofty stature, golden hair and peerless skill in bodily feats, made him the typical Norseman of the old heroic times, a model king." *

King Olaf Tryggvisson was of the blood-royal of Norway, being great-grandson of King Harald Fairhair, to whose crown, in course of time, he succeeded. Harald Fairhair was the first king of Norway. He took in hand the building up of the country into one realm under one head; the establishing of order and of public law. Before his time, the land was under separate local chiefs or kinglets, each of whom did what was right in his own eyes and wrong in those of his neighbors', and constant civil war was the rule. Harald subjugated them all, forced them to own him as Sovereign head; followed up the Vikings who resisted him across the Western sea to Orkney, Shetland, Faroe; brought these lands under his sway, and settled some form of government in each group of islands. Of the Northern Earldom, the story is told in the Orkney Saga, whence it has been copied into all the subsequent local histories and guide-books, how King Harald gave his friend Rognvald (another William to another Bismarck) the Earldom of Orkney and Shetland, and how from that famous Earl all the Norman dukes and Queen Victoria herself is

* *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, vol. ii. 83.

lineally descended. King Harald died about the year 940, aged eighty-three, leaving Norway one realm but still heathen. Christianity had not yet penetrated into the North. Old King Harald's life-task was the building up of Norway into one State; it was the long task of his children's children to turn it from Norse Paganism to be a Christian land. He himself lived and died heathen.

But even in the old king's times, the sound of the coming change in creed, laws, and customs was heard all over the North. His son Hakon, surnamed the Good, became Christian, and set himself in earnest to root out the old faith and bring in a newer and better; but he had unheard-of difficulties and opposition to encounter, and for generations the new creed seemed to make but little headway. Yet the new was growing, the old decaying steadily all the while, as is the way in this world.

We have a certain difficulty in realizing how it was that our forefathers should have hesitated to receive the Christian faith, or how they cared to cling to the old heathenism. We ourselves are saturated with Christian influences; we are the product of hundreds of years of constantly accumulating Christian tendencies; we see all things through an atmosphere into which we were born, and of which we cannot divest ourselves. The ancient ways of thought of our own race are as strange and foreign to us as if we were of another planet. What in their eyes was lawful and praiseworthy, seems horrible and even incredible to us: their fierce cruelty, their savage customs, their entire ignoring of what we regard as self-evident things—all these strike us as incomprehensible. That only a few hundred years ago our own race should have slain men in cold blood, without pity and without remorse, offered human sacrifice as a customary rite, tortured their prisoners in war, exposed new-born children to perish, and treated their slaves more cruelly than the worst of men now would treat a dog—seems, indeed, strange to us. Not that wicked and cruel things are not done yet every day in Christian lands, but the difference is that *then* they were approved by public conscience and by common law;

now *they* are done against law, and shock conscience.

We have a vivid account of one Parliamentary debate in which King Hakon's new reforming schemes were voted down by the old Conservative constitutional party of the day, which had more than one leader equal to the occasion. This glimpse into a stormy scene of the tenth century is worth taking. It was at a Thing held in the Thronhjelm district, that King Hakon made a speech to the people, signifying that now the time was come for the putting away of all heathen customs, and that all Bonder should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary—renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labor that day, devoting it to fasting and sacred meditation. When the king had finished, there arose by way of answer a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labor!" they murmured in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand laborers and the slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money."

At length, one Osbjörn, of Medalhusin Gulathal, stepped forward and said in a distinct manner:—

"We Bonder thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Thronhjelm, and we took thee for our king, and received our odal lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now, we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith too has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land and speak as their voice to us all. And even now, it is our will and the vote of all Bonder to keep that pactum which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonder, who are here upon the Thing, has life left;

provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonder have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse."

Whereupon, adds the chronicle, all the Bonder raised a mighty shout: "Yes, we will have it so, as has been said." *

Thus were King Hakon's proposals met by the stanch old heathen, and for long repulsed. Even when at length Christianity triumphed, and was "brought into the law," as the phrase was; by an unlucky chance, bad seasons set in over Norway: year after year there was scarcity, even famine, and great murmurings arose. "See what you have brought upon us, with your new-fangled notions," said the folk all over the North; "the gods whom you rejected have now rejected us, and are punishing us for our wickedness." We can judge how hearty would be the allegiance to the new creed, when such beliefs were common. Although, for form's sake, there was an outward compliance with Christian creed and ritual—doubtless for generations, the old heathen rites were diligently practised and more trusted in than all the observances of the Church. The eating of horseflesh, the Yule customs, the practice of charms and divinations, and the faith in sorcery long survived, deeply rooted in the public consciousness.

As the life-task of King Harald Fairhair was the building up of Norway, so that of King Olaf was the consolidation of it, and, above all, the Christianizing of the whole North. The royal race of Norway produced capable men: they never wanted a man to stand before them. But of them all the greatest was King Olaf. His designs were vast and far-reaching. He planned a great Christian Empire of the North, in which the Baltic was to be a lake, and all Europe was to be brought under its sway. He had dreams which, seven hundred years afterward, the great Gustav Adolf of Sweden still shared: dreams which led

him to be the chief captain of Europe. King Olaf was but a young man when, in his thirty-second year, his brief course ended:

"Short day and long remembrance,"

his appropriate epitaph!

Within the few years of his manhood and reign, great events were crowded, and of him especially, among the heroic figures of the North, it can be said that his memory

"will live alone, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night."

Surely no one of princely birth had a more checkered career, and one so full of rapid incident. Of the kingly race, as has been said, his father, a grandson of Harald Fairhair, was slain in one of those civil broils which were perpetual. His mother Astrid, accompanied by her foster-father, Thorolf, had to flee for her life. Three months afterward she gave birth to a boy, whom she named after her grandfather Olaf: the boy was born on a holm in a lake, where for some months, according to the legend, they lay concealed. Then Astrid made her way to Sweden, and was there two years; thence she journeyed for refuge with her brother Sigurd Erikson in Gardariki, what we now call Russia; but on the way they were attacked by Vikings, who slew the king's foster-father, and sold her and her boy for slaves. Olaf was bought for a "good big goat;" a man from Esthonia bought him next for "a good cloak," and with this man the boy lived six years. His master was kind to him, and loved the child greatly. Already that wonderful personality, which afterward attracted all who came under its influence, made itself felt. Now, says the Saga, it chanced that Sigurd Erikson came to Esthonia to collect the skat, and one day rode with his men to the gaard where Olaf was. The boy was outside playing with some others, and when he saw the strangers ride into the gaard, he went toward them, as the son of a king should do, and greeted the leader. Sigurd saw at once that the boy was a stranger: he greeted him in return, and asked of his name and race. "I am called Olaf," answered he; "of Norway is my race, and there was I born; my father was

* Carlyle's *Early Kings of Norway*.

King Tryggvi Olafsson, and my mother is Astrid Erik's daughter." Then Sigurd recognized Olaf as his sister's son, bought the boy, and took him to Gardarike. Olaf was then nine years old.

In Russia he remained and had his training until he was eighteen. The universal voice of Saga and tradition describes him as surpassingly handsome. Tall and powerfully made, golden-haired, beautifully and carefully dressed; skilled in every manly exercise, he could swim, run, skate swifter than any man. His winning manner, his wit and humor, his gifts as a ready and eloquent speaker, all contribute to complete a picture of a leader of men. No doubt the natural tendency to exaggerate the accomplishments of one loved and admired as he was, has to be allowed for; but there can be no doubt of the strange charm which King Olaf's presence seems to have had. "Hardly any king," says Snorro, "was ever so well obeyed; by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread."

In his eighteenth year he went out into the greater world as a Vik-ing—the then recognized profession of a princely Norseman. He soon showed such qualities of a war-captain, that he drew around him the chosen champions of the North; the Sagas say no such crews were before or since as King Olaf manned his ships with. He cruised all over the coasts of Northern Europe, and along the shores of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Hebrides. Once at the Scilly Isles he rested, and there fell in with some strange Christian monk or hermit whom he had the curiosity to seek out, examine, question and discourse with. There, it is said, Olaf received Christian baptism from this hermit; but the story is involved in mystery and miracle, and the certainty of it not easily attained. Thereafter Olaf made alliance with King Sweyn of Denmark for a joint invasion of England, and for a year or more was engaged in that attempt. In 990, they sailed up the Thames with 300 ships and assaulted London, but the venture failed with great loss to the Danes, and the two kings turned aside and went all over the south of England; Kent, Hampshire, Sussex were ravaged until the English

king, Ethelred, bought them off with the yearly tribute known as the Danegelt. Ultimately, Sweyn subdued England and founded the Danish dynasty, which produced a brief term of strict government there. For about two years, Olaf—still not king of Norway—remained in England, in the neighborhood of Southampton, on terms of friendship with the English king. There he came to know Archbishop Elphege, and at this time a great change came over Olaf. He was publicly baptized, afterward confirmed by the Archbishop; and departed by the west coast of England and Scotland, tarrying some time at the Danish Court in Dublin, on his way. From this period his work of Christianizing the North began. Now it was that he comes into the Orkney Saga—the history of the ancient Earldom of Orkney and Shetland—as the king who brought in Christianity by the baptizing of Earl Sigurd and the introduction of Christian priests. On his return in 995 to Norway, at Thronthjem he was chosen king, and his short and memorable reign began. For the five years he ruled his labors were unceasing. Devoted to three great purposes, his life was led: first, the constitutional building up of Norway as one State; second, the putting down of heathenism and the establishment of Christianity; third, the founding of a great Northern Empire, which was to include all Scandinavia and the Baltic lands. He was a statesman as well as a great soldier; he saw and foresaw; he was hundreds of years ahead of his time. But although he succeeded in carrying out two of his lofty purposes, the fulfilment of the three was denied him. The forces of his day were against him, a hostile league of Danes and Swedes was formed, he was betrayed by traitorous allies, and at length, on Monday, the 9th September 1000, in the great sea-fight of Swold, near Rügen, in the Baltic, King Olaf vanished forever from the sight of men. The exact dating of this memorable event, as given in the Saga of Olaf Tryggvissón, is this: "So it is said that this battle was on Monday, the day after later Marymas. Then had passed by from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ a thousand years. It was in the eighth year of the third ten of the

rule of Ethelred, king in England, and in the eighth year of the reign of Sweyn Double-Beard, the Danish king. In that same year died Otto, he who was the third Kaiser of that name, and Henry took the rule."

This epoch-making event, the sea-fight of Swold, is carefully and minutely described in the Saga of King Olaf. Kinglake did not take more pains to narrate with close accuracy the doings of Lord Raglan and his English in the Crimea, than this Icelandic chronicler does to record the last battle of the great king; and with great skill he does it. He has the rare art of simple and clear narrative, vigorous without effort, graphic and vivid, with deep pathos underlying all. He marshals the progress of his recital with the careful skill of a practised writer who knows how to veil his art with artless words; he leads up to the crisis of his narrative; he lets the curtain fall on the closing scene of the eventful day, slowly and sadly. He was no mere chronicler of dates and facts; no dry-as-dust gazetteer, who wrote the story of the "Passing of King Olaf," as we have it in the Saga.

The arrival of the king's fleet, and the coming on of the successive ships before the watching eyes of the leaders of the hostile fleet, ere the fight began, is minutely painted with painstaking accuracy. The leading ships, the chief commanders, and all the famous men are individually named, and the scene is described so as specially to give the king's ship, the *Long Serpent*, due place and prominence, and to make him and her the centre of the interest of the fateful day.

A famous ship, the *Long Serpent*, for centuries the theme of story in the North, famous as the greatest of Norse war-ships, still more famous as the flagship of the greatest Norse sea-king. Of her, Lord Dufferin writes with enthusiasm; about her, Longfellow has written poems. A thousand years have not extinguished her name and fame.

But it is at the close of the great fight, when with the setting sun the power and might of King Olaf was also setting in cloudy fire and flame, that the writer of the Saga shows his power and leaves a record wonderful in its simple force and pathos. The battle has been fiercely

waged: victory long shaking her doubtful urn has at last thrown the iron dice, and the game has gone against King Olaf, the greatest of chiefs, the noblest and tallest and handsomest of men, the peerless leader, the beloved captain. It is all over. There is nothing left but to die and not surrender. On the poop of the *Long Serpent* stands the king and sees his brother, King Death, very nigh to him:

"On the lofty poop, high towering,
Reckless of the arrows showering,
Stands the smiling king!
Heaped-up foemen round him lying,
All his men now dead or dying,
None can succor bring!"

The Saga relates:

"That day, Kolbjörn, the king's marshal, with other fore-castle men, were in charge of the bow. Kolbjörn was busked and equipped in arms and apparel, just in the same manner as King Olaf, and why he so equipped himself was that he thought if chance should be as now was, that thus he might give some help to King Olaf. But when the most valiant of King Olaf's people were falling on the main-deck, then went Kolbjörn up on the poop to the king. It was not very easy then to know which was which, because Kolbjörn was the tallest and handsomest of men. On the poop there was so great a storm of war that the shields both of King Olaf and of Kolbjörn were studded with shafts. But when the Earl's men pressed aft to the poop, it seemed to them that so great a light shone over the king that they were not able to look at him. And when the light glided away they saw nowhere King Olaf."

Now there are many accounts of how it befell what happened then. Snorri Sturlason gives this account that when King Olaf saw that most of his people had fallen, and that Earl Eirik and many of his men were pressing aft to the poop, King Olaf and Kolbjörn the marshal both then leapt overboard, one over each side, while the Earl's men laid out in small boats and killed the men who had plunged overboard. And when the king himself had leapt overboard, they who were in the skiffs would have seized and brought him to the Earl, but King Olaf drew his shield over him and dived down. But Kolbjörn the marshal fell so on the sea that his shield was under him, and he was seized ere he could dive. This is what Snorri says. But from Kolbjörn's own words, it is told that when he had come up on the poop, and the king had begun to shoot

at Earl Eirik, then saw Kolbjörn what other men had seen before—that blood was running from under the sleeve of the king's mail-shirt. And a little after, Kolbjörn thought that he saw the flash of the king leaping overboard in his armor, and all busked as he was that day, and when his foes would seize him, he drew his shield over him. And at that very moment Kolbjörn looked toward the foe, and saw that so many had boarded the *Long Serpent* that you might say the ship was full of them. Kolbjörn said afterward that a little fright came over him just then. He turned to the side where King Olaf had been just before, and when he saw not the king, then he dropped his shield and leaped overboard. But when he came down on the sea, there was just under him a very handsome shield which he thought he knew to be that which King Olaf had borne that day. But as Kolbjörn came down on the shield, he was ware that a man was swimming gently below it. But the man let go the shield when he felt the weight fall on to it. Then was Kolbjörn seized and drawn up into a boat. They thought that it was King Olaf. Then was he led before Earl Eirik. But when the Earl was ware that it was Kolbjörn and not the king, he granted a truce to Kolbjörn. In that moment many of King Olaf's men leapt overboard; those who were still in life, and had till then made a gallant defence, so that men have their valor in remembrance. Thus Hallfred relates that men said how Thorkell Nefja had given his brother, King Olaf, the noblest help and stanchest following. Hallfred witnesses most fully that Thorkell leapt overboard, last of all King Olaf's men. Thorkell swam to land, and so saved his life. But afterward he made truce with Earl Eirik, as others of King Olaf's men did. For it is said that beside Kolbjörn, the marshal, six other men were picked up and had truce granted them: Einir Thamberskelfir, Thrand Skalg, Ogmund Sandi, Thorsteinn Oxfoot, Björn from Studla, Asbjörn from Most. Earl Sigvald had lain by with his ships all that day, and was not in the fight.

But when King Olaf had leapt overboard, the whole host of the enemy raised a shout of victory, and then Sig-

vald and his men dashed their oars into the sea, and rowed to the fight. But at the same time that the shout was heard, and Sigvald rowed to the war-ships, the men who were in the Wendish smack, which twice that day had spoken King Olaf, plunged their oars in the sea and rowed away their hardest. They rowed back to Wendland. And forthwith there were many men who said that "King Olaf must have stripped off his mail-shirt in his dive, and dived out below the long ships, and swam then to the Wendish smack, and that her men flit him to land."

Thus the various accounts are given in carefully exact language. Others similar follow—all varying a little in details, according to the standpoint of the narrator, but all agreeing in the main point: that at a precise moment of the battle King Olaf was seen to leap overboard, or that (as some testify) they saw him up to a given moment, and then missed him. One of the accounts (by one of his enemies) has a curious vivid touch in its particulars. The man says that as Earl Eirik was charging aft to the poop, where the king was, that he stooped down to roll the dead bodies from before the Earl's feet, so that he should not be encumbered on his way, and that when he lifted his head afterward he saw King Olaf no longer.

One thing is clear, that here the king vanished. The mythical way of beholding things was still common in these times, and the king's passing away speedily became mythic. The Wendish smack plays a great part in the development of the myth which soon took root and grew. He had swum to the Wendish ship; he had been received by her men; he had been "flit" by them ashore; he had fared to the Eastlands then; he had been seen there by Northmen; he was great in battle there; he had never perished in the sea-fight; tokens of him had been sent to Norway; he was again to come to his land and his folk, and be greater than of yore. King Olaf was too great to die as other men. The Northmen never could quite give up hope that he was to return to them. And the Sagaman says that it would indeed be some alleviation to their grief to know that he still lived,

though far in the utmost east, and parted from them.

But King Olaf came not again, notwithstanding the grief of his folk. How much they loved him, and admired, may be read in every line of the Sagas which tell of him. His beauty, his noble presence, his grand bearing, his dauntless courage, are the theme of their narratives. Kolbjörn was not easy to distinguish from the king, "because he was the tallest and handsomest of men"—therefore he dressed himself so that he might be mistaken for his lord, and, if need be, die for him. Nothing can surpass the simple nobility and devotedness in this account of Kolbjörn, as indeed the whole narrative, for its clearness, unpretending manner, and "good form," is in strange contrast to the degraded composition which our later age has adopted as the suitable style of chronicling current events. The Northman wrote as the men of old of other races seem to have always written—simply, clearly, carefully, thinking altogether of the thing to be said, and not of *how* they were to say it. An Icelandic Saga resembles the Hebrew Scripture in its noble simplicity, its unconscious pathos, its inherent poetry. No better "style" has yet been written in the world.

As a splendid example of it, take the following, which relates the close of the fateful day of Swold :

"It is said that this has been the most remarkable battle fought in the Northland for very many reasons. First, because of the valiant defence that King Olaf and his men made on board the *Long Serpent* ; for men know not any example of men resisting for so long a time and with such bravery, their enemies who were in overwhelming force ; for so hard was the onslaught of Earl Eirik and his people that it has become widely famous. This encounter was also famous because of the many slain and for the prowess of the Earl, inasmuch that he won that ship which was then the largest and most beautiful that had been built in Norway, and of which ship many men had said that while she was manned with so noble a crew, she could never be won by arms while she floated the sea. But most of all for this reason was this fight famous, that this king was the most victorious and renowned in all the Danish tongue. And so much beloved was King Olaf that it was the common belief among the folk that never again in Norway nor elsewhere would such another king be born as he— And now when the manslaughter on board the *Long Serpent* was ended, and the ship had been ran-

sacked and cleared of the bodies of dead men, Thyri the Queen was brought up from under the hatch ; and she was grief-laden and wept very sore. And when Earl Eirik saw that, he went to her and said with much concern : 'Here hath befallen a terrible thing in the death of so many honorable men. We have brought great grief not on thee alone, Queen, but on all the folk of Norway, though—as is to be looked for—it may touch thee most nearly. And now, though I cannot undo what is done, yet I shall alleviate it as much as I may, in that, if I get any power in Norway, I shall own your rank in all ways that I can, and honor you in all things.' And the Queen answered : 'This thy promise is spoken out of great manliness and good-will, such as thou hast often shown, and willingly would I live if I could, and accept thy noble kindness. But so sorely is my heart smitten with grief that I have no hope left of prolonging my life.' And it happened even so as she had said, that she could neither eat nor drink for sorrow. She inquired of Bishop Sigurd what is the least that one may be permitted in the sight of God to eat to sustain life. And with this sign of submission died Thyri the Queen, after some days. Earl Eirik Hakonsson claimed the *Long Serpent* as his prize of conquest, and also a large share of the spoil. The Earl manned her skilfully with the most valiant men, and steered her himself. But though the *Long Serpent* was powerfully manned with hardy seamen, yet they could scarcely bring her—and with much awkwardness, so to speak—from the eastward into the Wick. She would never trim nor answer her helm at all. So Earl Eirik hewed up the *Long Serpent*. Some say that he even caused her to be burnt.

"Einir Thamberskelfir,* and other of those men to whom Earl Eirik had given truce after the battle, went north to Norway with the Earl. Vigi, King Olaf's hound, had lain in the chief cabin forward of the poop, during the day while the battle was, and so all the time afterward. But when the Earl came east into the Wick with the *Long Serpent*, Einir Thamberskelfir before he went ashore, went to where the hound lay and said : 'Lordless are we now, Vigi.' And when he so spoke, the hound sprang up wailing, and howled as if a heart-spasm had seized him. Then he ran ashore with Einir and went up on a knoll. There lay he down and would take meat of no man, though he defended his food from other dogs, beast and fowl. Tears ran out of his eyes, down over his face, so mourned he his liege lord ; and there he lay till he were dead. Now thus, in such like mournful manner, the North-

* He was but eighteen : the youngest of King Olaf's officers at Swold. Longfellow has a vivid picture of him at the crisis of the fight :

"Then with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eirik's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed :
Like St. Michael overthrowing
Lucifer, he seemed."

Tales of a Wayside Inn, xx.

men lost the four most precious things in their land, even as was foretold by the blind bonde of Most."

We may take it as a certain fact of history, and not a mere mythical legend, that this Norse king was in truth a singularly remarkable man—were it but for the power he seems to have possessed of arousing in those about him the supreme emotions of admiration, love, and grief. His people loved him with that proud and tender tenacity of which the Northern heart has ever shown itself capable. The close of his career, as it is depicted in this Saga, is like the close of a Shakspercan tragedy, in its mournful greatness. The king dies, the queen dies, the faithful dog dies; the king's marshal strives also to die with his dear lord; the very ship which had been associated with his fame and glory is fated not to survive him; last of all, the king's Court poet dies of grief for his master. This episode also is so touching that it may appropriately close this paper. When we think of a king like John of England, of whom it could be said that hell itself was made fouler by his presence, and then recall him of whom we now speak—there is indeed a great gulf fixed.

Hallfred, the king's Court poet, was a special favorite with Olaf. At his baptism the king had been his sponsor, "had held him up" at the font. He had been sent on an embassy to the East to Earl Reginwald, about the marriage of Olaf's sister. He went back to Iceland the year before Olaf's death, and so was not present at Swold. There is a touching account of the way in which he came to hear the tidings of his master's fall. He was just about to fight a wager of battle, and he dreamed the night before that King Olaf appeared to him and told him not to fight in an unrighteousness cause, and that he should go to the wood where the cross-roads

met, and that there he would hear tidings which would touch him more nearly than this matter of the wager of battle. So he went, and lo, men in red coats riding from the ships, and from them he heard the news that was shocking the whole North. "Hallfred was as if he were stunned with a stone." He settled his suit, went out at once to Norway to hear what he could of the king, and then he made the dirge, "Olaf's Drápa." He seems to have composed no more afterward, for he was never happy or at rest after the king's fall—"the world was empty," as he says; and though he went out to Sweden, where he had a wife and son, he could not stay there in peace, but was minded to go back to Iceland, and on that voyage he died, as the Saga tells us.

"The doughty king of the Northmen has come to his end:

The prince is gone, the dear captain of the guard has sunk in death.

'Twas pity that I was far away from the king when the iron rang,

Though there is small help in one man.

Now I am parted from him: the sword-tide has wrought this.

I yearn for my lord every day! It is the height of woe!

Earth and heavens shall be rent in twain ere a lord shall be born like to Olaf,

He was the best of earthly men.

May Christ the pure keep the king's soul in Paradise!"

"No day is more famous in Northern story, no battle more stirring than this of Swold. Legends grew up about it, pathetic, marvelous, and miraculous. It was impossible for his surviving followers to believe that the holy king, their invincible leader, was really dead; and the fond, popular belief which has in its own dogged faithfulness conferred on such men as Frederick Red Beard, Arthur, and Charlemagne an immortality of hope, dealt also in like manner with the memory of Olaf." *

—*Westminster Review.*

APOLOGIA PRO FIDE NOSTRA.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE ultimate conclusions in philosophy or religion wherein men find themselves content to rest, grow up unconsciously in every mind and in each successive age. No man can point to a

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given moment when an old belief disappeared, or a new one came. And, while controversy usually exasperates and

* *Corpus Boreale*, vol. ii. 86.

confirms all differences, and often adjourns any possible agreement, our religious convictions go and come, like our language and habits of life, not with observation, and by debate, but by complex and spontaneous evolution. And so Positivism, which has been much discussed of late from orthodox platforms and pulpits, avoids all controversy as alien to its principles and habits. The utmost that it thinks profitable is to take the opportunity of making its own position a little more clear. And it is in this spirit that I will try to set forth the point of view wherein my friends and myself in this high matter of man's ultimate destiny have now for a long time found rest and peace.

It is not we who are abandoning the orthodox Churches: they have abandoned us, left us without solid footing and without sure hopes. It is not we who are the assailants: it is rather they. We are trying simply to find something to make our lives more clear and full of hope. And they pursue us with dreadful pictures of the bottomless pit into which we are descending. To cultivate a lively sense of gratitude to Humanity, can only end, they say, in making us less human than before. It may be so. But the controversy is none of our seeking: it is not to our taste; and we shall leave the issue to the test of facts.

If one may be forgiven for a simple bit of autobiography, the truth is, that like so many of my colleagues and friends, I was myself brought up as an orthodox Churchman, in a religious home, with unusual attention to a Christian education. Till manhood I was accustomed to continual study of the Bible, of ecclesiastical history, biography, and exposition; to daily prayer, constant communion, and to familiarity with all great books of sacred poetry and prose. I assimilated all this with the whole mind and the whole heart; nor do I suppose that there was any part of the ordinary Christian's hopes and fears which I did not experience, or which I was unable to feel. As I came to manhood it slowly dawned upon me that the whole dogmatic basis of belief on which this religious frame of mind once rested had melted away as imperceptibly as the sunset melts out of the western sky. I woke up to find that the

whole of my religious sentiments, habits, and consolations had been built upon a vast substructure of gratuitous assumptions, without a vestige of solid proof. I passed through the ordinary stages of Broad Church, no Church, Spirit of the Gospel, Natural Theology, Ontological haze, Philosophical Theism, the Eternal-not-ourselves-that-makes-for-righteousness, the Unknowable, and most of the other substitutes for the Prayer Book and the Bible, seeking rest and finding none; and a hollow, dismal, and shifting country did I find it. All this time I had been reading Comte; and, after some ten years of continual study, I slowly came to find solid ground in his conception of Humanity as a practical Providence, and in the Service of Man as the practical sum of religion. And now so much of my earlier religious habits and emotions—habits and emotions from which Unitarianism, Theism, the Eternal-not-ourselves, and the Unknowable, had turned in chilling disdain—began to have new life and to acquire a new meaning. My *Dante*, my *Imitation*, my *Jeremy Taylor*, my *Wordsworth*, and my *Milton* became again full of religious consolation and power. I read my Bible with an even deeper zest than before. Religion ceased to be a Sunday exercise or an Ontological puzzle. The sense of Providence, of a life beyond the grave, of sin as treason against Providence, of the helplessness and dependence of the individual soul, of the duty of working with the Providence on which each life depends, of religion as entering naturally into every act of life, all this came back to me in a real and solid form, resting on perfectly clear and certain explanations of human life. I was no longer without religion. I had found it in a form, fuller, larger, richer, and more glowing.

In all this I was not conscious of any breach of continuity in the religious life, save in the period of wandering in the wilderness, in the days when I was looking for help to the Essence of the Gospel, the Absolute, or the Eternal-not-ourselves. Once firmly grounded in the idea of a Human Providence: great, though not at all omnipotent, practically without end, if not absolutely eternal, good and wise in comparison with individuals, though not at all om-

niscient or All-good, the old ideas of religion began to have a new meaning, far wider and more definite than their theological meaning of old, and yet resting on obvious and indisputable facts. Christianity in fact is a part of the religious scheme of Positivism, a large and important part, greatly modified by being reduced to a real and historical form; but still a part of it, just as naturally as the history of the Jews, or the history of the Church, once treated as the sum and centre of history and loaded with idle figments, becomes a real and indispensable part of universal history, when it is treated in a scientific spirit and on a continuous plan. Christianity, I say, is part of the religious scheme of Positivism; but there is much more than this. Christianity, as a moral and religious scheme, has its full meaning given to it by Positivism. Its spiritual beauty and truth are deepened as they are seen in the light of the religion of Humanity. Theological religion is an indispensable training for the practical realization of human religion. The conception of the Human Providence, of Future Life on earth, of the Spiritual side of human life could never have been evolved without Christianity, just as on the other hand these conceptions make better Christians than any literal acceptance of the Athanasian Creed.

So that it is not that we Positivists are at all insensible to the spiritual side of Christianity, or at all undervalue its power to transfigure the material aspect of life. Nearly all of us in England have grown up to manhood, sincerely sharing the hopes and emotions of the Christian. What we are seeking is some sufficient evidence of the dogmatic creed on which the Churches rest them. It is the truth of supernatural religion that we find wanting, not its sublimity. We quite agree that the orthodox view of Creation, Resurrection, Judgment, and Celestial Bliss is a very sublime idea. But is it a sublime poem, or a literal truth? And how are all the endless contradictions and enigmas which these problems present to be solved? There are some hundreds of schools within the theological pale, which all give different answers, and dispute with interminable fury. Which are poor, busy, practical

men to believe? We have been trying to find some safe ground for the essential religious wants of the human spirit, on a theory of life and death not nearly so sublime, it is true, and far more human, but then, as we think, a great deal more real and certain. And they scorn us as men indifferent to the Sublime and the Beautiful, men of the earth earthy, making themselves still less human than they were before.

We are doing nothing to rob believing men and women of the Heaven which gives them confidence and peace. We are simply trying to persuade those who have already lost all abiding belief in Heaven not to throw away religion altogether. We seek to show them that enough religion may be found in a far more practical and obvious belief to support them in an honest and a happy life. As is the habit of youth, the earlier ages of mankind have pitched their note of religion in far too seraphic and transcendental a key. The experience of age reduces and mellows the ideal extravagance of youth. The boy dreams of a faultless Angel to love: the man is happy in an excellent wife; a helpmeet for him, and all the dearer and all the better wife because she is a true woman and not an Angel at all. So it is with religion. To the earlier religious aspirations nothing short of the Universe and seraphic bliss seemed adequate. To the mature mind of later ages the religious ideal gains infinite strength by ceasing to be ineffable, and becomes far more real when it can be treated in the language of positive knowledge and sober sense.

How can men suppose that this great question of practical life can ever be settled by an appeal to what is the pleasantest to believe, what is the most seraphic and exhilarating to believe, or what is the most enormous and transcendental idea which the human mind can grasp? The real question is—what is true to believe? what rests on the most sure and solid evidence? what accords best with history, logic, and science? We are not sure that this or that hypothesis must be true, because it is so pleasant, or so magnificent. There must be a moral Providence, they say, for the entire Universe, because it is such a sublime idea. There must be a

Heaven, because we want it so. There must be a Future of Celestial Bliss, because there is so much suffering here. This is the kind of logic which would better serve to prove the transmigration of souls, or any other nonsense of Oriental fancy.

It is the truth, the reality, the authority of these magnificent promises which is the real issue—not their sublimity, or their power as a moral stimulant, supposing them to be real. Their truth and the evidence for them is now the sole question. But it is precisely about the evidence for them, about the precise nature of the future which these promises are to realize, that the theological world is torn into a multitude of camps. There is unceasing debate and division among them, even in an orthodox Congress of the Church, much more when we take in all the independent Christians, the Unitarians, the Theists, the Theosophists, and all the host of philosophic doubters. They even indulge in internecine strife within their ranks, while they are advancing in array to do battle with the enemy; as, in the Corycean sedition, the crews on board the triremes began to fight among themselves as they came into line.

It is not enough to use general terms of Creation and Heaven, of the Scheme of Salvation, Atonement, and Judgment. The practical question is—what exactly do these terms cover, and what is the evidence for each of them? Revelation and the Orthodox creeds of the official Churches did supply this in a tolerable degree. But Broad Church, the Spirit of the Gospel, Philosophic Theism, and Philosophic Doubt, have altered all this, and honeycombed the creeds. The practical questions now are—what are the qualities and the attributes, what is the will, what is the teaching of the Creator? Are we to trust to the God of Abraham, the God of Battles, of Samuel and of David, of Augustine or Calvin, of Voltaire or Paley, of Dean Mansel, of Thomas Carlyle, or of Herbert Spencer, as explained by Fiske? These various types all differ enormously. Everything depends on which we accept. Is it a loving Father, or a terrible Judge, a metaphysical Deity, absolutely negative like Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, or like Mr.

Spurgeon's, an inexorable punisher of sin?

And, in the same way, it is not enough to talk in general terms of Celestial Bliss. The all-important point is, what kind of Heaven? Is it a Heaven of seraphic beatitude, and unending Hallelujahs as imagined by Dante and Milton, or a life of active exertion? And if of active exertion (and what can life mean without exertion?), of what kind of exertion? And how exertion without organs? How effort without anything to do? How consciousness without a nervous system? What does it mean? I certainly do not deny, I do not even doubt, the possibility of a conscious life after death. My mind is entirely neutral and undecided on the matter. Only I cannot understand what is meant by consciousness without a nervous system, or any system, or any organ or substance at all to be conscious. It is to me as if one were to ask—Are triangles happy hereafter; is the Rule of Three conscious of its own bliss? It ought to be remembered that a cardinal doctrine of orthodoxy is, or was, the resurrection of the body. On that assumption a conscious life after death is intelligible enough. The philosophic theists, to whom the resurrection of the body is a little too bold an assumption, have yet to explain what, in the face of modern psychology, they mean by a state of human consciousness in an absolutely immaterial entity.

There is too another side of this question which is often overlooked. Can there be a Heaven, without something like a Hell? And if a Hell, what kind of Hell? People are too willing now to talk vaguely about a Celestial Bliss, while putting out of thought Infernal Misery. It has become hardly fair, hardly courteous, hardly serious to allude to the old antithesis to Heaven. And yet, logically, Heaven of any kind necessarily implies a Hell of some kind. It is preposterous to think, that good and bad, *Dives* and *Lazarus*, those who have received good things, and those who have received evil things, shall all share alike and be equally and eternally rewarded. The whole moral purpose of a Future Life would be perverted if Nero and Borgia, Titus Oates and Robespierre, were at once to enter into

eternal bliss along with their innocent victims. For them and their like, and indeed for an enormous majority of the miserable human race, as described by theologians and philosophers, there must be some kind of Hell. And if Hell, what kind of Hell, with what kind of torments, and garrisoned and ruled by what kind of beings? And are the Infernal Spirits to have a Chief, and what kind of Chief, with what attributes, powers, and limits; those imagined by Dante, or Milton, by Bunyan, or by Knox? And then if a Heaven or a Hell, if any kind of future happiness, and future condemnation, there must be a Judgment and a Judge, and then an Intercessor, or a Mediator of some kind, and so forth. Now a vast body of acute and gentle minds, within the Churches as much as without them, have in our days practically abandoned any definite and active belief in Hell, Eternal Torment, Devil, and the whole machinery of the Day of Wrath and a Place of Torment. And yet these things are logical corollaries of any sort of Celestial Bliss.

The truth is that the great founders of the Christian theology, such men as Gregory and Augustine, Aquinas and Anselm, were men of mighty intellect, and within their limits, of profound philosophic sagacity. The vast scheme of Theodicee which they built up out of the Bible and the Fathers was a coherent and organic whole, logical within the range of its premises and with the canons of thought then current. It falls to pieces when great central doctrines have tumbled down, or are felt to be unfit for the temper of the age. When the Broad Church thinks it can "adapt" the theological scheme of Augustine, or even of Calvin, it is as fanciful an attempt as if it tried to "adapt" the human body to purposes of aerial navigation. The Christian scheme, so transmogrified and modernized, becomes a mass of incoherence and contradiction. Is the Dantesque Inferno frankly and finally abandoned? Is the Miltonic hero, the almost omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient Spirit of Evil finally departed? To ask these questions is to set the whole Christian world raging with debates and recriminations. And yet, until they are answered, the idea of

Future Bliss is a crude assumption and a welter of incongruities.

The moral government of the Universe by an Omniscient and Omnipotent Creator, the immortal life of man in Heaven are great and ancient religious ideas which must ultimately stand or fall with Revelation. The future of Revelation still waits the great Assize of Biblical criticism where no final verdict has yet been delivered. But all these attempts of Christian or Theistical philosophy to patch up a plausible proof of isolated dogmas of supernaturalism, sinking the whole body of orthodox belief and picking out the bare idea of Creation, or Immortality in Heaven, as resting on independent evidence of their own—this can do nothing but harm to the Church and to Christianity, for they land us in unending contradictions and absurdities. Creation and Paradise rest on Bible and Prayer-book, the three Creeds and the thirty-nine articles, the Law and the Prophets, the Apostles and the Church. It is now too late in this age to base them upon the inherent probabilities, the analogies, and sublimities which, in the last century, were in fashion as Natural Religion.

The wider scientific logic of this age has long ago unmasked this Natural Religion as a tissue of incongruities and a deadly solvent of orthodox belief. The desperate efforts which modern Philosophy and modern Morality have made to eliminate the Anthropomorphic idea of God have torn huge rents in the notion of an active Providence and the Christian scheme of Salvation. The old anthropomorphic god of Abraham and Moses, of St. Bernard and St. Louis, of Calvin or Bossuet, was a very real, intelligible, active, moral ruler of this earth, with most of the attributes, feelings, and passions of man idealized. All this shocks the philosopher and the moralist of to-day. But it is the orthodox view. And at every step that the philosopher advances toward an Absolute, Unconditioned, Negative, Transcendental Deity, he leaves the old theological idea of the Moral Ruler of the Universe high and dry. Dean Mansel's metaphysical Residuum of Ultimate thought would have made a poor Providence for St. Bernard or Knox. One luminary of the Church declares that

the idea of God must be "defecated to a pure transparency." Imagine the apostles going out into all lands to preach the name of One "defecated to a pure transparency!" The metaphysical God of the philosopher is not a Providence; the vague idea of the theosophist that consciousness may possibly survive the body is not a scheme of Salvation. Nay rather, the superfine idealism, the ontological purism, and the sentimental dreaminess which the philosopher and the theosophist propound as the modern substitutes for God's Providence and Salvation by Christ, are the dry-rot of all healthy Christian belief. Of all the foes of orthodoxy, philosophic theism and philosophic doubt in the very pulpit are the worst. Spencer and Darwin stand outside, and Christians can answer them out of their Bibles and their creeds. But Natural Theology in a surplice, talking German metaphysics and modern science, is indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Our difficulty always is to reconcile this modern Natural Theology with any Christian Creed. Since they admit that this earth is so infinitesimal and trivial a speck in the Universe, how can the experience of the human mites who inhabit such a speck pretend to measure the Ineffable and Absolute Perfection which inhabits the Universe? It is as though an aphid were to pretend to dogmatize about the human race. And how is Law, the universal postulate of modern science, conceivable with an omniscient and omnipotent Ruler? And since science and history present us with such a mass of misery, confusion, vileness as the fate of humanity presents to our critics, how came Absolute Wisdom and Omnipotence to create so hideous a world? Why were infinite millions of such despicable animals as man ever born into "this dusty fuliginous chaos," as Thomas Carlyle calls the world? And how came the second person of this Trinity himself to become the vile creature Man, and on this fleeting speck of dust to suffer torture and indignity for the sake of the race of insects, the enormous majority of whom died without ever having known him, while the enormous majority of those who came after him have rejected him with scorn? And how can the ancient

idea of the Incarnation, Atonement, Redemption, Resurrection, and Ascension, in the person of the Almighty Creator of this Infinite Universe, be fitted on to the modern knowledge that our planet is one of the least and most subordinate motes in the Infinite Universe. Such are our difficulties.

Theology had its own answer to those intolerable enigmas. But then the old Theology was perfectly content with an anthropomorphic Deity, a Fall and Curse of Man, a God of Wrath, a God of Battles, a Judgment to come; it was not afraid of Hell, Devil, and Eternal Damnation. It found nothing very strange in the Incarnation, and nothing shocking in the Vicarious Sacrifice. Again, it thought good men and good women to be only a little lower than the Angels, the saints to be half way between man and God, and one woman at least to be the mother of God, and next to him in rank. Above all, to the old Theology the Earth was the grand centre and sum of the Universe, and the other heavenly bodies were adjuncts and auxiliaries to it. With a geocentric astronomy, as the root-idea of science, the anthropomorphic Creator, the celestial resurrection, and the Divine Atonement, were natural and homogeneous ideas. No one can conceive the Scheme of Salvation growing up with anything but a geocentric system of thought. With a geocentric science and an anthropomorphic philosophy, all this was natural enough. But with a science where this planet shrinks into an unconsidered atom, with a transcendental philosophy to which the anthropomorphic is the contemptible, the Augustinian Theology goes overboard. And then Natural Theology calmly descends upon the waters to save a few fragments of supernaturalism out of the shipwreck of a mighty religious system.

It is the weary round of these endless dilemmas, and the hubbub of critical controversy they forever kindle, within and without the pale of the Churches, the vagueness and dreaminess of these promises, the incoherent contradictions which every solution involves, that has driven so many of us to try if we can build up some rules of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, of duty and life, upon accepted facts of common knowledge

within the sphere of this visible world. And when we are told that we are neglecting sublime ideas, our answer is that we care more for truths than for sublimities, and more for work accomplished than for ecstasies felt. It is a purely artificial craving for sublimities and ecstasies, an artificial craving which does all the mischief. There are thousands of acute minds, which have abandoned all Dogmatic Christianity, while they cling to its spirit of transcendentalism and mystery. The evil legacy of Theology has been to bequeath to those who surrender Revelation, a craving for Absolute objects to belief, absolute tests of truth, transcendental and mystical sources of hope.

Now this temper of mind is quite artificial; nay, it is unmanly, morbid, and special to certain ages and races of men. Some of the noblest races of men in the most active ages were conspicuously free from any such weakness. The problem of the Universe and the problem of Immortality never troubled the great Greeks and Romans of the best times. No doubt in most ages, later than the great ages of Heaven-worshippers and Sun-worshippers, there have been Deities of some kind, and some vague notion of an after-life. But neither the Universe nor Paradise provided the source of their morality, or the inspiration of their lives. They lived and toiled, endured and died with a social code of morality, and a religion of patriotism. This earth, their own country, their ancestors and their descendants, supplied their grand ideals, and their Future hope. Throughout the whole range of Western heathendom, both Universe and Paradise were entirely subordinate to Nation and Honor. In the vast primitive ages men worshipped the Heavens and the Earth, or some conspicuous object in heaven or earth. When we turn to the East we find the vast Buddhist populations without a dream of a personal Heaven. To the enormous masses of China, Heaven has always meant the Blessed Sky above; and Future Life has meant the conduct of their descendants. It is only a small minority of the human race which has ever supposed that a good and happy life was impossible except with the hope of celestial beatitude. The idea is a survival of the

mysticism of the Middle Ages—a most potent instrument of moral reform in its own age; but one which has long done its work, and is no longer fit for healthy, practical, energetic men.

It is a very common objection, that whatever good there may be in the ideal of Humanity, is really a reflection of the ideal Christ, and that Positivism has no specific quality of its own, since Positivists have been usually brought up in the social medium of Christianity. The argument is a very dangerous one to use: *potest retorqueri*. The fact is that Christianity, at least in its Protestant aspects, has been for more than a century completely transfused and animated—not perhaps by Positivism in any systematic form—but by the great humanitarian wave, of which Positivism is simply one mode of expression. This humanitarian wave surged over Europe in the generation before the French Revolution in every word of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Hume, Adam Smith, Gibbon, Lessing, Goethe, and in all the humane movements of the last hundred years; and under its influence the Christian bodies began to talk the Spirit of the Age and the ideal of Humanity. The humanitarian idea has permeated Christianity far more deeply than Christianity affects modern humanists. If it were not so, the Churches would long ago have perished. They still flourish because they have so largely adapted their tone to the modern humanism. Their ideal Christ is often now a reflection of the ideal Humanity. The ideal Humanity has made them better conceive the ideal Christ, and has given a far deeper meaning to the religion of Christ. It is quite true that Positivism has been evolved out of Christianity, and it is a development of Christianity. That is its sole claim. But as it incorporates also Science and Philosophy, it is not very likely to revert to Theology.

The grand difference between the humanitarian and the supernatural views is this, that the former is content with a *relative*, the latter insists on an *absolute* basis of life. These two differ so totally in mental habit, that argument between them is hardly possible. There is no commerce of thought between the *relative* and the *absolute* temper of mind.

Discussion is almost wholly wasted. And all that we can do is to make our own position clear. The *relative* habit of thought is that of science, of reality, of activity, of good sense. The *absolute* habit of thought unfortunately is nurtured by Theology and Metaphysics. But allowing for its entirely relative and practical spirit, the Positivist view of religion is far more akin to the Christian view than it is to the Unitarian or the Deistic view; it is more akin to the orthodox view of Christianity than to the latitudinarian; and it is far more akin to the mediæval view of Christianity than to the modern.

When the theologian and the metaphysician find the humanitarian views of man and the world to be wanting in the *absolute* qualities which theology and metaphysics engender, they turn with contempt from the *relative* view of the man and world which really reconciles science and religion. Because Positivism has no absolute theology, they deny that it has any notion of Providence. They will allow nothing but an Incomprehensible Creator of the Universe to be an object of veneration and devotion. Because Positivists decline to dogmatize about a celestial immortality, they deny them the consolation of an immortality on earth. There being no scientific assurance for an absolute eternity of the solar system, they turn with contempt from the practical eternity of some two thousand centuries. And, finding Humanity a very complex fact, with many shortcomings, miseries, and errors, they cover it with scorn. Positivists do not assert that there is no God, that the Universe is the result of accident, that there is no such thing as Divine Providence, no conscious life after death, no possible eternity of bliss. They simply decline to express, as they do not form, any *absolute* opinion on these matters. But in a *relative* sense, they most emphatically believe in the reality of Providence, in the life after death, in the moral government of the world, in the goodness and power of the only Providence of which they have certain assurance, in the supreme influence over the conscience of the only life beyond the grave, of which they have clear and manifest proof.

Humanity, we are often told, can

never be an object of love, veneration, and devotion, since it includes so much vice and exhibits so much misery. Of such awe and admiration as is due to an Infinite Creator of the Universe, this may be true. But of such veneration and admiration as the story of human civilization in the mass presents to the feeble unit, it is eminently fit to be the source. Regarded as the first of the animals, in the vast succession of ages, with all the achievements of human civilization in the sum, Humanity is a vast and noble force. Why is it that in the ordinary language of material progress, the marvels of human conquest are so loudly vaunted, while in the ordinary language of theology and metaphysics, the dignity of humanity is so bitterly decried? Perhaps the eulogium and the opprobrium are alike exaggerated. To the sober judgment of relative thought, it is enough that Humanity is the greatest and the grandest living power which this planet visibly holds; *nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum*. The tribe, city, nation, or Church, has been grand enough to supply an object of admiration and devotion to many ages. Jerusalem, Sparta, Rome, the Church, have each inspired heroic devotion and profound awe. Yet these are but small fragments of Humanity, infinitely beneath it in permanence, power, and dignity. It is amply enough if the object of our devotion be capable of supporting an effective motive for action in life and death. It is trying to leap out of human nature to ask for a transcendental and ecstatic worship of an Inconceivable and Indescribable Majesty.

It should also be noted that awe and love of an Absolute Majesty are not a little contradictory. The further that Christian philosophy advances toward its ideal of an Ineffable and Infinite Essence, the more does it withdraw from personal love and devotion. The unceasing attempts of modern theology to get rid of the anthropomorphic God of the Bible undermine the idea of love and devotion to a loving Father. Dean Mansel's negative Entity can hardly be an object of affection, even if it be an object of awe. Now Humanity, if an object less awful than the Creator of the Universe, is an object more lovable than a bare concept of negative attri-

butes ; more lovable, more intelligible, more familiar, and more sympathetic. In trying to conceive the Creator with all the requirements of modern metaphysics and modern science, modern theology has destroyed the conception of a God of Love. The God adored by Abraham, by Job, and by David, was in every sense an anthropomorphic Being, very close to man, and almost akin to man ; whose main care was his chosen people, at whose presence the earth trembled, who rode upon the wings of the wind, and who spoke in the thunder and the storm. Now the religion of Humanity is a frank return upon the healthy, instinctive, anthropomorphic view of religion. No object of religion can be a source of moral power over man unless it be anthropomorphic in the fullest sense—that is, sympathetic, akin to man, familiar to man. Humanity is a conception perfectly and plainly anthropomorphic, as no object of man's worship ever was. And it is thus a very great advantage in it, that surrendering all claims to transcendent Infinity, it brings the object of worship again to the region of human feeling and common understanding.

It therefore fills us with amazement when we hear it said that Humanity can never reach to the variety and compass of the full religious consciousness. It is the very variety and compass of the religious influences of Humanity which most impress us. The difficulty of devout spirits nowadays is the ecstatic, impersonal, negative, faraway character which the stress of modern thought has driven theologians to give to the God of Abraham and of David. All the close human fellowship of the Bible and the Fathers disappears, when we are asked to conceive of the Almighty as a sort of Concept of unthinkable negations. And yet that is what the modern ideas of Absolute Universe and immutable Law force us to do. To the Positivist the modern idea of religion, as the intellectual recognition of an Infinite Energy, to whom nothing human can be ascribed, strikes cold indeed ; thin, lifeless, and dreamy. The gulf between this Infinite Energy and this daily life of the human mites on this planetary speck is too vast to be bridged. Science, logic, metaphysics have driven out of the idea

of God all the passion, the sympathy, the humanity which Job and Isaiah, St. Bernard and A Kempis threw into it. The Earth and the Sky no longer suffice for God and his Angels, for Heaven and for Hell, for the Devil and his rebel crew. Earth is become no longer the centre of the Universe, but a speck in it. The blessed saints, the noble army of martyrs, the ministering angels, the demons and supernatural forces in nature, which stood by every act and thought of life, are gone : and man stands alone, shivering in the presence of the Ineffable Majesty which fills the Universe. The conception of Humanity can restore, as nothing can, to the religious consciousness the variety and compass of which it has been robbed. It is no negative, lifeless, inhuman, unthinkable being. It is represented to us hour by hour in a thousand ways and by countless organs. Our parents, our wives, our children, our friends are each some rudiment or expression of it ; the comrades we work with are but an image of it ; its voice speaks to us in every worthy book we read, in every beautiful work we see ; every noble deed is the manifestation of it, every solemn act of life forms its sacraments, every honorable feeling and every loving word make its worship. The whole range of human life is transfigured by its glow ; and all worthy men and women are its ministers for good.

It is a profound remark of Comte's that the active age of Theology was that of Polytheism, with its multiplicity of gods and goddesses, of heroes, and deified ancestors who literally shared in every act of life, inhabited every hearth, partook of every meal, and were outwardly invited to take part in every incident, domestic or public. Monotheism, which appeared to concentrate and exalt the object of theology, practically withdrew it from human life and from fellowship with action altogether. In Hebrew and Mediæval times the quasi-polytheism of a supernatural machinery and an army of superhuman beings bridged over the chasm. But modern Monotheism has discarded supernatural machinery and supernatural beings, at any rate as practical agents in human life. And the result is that modern Monotheism, in the cultured Protestant

world, is fast becoming one of the most jejune, arid, unsympathetic, and purely metaphysical types of religion ever conceived by man. To one whose mind is filled with the history of Humanity and the religious compass of Humanity it seems indeed a chilly and dry bit of dialectics.

Modern Protestants have almost ceased to understand what religion means; and the first task of Comte was to restore the real extent and compass of the idea. Religion does not mean a metaphysical doctrine about the origin of the Universe and man's condition after death; it means the combination of beliefs and emotions which train him to live the best life in the completest way. In narrowing down religion to two dialectical problems they neglect its copious volume of practical power. And in judging the religion of Positivism they limit the inquiry to these two meagre and nebulous tests. Humanity, they say, does not explain the Universe, and has no assurance to give about celestial life. It is not an idea for which the ordinary public can feel any particular awe; and, without a Heaven and a Hell the mass of mankind will never be restrained from vice. This is simply to beg the question.

The religion of Humanity does not consist in two bare propositions about two abysmal problems, but in a great system of convictions, habits of mind, rules of life, observances and duties resting on an organic scheme of general philosophy, and inculcated by an elaborate scheme of education, mental, moral, and social. Accustomed to refer religious ideas to a bare proposition about the Author of the Universe, the objector asks triumphantly—How the mass of Mankind are ever to understand or care for so complex and abstract a notion as that of Humanity?—This, by the way, from those who profess the Athanasian Creed!—But the Positivist's answer is, that Humanity is not a bare abstract idea. All great men are conspicuous organs and elements of it, all poets, artists, thinkers, teachers, rulers, and discoverers; the honor we show their memory, the zeal we feel for their work, and the efforts we make to preserve, complete, and continue their labors, is itself the worship of Human-

ity. Worship of Humanity means no farcial mummery directed toward a noun substantive, but simply the honor and gratitude every decent man ought to show for what he has received of good from the human race. The modern love of centenaries and commemorations is the worship of Humanity in a crude rudimentary form. There is nothing abstract about the idea. It is as concrete as possible, presenting to us in turn, for every aspect of our life, an immense range of great names held up to honor and love. But Humanity does not consist of the great only, but of the good and useful everywhere. All the dear ties of our life represent it to us, our homes are its temples, our beloved ones are its ministers, every act of endearment and of duty is its incarnation. Its part is to beautify and transfigure our home life, our active, our social life. Humanity may be conceived in its most sublime aspect by those who survey the entire progress of man. But it is felt in its most definite mode when we enter into communion with the great and good who live in honor forever. And it comes to us in its most vivid pathos with those unknown ones whom we love and who love us. Our daily life, when idealized by the spirit of human religion, discloses to us the force of civilization and society itself as a perpetual Providence surrounding and guiding every hour of existence.

And in the same way as the idea of Humanity restores to the conception of Providence a new vitality, a larger reality, and a human sympathy, so also does it invest the conception of Future Life with closer application and more vivid meaning. It is a most certain fact that each human life continues to act and to influence others in an indirect way, but often in a far purer way, after the death of the individual. The whole meaning of families, of heredity, of nationality, of progress, of the filiation of ideas, and the laws of civilization, depends on that fact. If the father did not mould the son, and one generation the next, there could be no such things as education, morality, science, politics, society, customs, or social philosophy. That is a certainty which no metaphysics can shake. And a direct consequence of it is, that every human

life continues to work after death *ad infinitum* for good or for evil. The sense of this would be far more vivid and familiar to each of us, and far more effective for morality, if it had not been disguised and blighted by the theological promise of celestial life. But the conception of Humanity enlarges the meaning of Future Life, and graves on the mind of man, woman, and child, that for moral, social, and religious uses, the physical death of the body is in no sense the end of life. It is rather the beginning of the purer life in Humanity. And thus every act and thought, every hour used or wasted, in the body, is the direct and actual moulding of Humanity in the sum. So far from Positivism knowing no Future Life, making no moral use of the Future Life, the truth is that the reality and the importance of Future Life are enlarged by the human religion. As it is, men's conduct is practically determined by the opinion of those they value now or hereafter in this world. The desire of reputation or the fear of shame is now ten times stronger in deciding conduct than the hope of Heaven or the fear of Hell. Heaven and Hell are to most men vague, uncertain, disparate from all they know and feel. Reputation and disgrace are very certain, very real, very visible, and entirely familiar. What would not be the power of reputation and disgrace, if they were clothed with a moral and religious sanction, made one of the great engines of education, and entirely disentangled from celestial visions? One of the deepest wounds which theology has inflicted on morality and humanity is the spirit in which it has debased the religious uses of Death, and the moral potency of a Future Life. Metaphysics and Theology between them have frittered away the doctrine of Future Life as a moral engine, till it is little more now than a bit of sacred poetry. It is reserved for the religion of Humanity to make a real Future Life again the great motive of morals and of actions.

As to the influence on conduct of a human Providence and an earthly Future Life, it must be remembered that these are certain, visible, present realities. The existence and power of Humanity are undeniable. It is easier to deny the existence of the British Empire or the City of London. The power of Human-

ity is simply a matter for social science, not for analogies and probabilities. So a future activity on earth is strictly certain, whatever be the truth about celestial life in Heaven. There can be no scepticism, no agnosticism, no philosophic doubt as to the central religious ideas of the Positivist. It is open to any one to deny that they form the whole truth; it is not open to deny that they are true in themselves. They do not at all exclude the belief in Creation and Celestial Bliss; they do not at all conflict with or disturb such belief. Positivism is not a belief which postulates the falsehood of all other modes of religion. Positivism would be just as true, just as useful, even if the Athanasian Creed were to be demonstrated by algebra.

To positivists, therefore, it is a matter of little moment whether there be, or be not, an eternity of consciousness after death. The certainty of a perpetual activity here is a very present and absorbing truth. A state of personal consciousness elsewhere is to many of us a notion which we cannot realize in the absence of all data and all known relations; and to many of us it is anything but an attractive promise. Many of us would desire to rest after a life of work—so that our epitaph might be:

“After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.”

It is open to any of us to imagine possibilities where no evidence is forthcoming. But healthy, active, social natures will mostly occupy themselves with the work that lies before them on earth and the certain effects of that work on earth, after their conscious life is apparently closed.

And need we trouble ourselves, whether our planet and our race are destined to an absolute eternity at all? On that subject science has certainly not said its last word, and it never can give us more than a presumption. The planet has possibly lasted some 200,000 years already, and it may possibly hold out some 200,000 years more. Is not that enough for practical purposes? It is not yet 1,900 years since the birth of Christ: it is hardly 3,000 years since regular records began. Another 3,000 years ought to show a considerable change in human life. Yet we are told that the future cannot interest us, since

science does not guarantee the planet for more than 200,000 years. All this comes of the craving for absolute ideas which Theology and Ontology engender. To a practical man 3,000 years is an eternity. A man might as well refuse to take any interest in his native country, because 3,000 years hence the New Zealander may possibly be sitting on the ruins of London Bridge. It is not a manly temper which finds life not worth living, unless it be assured of an absolute eternity.

It is hard to see what Theology can gain by appealing to science as to the ultimate fate of this planet, and the ignoble beginnings of its human denizens. There is a craze now to ransack the guesses of the physicists for pessimist pictures of human destiny and Ya-hoo theories of human nature. Omnipotence has, surely, more to lose than Humanity by such reasoning. It is the fashion now to present this planet as the meanest speck of an infinite Universe, a speck soon destined to the eternal silence of a frozen void. Humanity is a bit of jelly which, through stages at once revolting and slow, has partially emerged out of vileness and misery, blood and tears—to end, after its short day of doubtful civilization, in final obstruction, oblivion, and decay. And all this is to tend to the honor and glory of God, and to manifest his goodness, mercy, and love.

What can Theology profit by the picture? If Man be vile, he did not create himself, and he has certainly been trying to make himself better. If our planet be so mean a speck, Man did not create it, and he has certainly done something to improve it as a home. If the race be destined to die out, Man did not create Death, nor is he the lord of Death. Mean as this planet is, Man has got no better, and if it be shortly about to freeze, Man cannot help it. If Man be a Ya-hoo, why did Omnipotent goodness create Ya-hoos? If the story of the human race be such a tale of horror and woe, why did Infinite Love so ordain? If it be soon to be, as if it never were, it is a sorry close to the Divine Mercies. The author of the Pentateuch tells us that, "God said: Let us make man in our image after our likeness." Modern science, and now, it seems, modern theology, assure us

that the puppet play is about to end, the box to be shut, and the vile race to be speedily extinguished. Be it so! Humanity, at any rate, is not responsible for the failure. It has done its little best. We can only wonder at the mysterious ways of Omnipotence.

It is a strange mode this to

"Assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man"

by heaping every term of scorn upon that human race which the older theologians told us was the noblest work of the Creator, into which his Son consented to be born, and for whom he endured to die. If the modern science of evolution and of physics rob Humanity of all title to respect, how can any scheme of Creation, Atonement, and Salvation survive the shock? It is impossible to degrade Humanity without degrading God. If Humanity be a pitiful and transitory accident in the Universe, the whole scheme of Christianity loses its meaning. If the Earth be the meanest speck of dust, what becomes of all we were taught as to its Creation, the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment? The Book of Genesis declares that "God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good." A congress of modern Churchmen is assured out of the book of Darwin that it was exceedingly vile, and ludicrously mean.

No! we will put aside all these unmanly and unhealthy musings about the infinite littleness of our world, the meanness of man, and the near extinction of the earth and all it holds. A thousand centuries is sufficient eternity for us; and we have too much to do here to care much what we may be a thousand centuries hence. The ultimate end of the solar system, or even of the Universe, troubles us as little as its primeval origin, or the first protoplasmic indications of life. We know that humanity is far from perfect, is not likely to reach perfection; can only enjoy a qualified happiness at best; and exhibits, at most, but a checkered picture of virtue and greatness. But such as it is, we will make the best of this world, and think the best we can of the race that produced us. Absolute perfection is not within the human sphere: absolute goodness and absolute power are not

within human comprehension. Being only men we will live as men can, and accept the limitations of man with as good a grace as we may. Dreaming about hyperbolic transfiguration is not a help to do one's duty.

In an absolute sense, it is true the Earth is one of the smaller planets, a mere satellite of a Sun who is himself a minor star in the firmament. But in a relative sense, the Earth is the true centre, and the celestial objects are mere satellites of ours. The relative view is the human view, the view of common sense, activity, and happiness. We must again, in a relative spirit, restore the geocentric basis of science. The whole range of knowledge will have relatively an anthropocentric scheme. In a relative and rational sense, man must again become "the measure of all things." Absolute beginning, ultimate end, absolute perfection, the infinite Universe are mere metaphysical dilemmas beyond the comprehension of man. Instead of placing his religion in the Incomprehensible, man will place it in the comprehensible; and the less he muses about Heaven, the more will he perform on Earth. If he be not exalted by visions of Celestial Bliss, on the other hand he will never be driven to despair by the terror of Eternal Damnation: and Eternal Damnation is the logical obverse of Celestial Bliss. In surrendering the promise of the Serpent, that we shall eat of the tree of Life and be as Gods, we accept the more modest task of striving to make our human life good, beautiful, and true, in the humble confidence that come what may, judge us hereafter who shall, we shall be practically doing that which is the essence of all religions and the aim of all worship.

The spirit of all religions seems to grow clearer, as we thus look at life, and especially the spirit of all the higher Christian minds. Religion is indeed one, and has always been but the same idea in many phases. At each fresh phase, the new type has been bitterly scorned by its predecessor, to whom its very efficiency and beauty seemed ludicrous, mean, or cold. The great Sun-worshippers looked on the religion of many gods as a barbarous triviality. The worshippers of Zeus and Athene turned with loathing from the fishermen of Galilee and the crucified peasant of Nazareth. The magnificent ritual of Rome poured scorn on the humble readers of the English Bible. As at every step religion has grown more human, more simple, more closely inwoven with human life, a cry of horror has gone up that all sublimity was being destroyed, and that the common, the trivial, the earthly was taking its place.

The common, the trivial, the earthly is however the lot of man, and no yearning can alter that fact. Our task is to try and make this poor earth a little more fit for man, and the human race itself a little more worthy of itself; taking what we can get, accepting facts as they are, working out our own lives as best we can. We accept man as he is, and not as the Hebrew poets and the author of the Apocalypse conceive he might be. We will use history, seizing the most that science, thought, and industry can offer to improve our lot. And to contribute to this work, in however humble a way, is itself an adequate end of life, and will bring to every man and woman who shares in it their due measure of honor, happiness, and peace.
—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE DEATH OF ANTHONY.

BY W. W. STORY.

CAN it be? Are you living, my queen?
 I thought I had lost you forever;
 I was hurrying on to seek you
 O'er Acheron's dark river.
 I was rushing down Death's dark way,
 For this world is nothing without you;
 But you live, you live, and for one last time
 I can throw my arms about you.

Mine again—for a moment—no more,
 For swiftly my life is flying ;
 All your love cannot hold me here,
 I am dying, Egypt, dying.
 Ah ! Death would be only a triumph
 If we together were going.
 But alone, alone, and so alone,
 Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never—ah, never, never,
 Even in Elysian meadows,
 Can bliss be mine, if you are not there,
 'Mid that throng of thin cold shadows.
 Ah, let me not go alone !
 'Tis so easy life's knot to sever ;
 One pang, and it all is over. Come,
 Let us fling off the whole world forever !

We have had our golden days,
 Our triumph, our power, and our glory,
 And our life, and our love, and our death
 Shall be long remembered in story.
 We have not hid from men's gaze,
 Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
 But the world has wondered and stared at us,
 And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing in life to regret,
 We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
 We have seen, we have done, what no others have done,
 And if death now the triumph closes,
 Let it come ! let us welcome its coming,
 Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
 Fate frowns on us both ; let us go, dear love,
 Let us die as we lived, together.

Is it Cæsar's triumph to swell,
 That you hesitate now and linger ?
 His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
 To be pointed out by Scorn's finger ?
 To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble ?
 You, to cringe and to shrink to a master ;
 You, to eat the dust of his chariot-wheels ;
 And is death, then, a worse disaster ?

Ah ! you shudder ! Your cheeks grow pale !
 I can say no more ; I am dying.
 This world's growing dim. Lift my head !—One more kiss !
 Oh ! at least on your bosom lying,
 My spirit takes flight—all is over
 This life had to give, and it gave us
 Its best and its sweetest ; but now death is best,—
 Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell ! We shall meet again soon,
 I feel it, beyond the dark river.
 If you stay, it will be but a moment,
 For life cannot last forever.

On that farther shore I shall wait,
 With a love that knows no abating,
 Till you come—and come soon—and remember,
 I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THAT THE HALF IS MORE THAN THE WHOLE.

A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.

BY F. A.

THIS is, in point of fact, a very elementary truth. I will not even go to the length of calling it paradoxical. I know that it is opposed to the modern doctrine—which is so much the worse for the modern doctrine. It is perfectly notorious that nothing is so false as figures, except facts. Two men were one day arguing a matter rather ferociously. "I suppose you will allow," said one of them, with a touch of irony, "that two and two make four." "I will not allow it for a moment," said the other, "unless I know to what use you mean to turn the admission." There was a great philosophical writer—I rather think it was Harris of the *Hermes*, or it might have been Abraham Tucker,—who allowed, indeed, that two and two made four in popular estimation, but candidly confessed that there were many arguments which to his mind tended to a different conclusion. This Harris was of Heron Court, which lies past the space of pines and bracken and fern that separates it from Bournemouth and the seaboard. He was the ancestor of those Eals of Malmesbury who have done good work in statesmanship and in literature. When he first entered the House of Commons, Pitt asked some one what he had done, and was informed that the new member had written something about music and about grammar. "Why does he come here," said Pitt, "where he will get neither the one nor the other?" If it is not a mathematical truth—which it ought to be—it is nevertheless a moral truth, that the half is more than the whole.

Those of us who have wandered about the Black Forest, amid those columnar pines, and troutful streams and lakes, and zig-zagging retrocedent railways, have come to the grand old Cathedral

of Freiburg within some eight miles of the Rhine. If we have examined carefully the massive portal we shall not fail to be impressed especially with one scene that is delineated. It is that of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. We all know the simple touching story which is a favorite subject both in ecclesiastical history and in Christian art. Martin, one wintry day, being outside Tours, met a poor man shivering in the cold, and taking up his cloak, gave the beggar half of it. That night there appeared to a certain one a vision of the Christ clothed with the half cloak, who said, "Martin, being only a catechumen, has clothed me with this garment." The world has never forgotten and will never forget that story of St. Martin. Would any cloak, however gay and ample, be worth one-millionth part of that divided garment? Not even Walter Raleigh's cloak which he stretched before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, nor anything that *Sartor Resartus* has told us about in regard to human habiliments can vie with it in moral interest. So that it is in this case that the Half is More than the Whole.

And this is true throughout all the province of Ethics. That man is indeed a paltry wretch who keeps all he has to himself. The man alone is blessed "who has dispersed abroad and given to the poor." The man makes the greatest possible mistake who prefers the whole to the half. It is the case of the miser who will not sell his grain, and finds later on that the contents of his granary have been devoured by rats. It is the case of that other miser in the American story, who stored up all his money in bank-notes, and when after many years he took out his bank-notes

he found that the bank that had issued them had long ago disappeared into space. Of course we may be told, that whatever else it may be, our proposition is not "business." That all depends on what our conception of business may be. That is a fine touch that Dickens gives us in his *Christmas Carol*. Old Scrooge seeks to propitiate Marley's Ghost by telling him that in his lifetime he had been a capital man of business. "The common good was my business," shrieks the spectre; "mercy, charity and forbearance were my business. The dealings of my trade were as mere drops of water in the ocean of my business."

There is a natural instinct in the human heart that tells us to share our good things, and that assures us that the half is more than the whole. When we wish to give an instance of brotherly love, or of the love of that friend who so often "sticketh closer than a brother," we say that they "share and share alike." This is the case of the generous school-boy, and of the old man who has not outlived the generosity of his boyhood. I have known good people in my time who have regularly given away one half of their incomings. That must necessarily be possible for only very few of us, but who will say that in their case the half is not greater than the whole? It is a common saying among the noble-hearted poor that such a one is ready to share his last loaf or his last shilling. It is a saying not peculiar to the poor. "Never mind, John," said the noble patron of a living to a clerical friend, who had got under some some sort of cloud, "while I live I will share my last shilling with you." I don't suppose that the noble Earl actually proposed to surrender half forty thousand a year to my reverend friend; but, all the same, it was a sentiment that did equal honor to his heart and hand. As a matter of fact, that last loaf is never divided. and that last shilling is not shared. Such blessed loaves, the *pain beni*, like those of the Miraculous Feast, multiply, and the shillings get a way of expanding into gold and notes. And there is a still higher form of "going shares" than any of a material kind. There is a sharing of thoughts, a sharing of sympathy, a sharing of hopes and prayers, which is

the very best thing in human life. It indicates that exquisite companionship which is the highest blessing and boon of existence. Horace calls Virgil the "half of his soul," and I suppose that Dante, though by far a greater man than Virgil, could nevertheless have said the same. And was not the "half of the soul" all the richer and better for having given away the other half?

Let us take some further instances in practical life. There are so many cases where it would be easy to show that a man would be far better off with a half than with the whole. Take the case of some rich, childless man. He is old, or within the visible verge of being an old man. It is astonishing how often it happens that a man speaks of himself as being "comparatively a young man," until some fine morning he wakes up to the conviction that he is an old man. He has no wife, or let us say that his wife is as old as himself, and perfectly well provided for. He has a great deal of money; more than he wants, more than he can spend. He spends quite as much upon his own living as he can consistently with the idea of living long. If he lived at all more luxuriously, he would have the gout, of which he has already had some premonitory symptoms. What will he do with his money? He feels a sort of melancholy satisfaction in the idea that he is "worth a plum" or "will cut up fat." There is the money, and something must be done with it. He thinks that he may be able to make some kind of investment for the good of his soul. It will be creditable to his memory to have a list of pious legacies in the *Illustrated London News*, to be copied into the general, local, and colonial papers. Such a man came to me one day. He wanted a list of different societies to whom he might leave legacies in his last will and testament. I had never heard of his doing a generous act to any human being in his lifetime, but it was his wish to pose as a philanthropist after his decease. Old men, of the sort I am speaking of, often prevaricate greatly about their means. I knew such a one, who declared to his dismayed kinsfolk that he was on the verge of starvation, but when senile blindness came on him, and he had to hand over his banker's book, it

was found that he had a comfortable balance of seventeen thousand pounds to his credit. In the case of the person who consulted me, I warmly applauded his design, and gave him a list of religious and charitable societies. As I knew, however, that he did not want the interest of the money which he proposed to bequeath, I ventured to suggest that he should hand over the money in his lifetime. To this he strongly demurred. In case he should have scruples in defrauding a paternal government of the legacy duty, I suggested that he might open up a correspondence with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who would cheerfully facilitate any necessary arrangement. But, like a great character in history, he declined to take off his clothes until he went to bed. I suggested to him that if the facts were known, there might be a great many pious prayers for his speedy removal to another world. This point of view had not previously struck him, but it altogether failed to make any definite impression.

In contrast to this let us mention another case. There were a father and mother and young struggling family. The great struggle was to make the two ends meet—those two elastic ends which incline toward each other with so much aversion and difficulty, and if they coalesce for a moment, presently part asunder. There was just one relative of whom they might have legitimate expectations. He called on the father one day and said: "I have always intended to leave you so many thousand pounds," not many indeed, but we will call it half of what he had, "and I find that I am a man of few wants, and I do not use the income, and it simply accumulates; and it has occurred to me that it might be well for me to give it to you in my lifetime, when perhaps you require it more than you may by and by." Now, in this case, there was no waiting for dead men's shoes. This sudden access of money gave the children a good education and opening in life, and fructified many times beyond the value of the gifts. And in the case of the generous-hearted donor, was not the half that he retained more than the whole? What litanies of blessings and thanksgiving arose from grateful hearts to the Giver

of all good! What ceaseless thoughts of gratitude would expand from heart to heart and from generation to generation! I know the facts though I do not know the name, and I hold up his bright example to the imitation of any of my relations who may be contemplating a legacy in my favor.

Sometimes one feels very literally that half is more than the whole. A friend of mine was telling me yesterday of a journey which he had made to Morocco and Fez. He had gone into the interior, into a region where money is rarely seen and its use only imperfectly comprehended. He had done some service to an Arab chief who promised to send him in a supper. Accordingly the supper made its appearance in an uncooked form, and its unassuming contents were as follows: two kids, forty eggs, a dozen fowls and four sheep. I should think that this would be a case in which the half would be more than the whole. The whole value of this tremendous supper, reduced to English coinage, would be about a half-sovereign. It takes about a dozen coins of the country to make up the value of an English penny. I had a letter the same morning from a friend in South California. He had been on a visit to Mexican territory from San Diego. He describes minutely the superfluities of San Diego. The profusion of flesh, fowl and fruit is enormous. He often sees cartloads of good food, which would feed whole English villages, sent off to the manure-heap. A most profuse dinner at a *café*, exclusive of wines, is twenty-five cents. Here again we have the wisdom of our aphorism vindicated. In the town of Diego it seemed that there was a plethora of newspapers and packets at the Post Office. The local postmaster rose to the occasion. He pushed the maxim that "the half is more than the whole" to its logical conclusion that nothing at all was better than ever so much. He devised what he considered a better plan than keeping the papers till called for, or finding out the people to whom they were addressed. He loaded several wagons with them, and had the contents "dumped," which is Californian for "tilting" or emptying, into the sea. There was a loud outcry among the

people, who expressed a desire that he should himself be "dumped" into the waters of the bay; a kind of suggestion which it is not at all unlikely the Californian folk may carry out.

Early one Sunday morning I was going along the Westminster Bridge Road. I had been vainly supposing that the condition of my boots was irreproachable, but simultaneously two young shoeblacks made a rush at me from the other side of the road. It was impossible to resist this combination of unfavorable opinion, and I at once surrendered. Feeling in my waistcoat-pocket I found there a sixpence and a halfpenny. It was not worth while getting change, and perhaps I had a mean fit upon me; anyhow I said, "I shall only give a halfpenny." I was very much amused in observing the two lads. One of them drew back contemptuously; the other rubbed his hands, stooped down and produced his brushes. The first boy was probably an ornament to a Board School and had defined notions of prices and value. "You never mean, Bob," he said, "to take half money and let yourself down to cleaning boots for a halfpenny!" But the other boy went to work steadily, saying, "I am not going to refuse a job." His companion looked on with stolid disapprobation. When the little fellow had finished his job, which he did in good style, I paid him the halfpenny and added the sixpence to it. The other boy looked on with silent astonishment. I flatter myself that I quite effected a *bouleversement* of that small prig's nascent notions of political economy, and convinced him that there is a sense in which the half is more than the whole.

I remember an amusing instance in which some worthy people would have done better for themselves if they had grasped the profound truth that the half is more than the whole. I once lived in a village where we flattered ourselves that we were an enlightened and progressive community. There was a little station in the parish where about half the ordinary trains used to stop. We considered that all the trains ought to stop, to promote our growing development, and, in conclave assembled, we addressed a petition to the mighty manager of a great railway company. It

appeared, however, that our ambition was very much greater than our traffic. Moreover the railway company, as a company, was in very bad humor, as they had lately lost several thousand pounds through an accident at this very station. The Secretary wrote to us in reply to our remonstrance, that the Company had resolved that no more trains should stop at this station, and that the station should be shut up altogether.

In some parts of the country, although I am afraid that it has generally dropped away except perhaps in Shropshire and Northamptonshire, there is the beautiful old custom of "going-a-mothering." Mothering Sunday is the Sunday of Mid-Lent. On those days the family all go to church together, first of all drinking all round of a bowl of *furmety*, a decoction made of wheat-grains, boiled in sweet milk, well spiced and sugared. On those days a lad or lass living in service at a distance would bring the mother home a pie, with a yellow crust like a wall, and fancifully shaped and very heavy. All the children bring presents of the season, and the unmarried lass brings the *simnel* cake. This is thought a good time, if the lass has got a sweetheart, to introduce him to her parents. Old Herrick seems to allude to this in the pretty lines:

"I'll for thee a *simnel* bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that when she blesses thee
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

I am sure the young lady would be better pleased that her lover should get half the mother's blessing than that she should appropriate the whole.

The thesis of our essays really embodies what is called the Doctrine of Compromise. It is a principle on which we may very safely act in human life. Just as in every Government there is a War Department, so in every human life there is a War Department. As Plato says, we see the State in the individual, and the individual in the State. I know very few people who have traversed the larger part of the arc of life without at one time or another having had to make an appearance in some hateful law court. We are told

to study to be quiet. I am sure that we cannot be quiet without a great deal of study how to become so. And, study it as we may, we cannot always get the quiet. The Quietists, as a sect, are gone out of fashion. We have heard the story of a very quiet Quaker who said to one who had wronged him: "Friend, my religion forbids me to go to law with thee, but assuredly one of the ungodly, whom they call my solicitor, will put thee in prison." It is often the least litigious people who are forced into litigation. As far as possible we should live peaceably with all men, but sometimes it becomes a sheer impossibility. It is not simply our own interests that are involved—it would be comparatively easy to make a sacrifice of them—but the interests of others to whom we stand in a position of guardian or trustee. The "friendly" lawsuit, or the "conscientious" lawsuit are, as a rule, miserable and interminable things. I read in the life of a worthy bishop, how he embittered some of the last years of his life by a lawsuit about some trifling matters, acting, as he thought, in the interest of his successor. With regard to this War Department of human life, it is a very sensible comprehensive rule, to be quite content if you can get one half of your claim. I will not go to the length, which some very sensible people, including some great lawyers, have advised—of giving your opponent all he claims and a ten-pound note besides—but be quite satisfied if you can get the half of your claim. Depend upon it, it is much more than the whole. I am not simply thinking of the expenses of litigation, and the proverbial uncertainty of the law. But a man will always do well utterly to distrust his own view of his own case. I have heard of honest men who have gone into a court and have been utterly astonished and dismayed by the strength of their opponent's case. And being honest men, they have no wish to win their case against the clear rights of Right. And herein the clients are often better than their advocates. I was talking to a lady one day, the wife of a solicitor, whose husband had the conduct of a very perplexed and important case. "Let us hope," I said, in a feeble moralistic

vein, "that the right side will win." "What nonsense you are talking!" said the lawyer's wife; "I hope that my husband's client, right or wrong, will win." This is more than an honest client will generally wish for himself. He may save the loss of his case and perhaps a good deal of casuistry as well, if at the very earliest opportunity he compromises on the basis of the half. And the gain is much greater in all probability than appears on material considerations. You may have extirpated a root of bitterness. You may have made a friend instead of an enemy. If, as time goes on, you obtain a clearer light on the matter in dispute, you will be able to rectify any error that may have been made on the one side or the other. It is impossible to divest even legal matters of moral or neighborly character. If in those difficult matters of disagreement and conflict you are able to bring sweet from bitter and light from darkness—*appone lucro*, you have made the best of an opportunity. The half is more than the whole—*medio tutissimus ibis*.

And if your case should go into a law court you will probably find, either on the one side or on the other, a fresh illustration of the truth of the Hesiodic maxim. You will observe that the acute barrister who has really a strong case preserves a tone of studious moderation. He assumes that humility which is "young Ambition's ladder." He studiously understates his case. He skilfully conveys the idea that he does not want to grasp at the whole—a sort of thing which everybody dislikes, but rather inclines toward those who are content with a half. Of course, in the long run he displays the full strength of his case, as you may find to your cost; but in his having got the first innings he has conveyed the notion of his strength and self-restraint, and this is without question a great help to a man and his cause. Indeed, the most wary judges have admitted that when a man opens a case in this way, a prejudice is insensibly contracted in his favor, and it requires the utmost exertions of the other side to do away with the impression thus created. And when "the court rises," which means when the judge disentangles his legal petticoats, and prepares

to take off his war-paint in the little hole of a room which serves him as a sort of vestry, the man who has shown moderation, and whom I claim as a disciple of "the half" theory, stands much higher in his opinion than the man who has failed to convey the pleasing idea. And you may be sure that the opinion of the jury very strongly reflects that of the judge. The wise jurist knows the truth of the saying, *summum jus summa injuria*. He hates the falsehood of extremes. He will not take the pound of flesh. He knows that the advantage pushed to the uttermost becomes the worst of disadvantages. It is just possible that you may really get your cause by sacrificing part of your case.

Let us take another illustration. It shall be from that ever popular subject of marriage. Under the conditions of marriage the whole becomes a half, and the half is ever so much more than the whole. The bachelor is *totus teres, atque rotundus*. He is a free agent. He comes and goes, and does just what he likes. He is "lord of himself," and some day perhaps he comes to consider it "a heritage of woe." When he marries, he and his consort constitute "a corporation sole." Of that corporation he is only half, and as his wife is the better half, it logically follows that he himself is a wretchedly inferior half. Nevertheless, if he possesses a properly regulated mind, he comes to recognize that his present half is much more than his former whole. He is a better man—that is to say if he really ever was worth anything—than he ever was before. He has, or ought to have, deeper sympathies, nobler aspirations, a complete existence. This condition of halfdom divides his sorrows and doubles his joys. It is again a case of Q. E. D., *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Then of course there are other provinces of life in which we may assert this great principle. Thus, the dialogue is more than the monologue. Which is the better, to have the talk all to yourself, or to share it with other people? There have been great masters of monologue, such as Macaulay or Madame de Staël, but no doubt their Table-talk, like the Table-talk which we possess of Luther, Selden, and Coleridge,

was broken up and carried on by the frequent speech of interlocutors. The dialogue is a matchless instrument in all dialectics. How it displays the facets of a subject, and gives clearness of outline and definiteness of thought! Plato's Dialogues, to take Mr. Grote's classification, those of Search and those of Negation, show us most convincingly, that the half is more than the whole. Even the monologue of Socrates himself derives its main force from the help of others, and indeed the critics will never be able to discover how far Socrates has helped Plato, or Plato has helped Socrates. Take all the literature of dialogue from Justin Martyr's *Trypho*, to the Colloquies of Erasmus, or the dialogues of Berkeley, and the *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor, and it will be found that this is the literary instrument best suited for the treatment of the subject matter.

A very acute observer remarked to me one day, that no single speech in the House of Commons ever gave a perfectly full view of a subject, but in the course of a real debate, the full view of a subject is perfectly brought out. In the old Greek epigram the blind man carries the lame man, and in this combination each half becomes more than the whole. There is a fearful being who haunts society and goes by the name of "the greatest living authority" on such or such a subject. I once asked a man, to whom a vaguely scientific character was attached, what might be his special line. "I suppose, sir," he answered, with conscious superiority, "that I am the greatest living authority on the subject of Stinks." Yet even the greatest living authority, if he discussed the matter with the second greatest living authority, would gain fresh light, on their common subject-matter. A man who does only half the talk instead of the whole, certainly does the best for himself and for society.

There is yet another way in which we may look at our aphorism. We all know the expression, many of us by actual experience, of *working under our limitations*. We could do so much if we only had the leisure. We are not the masters of our whole time. We have only got half of it. But even here it often happens that the half is more

than the whole. Some of the best work that the world has ever seen put out has been done by people who have been working under their limitations. See what work has been done by busy bankers, such as George Grote and Sir John Lubbock! Look at James Mill writing his "History of British India," at the India House, and Macaulay writing his "Lays of Ancient Rome" at the War Office, at Lord Beaconsfield writing novels, and Lord Derby translating Homer amid the stress and strain of social and political life! And such men wrote perhaps all the better from the fact of their being encompassed about with their limitations. Their time is so little that they must make the most of it. Their plot of garden is so slight that they must fill it with the rarest flowers. Very often the busy time has made them more efficient for the leisure time, which served for a still higher business time. Gibbon is supposed to have written his "Decline and Fall" all the better because his experience in the House of Commons helped him to understand imperial interests. Those who gather up the fragments fill their baskets to the brim. The other day I borrowed a most useful and popular volume which has passed through many editions, and the author or some friend had written: "This book was written in intervals of time while waiting for dinner." If this worthy man had not been pushed into a corner, the probability is that he would not have written his book.

I have said that our motto formulates the doctrine of Compromise, and this doctrine is capable of a larger extension than might be thought. It is a large subject on which a book might be written, and, indeed, has been written. It is not for the light pen of the essayist to rashly touch a subject of such magnificent proportions. But, reduced to its simplest terms, Compromise means that each takes a half instead of one grasping at the whole, and beyond this it means that it is best that each should have a half instead of a whole. The compromise is in itself better than either

of the extremes. If the lofty Muse of History might be invoked in pages so slight, that Muse shall furnish us with an illustration. Lord Macaulay is fond of asserting that the Anglican Church is a compromise between the Church of Rome and the Church of Geneva. Looking at the subject in a superficial and popular way, the generalization, albeit showy like all generalizations, may be allowed to stand, at least temporarily. But it would have been worthy of the attention of Lord Macaulay, and indeed of the pictorial and rhetorical school of historians generally, that the Anglican Fathers who are supposed to have effected the compromise had all the time no idea of effecting any compromise against conviction, and in fact some of them preferred to go to the block or the stake rather than sacrifice any conviction. The compromise was only so far adopted as it was inherently good in itself. We did not abolish the old cathedral, but we cleared away what was mere pageantry and rubbish, and from the renewed oriels the Saints and prophets are shining down on us, and prayer is ascending and music sounding and crowds adoring.

That famous saint and poet, George Herbert, translated Cornaro's famous treatise on Moderation in Diet. That wonderful Cornaro never took more than half a meal, and as he arrived at a very great old age, he is supposed to have proved practically that the half is more than the whole. George Herbert makes Cornaro say in his translation that lest he should prove intemperate after all, he will bring his discourse to a conclusion. It is just a conceit of the Reverend Mr. Herbert Esquire, as he calls himself in Bemerton Registry, for if you look at the Italian of Cornaro you will find that he really says nothing of the kind. George Herbert inserted the remark as a rhetorical flourish. Nevertheless it shall give me a hint. I have only said half that I should like to say on the subject—but then you know by this time, that the half is more than the whole.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE POWER OF NATURE.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

WHEN hope in my soul lies cold and dead,
 And out of my life the light has fled,
 When all are gone whom I love the best,
 And my heart is filled with a strange unrest,
 Then I have only to roam along
 A leafy lane toward evensong—
 Only to list to the throstle's strain,
 The fresher far for the silver rain,
 And lo ! I have seen the death of pain,
 For, my heart—my heart, it is glad again.

Then, hope awakes at those vesper lays,
 And dreams arise of serener days ;
 The light of life that was quenched in rue
 Is lit at the marigold's torch anew ;
 Pale unrest in the tender bloom
 Of dew-washed violets finds a tomb ;
 Only to raise my drooping eyes
 To the cloudless blue of the quiet skies,
 And grief in the lap of Beauty dies.

And then I sit in a bower of green
 Where they bent the knee to the last May Queen ;
 A very king, in my hand I hold
 The mullein's sceptre of burnished gold ;
 All set with diamonds—dewdrops bright—
 It flashes there in the morning light ;
 Never had monarch a fairer throne,
 With a crown of red roses newly blown,
 Gold king-cups strung for a royal zone,
 And a world of melody all my own !

—*Time.*

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

MR. STEVENSON has said that if Shakspeare could have read "Rhoda Fleming" he would have cried, "Here's a fellow !" Carlyle, I happen to know, was acquainted with "Richard Feverel ;" his wife read it aloud to him, and he was so pleased that he said, "This man's no fule." This is not the whole story. First Mrs. Carlyle read the book herself, and many times she flung it aside in irritation before becoming reconciled to Mr. Meredith's yoke. Such is the common experience of read-

ers, who fall back before the showers of epigrams or resent the fantastic phraseology. It is the law of the land that novels should be an easy gallop, but Mr. Meredith's readers have to pant uphill. He reaches his thoughts by means of ladders which he kicks away, letting his readers follow as best they can, a way of playing the game that leaves him comparatively free from pursuit. Too sluggish to climb, the public sit in the rear, flinging his jargon at his head, yet aware, if they have heads

themselves, that one of the great intellects of the age is on in front.*

Phrase-making is Mr. Meredith's passion. His books are as overdressed as fingers hidden in rings. "Our life below is short," Lady Wathin informs Diana of the Crossways. "We have our little term. It is soon over." "On the other hand," Diana points out, "the platitudes concerning it are eternal." Again, in "Emilia in England," a social club from the village appeals to a local magnate for a subscription. Tom Breeks, primed with eloquence, is spokesman, but does not satisfy his friends. He has omitted something from his speech, and they shout the reminder, "Bundle o' sticks, Tom Breeks, don't let slip 'bout bundle o' sticks." Tom, however, has had too much beer, and struggles in vain to introduce the bundle of sticks, which is "the foundation sentiment of the club." He dashes his cap pitifully to earth, with the wail, "I'm dashed if I can bring in the bundle!" Mr. Meredith has Diana's contempt for platitudes, and it will not suffer him, whatever the temptation, to bring in the bundle. "A writer," he says elsewhere, "who is not servile and has insight, must coin from his own mint." He sets the example, and sends some strange phrases into the currency. "Russet yeas and honest kersey noes" are shown out. "As affirmatively as one may protest" is offered in exchange for "Yes." "No" makes room for "Her head performed the negative." Mr. Meredith's characters do not laugh, they "shake another roll of laughter out." Richard Feverel "pushes a few months forward"—that is, he misrepresents his age. A man "comes out with a chuckle." When he threatens to embrace his lady-love, "the gulf of a caress heaves in view, like an enormous billow hollowing under the curled ridge." One lady "puts a tooth on her under-lip as her head resumes its brushing negative;" and another "swings suspended on a scarce credible guess." They "knock rising groans on the head," and "squeeze

themselves shadowily." "In the middle of the night it rang a little silver bell in my ear," means that the speaker suddenly remembered something. Watches "say a quarter to ten." "He hurried to the Opera and met the vomit." They "arrest their resumption of speech," though it is scarcely fair to say "they," Mr. Meredith never letting two do the same thing in the same way. Sometimes he is very realistic: "Her nearest eye, setting a dimple of her cheek in motion, slid to the corner toward her ear."

These are misses, but the readers of this most brilliant of living writers know how often he rings the bell. "She ran ahead of his thoughts like nimble fire," is a picture in a line. What could be better than a blundering punster "extinguished by his own spark?" "The cold bath before dinner in strange company." "The sun of his purse," for the parasite's patron, grows into a gem as you consider it. Were I to pick out Mr. Meredith's triumphs in phrase-making I could tattoo the CONTEMPORARY with them—to use one of his own phrases. He has made it his business to pin them to his pages as a collector secures butterflies. He succeeds, I believe, in this perilous undertaking as often as he fails. He must have the largest vocabulary of any living man. It is told of a great newspaper editor that he had a contributor with a curious craze for introducing the latest thing in felt hats into his articles. A hundred times the editor struck the felt hats out, and a time came when he dreamt nightly that his contributor had outwitted him. Mr. Meredith seems to have similar nightmares about the commonplace, and undeniably the phraseology which he offers as a substitute strews the readers' path with stones. It turns their attention to side issues. Mr. Meredith has plucked the old phrases to pieces, flung them into the caldron to be stereotyped in new combinations. He will have no drowning men who clutch at straws, nor wits who set the table in a roar, nor heroes who kick against the pricks. He does not suffer from a determination to the mouth of *sub Jove, par excellence, alter ego*, and *bête noire*. As a consequence his pages are a new sensation to the jaded palate. If to avoid the con-

* A member of Parliament, who professed great admiration for Mr. Meredith, asked me once if I did not think "Sir Gibbie" his finest work. I said yes.

ventional in phrases he puts words to fantastic uses, he shows that language which had become cold may still be beaten red-hot, and in the process he strikes out numberless sparks of thought. This thinking over words puts new life into literature.

The majority read novels not to think, but to keep themselves from thinking. They will never care for Mr. Meredith, who is an intellectual exercise, like chess. Diana's maid rejoiced in tales of "wicked princes, rogue noblemen, titled wantons, daisy and lily innocents, traitorous marriages, murders, a gallows dangling a corpse dotted by a moon and a woman bowed beneath." It must be allowed that "in the upper and the middle as well as in the lower classes of the country there would be a multitude to read that stuff, so cordially, despite the gaps between them, are they one in their literary tastes." The multitude are gorging on it at present in its tenth and twentieth editions. Admit all that, and it is still a dangerous thing to hold that popularity is only within the charlatan's reach. We have had great novelists ere now who brightened the lives of millions of their contemporaries. Mr. Meredith has, to my mind, a title to consideration with the best of them, yet he has only a handful of readers for every thousand whom even Thackeray and George Eliot delight. If he is cultured, so were they. Why is it that so many intelligent novel readers, for whom the gallows dangling corpses has no charm, turn despairingly from "Richard Feverel," the greatest novel of this generation? Want of brains will not do, and that would be the explanation if such readers rejected Mr. Meredith because of his circumlocutions. They must know that if his style is trying it is often superb, that if there is a phrase to shudder at in one sentence there is one to lay down the book and think over with admiration the next. Some say that readers mistake the thing; considering as novels what are really comedies. Mr. Meredith calls some of his books comedies himself, and I think he might give the name to all except "Rhoda Fleming." In these days of adaptations of stories to the stage the only living writer of comedies to be regarded is the

only novelist of note, living or dead, who has not been adapted. But to call the books comedies does not help us much. Whatever they are they only irritate some very intelligent people. There is, indeed, an air of unreality about them, not merely the comedy air, for which only enthusiasts whom Mr. Meredith's brilliance dazzles have no eyes.

It is Mr. Meredith's wit that wearies many of his readers. He is, I think, the greatest wit this country has produced. Sheridan is not visible beside him, and Pope has only the advantage of polish. Mr. Meredith is far more than a wit, but wit is his most obvious faculty, and he seldom keeps it in subordination. Wit does not proceed from the heart, and so in many of Mr. Meredith's books there is little heart. They compare badly in this respect with Thackeray's novels; indeed, his characters are often puppets as Thackeray's were not, and the famous ending to "Vanity Fair" would be in its proper place at the end of "The Egoist." This want of heart is a part of the price Mr. Meredith pays for his wit, but he also suffers in another way that damages his books as comedies not less than as novels. He puts his wit into the mouths of nearly every one of his characters. They are all there to sparkle, and in the act to destroy their individuality. They are introduced in lines so wise and pointed that at once they stand out as sharply defined human beings; then they talk as the persons we had conceived could never talk, and so we lose grip of them. It is this that makes so many readers unable to follow the story; they never know when they have the characters. Each book is packed with wit as Ripton Thompson stuffed the cab with the stout lady who had fallen to his right arm at Richmond. Diana is the author's favorite heroine, because she is the cleverest: he has a positive ill-will for the characters of his own creation who do not justify their existence by scintillating. There are few of them, but Richard Feverel's friend, Ripton, is one: he is introduced for the sake of contrast, and so heartily does Mr. Meredith despise him that he calls him Thompson. Yet we know Ripton Thompson as we never get to know

some of those who make a butt of him. "The Pilgrim's Scrip" is a volume of aphorisms written by Sir Austin Feverel, but all his relatives, any one of his visitors, could have written it as well. Everybody talks Pilgrim's Scrip. "Singular," says Richard Feverel, "she says just what my father said." Unfortunately this is not singular. "Now Mrs. Berry only put Lady Blandish's thoughts in bad English;" if it were not for the bad English Lady Blandish might be talking. "It's my belief," says Mrs. Mountstuart, in "The Egoist," "that naturalness among the common people has died out of the kingdom." This seems to be Mr. Meredith's opinion too. His common people are as gifted as the girl in the fairy tale who dropped gold pieces every time she opened her mouth. Be they rustics, soldiers, maidens, lovers, school-boys, or philosophers, they must flash. Mr. Meredith sees to it that they are witty, as Mr. Hardy stands by heroines of uncertain mind, as Mr. Payn insists on marrying his heroes before they are one-and-twenty. When two characters meet there comes the clash of arms, quick as an echo.

The female characters suffer, I think, most. Rhoda Fleming and Janet in "Harry Richmond," which contains, too, a wonderful picture of a Roman girl, are flesh and blood, but, despite the author's subtle distinctions, I confuse the three sisters in "Emilia in England." They speak with one voice, and they reappear in other novels under other names. They are Mrs. Mountstuart and Lady Blandish, with a few years added to their age; the reader sees no distinct personality in their comedy speeches. They are only voices from behind a screen.

Though Gammon's stolidity in "Rhoda Fleming" is amusing, Mr. Meredith's rustics do not compare with Mr. Hardy's. They have more in common with the soulless animals whom the author of "Mehalah" offers as peasants. One who could eat hog "a solid hower" disappears in mist when he begins to talk metaphor. Were it not for his conversation Sir Lupin, the husband of Emmy, would be among the best conceived figures in "Diana of the Cross-

ways." Sir Lupin is an idle, foolish soldier, whose career, like that of Algeron Feverel, "lay in his legs," and he neglects his wife. An operation has to be performed on her, and while she is under the knife his self-reproaches are most pathetic. The scene is the most touching in the book, and would be flawless were it not for the language Sir Lupin has to speak. This brainless warrior says of Diana, "she comes out in blazing armor if you unmask her." "If she were to take fire, Troy'd be nothing to it." Women "are the devil—or he makes most use of them; and you must learn to see the cloven hoof under their petticoats if you're to escape them. There's no protection in being in love with your wife. I married for love; I am—I always have been—in love with her; and I went to the deuce. The music struck up, and away I waltzed." A clever man would not talk so smartly if he were in torture; a stupid man could not do it at any time. Sir Lupin's behavior, in short, is as true to life as his language is false to it. Nevertheless when, as soon as Emmy is out of danger, we see him waltzing off after another woman, we recognize a type in him. He is in many ways so vividly drawn that in this case we pass the wit by as mere quotations from Mr. Meredith. Mrs. Berry, the soft-hearted London landlady in "Richard Feverel," is witty with the best of them, but is chiefly interesting as showing Dickens's influence. Mr. Meredith, who speaks of another stout lady as "the bosom," calls Mrs. Berry "the bunch of black satin," and her lamentations over her husband's fickleness might be dropped into "Pickwick." "'A widow and not a widow, and haven't got a name for what she is in any dixonary. I've looked, my dear, and '—she spread out her arms—' John-son haven't got a name for me!'"

Even Mr. Meredith's boys are premature wits. Crossjay, in "The Egoist," is "a rosy-cheeked round-bodied rogue of a hoy, who fell upon meals and puddings and defeated them." His theory is that "girls always have something the matter with them to spoil a game." In such sentences a real boy is created, but, though only twelve, Crossjay's fig-

ures of speech are worthy of his tutor—who is the Wilfred of "Emilia in England"—and he philosophizes on boyhood and death like an eavesdropper at the study-door of Sir Austin Feverel. Richard Feverel in his boyhood is at times shadowy from the same cause, but he is not meant to be an ordinary boy, and, in the fight between him and Ripton, Mr. Meredith's humor overcomes his wit. The scene is so inimicable that I cannot pass it by. Ripton has remarked that his friend's sentiments are girlish, "an offensive remark, remembering which, Richard, after they had borrowed a couple of guns at the bailiff's farm, and Ripton had fired badly, called his friend a fool."

"Feeling that circumstances were making him look wonderfully like one, Ripton lifted his head and retorted defiantly 'I'm not!'"

"This angry contradiction, so very uncalled for, annoyed Richard, who was still smarting at the loss of his birds, owing to Ripton's bad shot, and was really the injured party. He therefore bestowed the abusive epithet on Ripton anew, and with increase of emphasis.

"You shan't call me so, then, whether I am or not," says Ripton, and sucks his lips.

"This was becoming personal. Richard sent up his brows, and stared at his defier an instant. He then informed him that he certainly should call him so, and would not object to call him so twenty times.

"Do it, and see!" returns Ripton, rocking on his feet and breathing quick.

"With a gravity of which only boys and other barbarians are capable, Richard went through the entire number, stressing the epithet to increase the defiance and avoid monotony, as he progressed, while Ripton bobbed his head every time in assent, as it were, to his comrade's accuracy, and as a record for his profound humiliation. The dog they had with them gazed at the extraordinary performance with interrogating wags of the tail.

"Twenty times, duly and deliberately, Richard repeated the obnoxious word.

"At the twentieth solemn iteration of Ripton's capital shortcoming, Ripton delivered a smart back-hander on Richard's mouth."

Thackeray's boys are not so genuine as these, nor even Traddles. I would not give the scene of which this is a part for all "Tom Brown's School-days." There is nothing of the kind to put beside it in contemporary fiction, except the scene in Mrs. Oliphant's "Sir Tom," in which Jock commiserates the pretty Bice for being so plain-looking. Bice knocks him down.

Mr. Meredith's most dramatic story

is "Richard Feverel." Here the wit put into their mouths does not take the color out of the leading personages, because the Feverels are a witty family. Their appearance anywhere is like turning on the gas, for their conversation lights up their surroundings, but they are wits of different kinds; and they seldom speak out of character. Adrian, the Epicurean, is a cynic on all matters that do not relate to the stomach. When Richard says that his beautiful young wife did everything in her power to make him defer the marriage, Adrian shakes his head. "She could," he points out, "have shaved her head, for instance." A memorable character, too, is Hippias, who knows that a time comes to men when even the spring seems old; and Sir Austin, who lives too much in his aphorisms; and Richard himself, whose ordeal the author follows grimly, yet with the serenity of a senior who has a large heart for the wild passions of youth. Mr. Meredith only gives himself the position of an onlooker. He sees the car of Juggernaut nearing Richard, but, though he loves the lad, it is not his part to drag him away from the wheels; there never was an author more determined to let his characters shift for themselves. These four wits clash like cymbals; figures not to be forgotten if we met them separately, they stand out more forcibly in a group. Some of Richard's actions I cannot understand, such as his desertion of his wife immediately after their marriage; yet this is, to my mind, the most uniformly excellent of Mr. Meredith's books, the one I should most grieve to lose. It is less touching than "Rhoda Fleming," and less diverting than "Evan Harrington," which is the novel that should introduce readers to the author; and Richard is not so striking a character as Beauchamp, the most interesting of Mr. Meredith's heroes. But the work is conceived in a grand spirit, and contains far more than its share of the lofty wisdom with which Mr. Meredith may go down to posterity.

The three most outstanding figures in Mr. Meredith's gallery of portraits appear, nevertheless, in other books. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the "egoist," is one: a psychological study so minute,

witty, and yet kindly, is not to be got in the pages of any other novelist. Never before in comedy was there such a dissection of a heart. Sir Willoughby "has a leg," "with brains in it, soul," that "walks straight into the hearts of women," and the comedy shows that such tenants have no long lease of these habitations. Not even Gabriel Harvey, who was vexed when dogs put up a tail at him in passing, cut a more ridiculous figure at the hands of Tom Nash than Mr. Meredith makes of the egoist. Sir Willoughby would like his wife to come to him "out of an egg-shell, somewhat more astonished at things than a chicken, but as completely enclosed before he tapped the shell." He is "too proud for ambition." When he would make Clara despise poetry, he merely says that he is not a poet. The food he enjoys is the admiration he looks for in women's eyes. So long as his cousin, Whitford, lives on the estate, he is loved as part of the egoist's self, but if he leaves he becomes extinct. "A dead leaf might as reasonably demand to return to the tree."

"Beware of marrying an egoist," the egoist says solemnly to Clara; but, when she asks to be released from her engagement, his mind cannot take her meaning; as his *fiancée* she is a piece of his egoism, and when she puts her request more plainly he talks incoherence. To complete his self-approval, he looks for "the conclusive accordant notes he loved on woman's lips, the subservient harmony of another instrument desired by musicians when they have done their solo-playing."

From Clara he flies for this music to Lætitia, who has been a pleasant mirror to him all his days. If necessary for his self-adoration, he will even make her his. "There was one woman who bowed to him to all eternity! He had inspired one woman with the mysterious, man-desired passion of self-abandonment, self-immolation." The ladies who encircle him must be votive offerings. Finding that he must propose to Lætitia, he does it in this way:—"Freely and unreservedly, as I ask you to give your hand, I offer mine. You are the mistress of Patterne Hall—my wife!" Lætitia, however, in whose admiration he had such faith,

"does not know what love is, except that it is an empty dream."

"Marriage, my dearest . . ."

"You are mistaken."

"I will cure you, my Lætitia. Look to me: I am the tonic. It is not common confidence, but conviction. I, my love, I."

"There is no cure for what I feel, Sir Willoughby."

"Spare me the formal prefix, I beg. You place your hand in mine, relying on me. I am pledged for the remainder. We end as we began: my request is for your hand—your hand in marriage." I

"I cannot give it."

"To be my wife!"

"It is an honor; I must decline it."

"Are you quite well, Lætitia?"

Then Sir Willoughby remembers that there are times when a madness comes over women. He recovers his own reason to remind her that he is in her power, and she promises not to divulge the proposal. Then he says grandly, "Permit me to escort you upstairs." He makes a last attempt to make Clara see him with his own eyes, bribing her father with port, for Dr. Middleton, a connoisseur, has been dining with a widow, and is of opinion that "we have a class of manufacturing wine merchants on the watch for widows in this country." Sir Willoughby's sisters plead for him, recalling how, when he was a child, "he one day mounted a chair, and there he stood in danger, would not let us touch him because he was taller than we, and we were to gaze. Do you remember him, Eleanor? 'I am the sun of the house!' It was inimitable." Even this reminiscence does not soften Clara's heart, and he has to grovel before Lætitia yields. Then he mounts his chair again. There is perhaps no stage big enough for Sir Willoughby, yet it is a dismal thing that he should be lost to the theatre. Mr. Meredith might adapt to the French stage, where wit gets its due.

The countess in "Evan Harrington" is a Becky Sharp, without Becky's bohemianism. Becky, married to a Spanish nobleman, and made respectable for life. The stage in this book is crowded with comic characters, not the least real being the countess's father, the magnificent tailor, who dies in the first page, and yet pervades the story to the end. Other writers have attempted to interest

the reader in characters kept out of sight, but never with such success as here. One gets to know old Mel so well that, meeting the countess at a dinner-party, we could recognize his daughter. The countess's admiration for the great man of whom the Fates in a sporting mood made a tailor, is intense, but she is so essentially his daughter that there are times when society aspirations induce her to disown him. Comedy could not go much further than in the scene where Goren, the tailor, boards the *Jocasta* to announce old Mel's death to Evan and his sister, the countess. "It's a black suit, young man!" says Goren, "It's your father." The moment is big with the fate of Harringtons, for there are fine people around to whom the countess has talked fancifully of her superior connections. Should Goren disclose the terrible secret of old Mel's occupation, all will be over. "I'm going down to-night," continues Goren, "to take care of the shop. He's to be buried in his old uniform. You had better come with me by the night-coach, if you would see the last of him, young man." There is a queer silence, and then the countess carries the situation with the superb cry, "In his uniform!" Old Mel had been in the militia.

To me Harry Richmond's father is Mr. Meredith's most brilliant creation. What novelist has not worked the "adventurer"? In Dickens he is a low comedian or a heavy villain, colored as only the most richly endowed imagination ever novelist had could put on color, always warranted to draw laughter or a shudder. Thackeray's Barry Lyndon is a more enduring study, one of the author's greatest triumphs, yet Roy Richmond is, I think, a greater. They are in different worlds, and to compare them would be folly. Barry, with all his exaggerations, is the more true to life; he is the adventurer vulgarized till he is human; while Richmond, the fantastic, in fiction the "greatest, meanest of mankind," a dreamer of magnificent dreams, one who cannot bring his mind back to the present, is a comedy figure. This dweller in the future is a strangely romantic conception from beginning to end of his wonderful life, and his death is not to be forgotten. The most tenderly pathetic

scene in fiction is probably Colonel Newcome's death, but the most impressive is the death of Roy Richmond. Tragedy rings down the curtain. Roy's mind gives way toward the end of the book, but the grand schemer breaks out once again in anticipation of the homecoming of Harry and his wife. They near the house to see it in flames. "I perceived my father's man, Tollingby," Harry writes, "among the servants, and called him to me; others came, and, out of a clatter of tongues, and all eyes fearfully askant at the wall of fire, we gathered that a great reception had been prepared for us by my father; lamps, lights in all the rooms, torches in the hall, illuminations along the windows, stores of fireworks, such a display as only he could have dreamed of. The fire had broken out at dusk, from an explosion of fireworks at one wing and some inexplicable mismanagement at the other. But the house must have been like a mine, what with the powder, the torches, the devices in paper and muslin, and the extraordinary decorations fitted up to celebrate our return in harmony with my father's fancy." "We gathered from the subsequent testimony of men and women of the household who had collected their wits, that my father must have remained in the doomed old house to look to the safety of my aunt Dorothy. He was never seen again." All his bewildering life Roy had loved Dorothy. Thackeray admitted that when he had written a certain great scene in "Vanity Fair" he felt that it was genius. We are as far as ever from a definition of genius, a word not to be lightly used, but there are some unmistakable instances of it, and I cannot think that Roy Richmond is not one of them.

Of pathos of the quieter kind there is not much in Mr. Meredith's works. The wit tends to wrap something round his heart; it is not tears, but awe that he produces. The stamp of the University man is burned into him; one would say that he is too fearful of the "broad guffaw" and "deluge tears," were it not that now and again he plays for both and fails. The drunken scene following the marriage in "Richard Feverel" is, I think, unworthy of the writer, and Clare's diary in the same

book is not so much pathetic as revolting. Clare is a girl who has been forced into marrying an elderly man, and when she dies, aged nineteen, of love for Richard, her diary shows that her passion for him began in her childhood. It is hardly conceivable that any young girl like Clare could have been so morbid; but in any case diaries of this kind are best in the fire. The last of Clare is as sickening as the death of Paul Dombey, though it should be noted that Mr. Meredith sins in this direction but once to Dickens's score of times. He has, of course, only a share of the humor that makes Dickens the delight of the world. Mr. Meredith's landscapes are usually condensed into a sentence, which doubtless seems mean to readers who are amazed at the descriptive powers of Mr. William Black. Yet there are scores of passages as fine as this, taken from a love-scene so pretty, witty, and unreal that Lord Beaconsfield might have written it: "The tide of color has ebbed from the upper sky. In the west the sea of sunken fire draws back: and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven." There are some fine scenic effects in "Emilia in England," but I think we shall look in vain through contemporary fiction to match Mr. Hardy's thunderstorm in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

Chaucer is certainly our greatest example of the purely objective writer, Milton of the subjective, Shakespeare of the combination. Mr. Meredith is much less subjective than he seems. He is undramatic for the same reason as Mr. Browning: their characters do not speak as they would speak in real life; but Mr. Browning gives them his own ideas to utter, while Mr. Meredith only lends them his wit. The character is merely Mr. Browning's mouthpiece, a middle-man between the author and the public; but Mr. Meredith's own views on any subject are not to be gathered from what the beings of his creation say. Even Sir Austin Feverel is no mere excuse for letting the author talk. Frequently Mr. Meredith smiles at the "Pilgrim's Scrip," and he suffers Adrian openly to jeer at it. "Not an

aphorism," is Adrian's reply when he is asked if he has heard from Sir Austin lately. Despite the wisdom of the "Pilgrim's Scrip," too, it leads the baronet astray. On the whole, the scrip can only be taken as Mr. Meredith's with this important limitation—that he knows how much is lost in condensing life into a few sentences. Some of the aphorisms are merely clever, and so not to be mentioned with others, which go to the root of things, and lay bare a mind standing above the pettiness of the world, acquainted with it but not seared by it, sorrowful for humanity's weaknesses, but a lover of the good that is in it still. This is the Shakespearean mood. "All great thoughts," says one of the finest aphorisms, "come from the heart." It is from the heart that Mr. Meredith speaks when he says: "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." Wit, which does not reside in the heart, is responsible for some of the aphorisms about woman, as: "I expect that woman will be the last thing civilized by man;" or "man grows, woman does not;" or "Alas! that in calamity woman cannot stitch;" or "Who can say when he is not walking a puppet to some woman?" or even "Young men take joy in nothing so much as the thinking women angels, and nothing sours men of experience more than knowing that all are not quite so," which is at least an improvement on Chamfort's "Whoever is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." Mr. Meredith scales greater heights in the lover's petition, "Give me purity to be worthy the good in her, and grant her patience to reach the good in me;" and there is noble passion in this outburst against the wild oats theory: "Oh women, women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin?" "Wherefore," the Pilgrim queries, "wild oats are only of one gender?" How much greater is this than the flash in the pan that suggested it?—"The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable, but beware the little knowledge of oneself." "The liar must eat his lie: the devil's

mouthful." "For this reason so many fall from God, who have attained to Him; that they cling to Him with their weakness, not with their strength." The coward among us is "he who sneers at the failings of humanity."

In this paper I have confined myself to Mr. Meredith's prose works, and I believe they will outlive his poetry. As to how many generations they will go down to, I shall make no predictions. Mr. Stevenson, with the audacity of a generous spirit chafing at the comparative neglect which has been the lot of his master, calls "Rhoda Fleming" the "strongest thing in English letters since

Shakespeare died." I shall only say that Mr. Meredith is one of the outstanding men of letters since the Elizabethan age, and that, without dethroning Scott, he is among the great English writers of fiction. We have a novelist of genius with us still. The others had their failings as he has, and, if the future will refuse to find room for so many works as he offers it, one may question whether it will accept theirs. To say that he is a wit is not to pronounce the last word. He is the greatest of the wits, because he is greater than his wit.
—*Contemporary Review*.

THE SACRIFICE OF EDUCATION TO EXAMINATION.

BY PROFESSORS MAX MÜLLER, EDWARD A. FREEMAN, AND FREDERIC HARRISON.

I.

CONSIDERING that nearly forty years ago I did my best to prove the necessity of examinations for admission to the Civil Service, it will be believed that I did not sign the foregoing protest* with a light heart. Before the Indian Civil Service had been thrown open, and before Sir Charles Trevelyan had carried his reform of the Civil Service in England, I was allowed by the then editor of the *Times* to publish several letters signed *La Carrière Ouverte*, in which I said all that could be said against appointments by patronage and in favor of examinations.

Nor should I wish to withdraw now any of the arguments which I then advanced. I hold as strongly as ever that appointment by patronage is too much for human nature. But I believe the time has come to examine the examinations, to improve them, and to reduce, if possible, the evil which, in addition to much real good, they have produced. The present system of perpetual examination, in spite of all the good which it has done, stands self-condemned, so far as our public schools and universities

are concerned, by two facts which cannot be contested; viz. (1) the number of men who, after having spent six years at a public school, fail to pass the matriculation examination in college, or the little-go examination in the university; (2) the number of men who, after having taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, cannot pass the Civil Service examinations without spending a year or two with a crammer. These facts speak for themselves. I wish, indeed, that I had time to go fully into the subject, but I have not at present, and I must be satisfied with giving my general impressions, and saying what is uppermost in my mind.

From what I have seen at Oxford and elsewhere, all real joy in study seems to me to have been destroyed by the examinations as now conducted. Young men imagine that all their work has but one object—to enable them to pass the examinations. Every book they have to read, even to the number of pages, is prescribed. No choice is allowed; no time is left to look either right or left. What is the result? The required number of pages is got up under compulsion, therefore grudgingly, and after the examination is over what has been got up is got rid of again like a heavy and useless burden. Nothing is converted *in succum et sanguinem*.

* Referring to a signed protest supported by the leading thinkers, scholars, and professors of England, condemning the current system of university examination.

The only thing that seems to remain is an intellectual *nausea*—a dislike of the food swallowed under compulsion.

The mischief done is, I believe, most serious. It will poison the best blood of England, if it has not done so already.

It is the best men who suffer most from the system of perpetual examination. The lazy majority has, I believe, been benefited by it, but the vigor of the really clever and ambitious boys has been systematically deadened. Formerly some of my clever young friends were what is called idle at Oxford, but during their hours of idleness, which mostly meant discursive reading and thinking, they grew into something, they became different from others. Now, my young friends seem all alike, all equally excellent, but so excellent that you can hardly tell one from the other. What is the result?

We have excellent members of Parliament, excellent judges, excellent bishops, excellent generals: but if we want to know Who is Who! we must often consult a Red Book. England is losing its intellectual athletes who were a head and shoulders taller than the rest, and used to be looked up to as born leaders of men. And if history teaches anything, it teaches us that no country remains great without really great men, without a few men different from the rest.

I am asked what remedy there is. In the university there is, I believe, a remedy. Let there be two sets of examinations, one for clever and studious men who promise to take high honors, another for the many. For the latter the examinations might remain what they are now. Only the degrees might be given, not in the name of the university, but in the name of the different colleges. For the former there should be a real matriculation examination held by the university, not, as now, by the colleges; and then, after three or four years, a final examination might follow for real academic honors, allowing great latitude in the subjects of examination.

Much depends in all this on the examiners. In England most examiners are young men, in Germany they are invariably old. The *professores ordinarii*, who alone examine for academic

degrees in German universities, try to find out what candidates have learned and know; our young examiners seem chiefly bent on finding out what candidates do not know. Add to this that in some cases, though rarely, examiners are actually the same persons who have crammed their examinees, and it may be imagined how human nature is tried in that process, and what the result must be.

With regard to the Civil Service, I know no substitute for competitive examinations. Competitive examinations, however, might be toned down to a minimum, and a year of probation might possibly be substituted for the final and decisive examination. I say possibly, for, as is well known, we have always to think of "Take care of Dowb."

Two things seem to me necessary—(1) a careful supervision of examiners. If the examinations are to remain in the hands of the youngest members of the university, their report should always be made, first of all, to the respective faculties, and afterward only, when approved by the faculty, to the vice-chancellor. The necessity of this has been shown by recent experiences in India and elsewhere. (2) A gradual change of competitive into qualifying examinations.

Many years ago we wanted to have examinations for the sake of schools and universities; we now seem to have schools and universities simply and solely for the sake of examinations.—F. MAX MULLER.

II.

Of the working of the fashionable fancy for endless examinations I can speak from direct knowledge only in my own University. Coming back to Oxford, after many years of non-residence, I was perhaps better able to compare what is and what was than either those who have never known anything but the present system or those who have seen the present system grow up. Just now it seems to be understood that examinations are the chief end of life, at any rate of University life: they would seem to be thought to have an *opus operatum* merit for both the examiner and the examined. The object seems

to be to multiply examinations as much as possible, to split them up—what is called to “specialize” them—to the extreme point. A man is not, as of old, wholly plucked or wholly passed; with the ingenuity of Italian tyrants, a piece of him is plucked or passed, while the rest of him is kept for the sport of another day. The end steadily kept in view would seem to be that examinations should never cease, that therefore nothing should really be learned, that examinations should follow so fast on one another as just to give time to forget the matter of one examination before the next comes on. The thing has grown to such a height that names cannot be found for some of the endless schools, they have to be marked by numbers and letters. The gravest personages will be seen debating with the gravest countenances over some peddling change in “Group A 1,” seemingly without the faintest feeling of the grotesque nature of their employment, or of the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system which is implied in such a nomenclature, if nomenclature it can be called. The Oxford undergraduate is even examined before he comes into being; the exercise called Responsions, the exercise for the now perhaps forgotten *status of Generalis Sophista*, is now grotesquely performed on lads not yet members of the University. In natural science, above all, examinations and examiners multiply daily. The luxury, to be sure, is a costly one; it sometimes costs fifty or sixty pounds to examine a single man: but the thing must be done under pain of loss of character. For in the matter of what is now called “science”—a word which used to have another meaning—the many are in the hands of the few. A proposal for a new examination in any other branch is canvassed, perhaps thrown out, because men have some notion what it means. But “science” is shrouded in mystery. A new -ology is invented; not a dozen persons in the University know what the -ology is about; but no one dares to oppose a fresh examination in it, for fear of being called retrograde, obscurantist, opponent of the march of intellect, any other anathema with which the Holy Office of “science” may be ready. And so the thing goes on merrily;

everybody is examining or being examined, save during the short intervals allowed for forgetfulness between one examination and another.

Now what has come of all this? Simply the degradation of University learning and teaching into a trade. Each undergraduate seems to do a sum to find out what form of examination may be most profitable to choose. Profitable, that is, not to the understanding but to the pocket. I was not a little surprised when, after my return to Oxford, I heard the words “the pecuniary value of a first class.” Such words were assuredly never heard in my younger days. A man was rejoiced to get as high a class as he could, both because of the credit of the thing in itself and as an augury of a coming fellowship; but he never reckoned the exact value of the class in pounds, shillings, and pence. Another phrase that startled me was that of the “tutorial profession.” A college fellow who in my day undertook, most likely for a few years only, the further duties of a college tutor, certainly never thought that he was entering a special “profession.” But, owing partly to the growth of examinations, partly to the new position of college fellows which has followed on the fatal permission of marriage, the “tutor,” if he can so be called, is now altogether another kind of person. He reaches his fullest modern development in the “combined lecturer,” of whom, as he is powerful, one must speak delicately. To him teaching is strictly a calling; it is a calling and not an office; for he is ready to practise it wherever he can find employment, and he is moreover a mere teacher, not discharging any of the other duties of the old college tutor. Without being an University professor or reader, he teaches men from various colleges, but he does nothing except teach them. And he is strongly tempted to teach them a great deal too much, and in the wrong way. When examination after examination becomes the main object, there is sure to be a great deal too much teaching, so much as to leave no time for learning on the part of either teacher or taught. The legitimate duty of an University teacher is to guide his pupil to the right books, the great books of the subject in

hand, and to act as a commentator on them. But this implies that the object is, not the passing of an examination, but the study of a subject. When the teacher's business is understood to be to "get a man through" an examination—whether the result of that examination is to be a mere pass or a first class with its "pecuniary value"—study of the subject, study of the great books on the subject, passes away. The teacher puts himself instead of the books; the thing becomes, in plain words, cram.

This is the *tendency* of the modern fancy for endless examinations. Of course it does not prevail equally in all subjects or with all teachers. It cannot prevail so fully with the older subjects, where something of the better tradition of the past is still kept up, as it does with subjects of later introduction. Every man sees his own grievances more clearly than those of his neighbor, and to me it seems that what is called "modern" history is the worst off of all. It is at least worse off than "ancient" history, from which it is so senselessly parted in a separate school, to the great damage of both. For about "ancient" history there still clings something of the traditions of better times, times when men read great books with a tutor instead of filling their note-books with the tips of a crammer. I once asked a man who came to my lectures, "Have you a book?" meaning, in my ignorance, a copy of the author whom we were going to read. He answered, "I have a note-book." That seems to be the net result of forty years' tinkering of everything, of multiplied examinations and multiplied teaching, to drive away "books" and to bring in "note-books." And the professor can do nothing; he can only work away in a corner with a few who are still ready to toil at the text of books, while the combined lecturer flourishes amid a whole library of open note-books. For the professor is useful only to those who seek for knowledge; the combined lecturer, it is fully believed, can guarantee "the pecuniary value of a first class."

Every examination is in itself an evil, as making men read, not for the attainment of knowledge, but for the object of passing the examination, perhaps of compassing its "pecuniary value."

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But it may be hoping too much to hope that examinations can ever be got rid of altogether. If they must be, then, instead of being many and piecemeal, they should be few and searching. Instead of giving a man time to forget his various subjects one by one, they should make it needful for him to remember his work as a whole. In Oxford we ought to have (1) a matriculation examination; (2) an examination for B.A. much on the lines of the old one before tinkering began about 1849; (3) an examination (or other exercise) for the degree of M.A. of as varied a kind, and, at the same time, of as "specialized" a kind in each case as anybody can want. The complete degree should be given only to those who show real proficiency in some subject, the last "ology" counting as one. Thus only can real learning, as distinguished from cram, at least cease to be penal. Whether it will ever reach to a "pecuniary value," I do not presume to guess.

May I end with my own personal experience in a time now far distant? I have deeply to thank my Oxford undergraduate course for causing me carefully to read several books, Aristotle's Ethics at their head, which I otherwise might not have read at all or might have read less thoroughly. But I do not thank it at all for examining me in anything. I do not mean because I got only a second class; for I got the "pecuniary value" of a first class in the shape of a fellowship. What I do mean is that I read with very little comfort or pleasure, while there was before me the spectre of an examination, deadening everything and giving a wrong motive for one's work. When I had got my degree and my fellowship, I said, "Now I will begin really to read." I began in October, 1845, and I have never stopped yet.—EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

III.

My point in this discussion is:—that, having been called in to aid Education, Examination has grown and hardened into the master of Education. Education is becoming the slave of its own creature and servant. I do not deny that examination has its uses: I do not say that we can do without it. I say,

that it is a good servant, but a bad master ; and, like good servants turned bad masters, it is now bullying, spoiling, and humiliating education.

Those who teach are the proper judges of what should be taught, how it should be taught, and what are the results of teaching. One of the methods by which they have sought to test the results of their own teaching was by examination—one of the methods, an instrument to be used with discretion, moderation, and freedom. This expedient (a mere subordinate expedient) has silently grown into a system ; it has perpetually enlarged its own jurisdiction ; it has stiffened into a special profession ; it has created a body of specialists called Examiners. As a body, the class of special examiners are younger men, of less experience and, except in elementary schools, of inferior learning, as compared with teachers, as a class. They very soon evolve an artificial and professional skill, and set up hard, narrow, technical tests. Their business is not to teach ; but to test whether the teachers are teaching, and what the learners are learning. This forces the learners not to attend to their own teachers, but to find some way of satisfying the examiners. Examination papers, not text-books, come to be the real subjects of study ; the aim of the student is to get an insight into the mind of his examiner, not that of his teacher ; and to master, not the subject of his study, but that artificial skill of passing examinations. Thereupon grew up another class of specialists—the Crammers. Their business is, not to teach, nor to test teaching ; but to enable students to pass the tests. This soon became an art of its own, as artificial as playing whist or the violin. So, in the cricket field, having called in professional bowlers to practise, it became necessary to call in professional “coaches” to teach the defence of the wicket. And in the result, Education is tending to become a highly exciting match, not so much between the players as between the “bowlers” and the “coaches.” The Teachers are slowly thrust out and controlled by the Examiners ; they in turn are checked and dodged at every turn by the Crammers : so that learning is fast passing into the grasp of two classes

of specialists, neither of whom are teachers, nor pretend to teach.

I have myself had experience both of teaching and of examining for more than thirty years, in more than one University, and in several places of learning. Though not belonging to the special class of examiners, I have constantly been occupied with examining, have worked much with examiners, and have had no small experience of the practical working of the system. I need hardly say that I regard the special examiners as a most acute, energetic, and conscientious body of men : and I say the same of the crammers as a class. Both do their work with great ability and conspicuous honesty. It is not the men ; it is the vicious system which is in fault. Every teacher knows by experience that when he has to take his place in the examination curriculum, he has to submit to the system, and he does his best to practise the examining “art.” And when, as every teacher nowadays must, he has to turn crammer, he tries to acquire the crammer’s art :—*omnes eodem cogimur*. Teachers, examiners, cram-mers, and students, all have to take their place in the vast examining machine, which, like the Prussian military system, grinds out a uniform pattern. The huge examining mill grinds continually, and grinds very fast, unlike the mills of the Gods—but the grain it casts aside : it is designed to grind out the husk.

I do not say that we can do without examinations ; nor do I object to all examinations, under any condition. My complaint is confined to the incessant frequency of examinations, the growth of the practice into a highly artificial system, the creation of a profession of examining, and its correlative the profession of cramming, the wholesale, mechanical, and hurried way in which the examinations are held, and the subjection of teaching to examining. In sum, I complain that the trick, the easily acquired and cheaply purchasable trick of answering printed questions should now so largely take the place of solid knowledge and be officially held out as the end of study.

I shall say nothing about elementary schools. As these are compulsory by law, supported by rates and taxes, and

administered by the State and public bodies, and above all teach mainly the mere rudiments, there may be reasons for an organized system of examination which do not apply to the higher education. Here the examiners are clearly superior in learning to the teachers ; the curriculum itself is more or less mechanical and capable of mechanical tests ; and a certain uniformity may be inevitable, and a certain standard of efficiency must be tested. I do not approve of our present system of examining in elementary schools. But I desire to say nothing about it. Nor shall I say anything about the physical effects of over-pressure by examination. It is not my subject, and I leave it to others, merely adding, as is plain, that at least nine-tenths of any over-pressure on students arises from examinations and not from simple study. Nor shall I say anything about official appointments. I have no special theory or plan to support. As a rule, I think people whom we trust to govern must be trusted to select capable agents. If we cannot trust them to do this, let us not trust them to govern us. If examinations are required to restrain jobbery, I prefer to deal with the jobbery face to face and by direct means, and not to pervert all public and private education, in order to checkmate the wicked jobbers, and reward the best crammed ones. Nor am I called upon here to devise a counter project and to suggest other tests than examination for distinctions and prizes. The distinction and prize system is already absurdly overdone ; and nineteen-twentieths of the tests are wholly needless, or rather actively mischievous. We want neither distinctions, prizes, nor tests in anything like the profusion in which they are now poured out. Art, learning, politics, and amusement, are deluged with shows, races, competitions, and prizes. Life is becoming one long scramble of prize-winning and pot-hunting. And Examination, stereotyped into a trade, is having the same effect on Education that the betting system has on every healthy sport. I do not deny that teachers may usefully examine their own students as a help to their own teaching. I do not say there may not be one public and formal examination in any prolonged

educational curriculum. My plea is against that organized, mechanical, incessant, professional examination, by which education is being distorted and the spirit of healthy learning is being poisoned.

Examination, like so many other things, is useful as long as it is spontaneous, occasional, and simple. Its mischief begins when it grows to be organized into a trade, and the be-all and end-all of its own sphere. The less the student be "prepared," in the technical sense, the better. The more free the examiner be to use his own discretion with each examinee, the more likely he is to judge him fairly. It was so once. All this is now changed in the thirty or forty years since the examining mania set in. The myriad examinations which now encompass human life have called out an army of trained examiners who have reduced the business to a complicated art as difficult and special as chess. Like chess-playing, the art of examiner and examinee has been wondrously developed by practice. The trained examinee has now learned to play ten examination games blindfold. He can do with ease what the most learned man of the old school could not do. Gibbon would be plucked in the Modern History school. Arthur Wellesley would never get into the army. And Burke would have got low marks, through not apportioning his time to the various questions in the paper. I seriously doubt if many of our great scholars, our famous lawyers, historians, and men of science could "floor" offhand a high-class examination paper. They would not put their knowledge in the sharp, smart, orderly, cocksure style which so much delights the examiner. They would muddle the relation of the *shire-moot* to the *hundred-moot*, or they would forget the point in *Smith v. Jones*, or they might differ from the examining board as to the exact number of the *Isomeric Amyl Alcohols* now known. All this your trained examinee, well nursed by thorough cram-mers, has at the tips of his fingers. He "floors" his paper with instinctive knack—seeing at a glance how many minutes he can give to this or that question, which question will "pay" best—and trots out his surface information

and his ten-day memory in neat little pellets beautifully docketed off with 1, 2, 3, (a) (β) (γ), the "five elements" of this, the "seven periods" of this movement, and the wonderful discovery (last month) of a new reading by Professor Wunderbar.

Of course all this does not take in the examiner. He knows that the student does not know all this, that this is not the wealth of the student's reading, or the product of the student's native genius. But what can he do? His task is to set questions, and the student's task is to answer them. If the questions on paper are answered right, *cadit questio*. The examiner's business is not with what the student knows, but with how many questions he can answer, and how many marks he can score. The examiner may see that he is not examining the students so much as the teachers, or perhaps the crammers. All that he can positively say is, that the candidate has been brought to the post perfectly "fit." The student may be writing down mere "tips" from memory; but if he makes no slip, and he has been carefully crammed, the examiner has to admit that he has got his marks. The examiner may doubt if the knowledge is real, or is worth anything. He cannot state that the man has failed. If he had time and opportunity he could easily ascertain. But in many examinations there is no *viva voce* allowed; in most examinations the public *viva voce* is not thought decisive, owing to nervousness, temper, accident, and various points of temperament and manner. Few examiners now care to decide by *viva voce*; which in any case is done in a hurry and under disturbing conditions that destroy its value as a real test. An examiner has rarely the chance of trying a candidate with a fresh paper, or of giving him as many quiet verbal questions from time to time as he might like. There is no time, there is no opportunity. There are the rigid rules; the candidate is not accessible at the time wanted; he cannot be got into a state perfectly composed, easy, and master of himself. A quiet afternoon or a morning's walk would settle it all. But the clock goes round; the Machine grinds on; the list must be out in a few hours; the examiners cannot sit disputing for-

ever; an average must be struck, time is called, and down goes the candidate's name—usually, be it said, "with the benefit of the doubt."

This is no fault of the examiner. His task is very difficult, trying, and irksome. None but trained men can perform it; and it is wonderful how much trained men can do, and with what patience and conscience they make up their lists. But the higher examiner now has to mark on an average, in a week, from 2,000 to 3,000 answers, perhaps from 4,000 to 5,000 pages of manuscript. In this mass he has to weigh and assess each answer, and to keep each candidate clear in his mind, throughout eight or ten sets of papers. He is lucky if he can do this with less than ten hours per day of work at high pressure—reading in each hour, say, from fifty to a hundred pages of manuscript. He can no more waste an hour, or follow up a thought, than the captain of an Atlantic liner can linger in his ocean race. The huge engine revolves incessantly; the examiner's mark-sheet slowly fills up hour by hour till it looks like a banker's ledger; some fifty or a hundred candidates get into groups, of Jones, Smith, Brown, etc., or else Nos. 7695, 7696, 7697, etc., and soon Jones, Smith, Brown are labelled for life.

What a farce to call this Examination! Any sensible man who wanted to engage a confidential secretary, or a literary assistant, or a man to send on some responsible mission, would not trust to a mark-sheet, so mechanical, so hurried. He would see each candidate once or twice alone for an hour or two, talk quietly to him, get him to talk quietly, leave him to write a short piece, set him to do a piece of actual work, try him backward and forward in spontaneous, unexpected ways, as the quality of each candidate seemed to suggest. He would not burden himself with more than four or five candidates at a time. At the end of a week, a sensible man could perfectly make up his mind which of the four or five was the best fitted for the particular work required, and he would almost certainly be right. Nothing of this is possible in the official Examination. The "rules" are stricter than those of a prison. There is absolutely no "discretion." Discretion

might let in the demon of Favoritism. The candidates are often numbered and ticketed like prisoners, to avoid the disclosure even of names. The precise number of papers is prescribed, and their preposterous multiplication leaves the examiner about one minute for each page of manuscript. With one or two hundred candidates to get through in a week or ten days, the examination is really like the inspection of a regiment. The uniform and accoutrements must conform to the regulation standard.

It is supposed that examiners are masters of the situation and have a large range for a "free hand." It is not so. The examiner's mind runs into groves, and a highly skilled class have sorted and surveyed the possible field. In each subject or book there are only available, in practice, some few hundreds of possible "questions." The system of publishing examination papers, and close study of the questions over many years, have taught a body of experts to reduce, classify, and tabulate these. So many become stock questions, so many others are excluded as having been set last year, etc.; and in the result a skilled examinee, and still more a skilled crammer, can pick out topics enough to make certain of passing with credit. Knowledge as such, and knowledge to answer papers, are quite different things. Student and examinee read books on quite different plans, if they wish to gain knowledge, or if they are thinking of the examination. The memory is entirely different. The examinee's memory is a ten-day memory, very sharp, clear, methodical for the moment, like the memory cultivated by a busy lawyer, full of dates, of three different courses, of four distinct causes, of five divisions of that, and six phases of the other. It is a memory deliberately trained to carry a quantity of things with sharp edges, in convenient order, for a very short period of time. The feats which the examinee can perform are like the feats of a conjurer with bottles and knives. The examinee himself cannot tell how he does it. He acquires a diabolical knack of spotting "questions" in the books he reads. He gains a marvellous *flair* for what will catch the examiner's attention. As he studies subject after subject his eye glances like a vulture on the

"points." Examination is a system of "points." What has no "points" cannot be examined. Many able and industrious students do take the trouble to acquire this *flair*; some will not, or cannot, acquire it. But certainly a good many acquire it, by an outlay of labor or money, who are neither able nor industrious at all.

A man going through the full school, college, and professional career now passes from ten to twenty of these examinations, at intervals perhaps of six months or a year. From the age of ten till twenty-five he is forever in presence of the mighty Mill. The Mill is to him money, success, honor, and bread and butter for life. Distinctions and prizes mean money and honor. Success in examinations means distinctions and prizes. And whatever does not mean success in examinations is not education. Parents, governments, schools, colleges, universities, and departments combine to stimulate the competitive examination and the mark-system. None quite like it; but all keep up the tarantula dance—"needs must when the devil drives." The result is that the Frankenstein monster of Examination is becoming the master of education. Students and parents dare not waste time in study which does not directly help toward success in the test. One hears of the ordinary lad at school or college, either as amusing himself because "he is not going in this year," or else as "working up very hard for his examination." He is never simply studying, never acquiring knowledge. He is losing all idea of study, except as "preparation" for examination. He cannot burden his memory with what will not "pay." And a subject which carries no "marks," or very few "marks," is almost tabooed. Books are going out of fashion; it is only analyses, summaries, and tables which are studied. But published examination papers are the real Bible of the student of to-day—*nocturna versanda manu, versanda diurna*.

Next to old examination papers, the manuscript "tips" of some famous coach form the grand text-books. One of the ablest men I ever examined, who bitterly complained that he had failed in a coveted distinction, was told that he

had not read his books on a given subject. "Why!" he said indignantly, "he had not read the text-books; but he had mastered a valuable volume of 'tips' in manuscript, which was said to contain every question which could be set in a paper." He failed through pushing the system too far; and a tragedy was the end.

The Examination, thus made the "fountain of honor," governs the whole course of study. If the teacher takes up a subject, not obviously grist for the great Mill, the students cease to listen, and leave his classes. The instant he says something which sounds like an examination "tip," every ear is erect, every pen takes down his words. The keen student of to-day is getting like the reporter of an evening journal: eager after matter that will tell, will make a good "answer," capital examination "copy." The Mill governs the whole period of education, from *hic, hæc, hoc*, to the final launch in a profession. I know little boys of ten, in the *ego et Balbus* stage, who are being ground in printed examination papers, which I could not answer myself. And big men, older than Pitt when he governed England, or Hannibal when he commanded armies, are still ruining their constitutions by cramming up "analyses," and manuscript "tips" of great "coaches." The result is that poor little urchins in frocks are in training for some "Nursery stakes," as an old friend of mine used to call the trials of preparatory schools. The prize school-boy who sweeps the board on Speech-day often gets a perfect loathing for books, and indeed for any study that is not "cramming;" and the youth who leaves his University, loaded with "Honors," may prove to be quite a portent of ignorance and mental babyishness. He has learned the trick of playing with a straight bat the Examiner's most artful twisters. But he cannot bear the sight of a book; and, like any successful speculator, he has a hearty contempt for knowledge.

Examiners are very clever men; but they ought not to form a sort of continental "Ministry of Education," controlling on one uniform and mechanical scheme the entire field of education. Examining is more irksome, less con-

tinuous, and worse paid than teaching. Hence, as a rule, the professional examiners are hardly men of the same experience, learning, and culture as the professional teachers in the highest grades. They have not devoted themselves to special subjects of study; they do not know the peculiar difficulties and wants of the student; they are not responsible for the interests of a given branch of learning. A body of professional examiners, moving about from great educational centres, tend to give a uniform and regulation character to all learning. Our educational centres are yet in far too chaotic and changing a stage themselves to justify them in stereotyping any system. Knots of clever, eager, trained "experts" in the examining art are being sent about the country from Oxford and Cambridge, marking, questioning, classing, and certifying right and left, on a technical, narrow, mechanical method. They would be far better employed in learning something useful themselves. As it is, they dominate education, high and low. They are like the *missi dominici* of a mediæval king, or the legates *a latere* of a mediæval pope. They pitch the standard and give the word. Public schools revise their *curriculum*, set aside their own teachers, and allow the academic visitor to reverse the order of their own classes. The Mill sets a uniform type for the University. Colleges give way and enter for the race. One by one the public schools have to submit, for prizes are the test; and success means prizes. Next the minor schools and private schools have to follow suit. And at last the smallest preparatory school, where children in nursery frocks are crying over *qui, quæ, quod*, has to dance the same *tarantula*.

For this state of things the remedies seem to be these. Let examinations be much fewer—they are ten times too numerous. Let them be much more free—they are over-organized, over-regulated. Give examiners more time, more discretion, more room. The more the teachers are themselves the examiners the better; the less examining becomes a profession and a special staff, the better. Do not set examiners to test teachers, as well as students; do not set up mechanical rules whereby to test the ex-

aminer. Believe that it is possible to learn without any prize, money, or reward in view. Trust the teacher; trust him to teach, trust him to examine. Trust the examiner, and do not set up a Mill. Above all, trust the student. Encourage him to study for the sake of

knowledge, for his own sake, and the public good. Cease to present learning to him as a succession of races, where the knowing ones may land both fame and profit.—FREDERIC HARRISON.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

CONSTITUTION MAKING.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1783-1789. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: *Houghton, Mifflin & Company.*

The seven years which followed the closing of the Revolutionary War, ending with the adoption of the Constitution, may well be called the critical period of our history. The successful struggle with Great Britain left the thirteen colonies merely a loose congerie of States, with no ties but such as might be broken by the least shock of antagonism; with the bitterest smouldering jealousies; with a debt which seemed to leave the exhausted people bankrupt; with different and fiercely antagonistic notions about the limits, prerogatives, and functions of government. More than once the bad working of that crude piece of machinery called the Continental Congress had nearly wrecked the cause of the colonies, even when military success gave good assurance of coming triumph. Washington's most malignant foes did not wear red coats and epaulets, but were among the statesmen who professed to be patriots. The vivid picture given by Bancroft of the bickerings, dissensions, and stupidity—of the unprincipled ambition and selfishness which characterized much of the deliberation of the Continental Congress, will appreciate the critical position of what afterward became the United States. The six years which followed were pre-eminently years of fermentation, mental agitation, clashing of ambitions and purposes, civil war of theories and diversity of opinion, even among the most pure and high-minded men. There was, indeed, not an inconsiderable portion of the population in many of the States who opposed union on any terms except such as they themselves would or could prescribe. Mr. Fiske, speaking of the events of the period he treats, says: "Though small in their mere dimensions, the events here summarized were in a

remarkable degree germinal events, fraught with more tremendous alternations of future welfare or misery for mankind than it is easy for the imagination to grasp. As we now stand upon the threshold of that mighty future in the light of which all events of the past seem destined to divide in dimensions, and significant only in the ratio of their potency as causes—as we discern how large a part of that future must be the outcome of the creative work for good or ill of men of English speech, we are put into the proper mood for estimating the significance of the causes which determined, a century ago, that the continent of North America should be dominated by a single, powerful, and pacific Federal nation, instead of being parcelled out among forty or fifty small communities, wasting their strength and lowering their moral tone by perpetual warfare, like the States of Ancient Greece, or by perpetual preparation for warfare, like the nations of modern Europe."

Mr. Fiske's graphic picture of the conditions, social, economical, and political, which encompassed the people of the colonies will furnish to the minds of most readers new views of our early history. The lack of any bond of coherence, except that most slender connection which had been generated by a war of common interest, is a notion which in the light of our own surroundings we can scarcely grasp. The first movement which really looked like solid union was that inaugurated by Maryland in the proposition to make a common land domain in the unoccupied wilderness, which most of the colonies had or claimed to possess. This was readily concurred in by most of the colonies, as there were but few who at that day had any conception of the magnificent future of the great West or in the least appreciated the value of the possession thus deeded over to the common fund. Had it been otherwise, it is only consistent with the selfishness of human nature to suppose that the difficulties in the way of ac-

completing this important step would have been much greater.

One of the most powerful causes to bring about a national union was the woful financial condition of the colonies. There was no specie—the rag-money of the period was almost worthless. There was no national credit, for there was no nation, or only the simulacrum of one. The utter breakdown of international commerce, the limited resources of the colonies, barely sufficient to supply their own people with food, and a financial status that almost compelled a return to the primitive method of barter, forced upon the wiser minds the necessity of a thorough revision in the law of Confederation. The immediate steps that led to the assemblage of the Constitutional Convention of 1788, at Philadelphia, while they seemed to be of a casual nature, as seen from the light of to-day, are eloquent with the logic of necessity, or, as some would call it, of Providence.

Mr. Fiske tells the story of the doings of the convention with masterly power. It was not till many years after that the facts were made known—not till after Madison's death and the publication of his diary. The convention sat with closed doors, as it was believed that a public knowledge of its proceedings would only alarm the public mind and crystallize opposition to its adoption by the different colonies. We learn from this account how the Constitution was a series of compromises between the jealousies and rival interests of the colonies. A difficulty is thus made plain which has perplexed many superficial students of our institutions—why a written constitution which ought to have embodied the soundest and ripest wisdom of the age should have retained so much that was inconsistent with such wisdom in the abstract.

Mr. Fiske has written a most fascinating and instructive volume. He has presented the most interesting period of our political life with a simplicity of style which is at the same time graphic and with a just sense of historical perspective which has known how to subordinate and group his facts and figures. The character and place of James Madison, the father of the Constitution, and the most powerful influence in formulating it, are made manifest, as well as that of Alexander Hamilton, whose essays in the "Federalist" (he being the author of most of the papers, Madison and Jay being his associates) had so radical an influence in educating the people of the State of New York, which promised to be the great

stumbling-block in the way of acceptance to a correct understanding of its importance.

Mr. Fiske's contribution to our political history has been rewritten and expanded from a series of lectures previously delivered, but this in no way lessens their attractiveness. It is a book which the reader does not find it easy to tear himself from once he begins to peruse its pages.

THE LAWS OF ORNAMENT.

A MANUAL OF DECORATIVE COMPOSITION. For Designers, Decorators, Architects, and Industrial Artists. By Henri Mayeux, Architect to the French Government, and Professor of Decorative Art in the Principal Schools of Paris. Translated by J. Gonino. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The subjects raised under the title of decorative composition interest a vast number of people. The evolution of taste, even of enthusiasm in this direction, has been one of the most notable facts in our recent social and intellectual development. It does not affect the truth that much of this taste when measured by a severe standard resolves itself into the petty and trivial. The solid foundation exists all the same. The very existence of pseudo-culture in this direction makes the diffusion of sound notions about decorative art all the more necessary. The author tells us that his scope is modest and practical, that he has only aimed at preparing a manual which should serve as a guide to industrial artists, designers, sculptors, and decorators, including young architects, in which they will find summed up as clearly as possible knowledge which only comes from experience, and which would have cost them long and tedious research to obtain. Hence he disclaims any attempt at charm of style.

The term "decorative" may be applied to all the arts when they are used to satisfy certain conditions of usefulness with reference to surroundings or position. Thus many applications of painting and sculpture, as well as bronze, wood, and iron work, ceramics, enamels, mosaic, tapestry, glass, etc., are included in decoration. It is in this large sense that the author attacks his subject.

Under the first division of theory, M. Mayeux discusses the laws of form, decoration, and sources of ornament, and ornamentation as applied to form. The second division discusses practice studies, all the materials used in decoration, and the different styles of

using such material, which subdivide into a variety of minor arts. All these are entered into with sufficient fulness of detail and, apparently, exactness of knowledge. The book is full of the most valuable hints to the amateur as well as the professional worker, and it is in the former direction, indeed, that we find its principal value. The systematic and experienced student will be in far less need of the information embodied in the volume than the numerous enthusiastic novices, who have but little to guide them but their own enthusiasm—often a precarious and unsafe tutor.

The teachings of this little manual guard against many prevalent errors in decorative work. It is a common notion that the beautiful is attained by complication and the overloading of elaborate ornament. The fallacy of this is made clear by a great variety of illustrations in various forms of decorative work, and the value of purity of outline and simplicity are made manifest. Once the student is made to understand that the difference between mere rule of the thumb and industry and the highest standards of art is found only in the exact knowledge of those laws of form and decoration which the experience of countless ages has evolved, and the path of the ambitious worker is made clear. A clear and definite purpose in the pursuit of artistic work is all important, too, and to this there is no surer guide than common sense, which, after all, is nothing but the inherited experience of the past. Students of decorative art will find this little book a valuable adjunct to their work and a guide safe to follow.

INTERESTING TO SPORTSMEN.

MODERN SHOT-GUNS. By W. W. Greener, Author of "Modern Breech-Loaders," "The Gun and Its Development," etc. New York and London: *Cassell & Company, Limited*.

An essay on shot-guns does not appeal to as high an order of appreciation as would many other topics, but in this day of fondness for out-door exercise and field sports—an interest which is growing every year in America among all classes—the topic is one to command the attention of large numbers of readers. The author of this little work is known as one of the most celebrated makers of sporting guns in the world, and, of course, speaks from the standpoint of the expert of life-long experience. The main object of the book is to thoroughly explain to the would-be buyer of a shot-gun the differences which enter into the mechanism and finish of the products turned

out by the leading makers of the world, and incidentally to prove that in the case of the shot-gun, as in nearly everything that a man can purchase, the most expensive weapons are in the end the cheapest, provided that one can afford the first expense.

Mr. Greener enters into his subject with great thoroughness. Special attention is given to the latest development, the breech-loader, and the merits of this weapon are shown with the most complete care both in illustration and text. Much interesting information is given incidental to the main subject about matters connected with field sports and expert shooting. Everything connected with the selecting, testing, using, cleaning, and caring for shot-guns, the preparation of ammunition, etc., is explained. Sportsmen will find this book, doubtless, a *vade mecum*, in spite of the fact that Mr. Greener is anxious to impress on the reader's mind that he can't do better, to say the least, than to buy one of the Greener guns. Probably the author is more than half right in this opinion.

FROM FLAG TO FLAG. A Woman's Adventures and Experiences in the South during the War, In Mexico and in Cuba. By Eliza McHatton Ripley. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Books by women describing their side of experience during the late Civil War are in many respects more interesting than those by men. Of the latter we have had a surfeit. Battles and sieges, adventures "i the deadly breach," and the perils of steel and lead have been described over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. The interior life of the Confederacy, the domestic sufferings and hardships, the change from affluence to poverty which overtook thousands of Southern families, experienced in all its worst bitterness, and the thousand and one grim vicissitudes oppressing the lives of the women and children constitute a picture more striking than battle-fields.

Mrs. Ripley was the mistress of a Louisiana plantation, and her residence, known as Arlington, after the historic homestead of General Lee, was the centre of a profuse and brilliant hospitality. After the capture of New Orleans and the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, up to which time affairs had progressed on the plantation with but little change, disaster rapidly fell on the household. The departure of the negroes, the impossibility of markets, the straitened condition of affairs, finally induced the family to leave their home and emigrate to

Texas. Mrs. Ripley writes: "So I rode away from Arlington, leaving the sugar-house crowded to its utmost capacity with the entire sugar and molasses crop of the previous year, for which we had been unable to find a market within 'our lines,' leaving cattle grazing in the fields, sheep wandering over the levee, doors and windows flung wide open, furniture in the rooms, clothes too fine for me to wear now hanging in the armories, china in the closets, beds unmade, table spread."

We cannot follow Mrs. Ripley's narrative of her life in Texas and Mexico. From the latter country she finally went to Cuba, where her husband had bought a plantation. The description of life in this picturesque land, differing so widely as it does from the United States or even Mexico, furnishes the most interesting portions of the book. The writer paints the scenes of Cuban plantation life with a very lively, unconventional brush, and succeeds in bringing many picturesque phases of life before us. The Cuban negro is widely different in character, manner, and appearance from the negro in regions more familiar to us, and, of course, furnishes the background of life. Mrs. Ripley's experiences were just at the beginning of the late insurrection, which went on intermittently for some seven or eight years, but even then it furnished some startling facts which came within her ken. We do not remember to have seen any more interesting and fresh pictures of semi-tropical life and vegetation than she gives, though there is an utter lack anything resembling literary pretense, word-painting, or other ambitious effort, which so many who attempt to describe foreign lands labor under, and which so often spoils the true charm of narrative.

CHRISTMAS CARILLONS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Annie Chambers-Ketcham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume of verse by a lady somewhat known to the literary world for her versatility of genius fits happily in its choice of themes and tone of sentiment with the Christmas season, as, indeed, its opening poem is a study of the eternally interesting Yule-tide scenes, and properly gives title to the book. In this beautifully conceived ode is typified a carol in twelve chimes, from Christmas to Twelfth Night. It was originally published in *Harper's Magazine* some years since, and its tone of profound Christian piety is matched with its beauty of artistic treatment and quaint accessories of English folk life. Among the many charming

poems of Christmas which group themselves around Milton's sublimely beautiful ode, this contribution by Mrs. Ketcham will find a place. Every heart will join with her in drinking from her "Wassail-Bowl":

"Was haile!

Sire Christmas brings the wreath'd cup
With apples, ale, and spice filled up.

Was haile!

Each ancient grief and grudge we drown;
The lamb's wool smooths the roughest frown.

Drink haile!

Peal, merry bells, peal out apace,
We pledge Immanuel's day of grace—

Was haile! Noël

He brings us joy, Immanuel!"

Many of Mrs. Ketcham's poems are of an elegiac character, an undertone of sadness rather than of joy breathing through their music. Life to most of us presents itself in scenes and experiences which fit more readily to the minor than the major key, and our poet, perhaps, touches a wider range of sympathy in such themes than can be found in songs of mirth and triumph. The romance of a somewhat tropical and effusive temperament, which here and there tinges her verse with a more ardent glow, is by no means alien to a profound undercurrent of sadness; indeed, it gives this prevailing sentiment a depth and vitality which far removes it from that appearance of affectation that so often offends the taste in poets who sit under the cypress.

Some of the verses on subjects suggested by children are delightfully fresh and sweet. To those readers of all classes will turn and find themselves amply repaid. Such a poem as that entitled "Benny" is a little gem, and will bring a mingled smile and tear to every eye. It touches a sentiment as wide as the world, as deep as the seas. The incident embalmed in this simple, dainty bit of verse appears to have occurred to the poet herself, and it could not have been told with more pathetic grace and sweetness. Lovers of poetry will find in this collection not, indeed, that powerful sweep of the harp-strings which betokens the hand of the great master, but mellow and tender music which, though set to a somewhat narrow range of theme, is full of the finest instinct for truth, and fragrant as a violet with piety and purity.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

THE German Emperor has accepted the "protectorate" of the great work, in many volumes, upon the diplomatic, political, and administrative period of the Great Elector, which was commenced at the desire of his

father. The late Emperor saw eleven volumes of the stately work. Six further volumes are required for its completion, upon the preparation of which several scholars are now engaged. A grant of State money has been made for the carrying on of the work, which will serve as a "Quellenwerk" of the first rank for the students of modern German history, jurisprudence, war, finance, and even pedagogy.

ON October 16th a "Goethefeier" was held at Stäfa, on the Lake of Zürich, the chief feature of which was the unveiling of the tablet affixed to the house in which Goethe resided in the autumn of 1797 with his friend Meyer. Herr Friedrich Bertheau, of Rapperswil, published a little pamphlet a few months ago in which he established the fact that the description of the cotton industry in "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahren" was undoubtedly studied on the shores of the Lake of Zürich. The technical expressions used are borrowed from the local dialect (Zürich-Deutsch), and are still in use in the manufacturing villages along the lake. Goethe describes the market boats as going from the industrial villages on the shore to the great town (Zürich) on Thursday evening and returning on Friday night. The old custom of the "Hürnen," the blowing of a horn from the boat to signal its return, is also alluded to by the poet. The house in which Goethe stayed was formerly the "Krone," and is situated among the vineyards in the upper part of the village.

ITALIAN booksellers are taking advantage of the customs war commenced by their Government against France to charge four francs for a French novel instead of three francs fifty, alleging the application of the general tariff. As the usual price of an Italian novel is four francs this change places the fiction of the two nations on a level as to price; but unfortunately Italian novelists must improve considerably before the equality will extend beyond the price.

ANOTHER European language is recorded as among those printed and having a periodical press, for an Albanian newspaper is reported; but in which of the Albanian languages, Tosk or Gueg, is not stated.

SHORTLY before leaving Florida for England, the late Richard A. Proctor wrote to a friend: "I think it somewhat doubtful whether I shall leave England after that—but this is a world of changing plans and purposes."

SIR RICHARD BURTON has left England, in order to spend the winter on the Lake of

Geneva. Before starting, he passed all the proofs of the final volume of his "Supplemental Nights," which will be issued very shortly to subscribers.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has also been compelled, by the approach of the cold weather, to leave England. He goes direct to the Italian lakes, and thence to Florence for November, spending the remainder of the winter on the Riviera.

ICELAND has lost one of her most interesting figures in the person of Dr. Jon Arnason, of Reykjavik, whose death is announced. He was especially famous for his great private collection of Icelandic sagas. He had been for many years Keeper of the Public Library of Iceland, which has largely developed in his hands, and now contains nearly 30,000 volumes. Few living men have done so much as he to preserve the fading memorials of the history of his country. Arnason was born in 1820.

A CONTRIBUTION to the extensive Goethe literature is to be issued shortly under the title of "Goethe's Gespräche." The work, which will be published in parts, will consist of a chronologically arranged collection of all the authentic conversations and utterances of the poet. The well-known *Goethekenner* W. von Biedermann is said to be the editor of the compilation.

DR. MILLS, of Oxford, is circulating an invitation to subscribe to the publication of his edition of the Pahlavi, Sanskrit, and Parsi-Persian commentaries and translation of the "Gāthas" of Zoroaster. The price of the work will be thirty shillings, and it will be ready in a few months. The Secretary of State for India has made a grant of 50 £. toward the work.

A PERSON who gives himself out to be the author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" has been fleecing the booksellers of Bristol, England. He is said to be a handsome man of 5 feet 11 inches, with dark hair and complexion, and has "a slight American accent."

DR. HATCH will begin publishing presently his concordance to the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, to the Greek text of the Apocryphal books, and to the remains of the other versions which formed part of Origen's "Hexapla." The texts of the Septuagint version to which it is a concordance are that of the Codex Alexandrinus A, that of the Codex Vaticanus B, that of the Codex Sinaiticus S, and that of the Sixtine edition of 1587, R. As far as possible, and without making the assumption that the Greek is a word-for-word

translation of the Hebrew, the concordance gives the Hebrew equivalent of every Greek word in each passage in which it occurs.

THE November number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute contains an important paper by Dr. Venn on the physical measurement of students at Cambridge. Mr. Francis Galton discusses some of the results, and deduces the conclusion that the brain continues to grow in university students after the age at which it usually ceases to increase in the masses of the population; and that men who obtain high honors possess considerably larger brains than others of the same age. Mr. Galton also contributes the result of some inquiries regarding mental fatigue in schools.

DR. O. HARTWIG, the chief of the University Library at Halle, has just published a volume on the subject catalogue made under his supervision. The catalogue, he says, was begun in 1879 and finished this year; it consequently took nine years to make. Halle possesses about 250,000 volumes, and ten specialists were employed. According to this calculation, the library of the British Museum would require for the preparation of its catalogue at last fifty-five years. The Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, where there are nearly 650,000 books, would need over twenty years with the help of ten specialists for a subject catalogue. But as, unfortunately, that library is too poor to procure such an amount of aid, and, as far as we are informed, can employ only one classifier for the classification of the slips, although one man, however able, cannot classify every subject, a subject catalogue of the Bodleian would take not less than a century to complete.

THE third volume of Mr. Law's "History of Hampton Court Palace," which will contain the last hundred years of the annals of the palace, and be furnished with an index to the whole work, is in the press.

M. E. LA ROCHELLE, the biographer of Pereire, the famous teacher of the deaf and dumb, died at Meudon on October 31st.

PROFESSOR GRAETZ, who in his well-known "History of the Jews" discoursed eloquently upon the expulsion of his co-religionists from Spain, has just been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy at Madrid!

FREDERIK MULLER & Co., of Amsterdam, have issued a "bi-centennial" catalogue of broadsides, portraits, and books relating to the accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain. The total number of pieces

enumerated is 256, of which the greatest rarities seem to be two large etchings by R. de Hooghe: one representing the battle of the Boyne, with the death of Schomberg as the central object; the other in two leaves, the one representing William and Mary surrounded by their generals and ministers and by Irish officers in chains, and the other representing the Emperor and Sobieski receiving the homage of the Turks, after the relief of the siege of Vienna in 1689. We may also mention a hitherto unknown portrait of William at the age of three, by Hendrik Rokesz. The London agent for this catalogue is Mr. David Nutt.

THE *Descriptio* (1614) and *Constructio* (1619) of Napier of Merchison may be regarded as among the first important contributions by Great Britain to modern scientific thought. The second of these, in which the author explains the principles upon which he constructed his Tables of Logarithms, has not yet appeared in an English version, and the original Latin work ranks among the rarer of seventeenth-century books. We understand, however, that Mr. William Rae Macdonald has translated the work, and that it is about to be published for subscribers by Messrs. Blackwood in a limited edition. Mr. Macdonald's volume will include a bibliographical catalogue, giving not only title-pages, full collation, and notes upon the various editions of all the works of Napier, but also a list of the copies preserved in the principal British and foreign libraries. The book will thus form a valuable supplement to the memoirs of Napier by Mark Napier (1834).

DR. LEON KELLNER has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the romance of Blanchardyn and Eglantyne which Caxton translated and printed in 1484. Lord Spencer has kindly lent his unique copy for the purpose; and its five missing leaves will be supplied by Dr. Kellner's extracts from the French original of them, in its two mss. in the National Library, Paris, and the Burgundian Library, Brussels. Of the second version of this romance in 1595, Mr. Christie-Miller, of Britwell, owns the unique and complete copy; and through the good offices of Mr. Graves, of the British Museum, this has been made available for Dr. Kellner's edition. It is a shorter independent retelling of the French romance, and some half dozen chapters of it will be reprinted for the Early English Text Society's book.

A PRAYER TO ATHENA.

(From the Shores of the Blue Mid-sea.)

ATHENA ! I, whom love did once embolden
 To worship in that temple which hath been
 The crown of the world—thy suppliant, O
 Queen,
 Hear me again from this far shore, in olden
 Days of thy glory thine. Thou, who hast holden
 Achilles by the hair, Wisdom serene,
 Stand now by king and counsellors, unseen,
 As in the dear dim dawn by song made golden !

Athene, Queen of the air, maiden divine,
 Of all things on the subject earth most free,
 Guard with thy sovereign strength the
 faint new breath
 Of freedom drawn in this loved land of thine,
 Where for long years in fierce despite of thee
 It has been strangled in the grasp of death.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN—a son of the late Charles Darwin—has been elected university reader in botany at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Vines, now professor at Oxford.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. announce the twenty-third edition, which is also the twenty-third thousand, of "The Epic of Hades." "Songs of Two Worlds" reached a thirteenth edition at the beginning of the present publishing season. It is, we believe, no secret that Mr. Morris is one of the happy few whose verse brings them in a substantial yearly income.

PROFESSOR SAYCE will leave Oxford shortly for Egypt, with the special intention of copying the cuneiform tablets now collected at Cairo. Dr. A. Neubauer is also shortly going to Rome, to examine the Oriental MSS. in the Vatican Library.

MR. HENRY TATE—in addition to previous benefactions—has just given £16,000 for the completion of the proposed library block of new buildings at University College, Liverpool. It is proposed to call the library by his name, and Mr. Rathbone has offered a bust of the donor to be placed in it.

AT the present moment it is interesting to know that one of M. Emile Zola's short nouvelles, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, has just been issued as a text-book for use in English schools, with notes, etc. (Librairie Hachette).

FROM Paris comes the intelligence of the death of Miss K. O'Meara, author of a life of Frederic Ozanam, of a biography of Madame Mohl, and a tale entitled "Iza." Miss O'Meara

was well known in New York literary and social circles.

MISCELLANY.

AMONG THE BULGARIANS.—Bulgaria wants more railways and factories, a university and some high schools, a mint of its own ; good harbors and forts at Varna and Bourgas, and much dredging and embanking to make its rivers navigable. But question Conservatives, Liberals, or Radicals, and you will find that they are all exactly of the same mind as to how these boons shall be obtained. They propose no heroic legislation ; but advise economy with just and orderly government so as to win foreign confidence and attract foreign capital. Last year when Bulgaria stood in sore need of money to finish the railway, which is to run through Sofia to Constantinople, offers were made by several banks, including one of the largest in Vienna, but the rate of interest charged was too high and the Bulgarian Government patriotically refused to accept conditions implying that the credit of their country was not sound. A Cabinet of mere adventurers would have accepted money on any conditions (Servian governments have done this again and again), and have relied on its parliamentary majority to approve the loan. But the Bulgarian Ministers said simply : "We must save and pay for our railways out of revenue," which they did ; and there is not a Bulgarian who, speaking his mind privately to strangers, has not commended this policy. Unfortunately the recent experience of our own country shows that party strife does not become the less acrimonious because parties have nothing serious to quarrel about. Failing solid subjects of difference they fight, as some are now fighting in this country, for power. Bulgaria has too many men of education who dislike agricultural labor but cannot make a living to their taste in towns. The sons of peasants or officials, they have been sent abroad to get a university education, and on their return they try in vain to pick up practice as lawyers, doctors, or engineers. Disappointed in their hopes they beg for posts under Government, and, if unsuccessful in this, they tack themselves on to some Opposition politician, becoming his "clients" in the Roman sense—that is, hangers-on as journalists, pamphleteers, coffee-house ranters, and electioneering agents. These are men, who, as Corneille's Augustus said to Cinna :

" Si tout n'est renversé, ne sauraient subsister."

It may be that when foreign capital finds its way to Bulgaria, the extension of railways and industrial enterprise will bring sufficient employment to such people. When there is more travelling, manufacturing, shipping, and building, there will be more going to law and physicking, more publishing of newspapers and books, too, and more work for professors. But for the present, the idle and hungry university graduate is a serious nuisance and peril to the country. He forces the Government to create superfluous offices for his support; and he reduces politics to a mere question of turning this man out, and putting that man in, to the end that all the loaves and fishes may be redistributed. This is the kind of thing that has been going on in the South American Republics for sixty years; but in Bulgaria the wretched game would be played out in sixty weeks. If once Cabinets begin to go down before ugly rushes of greedy barristers and doctors, there will soon come a Ministry which will declare the country ungovernable and call in Russian assistance. Then will be the end. Nothing has been said in this article about Prince Ferdinand of Coburg. He showed spirit in hastening to Bulgaria when he was called to succeed Prince Alexander; but nothing has yet occurred to prove that he is popular or that he possesses the capacity for holding his own in a great crisis. He certainly means very well. He is a tall and lean young man, with a taste for ornithology and precious-stone-collecting, who twiddles big rings round his fingers, jingles other rings in his pockets, and regales the Bulgarians, with whom he talks in their own tongue, with translations of French jokes and sententious aphorisms. He delights in such alliterative sentences as this: "*Ni clémence ni confiance—voilà ma devise.*" He is a very French young man, an exemplary young man, open-handed and hospitable, cheerful, and industrious—especially when he is classing his stuffed birds—somewhat nervous and saltatory in his movements, the which vaguely suggest St. Vitus's dance; but a capital all-round talker upon abstract political theories and the duties of a model prince. He must have deeply studied Fénelon's *Télémaque*, trying to make its maxims square with those of Machiavelli's *Prince*. He is religious without bigotry, and does not scruple to yawn and nudge an aide-de-camp when a church service is unduly prolonged; he is an aristocrat to his fingers' ends, and holds himself stiffly with other aristocrats, but crosses his legs affably in the company of

inferiors, slaps them on the shoulders and condescendingly tries to draw them out. He contradicts his Ministers in everything, but invariably gives in to them. If they differ in their advice, he is not happy till he has made them shake hands. He is for the most severe measures in everything and against everybody, and is always signing pardons. He prefaces every conversation with the remark, that he is in no mood for arguing, and he argues for an hour. On the other hand Prince Ferdinand is not a soldier, and his doctors forbid him to ride. Some say that if there were a great war Prince Alexander would at once be recalled; and that at the end of the war—after the overthrow of Russia by a European coalition—we should see a Bulgarian Kingdom embracing the whole of Macedonia and most of Turkish Roumelia to the very gates of Constantinople, if not to the Golden Horn itself. This may be. It may be also that Prince Ferdinand will know how to take his fortune at the flood, and surprise the world by a sudden display of adventurous hardihood. There are infinite possibilities in lean and nervous men who feel the ground trembling beneath them, and know that they have no alternative but to dare or die. Meanwhile, however, it will be Prince Ferdinand's office to prevent party politics in Bulgaria from becoming a cause of national ruin.—*Temple Bar.*

MIND AND MATTER.—It was a happy choice of subject which led Principal Caird to discourse of mind and matter in the sermon which he preached before the British Medical Association at Glasgow. Although he displays the fullest appreciation of the strength of the argument which brings mechanical, chemical, vital, and probably mental activities under one comprehensive classification as various manifestations of energy, he is confident that materialistic theories are all open to one final and fundamental objection—namely, that they presuppose mental attributes in the very matter out of which they construct the theoretical mind. The objection, if objection it be, undoubtedly lies against that theory which the preacher had especially in mind, and is even its salient feature. Indeed, it may with equal truth be said that the tendency of modern thought is to materialize our views of mind, or that it is to enlarge and spiritualize our views of matter. The crude notion of something gross and inert no longer satisfies the most sceptical of scientists as a definition of the material part of the universe. He discerns vehement molecular action under the surface of its massive repose:

there is heat in its polar ice, tension in its most mobile fluids, elasticity in its toughest solids, and an inter-penetrating ether in the recesses of its most compact and coherent masses. Would it be surprising if the crowning discovery were still further to modify our opinion of this strange and ill-comprehended entity, and were to reveal in what we, "in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium," a capacity, barely suspected heretofore, of unfolding the highest manifestations of life and thought? Are there not in heaven and earth more things than are "dreamt of in our philosophy?" From such materialism—if, indeed, materialism be an apt term by which to describe it—the Christian moralist has nothing to fear. For our own part, indeed, we hold that the authority of morals and the truths of religion are not in any case contingent upon the regnant physical philosophy. The inward needs which they satisfy, the outward facts which they serve to generalize, and the profound emotions to which they give expression, are as permanent as humanity itself. Their language may undergo modification, their sanctions may be subject from time to time to change, but the unquenchable thirst for truth, the inexpugnable reverence for right, will continue in the future, as in the past, to make morality something more than a way of reconciling opposing interests, and religion nothing less than the highest devotion of the noblest spirits among the sons of men.—*Lancet*.

RIFLES OF SMALL CALIBRE.—With the introduction of repeating rifles for purposes of war, a reduction in the calibre of the barrel became almost unavoidable. The French Government perceived this at a very early date, and the new Lebel rifle issued to the French army has a bore slightly less than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Austria and Germany, for economical reasons, retained in their new repeating rifles the calibre of the old breech-loaders with which their armies had hitherto been furnished. This policy, however, has proved to be of the penny wise type, as both Governments have now found it necessary to adopt the small bore, which has, in the first place, the advantages of decreasing the weight of the arm and increasing the number of cartridges which a soldier can carry with him into the field, and since the adoption of the magazine is likely to lead to increased rapidity of fire, this becomes a matter of the first importance. Again, as the flatness of the trajectory depends, other things

being equal, on the initial velocity of the shot, which, again, is dependent on the ratio of the weight of the shot to the powder charge, the small calibre has another advantage, for, with a large calibre, the ratio of the weight of the shot to that of the powder cannot be made to have the most advantageous value without increasing the powder charge or unduly diminishing the length of the shot. The former plan is out of the question, as the kick of the weapon is quite as great as is pleasant to the marksman now, while the latter remedy is also incapable of adoption, as it would lead to inaccuracy of fire. Both these objections can, however, be got over by the adoption of the small bore, as the powder charge need not be altered, and the length of the bullet may be made equal to that found practically to give the best results. In the Werndl rifle of the Austrian Government, the calibre of which is 11 mm., the pitch of the rifling corresponds to one turn in 724 mm., while with the Swiss Hebler rifle, having a calibre of 7.5 mm. and an initial velocity of about 1900 feet per second, the pitch is 240 mm. But by thus increasing the pitch it becomes necessary that the bullet should, to take the rifling, be provided with a thin outer shell of some harder material than lead. In the Lebel rifle a skin of German silver is used, and in the new rifle for the British army, it is proposed to employ a thin shell of steel for this purpose.—*Engineering*.

CREMATION.—According to the Paris correspondent of the *Chronicle*, the French bishops have received a communication from the congregation of the Holy Office, strongly disapproving of cremation, and ordering the priests not to abandon the customary methods of disposing of the dead. It is a great pity that the Romish Church should place herself in opposition to the scientific views of the present day on this point, or should try and drag the question of religion into the matter. She is but repeating the mistakes so often made in the past, which have done so much harm to the cause of religion. If men of science prove to our satisfaction that the germs of disease are not destroyed by burial, but that they are a fruitful source of disease to the living, public opinion will not continue to tolerate this system of dealing with the dead. At present all that can be said is that the popular sentiment in favor of burial is strong, and that the public are not yet convinced in favor of any other method. But public opinion alters quickly in these days of cheap newspapers, and possibly another century may see a complete change of front. As

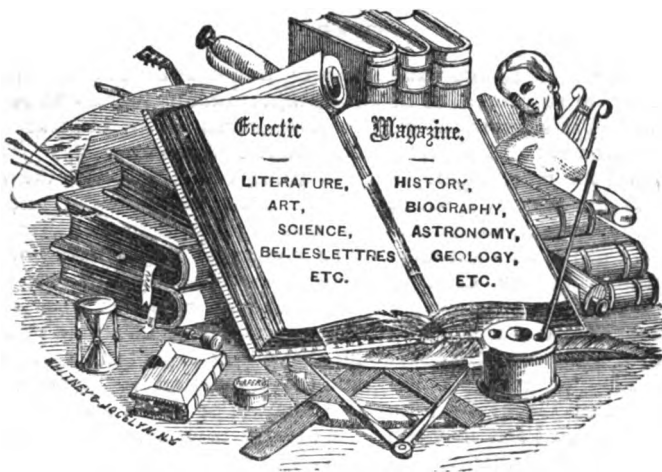
there is nothing opposed to religion in acting in accordance with science in this matter, Christian men should be careful not to set themselves up in opposition. The martyrs were often burned at the stake, and no one doubts their resurrection. Nothing but a distinct command in the Bible against burning the dead would justify us in opposing science. There are already a very large number of people who would like to see it made illegal to bury those who die of infectious diseases, except in quick lime. Probably this will be the first step that scientific people will demand, and we have no right to refuse it.—*Rock*.

WORK IN BOAT RACING.—Professor William P. Trowbridge, of the School of Mines at New York, has been making some examinations upon the expenditure of energy of eight men during one of the college races. The distance, a four-mile course, or 21,120 feet, was traversed in twenty-one minutes, there being a speed of about 1000 feet per minute. The resistance of the boat at this speed was determined by experiment to be 75 pounds, and the work per minute for the eight men, therefore, was 75,000 foot-pounds, which is 23 horsepower per man; this is seven times the rate which strong laborers are compelled to maintain during a day's work. The conclusions from the investigations are, that these extraordinary efforts are excessive in the strain which they place upon the heart and lungs of those engaged, and that races are practically decided at the end of the third mile, and that all prudence requires that the length of course in college boat racing should be reduced at least to that distance.—*Engineering*.

BRITISHER AND YANKEE.—Who invented the word "Britisher," as an equivalent for one of the noble occupants of our grand old island? It is "a fond thing vainly imagined" that Americans habitually use "Britisher" as a synonym for Englishman. Good Americans—those who in life and death go to Paris—are positive that the popular belief is a mistake. "Britisher" is an invention of the enemy. The American of ordinary culture speaks of "English" and "Englishman;" if he ever uses "Britisher," he does so by sarcastic adoption of a term which he would never seriously use. Nothing, however, will expel from English minds the belief that the American calls every Englishman a "Britisher." The case may be paralleled. Another fond belief in England is that it is the correct thing to call an American a Yankee. Now, in reality, the word Yankee has an absolutely limited sphere

of application. It may be applied correctly to the New England States; and by an admissible stretch of the language to Northerners generally. But as a synonym for Americans as a nation it is an absurdity. No American would speak of a Texan, for instance, as a Yankee; yet we often see this mistake made in popular writings. Such blunders die hard. We are aware, of course, that by a poetic figure the particular phrase may be applied "to the general," as the Greeks, for instance, were loosely spoken of as Achæans. But in plain prose, we may fairly claim something more exact. Be it known, therefore, to all by these presents that a citizen of the United States is an American, not a Yankee; and that an American calls our compatriots Englishmen, not Britishers.—*Globe*.

A FAMOUS SPEECH BY THE EMPEROR NERO.—M. Gaston Boissier the other day announced to the Academy (section of Belles-Lettres) (says the *Leeds Mercury*) that he had received a letter from M. Holleaux, a former member of the School of Athens, who was charged by the Minister of Public Instruction with the task of continuing the searches commenced by him in Bœotia, on the site of the sanctuary of Apollo and Ptoios. In this letter M. Holleaux relates that he has found embedded in the wall of an old church a stone on which is graven the speech addressed by Nero to the Greeks when granting them their liberty: The language is strange, emphatic, and pretentious; but the style does not lack force. Like the rest of the early Cæsars, as is known by the speech of Claudius found at Lyons, Nero made a point of exhibiting his talent as a writer and orator on important occasions. In his youth he had been trained in the rhetoric of the advocates, and Suetonius relates that Nero had delivered a pleading in favor of the inhabitants of Ilion, reputed to be the ancestors of the Romans. The speech to the Greeks has not been worked out by the Imperial Chancellery. It is the personal work of the man who on his death-bed pronounced himself to be a great artist: "Qualis artifex pereo!" Nero aimed at excelling in all styles; but in the domains of singing and acting he deemed himself incomparable. It will be seen shortly what rank he is to hold as an orator and writer. The document in question is one which will deeply interest the learned world, and it is destined to have its place in history. The Academy requested M. Boissier to transmit to M. Holleaux its warm congratulations for his interesting discovery.



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WAR.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

IN the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there is an article on "War" of very remarkable excellence. If the author—Colonel Maurice, Royal Artillery—had written nothing else, this article alone would, I think, stamp him as the ablest English writer on military subjects. He has, however, given us already several well-thought-out, admirably reasoned works. Among them *The Balance of Power in Europe* attracted the attention of the leading statesmen of Europe, and displayed a thorough grasp of the subject he there placed so clearly before the public. Conversant with the military history of all times, he brings to bear upon the article on War an intimate knowledge of all the great wars of this century.

Not only is he well versed in all the military literature which treats of the campaigns in the Bismarck-Von Moltke

epoch, but he has carefully studied on the ground the positions on which were fought many of the hardest contested actions of the last Franco-German War. I know of no English officer who possesses such a stored-up accumulation of strategical facts and tactical information, and I think the severest critic who reads the article in question will readily admit that Colonel Maurice is well able to group instructively the arguments he bases on that knowledge, and to state them in clear, nervous English, which is very pleasant reading.

While this article on War is one that will deeply interest every soldier, the general reader owes Colonel Maurice a debt of gratitude for the clear and concise manner in which he explains what are mysteries to the uninitiated. I refer to the question of why it is that an army cannot always be concentrated and in

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fighting trim. Why it is that armies move so slowly. Why it is one army does not always attack the other in flank. What is the reason an army takes so long to pass a river. How it is that one side, after a series of moves or manœuvres, succeeds in taking the other at a disadvantage, and while amusing and detaining a large portion of the enemy's forces with a vastly inferior detachment, is thus able to be much superior to him in strength at the most vital point. We are so accustomed to obtain food for ourselves and servants without any difficulty, that we are apt to forget that fifty thousand men and twenty thousand horses collected together into one locality require, besides water, about two hundred and fifty tons weight of food daily. It cannot be obtained locally, so most of it has to be brought up from the rear by railway or in horsed wagons.

Much of the impatience felt by the people at home, during our little wars, at what they conceive to be the dilatoriness of the operations, arises from ignorance upon the points I have specified. A man who takes his afternoon walk through by-paths and across country finds some difficulty in explaining to himself why it is that armies can only move on roads. It is to be hoped that this article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will in future prevent those whose province it is to inform us upon all the daily occurrences in every campaign, from repeating errors, into which a short study of the science they write about would have prevented them from falling.

Military history and the general principles of war formed in past ages an important item in the education of all great public men. It is, I think, very much to be regretted that those who aspire to be British statesmen no longer study these subjects. A careful attention to the science of perspective might quite as well be omitted from the education of an artist. There was a time when a knowledge of Vegetius and of the best contemporary works on War, was regarded as of equal importance to a statesman, as a knowledge of Vatel, Adam Smith, or Blackstone. The study of the art of war, that is really of its practice, is the especial province of the professional soldier, but the great prin-

ciples of its science can be as easily comprehended as any book of Euclid by all clear-headed men alike. Although a little knowledge of war may be a very dangerous possession to the ruler or minister who is unwise enough to interfere directly in the movements and distribution of armies, as, for example, both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis did, I cannot but think that a clear conception of war's first principles would have saved England from several rash and ill-starred undertakings, both by sea and land. Had our Cabinet in 1854 had even the most elementary knowledge of war, a little army that was incapable of taking the field, and was deficient in all the civil departments, stores, transport, etc., which are to an army what steam is to the engine, would never have been thrown ashore in the Crimea, to fight a Russian army and take Sebastopol. More recent instances might be quoted, but I refrain from doing so.

While I believe the main principles of war are to-day as they were when Napoleon with a small army fought that splendid campaign of 1814, and dealt out crushing blows right and left upon the disunited allied forces, yet it is very evident that the practice of war now, as carried out with huge armies, is very different. The small army in a central position was easily moved, now in one direction, then again toward an opposite point of the compass. But large armies cannot be thus manipulated. It is difficult enough to feed and supply them along lines of communication well studied beforehand, but when the direction is changed from day to day, and forced marches are a necessary part of the plan adopted, any such operations as those so brilliantly executed by the French army in 1814, are out of the question when a large army is concerned. This can be easily understood when it is remembered that the number and quality of the roads in any theatre of war which will enable a small army to move with rapidity, may be entirely insufficient for the advance of those enormous armies that are now placed in the field. One ordinary army corps, with its train of about a thousand wagons, marching by one road, covers about thirty miles of it. The reader will therefore easily understand that the concentration alone for a

great battle under the existing conditions of continental warfare is by itself one good day's work. The practice of war in Europe now is very different from what it was when Napoleon, in 1796, descending from the Maritime Alps, pounced rapidly first on one portion of his enemy's army and then upon another. Railways and telegraphs have, of course, done a great deal to help to move armies and to feed them when moving, but these facilities do not compensate for the greater difficulties under which war is undertaken when armies are counted, not by thousands as formerly, but by hundreds of thousands as at present.

In defining the difference between strategy and tactics, as being respectively concerned, the first with the theatre of war, the latter with the battle-field, I think Colonel Maurice somewhat restricts too much the subjects embraced under the heading of tactics. Battles are of rare occurrence, but marches and outpost and reconnaissance duties are every-day occupations with troops in the field. Yet few will deny that all these minor operations are tactical in their nature. They are certainly not strategical. I should describe them as the tactical incidents of strategy that are not necessarily connected with the battle-field. Colonel Maurice describes with great clearness the changed conditions under which war is now waged from those under which it was made at the beginning of this century. In doing so he naturally dwells upon the danger which the employment of the huge armies of to-day now entail upon a commander-in-chief, through being forced without his consent into a battle at any moment, by the action of subordinate generals. In referring to the early phase of the 1870 war, that is to the battles of Weissenburg, Wörth, Spicheren, Colombey-Nouilly, and of Mars-la-Tour, he says they were "brought on by the determination of subordinate leaders, and were not designed beforehand, either by the king's headquarters or by the headquarters of any one of the three armies" then in the field. The German army was invading France; it had taken the initiative, and of necessity had to accept the contingency of battle whenever and wherever it was

offered. If the French were overtaken they were attacked at once, and when found in position the German general in command of the leading troops went straight for them with whatever troops he had at hand, knowing he would be supported from the rear by the arrival of fresh troops every hour, and that all columns whose commanders could hear the cannonade would be straightway marched to his assistance. The Prussian headquarters in rear could not and did not exercise any effective control over the when or the where the battles I have named were fought. This policy, however, was successful everywhere in 1870. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the defeats, in 1866, of Langensalza and of Trautenaue, we have no means of judging how the German training for war would enable their army to bear the strain of serious defeat. That a beaten army should be able to retreat in safety and attack again, almost immediately, it must not only have reached the highest perfection in battle training, but it must have that species of pluck which enables the knocked-down and severely punished pugilist to "come again, smiling, to the post."

Great confidence in the superiority of military training will cause troops to engage vastly superior forces in a retaining battle, such as that of Mars-la-Tour, but it is only an inherited haughtiness of descent that will enable a people to bear up against repeated defeats, month after month, for several years, as the United States did in the Confederate war, with a dogged, fixed determination to fight on until victory crowned their efforts. It is, I believe, only men of the Anglo-Saxon race who would have persevered as the Northern States of America then did. The genius of a people—the outcome of race peculiarities—have great influence upon the conduct of a war, and still more upon its final result. Superiority in guns, rifles, and battle training may for a period enable the inferior to lord over the superior race, but in the end blood will tell, and the people which possess as their inheritance the most stolid determination, joined to great power of body and soundness of health, must eventually win. Hence one of the greatest difficulties in the de-

termination of all war problems. The race peculiarities which so seriously affect the individual soldier, the love of regiment, and the military spirit which influence the military units into which they are distributed, the value of the battle training imparted to every squad, the ability with which divisions, army corps, etc., are manipulated, all are important elements which combine to complicate the solution.

Surely there is no student of war who is not well versed in all the maxims of Napoleon. Many of them are nothing more nor less than generally accepted rules in strategy. Colonel Maurice falls foul of those who venture to assert that certain commanders won victories in violation of the "principles of war," and without doubt he is substantially correct. To illustrate his meaning, he points out, with sound appreciation of those principles, how faulty the Prussian plan of invasion of Bohemia in 1866 would have been if the intrinsic military value of the two contending armies had been at all equal. The Prussians then invaded Bohemia with two distinct armies operating from two independent bases far removed one from the other, and communicating with one another only by telegraphs through Berlin. I think it will be generally admitted that had the great Napoleon been in Marshal Benedik's place, the fate of the Prussians would have been that of Wurmsers in 1796-7. But would Von Moltke have ventured upon such an operation if he had had a Napoleon as an antagonist? I think not. This is a striking instance where a great general knew when he could, and consequently ought, to disregard what is generally recognized as a commonly accepted rule of strategy. It should, however, be remembered that he disregarded it in accordance with a calculation based upon his knowledge of the enemy's position, of the genius of the leader opposed to him, and of the exact time it would take that leader to concentrate in the hopes of beating the Prussian armies in detail. I maintain, therefore, that in reality Von Moltke's plan was not only sound and safe, but in strict accordance with the greatest of all war principles, namely, to devise your plans in accordance with what you know to be your enemy's position, his

intentions, his genius for war, and the moral and physical condition of his army. Von Moltke won because he attended to the first great axiom of war, that is, to know everything about your enemy.

While fully recognizing how greatly changed are the conditions under which wars are now conducted, it is, I think, the greatest folly to imagine that consequently we can learn nothing of importance from the history of past campaigns. A study of all military history is useful to the student of war, and there is no campaign whose story does not afford some lesson, some precept of value to-day.

Formerly we depended upon the perfect drilling of our men; henceforward it is upon the efficiency of battle training and fire discipline we shall have to rely. Unless our regiments be first-rate in both those points, we can no longer hope for victory, although they may be able to march past like a wall, and go through the most complicated barrack-yard evolutions with the utmost precision.

The new conditions of war require far more intelligence on the part of the officers and private soldiers to fit them for it than was formerly the case. In 1870 numerous mistakes in tactics and in troop-leading were made. So it will always be under present war conditions, where the individual action of each fighting man, of each small group in the firing line, means so much. The details upon which success depends must be in the hands of so many that the possibilities and probabilities of error have been multiplied indefinitely.

Colonel Maurice pays a just tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, whose character malice so long sought to blacken, and upon whom failure entailed the ignorant verdict of military incapacity. The careful criticism of the military student has at length shown him to have been one of the few great commanders England has ever had, but it is only through the most graceful and pathetic of poems that his memory has been saved from the oblivion to which cruel English custom ruthlessly condemns the unsuccessful general. It is doubtful if the Duke of Wellington could have ever become the great man

he was, had not the more brilliant Moore been sacrificed at Corunna through his belief in the lying promises of a lazy and ignorant ally. Belief in that same ally afterward nearly ruined Wellington and his army at Talavera.

In an article such as that now under review, it is difficult to convey to the non-military reader a just conception of war, because he has generally the very crudest notion of what an army in the field is like. The ordinary Englishman is apt to imagine that there is some close resemblance between an Aldershot field-day and a battle; that even the time-honored manœuvres in Hyde Park have some counterpart in war. Colonel Maurice has, however, managed to give the general reader a very good notion of what cruel war is now really like. It has lost much of its pomp and glorious circumstance, and each new invention in the destructive power of guns and explosives makes it, alas, necessary to bury some old cherished custom, and to rob war of some of its romance. The brief description given of army transport and of lines of communication is so clear, that henceforward all the information which is really necessary for a just comprehension of the subject can be obtained without poring through military books, which are generally uninteresting to all but soldiers. An army is, now more than ever, like a boy's kite. In each case a long line extends backward, which, if severed, brings starvation on the army, and brings the kite to the ground. In both instances, this long line is vulnerable. In the field, its protection alone often requires a small army. A slight shock anywhere along that long weak tail is felt in the very heart of the army itself, and one of the most effective strokes in war is to cut this line of communication along which your enemy draws all his re-enforcements and supplies. A modern army is such a very complicated organism, that any interruption in the line of communication tends to break up and destroy its very life.

Even a well-carried-out threatened attack upon the base or line of communication often checks the advance of an enemy as effectually as a direct attack made upon the enemy's army itself. Your opponent must largely reduce his

fighting force in front, in order to save his communications, and in so doing gives you a chance of meeting him with superior forces at some objective point, the possession of which may seriously influence the result of the war. This is a feint which, in many forms, is often attempted with a view to induce the enemy to weaken the point you have selected for attack. Against it you will then be able to bring your concentrated strength, an object which is one of the great aims of both strategy and tactics. A victory gained under those circumstances should be so overwhelming, that it should not only break up the military organization, but the very fighting spirit of your enemy. It should destroy the confidence which each individual soldier has in himself, and that mutual co-operation of all ranks and units which is the soul of a modern army, and which can alone hold it together. The reputation for skill and for success you thus acquire is a fresh incentive to your own men, and has a correspondingly depressing influence upon the spirits and confidence of your enemy.

Colonel Maurice combats the old and commonly accepted apothegm, that while the science of strategy is constant, and its teaching the same now as it was in the days of Hannibal, the art of tactics varies from age to age, being obliged to follow all changes in the arts of destruction. He contends that, as human progress improves and revolutionizes what he very aptly terms the "implements of strategy," that what I would call the guiding principles of strategy, and the rules deduced from them, change also. According to my notions, these changes may intensify or lessen the danger attendant upon the violation of those principles, and may alter the practice of strategy, but not its great elementary rules. The greatest of all these rules of war, and which applies equally to both strategy and tactics, is to so move and manipulate your army as to succeed in bringing the enemy to a decisive struggle where he is forced to fight your concentrated army with only scattered and disseminated forces. To fight the enemy in detail with all your concentrated strength, is in fact the first great object at which strategy aims. If on the day of battle yours shall be much

the stronger side, your strategy is good ; and if your troops go into action in better condition, morally and physically—better fed and therefore stronger and more healthy, in better fettle, and therefore in greater confidence of victory—you have succeeded in winning a great strategical success even before the beginning of the battle, in which they will engage under the most satisfactory tactical conditions.

The new "implements" of strategy are railways, electric telegraphs, and telephones, steamships of all kinds and sizes, canals, improved and macadamized roads, all improved modes of conveyance, such as bicycles, tricycles, etc. ; lastly, compressed food. As an illustration of how these implements now differ from those in use at the beginning of the century, think how different would have been Napoleon's position at Moscow at the head of a victorious army, if the railways and telegraphs which now connect that place with the Rhine frontier had existed in 1812 ? The military student will readily admit the difference there would have been under such circumstances in the result of the war. There would have been no disastrous retreat to furnish for all time texts for the moralist's themes, and picturesque incidents for the artist's pencil. The greatest of all men would by success have retained the fidelity of those allies who forsook him when he failed, and turned upon him with all their strength the following year.

I cannot entirely indorse the assertion, "that the weapons of strategy have changed since the Napoleonic era more completely than those of tactics." The great changes brought about by the use of railways and telegraphs are in the magnitude of the armies now used by all great military nations. But we can contemplate a condition of things that may lead again to the use of small armies, armed even more perfectly than soldiers are at present. Railways and telegraphs have not only introduced new complications into the service of strategy, but they enable the strategist in his plans and combinations to ignore distance, and arrange for the movements of armies in the heart of desert countries, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from their base of supply. The

use of the electric telegraph in tactics has been apparent in many actions, and at Magenta the railway was used to good tactical purposes. An army no longer crawls so much on its belly, as in the days when no roads, or only very few, existed. As a boy, when reading Cæsar's *Commentaries*, I was always much struck with the careful manner in which he timed his invasions to the seasons, so as to be able to depend upon finding supplies in the selected theatre of war. When he went into winter quarters, he took care to provide for his wants the following year by sowing large quantities of corn. It is a puzzle to many young military students why Cæsar's armies, and even the armies of the eighteenth century, went into quarters every winter, and did nothing until the fine weather began again. Tactics has a far greater charm for the young than strategy, and few pause to dwell upon the difficulties which are always attendant upon feeding an army in the field, or of moving it in winter through a country where there are few or no roads. As boys, we delight in reading of how battles were won : how Marlborough charged with his cavalry at Blenheim, of how our storming party forced its way into Badajoz. We seldom realize that before great macadamized roads and railways came into existence, troops could not move in winter, and were therefore forced to idly hibernate in quarters.

It is not easy to conceive how any science, any art, can be entirely without some general principles, and where there are recognized principles, there will most surely be rules also ; they are the natural product or results of educated study applied to any group of general principles, and the principles, which guide, and always have guided strategy, are no exception. War is a science, and as such has its principles, and rules deduced from those principles, quite as surely as every other science. If it were otherwise, why is it such a *sine quâ non* that a deep and minute study of the history of all great wars, especially of the most recent wars, is essential to the education of every staff officer and of every general ? Surely it is from such study we learn lessons, and those lessons we impress upon the memory by rules deduced from them, and thus for-

mulated, I may say, from the written experience of others.

While maintaining that there are rules which bear upon both the science and practice of war, as directly as the Ten Commandments may be said to bear upon the teaching and practice of morals, I am the first to admit that nothing can be more foolish than any attempt to deal with war as one does with an exact science. To didactically lay down precise formulæ for the guidance of a commander in the conduct of a war would be as absurd as it would be to do so for the artist in the construction of his picture. The painter knows that blue and yellow mixed together produce green; it is a rule he was taught by a master, or learned from experience, just as all generals have learned in a similar manner that, unless certain of success, to fight a general action with your back to an unfordable river is a most dangerous proceeding. Jomini tried to teach war as Euclid is taught, and since his days many have followed his example. But the so-called science of war is simply the shrewd application of common sense to a plan specially devised for the effective movement of one body of armed men upon another for the purpose of destroying it. In the whole so-called science of war, there is nothing more recondite, more complicated, more difficult of comprehension, than there is in the common sense which enables an able man to succeed in any form or phase of public life. But common sense has its axioms, and so has war its rules, which cannot be disregarded or ignored without serious danger. Those rules must be known, the mind should be trained in them, and filled with the examples to be gathered from the history of campaigns where the neglect and violation of these fundamental principles led to defeat, and the reasons why, in exceptional cases, victory was the result.

The deeply read pedant in war is always trying to make his plans, and even the movements which require instantaneous decision, conform to what he has read others have done under similar circumstances. He rakes his mind for a precedent, or for a rule applicable to the exigency, and the result is delay, absence of initiation, and the failure

which generally follows upon want of decision and common sense. All rules of war are merely deductions from the practice of war. It is no exact science, for the same results do not always follow upon the same proceedings or the same combination of circumstances. Apart altogether from the influence on any campaign, which is exercised by the curiously uncertain working of the human mind, with all its contradictions and liability to change, we have to note the startling complications which the chance physical condition of earth, sea, and sky introduce into every military problem. That $(a + b) \times (a + b) = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$ is a fact to be easily proved. That iron exposed to the air oxidizes, that iron filings acted upon by sulphuric acid generate hydrogen, are physical facts. But that an army occupying an extended position where one wing is widely separated from the other by some impassable or very difficult military obstacle must be beaten, is by no means true. Its commander, in taking up such a position, would have certainly violated a well-known military rule, and have given his opponent such an advantage, that under ordinary circumstances he ought to be beaten, but it is not a certainty. A hundred circumstances may combine to give victory to him who has disregarded, perhaps deliberately, a fundamental rule of his art. We always hear of the faults committed by those who fail; every military student will repeat to you glibly many pedantic reasons to explain why it was that Wurmser, Benedik, MacMahon, and others were beaten. On the other hand, we are not given to be critical as to the plans and movements of those who win great victories, although a strict analysis of all the circumstances would prove, that in some instances they have been achieved in defiance of the commonly accepted theory of war, of the very A B C of its science. At chess we sometimes win through a serious error in play committed by our antagonist, or from a calculation as to what he will do, based upon our own appreciation of his character and of his usual mode of play in certain positions. Even in such a game, where every piece has its certain and constant value, the idiosyncrasies of the players have often much more

to do with the conduct and result of the game, than all the rules ever learned by any beginner. But how much more so is this the case in the game of war, where no piece has any constant value, where the pawn, man, is daily, hourly acted upon by many influences, physical and mental. The private soldier who is a noble hero to-day may be converted into the sneak and straggler of to-morrow. A bad pain in the stomach, an attack of diarrhoea, cold, hunger, thirst, or that wretchedness and misery which are the results of an army being dealt with as ours was by the Treasury in 1854, may take the whole heart and soul out of what had been a gallant band of soldiers. The best of armies may thus be rendered as limp as a party politician and as powerless as a steamship at sea with its shaft broken. On the other hand, some well put and glowing appeal to the patriotism and military sentiment of even shoeless, half-starved soldiers, like that addressed in 1796 by Napoleon to the army of Italy, may so inspire them with hope, energy, and confidence, as to render them invincible.

The longer a man has made war and the more he knows of its history from the earliest times until to-day, the more he must realize its uncertainties. The horse which starts at 3 to 1 on him, and is looked upon as a certainty, may put his foot in a hole near the finish, and be beaten by an inferior animal. The man who taught me billiards impressed upon me that I should never attempt any stroke upon the success of which I was not prepared to bet 3 to 2. And so it is in war. Except when driven by unavoidable circumstances to accept battle, as Moore was compelled at Corunna, for instance, to fight for the honor of his army and of his nation, you should not willingly and on ordinary occasions give battle unless you feel that the odds are at least 3 to 2 in your favor. To eliminate all chances of failure from war is impossible. When you have done your best, have brought your army to the scratch under the most favorable conditions of time and place, the men and horses well fed, all ranks inspired with a feeling of absolute confidence in the result, you will still in your heart, if you know war well, realize how uncertain is the game after all. When

about to engage you may have the utmost confidence in yourself and in the daring valor and battle-training of your men, but in your heart you will acknowledge to yourself that, after all, the result must rest with the God of battles. The smooth stone from the brook may again destroy the giant and disconcert his confident army. A sheeplike panic may at any moment ruin the most ably-conceived plan of attack, and put an end to the most reasonably formed anticipation of victory. It is this which makes the practice of war so difficult, although its theory, that is, the axioms, rules, and principles of its science, are so easily acquired.

Although it is quite certain that no amount of book-learning can ever make a general, that the instinct of war must be natural to you as the love of sport, of art, or of music, yet it is as certain, that in these days especially, it is almost impossible for any man to become a great commander who has not deeply studied the history of all recent campaigns, minutely criticised every movement in each game, and entirely taken in and learned the reasons which led to them. It is after such a study that men make rules for themselves, as we all do for our guidance in small private matters of every-day occurrence.

The old school of English officers were apt to deride book-learning, and to scoff at students of war, and damn them as mere "bookworms." That Napoleon had advised his officers to read and re-read the campaigns of the great men who had gone before, made little impression upon the sturdy old British general, who was quite content to go straight for his enemy, and always ready to do so, whenever or wherever that enemy was to be found. Even now one often hears complaints that we insist upon men being able to pass the very simple and ordinary examinations for promotion which are prescribed by our Regulations. We don't want all our regimental officers to be qualified for the position of general, but of this I am certain, that the more officers there are in the firing line in the day of battle who have thoroughly studied and mastered the art of tactics, and who have a fair conception of the aims and objects of strategy, the better it will be for the

nation, far the better will, indeed, be our chances of victory. That the necessity for book-learning in war was at one time fully recognized is evident from the writings of the Duke of Albemarle—the father of the present English Army—which are now on my table. He is entitled to speak on such a subject, for on Cromwell's death he was in command of the finest army in every respect that England, or I suppose, indeed, any nation has ever owned. The heading of the last chapter of his book runs thus:—" *That Reading and Discourse are requisite to make a Soldier perfect in the Art Military, how great soever his knowledge may be, which long experience and much practice of Arms hath gained.*"

In this article on War the reader is impressed with the necessity of adopting some sort of group system for fighting. All other nations have done so, and most of our thinking officers are strongly in favor of it. A very good plan for the formation of groups of eight men has been for some years back urged upon us by Colonel Macdonald, the late Lord Advocate of Scotland. He is now a Judge, but I am glad to say he continues to act as Brigadier-General in command of the Edinburgh Volunteer Brigade. Many, like myself, have long looked upon him as far ahead of army officers in the matter of modern drill. His system of drill, which allowed each man ample room to use his limbs and to shoot with ease to himself, and his mode of fighting in groups are both very similar to the present practice of the great Continental armies. Colonel Maurice quotes largely from our Volunteer Brigadier-General, and I would strongly urge all those who are not, through ignorance of war, hopelessly wedded to old ideas, to read with an open mind, *Common Sense on Parade, or Drill without Stays*, by Colonel the Right Hon. J. H. Macdonald, C.B.

On this subject Colonel Maurice writes :

"Now this one thing is certain, that whereas the great fighting formation of the past for British infantry was the line, that formation can be used no longer in actual fighting against troops armed with modern weapons, unless exceptionally in purely defensive positions, where its trained cohesion is in any case easy."

Search the stories of the battles fought

in 1870, and you will find that the fighting line always consisted of a series of groups of men of varying strength. Is it not idle to ignore this fact? Is it wise not to frame your system of drill to meet it? Men begin to ask themselves, "Why, therefore, retain all these stiff line formations in our drill-book?"

"Our drill must be adapted to deliver such groups as methodically and regularly as possible within the zone of fighting."

Further on Colonel Maurice says :

"The one point that must be thoroughly realized is that the firearm of the present day has become the determining weapon, for the development of the efficiency of which all tactics must prepare the way."

There is one point on which we have every reason, in my opinion, to congratulate ourselves, and that is the smallness of our companies. Most foreign armies have very strong companies, of about two hundred and fifty of all ranks, while ours are just half that size. The Germans adopted these big units not from tactical but from economical reasons. In fact, it is very doubtful if their country could supply them with the number of officers they would require under our system of small companies. These strong companies were created in Prussia long before the present development of tactics, and the Germans have had to make their fighting formation fit into a battalion organization that was not invented to meet any tactical want at all. To me it is quite certain that the tactics of to-day accord far better with a system of small than of very large companies. Our company unit of about one hundred men is far more easily commanded, and its fire more effectively controlled and usefully directed, than can be done with the overgrown German company. The English captain's command in action is far more handy, can be more easily provided with shelter, or effectively introduced anywhere into the fighting line, than the sort of small battalion which the German company of to-day resembles. If it were not for economical reasons, I should not be sorry to see the war strength of our companies made even smaller than at present.

Colonel Maurice addresses to us the following home truths, which I earnestly hope may bear fruit.

"There is a dread of change when change is required, because officers and men have come to look upon the great traditions of the past as sacred. We must frankly face the fact that the character of battles having changed, we must work back from the conditions of our present battle-fields to the peace-forms which will prepare our soldiers for them."

If this be true, and I believe it to be so absolutely, the time has come when we should carefully review every regulation, every point, that bears upon the training of our soldiers in the art of actual fighting. Let us search out what a battle is now really like. We are too apt to take our views of it from Crimean experiences, or from Aldershot field days. We have long had stereotyped views on this subject, and have apparently striven to force war, as it were, to conform to our splashy mode of imitating it during peace manœuvres. We must now reverse the process, and having informed ourselves thoroughly as to what actually takes place in battle, let us work back, and frame our drill and battle training so that it may fit the soldier for what he must do to win in that awful hour. It behoves us to see that the soldier's clothing and equipment is best suited for the work he will then have in hand; and we must if necessary, in ruthless defiance of all tradition and of what our former views on the subject may have been, remodel the soldier's garments until we have made them as suitable for battle work as are the costumes we wear in private life for the sports for which they are intended. Due regard for the soldier's life, for the nation's honor, makes this an imperative duty.

The battles of the future will be very different from even those of 1870, and will bear very little resemblance to those of Crimean times. One remarkable change will be the absence of nearly all that terrific noise which the discharge of five or six hundred field guns and the roar of musketry caused in all great battles. We shall have practically no smoke to mark the position of the enemy's batteries and troops in action. The sound of cannon will be slight, and will no longer indicate to distant troops where their comrades are engaged or the point upon which they should consequently march. Our sentries and advanced posts can no longer alarm the

main body upon the approach of the enemy by the discharge of their rifles. The camp or bivouac will no longer be disturbed at night by the spluttering fire of pickets in contact with the enemy. Different arrangements for giving the alarm upon the approach of hostile columns will have to be resorted to. The main column on the march cannot in future be warned by the shots of flanking parties, of the enemy's proximity, and a battle might possibly be raging within a few miles of it, without that fact becoming at once apparent.

Most of the important mechanical inventions, most of the great discoveries in science, have some direct influence upon the manufacture and use of the arms, ammunition and equipment, of the soldier. Woe to the nation that does not make her tactics conform to the arms of the day, and to the varying conditions under which war is made and battles fought and won. Wellington won great battles, because, being a thoroughly practical soldier, well read in war science and of great experience on the battle-field, he had adopted a system of drill and tactics not only thoroughly in accord with the arms he had to employ, and the conditions under which contending armies then met in battle, but in at least one great respect, far ahead of the tactical formations used by all other nations. I refer to his use of the "thin red line."

Are we certain that we now alter our system of battle training according as those conditions vary? Let the man of war experience, whose mind is thoroughly saturated with the history of what took place in the great struggles between Frank and Teuton in 1870, visit Aldershot, and then tell the nation whether he is or is not satisfied with what he sees there. Our army is beautifully drilled, but it seems to be dawning upon us that our drill still retains much that was invented by Frederick the Great, and subsequently modified by Sir John Moore to suit the different conditions under which men fought in his days, from those of fifty years before. The mathematically straight lines and rigid columns, with all their mechanical wheels and elaborate changes of front, in fact, all that we still term "brigade drill," with its obsolete ex-

actness and dressing upon points, meant a great deal a century ago, but have they any relation to a soldier's battle duties in the present epoch? Are they, as some believe, as useless and objectless now, as would be the hand-grenade drill, or the management and handling of the pike, to which our ancestors attached so much importance in the reigns of the Stuarts? The soldier to be of real use in war has now so much to learn that the Germans have ruthlessly wiped out from their military training all the showy and theatrical movements in which some generals still take delight, and by the accurate performance of which they are still prone to estimate the military efficiency of regiments. There are some even who think that you might quite as usefully teach our soldiers to dance, and as justly estimate their battle value by the exactitude with which they performed the sailor's hornpipe.

Modesty forbids me to say how much superior I know the "turn out" of our cavalry, infantry, and artillery to be to that of all other nations. But although this smartness of appearance may please the eye in Hyde Park, will it in the least degree help toward success in battle? In other armies, the attention which we pay to burnishing our steel chains and polishing our brass buttons is riveted on efficient "battle-training," and the care and energy of their officers are devoted to its teaching. Which is right on this point, the German army or our army? The question is an important one. Many think that our drill is meant to prepare the British army for a "battle experience of the past."

Colonel Maurice, in the earlier part of his article, thus shows how this "battle experience of the past" has ceased to be applicable to our present conditions of war:

"Now the capacity to act together under the orders of one man can never be dispensed with under any of the conditions of modern war. The instinctive obedience of a rank of soldiers to the order to turn 'Right about,' when that order sends them back into the ground where shells are bursting and where bullets are raining, has been a power in fighting too great for us ever willingly to throw it away. Some humorous illustrations of its effect on soldiers, and of the victory-winning power which an even apparently unintelligent submission to this authority of instinct has given, more especially

to English soldiers, are mentioned in the article *Army* (vol. ii. p. 589). In proportion as men understand war they value this effect, and would be unwilling even to diminish at a given moment actual loss of life if that diminution were secured by any sacrifice of this power. An old English battalion trained to the absolute perfection of such mechanical obedience was a splendid fighting instrument. No training, however perfect, to take advantage of ground, to seek cover, to glide on to the weak points of an enemy, will compensate, even in these days, a deficiency in that habit of utter self abnegation, of entire subordination to the one purpose of united action under assigned orders. But, under the modern conditions of war, the loss inflicted within a given time by the terrible weapons now in the hands of all armies is so great that the very formations under which on a parade ground the armies of the past prepared to move in actual fighting under the orders of their commanders, are mechanically as much as morally dissolved. Not even can the voice of the captain or the subaltern be heard, much less that of the lieutenant-colonel, above the din of breechloaders and of shrapnel shells. It is not therefore with a light heart, not willingly, not as thinking that a dispersed order of fight is something in itself more powerful or more advantageous than a rigid formation in which ordered and orderly movement is easy, in which force can be concentrated, in which the habits of discipline can be more certainly maintained, but of dire necessity, that the most experienced soldiers of our day have come to the absolute conviction that only by preparing armies for fighting in dispersed order can discipline be maintained at all. The great problem of modern tactics, in so far as it concerns actual fighting, which regulates everything else, is how to maintain the old unity under the new conditions which make it so difficult."

And afterward, when he has expressed his admiration for the practical way in which our forefathers applied their training to the practical conditions of their time, and has shown how a long peace tended to stereotype the forms they adopted, he continues thus, in words to which I am anxious to direct special attention:

"Men talk about the practice of forms in which their life is spent as 'practical work.' They look upon all experience gathered from the fields where shells actually burst, and where infantry firearms are used to kill, as 'theoretical.' The truth is exactly the opposite. Such merit as the older drill at present has is due to certain theoretical considerations which were at one time soundly deduced from practice in the past. The only practical work is that which tends to prepare men, not for the inspection of some general on a parade ground, but for actual war. An army is doing 'practical' work in the preparation for its real duty—that of winning battles. *It is employed on mis-*

*chievous theoretical work, on false theory, whenever it is doing anything else." **

I earnestly trust that all our officers, from the highest to the lowest, will take this wise admonition seriously to heart. If we refuse to do so, if we blindly in-

sist upon preparing for a past condition of war which can never be reproduced, our army will most certainly be found wanting on the day of trial, that is, of battle with any European enemy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A FEW THOUGHTS BY A PATRIARCH ABOUT FRENCHWOMEN.

BY JULES SIMON.

My readers should take notice of this title, for all its terms have been carefully studied. When I style myself a patriarch I do so in order to give some weight to the testimony which I adduce in favor of my dear countrywomen. "A few thoughts." I do not intend to write a treatise about Frenchwomen; at most only "a few thoughts." A treatise on this subject would require a lifetime devoted to its consideration.

The man who would write a treatise about Frenchwomen should be one who knows womanhood thoroughly, for womanhood is the real subject. You deal first with womanhood, afterward with Frenchwomen or Englishwomen; the distinction is only slight. In the last century, climate, education, local customs, and above all religion, brought about differences which have gone on fading away ever since the steam-engine on the one side and the French Revolution on the other have drawn the two nations together and developed resemblances. It is impossible to dispute the fact; there are no Catholics now as there were in the days of Louis XVI.; there are no longer any great ladies in the old fashion nor even middle-class women of the old type. Englishwomen are in some particulars Parisians, and Frenchwomen are no longer as French as in days gone by. Differences are disappearing. I am told that this is the triumph of philosophy. It well may be; but life will lose thereby a great part of its delightfulness. When Pekin has become inhabited by Parisian women, travelling, which is now so keen a pleasure, will be simply a trouble; we shall travel, but we shall find no variety. The latitude will indeed be

different, but that will be the chief change.

I fancy I have noticed that our neighbors—all without exception, English and Germans, Italians and Dutchmen—still look upon the Frenchwoman as a distinct species in creation. That is because foreigners concern themselves chiefly with our past. They know nothing of the actual life of France to-day. If they come to Paris they only learn about the Parisian woman, and she is not quite the same as the Frenchwoman. And even the Parisian they only know superficially. Do not imagine that any one can know a Parisian in a year; I am afraid that I do not know her after fifty years. It is not so easy as people think to be admitted into a French family; I beg pardon, it is easy to be admitted to it, it is almost impossible for a foreigner to become an intimate in it. We are not like you English. With you it is difficult for a stranger to cross the threshold; but once in the house he is almost one of the family. Our women are indeed well content to show themselves on any stage, but all strangers must be kept in front of the footlights.

Personal observation being impossible, I advise you not to trust too much to the novel and the play. It is a common saying that a society is depicted in its plays. Granted—when a Molière wields the brush. Beyond doubt, Molière painted the world just as it lay before his eyes, but he was a great philosopher as well as a great painter. We have still some painters, but no philosopher since Balzac; at least, if we have one left, he is sure to be the personification of paradox, a philosopher who has no sense of general laws. Such a man supplies us with nothing but the

* The italics are mine.

exceptions and the exaggerations, because we care no longer for anything else, and because he has a thesis to maintain—a thesis that would not be proper if not paradoxical. If you come to Paris to look for a Francillon, go straight to the Théâtre Français; there you will find an adorable Francillon, because the character was created by Alexandre Dumas and played by Mdle. Bartet. But do not look for her elsewhere, for she is a special creation.

Further, do not trust our newspapers. Above all, shun those journals which pretend to describe society. The society that they know, the only society that they can describe, is not society at all; it is Bohemia. They talk, it is true, of a live duchess, but they have only seen their duchess from a distance. She was in her box, they were all away below in the stalls. The woman whom they really know is Marguerite Gautier, and it is Marguerite to whom they assign the ducal name. Most frequently they do not even take the trouble to find a fictitious trade-mark for their wares; they furnish you, without disguise, with the scandal of the world of pleasure, a perfect series of orgies, a Bacchanalia of courtesans. Thereupon you say to yourself, This is great Babylon! Indeed it is not; it is only a tiny corner of Babylon, no bigger than a nutshell—a tiny corner, such as may be found in London, in Rome, or in Vienna. This corner is a trifle larger in proportion as the town is more famous and attracts more foreigners. But this is not the immorality of Paris, it is the immorality of the world; nay, it is not Paris, nor is it the Parisian woman. There is no more amusing madcap than the Parisian courtesan, and no more sensible and charming person than the Parisian woman. The two exist in two distinct worlds, and have nothing in common except their hats. We have, at the outside, two or three thousand of the madcaps, reckoning in that number those who are on the border-line, and who have one foot in each of the two worlds. It is a large number; but only think what a host of foreigners come to us. And yet the madcaps attract more attention than our five hundred thousand virtuous Parisian women and our twenty million virtuous Frenchwomen. For-

eigners are not the only persons who make a mistake about this matter. In France itself the novel makes such a fuss that many Frenchmen fancy that the one class of women is the other. Our excellent little middle-class women are judged by the standard of Indiana. Fifty years ago they were all reading Indiana with fervor, forcing themselves to find their own image in it, just as at the present day we force ourselves for an hour or so to believe that François Le Champi's peasants are men of flesh and blood. Nay, my dear ladies, you are not such Indianas nor such Francillons as all that. When you go to see Francillon on the stage you are so charmed with the happy ending of the third act that you forgive the improbabilities of the other two. Meilhac maintains that your French virtue is a steadily diminishing quantity; but at all events you cling to what remains of it. Still, I am only now speaking of Parisian ladies, fashionable Parisian ladies; for the others keep simply to the old standard. Vice requires but little time to blossom, but it takes a long time to spread its roots. We are accustomed to say that French society was sadly corrupt under Louis XV. and under the Directoire, and I will not deny it. In high places there were in those two periods abominable morals, but, on the other hand, there were also respectable morals, the morals of the great mass of the people. So it is at the present day. Paris is as moral as any large capital, and France, as a whole, is more moral than many of her neighbors. Our life is threatened by this disease, as is the life of many other peoples, and possibly we are in more danger than some others. But the life force in us is still abundant and healthy.

To proceed to prove this in proper form, all the classes of French society will have to be taken one after the other. The current phrase is that classes exist no longer. That is more true in regard to men than in regard to women; there are no longer any classes before the law, they are disappearing in actual practice, and yet they are indestructible. Let me except the aristocracy, rightly so called, the aristocracy of birth. It is easier for this class than for others to keep aloof, because birth

is a clearly defined characteristic. Besides birth, this aristocratic society is distinguished by its devotion to royalty and to religion. It is the great world, but it is not a populous world. Its numbers are gradually diminishing from day to day through the falling-off of its worst members, and further, it is breaking down its barriers; it does so, grumbling, protesting, with looks of pious horror, but it does it all the same. The influx of foreigners, who are not infected by the prejudices of caste, is the principal cause of this. Politics, which cause many divisions, also sometimes bring about union, and religion effects still more. M. Chesnelong belongs to the ducal world. If M. Buffet expressed the wish he could occupy the rank of prince in this aristocracy. I am not a member of it; that hardly needs to be said. I have never even looked into it through the key-hole; but I have a fair sprinkling of friends who are in it, and I know what goes on there. What does go on there? Nothing; at any rate, nothing that calls for any comment. A good deal of refinement and taste, a very pure and very keen appreciation of literature and art, an energetic and inexhaustible charitableness, the most obstinate prejudices, the blindest hopes—there you have the sum total of this world. Its women are very virtuous, very pious, and quite worldly enough. They were severe upon the Comte de Paris before Frohsdorf. We can only smile at this austere eccentricity in duchesses.

This is not our only aristocracy; there is another, which plays a greater part in Parisian life, because it is not fenced round and exclusive, like the Faubourg St. Germain. It is a heterogeneous world, because all distinctions meet therein on a footing of equality, and it is a cosmopolitan world, because foreigners are welcomed and invited to it. You may even find in it some deserters from the Faubourg St. Germain who have lost their faith in the aristocracy by divine right and take shelter in the aristocracy of reality; others who belong at once to the charmed circle and the outside world, which means that they go on shutting their doors in your face while with the greatest pleasure accepting your invitations. The

titled lords are to be found in this circle, paying a visit or reconnoitring the land, like those of their number who consented to enter the household of the first Napoleon; on the other hand, the kings of finance are here at home—the aristocracy of money, the genuine nineteenth-century aristocracy. Our great manipulators of money are also managers of men; they are no ridiculous guinea-pigs like those of the eighteenth century, who got men of brains about them to be toadied to and jeered at. Ours of to-day get men of brains around them, because they have brains themselves and because they like to enjoy the wits of others. In this aristocracy an absolute equality reigns, without the slightest feeling of condescension or of gratitude in any member of it. It is not a caste, it is Society. It is European society of to-day—I wish I could say Parisian society, but we do not live any longer to ourselves since Europe has invaded us. Europe—in which I include America, and I am not sure that America is not the larger half of Europe—has introduced its manners, of which the most characteristic and most deplorable feature is the separation of the sexes. Nothing is more anti-French than this separation. We had our bedchamber receptions in which the *Précieuses* flourished, and after them we had our gatherings in their dressing-rooms. By degrees we have trained our women to keep in their boudoirs. At last we have brought them into the drawing-room; and once brought together there, we make them a low bow and leave them there and go off to argue and smoke in the tap-room (*estaminet*), which is an indispensable portion of a fashionable dwelling. Women have surrendered instead of struggling against this innovation. They tell you in their gentlest tone, “I do not object to tobacco.” Look at their hypocrisy. “But, madam, it is you whom I object to. If you stay here I am compelled to be civil and courteous, whereas I want to be comfortable, that is to say, rough and rude as suits my nature.” We do dine together; this is something, a relic of the old times, the good old days gone by; and we meet a couple of hours later, exchange a few words, and separate. I assure you I am not in love

with this fashion. The Frenchwoman has been false to her duty and to her history ; she ought to have been the first to resist such a fashion. She has not been able to preserve the salon, and she will have reason to repent her folly. I wish that Frenchwomen, instead of playing the fool and saying, "Come to us as you like, in riding-breeches if you will"—by which concession she only gains the shame of having spoken, for men do not accept the invitation—had had enough courage and firmness to grapple with these ill-bred people who abjure conversation. Abjure conversation ! Think of it ! They might as well give up having brains, and taking delight in the intellect of others.

I accuse women of cowardice for not having declared war against the smoking-room ; I accuse the women of France of lack of patriotism. It is no use to tell me that the ball-room is still with us ; the ball-room is miles below the drawing-room. And besides dancing and I have another quarrel—a quarrel of fifty years' standing. . . .

Well, what about the morals of this class ? In a mixed society there is a little of all sorts. Scandals are not tolerated here ; but weaknesses are ; and provided that it is possible flatly to deny them, we do not insist that the denial should be true. Respectability, in spite of all, keeps the upper hand ; it maintains an enormous majority. But its excessive tolerance pains me. It says to the fair sinners, as to the smokers, "I do not object to that ;" and in this case it is taken at its word. Besides, there is this theory of "the diminishing quantity" of virtue which alarms me. What happens at the outposts is no longer of importance ; the outer walls may even be dismantled provided always the citadel—the *turris eburnea*—be left safe. Thus, nobody reads Zola, or they read him with little shrieks of indignation ; but a novel of fine society, neat in style, and with adultery displayed in all its graces, is read with delight. I do not admit for a single instant that society is more corrupt in France than elsewhere ; but I am beginning to see that we, as well as the rest of the world, have gone too far in our flirtation with vice. We have still only reached the stage of imprudence,

but this is not very far from decadence.

Between the great world and the world of working men and peasants, are to be found all the classes which make up French bourgeoisie, from the class which at times mixes with the upper ten down to the class which can rub shoulders with the mass of the people and not feel out of place among them. It would need a very delicate and very subtle analysis to enumerate these strata and differentiate the one from the other, but the task will be profitable. Once you begin the details of their distinctions you must enumerate every one ; for instance, the same class has not the same characteristics in Paris and in Lyons, nor in Lyons and a small country town. There are remarkable differences between the inhabitants of the south and the north : politics, with their perpetual revolutions, are always bringing new layers and new persons to the surface. In the midst of all these wranglings, rivalries, and distinctions, which appear enormous to those who are concerned in them, and diminish rapidly if looked at from above and from a distance, I think the real features of a worthy French middle-class woman can be caught with sufficient clearness. One moment, however ; here above all points the separation between the woman of Paris and the woman of the country district is accentuated. All our great ladies are Parisians, even those who were born in the country and who spend their lives in it ; but with the middle-class women things are very different. I am not going back to antediluvian periods—I mean to the stage-coach days. At that time contrasts struck one at once ; they were found in dress, language, accent, customs, manners. Those days of charming variety are gone forever. Paris fashions penetrate right into our hamlets. Paris style and Paris customs spread rapidly among them ; there is no provincial woman so poor as not to find the means of visiting Paris, and above all, not to wish to be taken for a Parisian. Still, there is one point where the assimilation has not been brought about, and this point is the one which concerns us most nearly. The Parisian woman, even when she plays no part in the great French manufactory of ideas,

lives near it, sees its productions constantly, admires it, is subjected to its influence. Besides, Paris never allows her to rest for a moment. This city, the most refined and the most supersubtle in the world, is the very city which allows itself to be represented by the most uncultivated and the coarsest individuals. The rudest hamlets of Brittany have municipal councillors who are more sensible than those of Paris. The everlasting claim of the Paris Municipal Council since 1788—that is, since the election of the States General—is to govern Paris, and through Paris France; not, indeed, to govern the finance, the soldiery, the police of France, but her schools, her morals, and her very thoughts. So it is M. Lavy, M. Joffrin, M. Navarre, M. Patenne, who guide the spirit of education, and choose the books for our libraries. You may be sure that they take care that laicising should become a reality. We have lay masters and mistresses in the schools, lay nurses in the hospitals, lay members on the committees of public education and the charity committees. At the same time they expurgate books, purify school furniture, banish sacred images, forbid religious processions. To please them, the foreigner who runs through Paris, and even who stays awhile in it, ought, unless some Catholic imparts to him the secret of how to get into a church, to be able to forget, even to ignore the fact, that France is a Catholic country. Our Municipal Council does not succeed in realizing this magnificent vision, because immense as is its ambition, its power is insignificant; but fail as it does of achieving its ultimate aim, it is impossible that this constant attack, in which at intervals public authorities and the highest personages in the State take part, should not produce some victims—that is to say, some dupes. A few women feel their faith strengthened by this opposition; more are perplexed, disconcerted, discouraged by it, possibly take up with the new fashion, and with the extravagance proper to their sex, rush from senseless credulity to frantic scepticism. It is not only the Catholic religion which suffers thus, all religion suffers, all spiritual philosophy, all doctrines and all customs which cling in greater or less degree to the concep-

tion of a life after death. Since 1879 the proportion of women who go through the civil ceremony of marriage in Paris has increased enormously. They are now going on to say that the mayor is just as unnecessary as the priest. But all this is Parisian rather than French. The country has not been infected, at least it has suffered so little that we may fairly take no notice at all of the infection, and say that up to the present moment it clings to its faith. And I must add that a reaction has come about even in Paris. The freethinkers of 1879, at the present moment, are within an ace of being converted. This is the natural instinct of women in general; it is as powerful in France as in England, and perhaps more so, because Catholicism has a far better comprehension of how to manage women. If people tell you that the women of the French middle class have become atheists or infidels, indifferent in regard to religious ideas and practices, rest assured that this is true of only an infinitesimal minority, a minority almost exclusively made up of Parisian women. If I were asked to reckon up the qualities of our French middle-class woman, I should say that she is religious, and even has a tendency to be superstitious; that she is strictly moral and even a trifle austere, devoted to worldly gains, a good manager, splendidly faithful to her duties as a mother, though obeying rather blindly tradition and habit in preference to her own lights; finally, ignorant in political matters—a defect which could easily be overlooked if she were not so enthusiastic for or against individuals; scrupulously honest in her dealings, an earnest patriot; in a word, superior to her husband. She has a larger heart, more enthusiasm, more intense devotion to her duties, a more impregnable common sense. During the last siege of Paris, she set the example of patient suffering, and encouraged men to work and to fight. At the very least she saved us all from despair. All this is very unlike the portraits which the enemies of French society draw; and yet it is the simple naked truth, the result of a long and conscientious investigation. I have studied women in every corner of the country and under every kind of circumstance, and I am sure that I am not

mistaken. I need only just add one word : I know the Ecole des Maris by heart.

The fault of our middle-class women is that they are vain, even foolishly vain, and that their vanity includes all whom they love. They will not put up with any superiority ; that is the disease of France ; and further, they insist upon showing themselves superior to others, which is an absurd contradiction, and ruinous alike to persons who are attacked by this lunacy and to the whole of society. The proof of this twist in their natures is to be seen in their ideas about education. They want their children to be well educated, which is admirable ; but if they have under their nose a good primary school and a bad college, they select the college because it seems to them a grade higher. Their son might become an intelligent foreman ; at the end of four years he would pass an examination and get into a technical school ; but they keep him for seven years at college at the cost of unheard-of sacrifices, in order to lift him out of his proper sphere and make him a bachelor of arts. The taste for Government service is not, as is imagined, based upon the consideration of its material advantages ; that would be an utterly mistaken calculation, for our public servants are treated as outcasts : their pay is small, their position low, their chances of advancement dubious. Trade and business are far more profitable. But there it is—the craze for a uniform, to be a somebody, to lord it over some one, to rise higher in the social scale than one's father. A father would be content to limit his ambition to his son's capacity, a mother will not. She displays the same mistaken judgment in all that concerns her daughter. She wants her to make "a good match," *i.e.*, a marriage above her rank in life. This is a special characteristic of the middle class which has not spread to the peasantry. What? you have classes? Assuredly, yes ; classes, indeed, may exist no longer, but their vices and their virtues survive them. If you tell a bourgeoisie : "Your son is a fool ; take him away from his college and have him educated in a good primary school," she rebels against such an attack upon her dignity. But tell a peasant woman,

"Send your son to school, that he may not be an ignoramus like his father," and she will reply, "I don't want him to know more than we do and to come to look down upon us. What was enough for us ought to be enough for him." She makes no exception except for the Church, because if her son becomes a priest he rises from his caste ; but if he is to be a peasant, let him be a peasant, and nothing more. "He will not know more of our craft than we do."

Vanity, which was one of the strongest influences in French society under the old *régime*, and which plays its part, too, in the present day, has not reached the peasant. Everywhere endeavors are made to initiate our peasantry into the delightfulness and the extravagances of vanity. The laborer in the towns has been reduced ; the laborer in the fields holds out ; he occupies himself only with hard cash and his land. Our middle class, on the other hand, is absolutely rotten with vanity, and one of the most remarkable instances of this eccentricity is the notion, which obtains specially among women, that idleness has something peculiarly splendid about it. The old prejudice of our nobility, who looked upon work as a degradation, has found a shelter in the women of the middle class. You will hear them say as a common phrase, "My daughter shall never work." Workrooms, technical schools, are for the daughters of workmen, or humble, very humble, clerks. All the time that these women managed their academies and their boarding-schools without interference, they allowed nothing in them but history, literature, drawing, music, dancing. Cooking and household management were never dreamed of. Of sewing they would scarcely speak. Make your own dresses ! horror ! The duchesses of the old *régime* were not so vain and were more far-sighted, as any one may satisfy himself by reading the memoirs of the Princesse de Ligne.

I am by no means anxious to banish the agreeable arts from the education of girls. In the girl we must train the future mother of a family, but the girl must first find a husband ; and even when she is at the head of a house it will be her interest as well as her duty

to render it pleasant to those who live in it. Therefore, in the education of women, I look upon a certain kind of superfluity as really a necessary. For instance, take singing. Many of these little ones cannot sing at all; such as have an accurate voice and have learned music sing in order to allure a suitor, and are dumb when he has been transformed into a husband. This is a great misfortune. Singing cheers and consoles; it adorns life, it makes it amiable and endurable. At least they should be able to sing their morning and evening prayers. Hymns learned in childhood cling to one's memory for life, and if they are attached to the memories of the mother, they give birth to a twofold religion in the recesses of the heart. If you visit a factory of women in England, you are almost always greeted by the singing of young fresh voices; recollections of childhood and of home are awakened, and the stern slavery of trade is forgotten. Our workwomen and our peasant women have a hard life and have no heart for singing, while our middle-class women throw away their voices, that is to say, all the charm of their personality, in favor of the piano, which does not admit of mediocre handling. They think the piano is more "correct." It assumes the existence of a drawing-room, and costs a deal of money. This being so, what does it matter if it is a wretched instrument? Let me for a moment wail over this absurdity. The human voice is the real music; the piano is simply a noise. I want to hear the hymn of humanity chanted every morning and every evening; that would awaken and gladden the earth. The world would seem less far distant from heaven if it would sing. All religions sing. Still my love for singing does not go so far as to forget apprenticeship. Instead of saying, as our middle-class women say, "My daughter shall never work," I want to say, "All our daughters shall learn, and shall be able, to work." Even the rich shall have an occupation. I should like to be able to say with La Fontaine, "At least our foundations are well laid."

The same longing for an idle life, under pretence of refinement and aristocratic ideas, drives mothers to select the occupation of governess for their daugh-

ters. This at first blush sounds like a contradiction, for no more toilsome employment exists. The reason is that, even if they cannot play the lady, and have those two magic words, "no occupation," after their names—which are almost the same as those blessed words "independent gentleman" or "landed proprietor"—they at least long to escape from manual labor. To work at all is humiliating. To work with the hands is degrading. The same sentiment induces the peasants of western and central France to put forth inconceivable efforts to make one of their sons a priest. They have this vanity if they have no other. It does not come purely from love of religion, nor is it simply in order to escape from military service; it is mainly to make their son "a gentleman." Just so, among the middle class, a girl who is forced to be a teacher will not cease to be "a lady." So the overcrowding of the profession is caused, and the number of the applicants is legion. In Paris, with 1,800 women teachers and about sixty vacancies a year, there have sometimes been as many as 8,000 applications. In the whole of France, in 22,313 schools carried on by women, more than 50,000 girls offered themselves for examination in 1885; half of these, 27,792, passed; 2,000 obtained appointments. The remaining 25,000 (25,000 every year) will spend their youth in fruitlessly sighing for occupation. Thenceforth they have two reasons for not working with their hands: first, their prejudices; and secondly, their certificate. When one is officially certified as knowing so many fine subjects, it is impossible to sink to earning half-a-crown a day as a weaver. It is better to die heroically of hunger.

These same middle-class women, who have a dread of work and above all of manual work, and whose dread of it is stronger the lower they are on the middle-class ladder, and the nearer they consequently are to the working class with whom they cannot bear to be confounded, are they really idle? On the contrary, they are hard workers, heroic and untiring. I beg you to look at our little middle-class woman under this new aspect. She does nothing in novels except amuse herself and flirt. In real life she does not flirt at all, she does not

amuse herself at all, and she works from morning to night ; but—and this is the important point in her eyes—she does not work for payment ; she does not become a workwoman, she remains a middle-class woman and therefore a lady ; her honor is intact.

What is this work which she willingly takes on herself ? A menial servant's. She is the maid-of-all-work. Nothing disheartens her ; she is housekeeper, pantry-maid, and cook ; she mends the clothes ; first out of bed and last to go to bed ; ill or well, always at her toil, watching over the welfare of the whole house ; a skinflint in economizing, especially about her own expenses, disputing with every single tradesman, not allowing a pin to be wasted in the house ; servant and manageress in one. What, you say, is this the woman of the middle classes in France ? It is, indeed, of the lower middle class, the bulk of the nation. The fine ladies of the middle class do amuse themselves, but still not as much as is commonly supposed, nor as much as they themselves pretend ; but the poorer women work themselves to death.

There is also a large number of them who are saved by their position from descending to the occupation of domestic servants, and are still compelled to contribute by their personal exertions to the income of the family, and occupy in it the post of a clerk or a book-keeper. Here we pass into the world of the small tradesman. Women are very clever retailers ; they are also very clever at superintendence. Some are to be seen who might retire and give up business, yet they prevail upon their husband to stay in business in order to increase his children's dowries. Such as these are at their counter or in their office from the first dawn of day until the house is closed, without absenting themselves or doing anything else for a minute. Not a word of conversation, no reading, not a single relaxation for them. One receives customers and offers her wares for sale with a politeness which is inexhaustible. Another remains seated for more than a dozen hours upon a kind of throne, which is a place of torture, taking in money, giving out change, writing down what is spent, keeping a watch over her salesmen and sales-

women, writing letters between whiles, with the whole of her shop in her head, and able to give an account of the tiniest article without referring to the stock-book. Her husband will have some relaxations ; he goes to his club or the café, he will stroll about. The wife has none—she is a piece of the house, a fixture of her own free choice. All this does not prevent her from playing the fine lady on a Sunday, from maintaining her position, nor from displaying her costumes in church or on the promenade. She even has receptions if her husband is in the consular or municipal service. Almost invariably this class of woman is strictly pious, even in Paris ; in the country universally so.

I now pass to the working-women, and at first I divide them into two principal classes, those of the towns, who are working-women in the strict sense, and those of the country, the peasant women ; and I must draw one further distinction in the working-women of the towns, between those employed in small trades and those who work in factories.

Those of our working-women who work at home or go out by the day, or work with four or five others in shops, have had their novels and their novelists. Paul de Kock has related their love affairs, and Georges Sand as well, especially in *Geneviève*. Paul de Kock's grisette is a perfect madcap. To speak properly, she is not a working-woman at all ; she is a grisette. She is not steady, but neither is she vicious ; she has good feelings with a spice of recklessness in her ; she loves pleasure, and makes others love it. Similarly she makes extravagance and laziness attractive. Her faults are redeemed to some extent by her gayety and kindheartedness. I do not deny that her portrait, everlastingly reproduced by the painter, is a fair likeness ; we found it a good likeness in our own young days.

Outside of France it has been believed that all our working-women were made after the same model, and once more the Parisian woman has been mistaken for the Frenchwoman. Well, this grisette of Paul de Kock is extinct, as extinct as the Lisette of Béranger, and as that more refined, more seductive, but less real type, Mimi Pinson. Business on a large scale has taken some of these

girls away to a serious life, others have turned to a life of vice, vulgar or pretentious. Paul de Kock would not recognize them, Georges Sand, who is above all extolled as a great writer and as a painter of passion, has produced in her *Geneviève* a portrait of provincial working-women, with a charming grace and a striking likeness. Hers is a very delicate and precise observation, such as Balzac might envy her. Geneviève herself is slightly idealized, but the women around her are drawn from the life, and I will not assert that Geneviève herself, in spite of her excessive sentimentality, is not a living being. The poor girls of whom this class is made up are certainly exposed to danger in Paris and in large central towns; shop girls even more than others, and particularly those whose pleasing face and graceful costume are part of the capital of the business. There are some of them who are virtuous, and these deserve the most absolute respect; those who give way may plead in excuse their solitude, their youth, their imperfect education or their utter want of it, necessity, evil examples, constant temptations. I think that women of this class are the same in all our large towns, though perhaps somewhat less respected in Paris than elsewhere, a fact which facilitates their fall and makes their influence after their fall of less importance. I have carefully gone through the statistics of large towns and centres of industry. I have read a large number of books and magazine articles. I am not saying that I have gone to see for myself, although I might say so with justice, because it is impossible to judge for one's self by a short journey; one can only see with accuracy after a long residence. But I think I am right in saying that the morals of the working-women in towns—and herein I draw no distinction between the different kinds of employment—are almost identical in all great centres of industry, no matter what their nationality may be. The differences which I have observed are chiefly due to the sedentary or nomadic character of the working population.

In some towns the workman gets a furnished lodging, has his meals at a restaurant, is hired for a definite piece of work or a short period of time, is not known to and scarcely knows his em-

ployer, and deals only with the head foreman. The slightest cause is enough to decide him to leave; he may hope for better wages, for an easier life, or for overseers and comrades more to his taste. This nomad is usually a bachelor. The married workman who is a father of a family has a hundred reasons for avoiding any change of situation. Employers do not like these "bird of passage" workmen, who are absolutely not to be depended upon; but it is for women that they are particularly dangerous. They go with women of loose character, or if they form a more serious connection it rarely lasts beyond the first fancy, perhaps till the first baby comes. The father leaves the house a few days before the child is born, he departs from the town without leaving a trace behind him, but leaving the girl to misery and disgrace. This is a primary, a permanent cause of vice. Some towns, like Mulhouse, have been able to establish a sedentary population, by giving workmen facilities for buying their houses, and relations, which are almost family relations, are formed between employer and employed. Morals are so powerfully influenced thereby that scandals are extremely rare at Mulhouse, while respectability is almost unknown in centres which have a roving population.

However, in regard to this last point there are still some distinctions to be drawn. In certain towns prostitution is predominant; in others irregular unions prevail. These are exceedingly common at Rouen, at Lyons, and particularly in Paris. To go by statistics, the number of illegitimate children being considerable, it is manifest that marriage is the exception among the working classes, and that they almost all live in a state of concubinage. There is no answer to be made to this, since it is proved by figures; but it is certain that a great number of these irregular connections last just as long as if they were sanctified by the law and the Church. As they have neither property nor patrimony, nor any prejudice against natural children, they are less able to understand the necessity of official formalities. If sickness comes to them, they do not separate. The promise once made, their word once pledged, are strictly ob-

served even when one or the other is ill. This does not compensate for their immoral conduct, but it does tone down both its influence and its consequences. Another circumstance of the same kind is the frequency of adoption in France. A workman dies and leaves his orphans without any resources. His friends, his mates in the workshop who come to the funeral, take the child's hand to lead it to the cemetery, and once taken they never let it go. They share the "inheritance" with one another, according to their means; and at nightfall each of the forlorn orphans has a family where no distinction will be made between the new-comer and the others. Our workmen are good-hearted fellows. Our mistakes about them are caused by the loafers and criminals who join the workmen simply to plunder and cheat them.

I have nothing more to mention except in regard to the peasant women, who form the most numerous portion of the wives of workingmen, and I admit at the outset that among them, as among all, there are abandoned creatures. Some recover their position by marriage, which is not so hard to do as it is in a town. Young fellows are not over particular; they require, above all, a woman in good condition for hard work; a child, if he is old enough to earn a day's wages, is looked upon rather as a dowry than a drawback. Some girl-mothers do give themselves up to vice. Of these the majority migrate to towns; their position would be too hard in the country and almost an impossibility.

The parish priest has retained considerable influence in most of our rural communes. The party in power since 1879 is making strenuous exertions against him, but it has nothing to offer in his stead. The notion of making the schoolmaster the successor of the priest is almost ridiculous, although it has seduced some of our statesmen. The fact that the priest is respected, shows that the large majority of our peasant women are respectable, pious, sober, and hard-working. Their life is a hard one; their pleasures few, their conduct uniformly good. They have no idle dreams, and this is a fair guarantee that they will remain in the path of virtue. They work with energy all the week long. A stroll on Sunday, attendance at the par-

ish church, a dance on a saint's day, are enough for these poor creatures, who too often have to put up with the brutality of their husbands. If you meet in the country a woman doing nothing, you may be sure that she is seriously ill; with the single exception of the shepherdesses, whose work simply consists in remaining in one spot. While watching the flocks they can spin or knit, and many farmers' wives set them heavy tasks, as much for the purpose of keeping them employed as to gain something by their work. Still you see some who walk about swinging their arms or remain seated for hours together, all alone, never singing and perhaps never dreaming. We have a proverb in France like your "Satan finds some mischief still," etc. My opinion is that vice finds its way into our villages through these idle loafing women. It has no way of getting at our brave farm girls, who look after the house and the kitchen, tend the cattle, mow grass, truss hay, go to town to sell their milk and vegetables, weed the fields, pick insects off the vines, and with all this have always a stocking to finish or a dress to make, and find time to distribute cuffs and kisses to the children of the house. These girls are healthy both in body and in mind. They take this world as they find it; as for the other world, they trust to their confessor.

Foreigners who reproach us with the frailty of our women are guilty of slander, pure and simple. What they term the frailty of our women is nothing but the amiability of our gay women. It seems that we do possess this superiority over the rest of the world, that we have women with greater aptitude for giving pleasure. No other capital furnishes so many opportunities for ruining one's health and draining one's purse. At least, this is popular report; I have no means of verifying it. If it is correct, I am not on this account very proud of my country. But I at least ask that no inference be drawn therefrom disparaging to the morals of the nation. The world of pleasure and the virtuous world are as far asunder with us as in all other countries. The work proper to each is excellently carried out, in the one by a number of splendid excesses, in the other by a number of excellent actions.

I always distrust a man who denies that women are virtuous, or who says impudently, "The majority of Italian or Frenchwomen are gay women." If he is speaking from experience, it simply proves that he is a rake, and it scarcely proves anything else. Usually, it is merely a pleasant hypothesis propounded in jest to display the speaker's wit, while he forgets that a nation is a family, and is obliged by duty and by interest to defend the honor of its women. Ours are worthy creatures, devoted to their duties, their family, and their country, and merit the respect which we pay to them. I do not deny that we have scandals, as the rest of the world has ; but that they are rare may be inferred from the commotion which they cause. France is the one country in the world where it is most difficult to conceal a false step. Now and again a sore is opened. Granted ; but I am not speaking about a few thousand madcaps ; I am speaking of eighteen millions of virtuous Frenchwomen.

Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women. They do not ask their husbands to go to confession because they are quite sure they would not go ; but in the country they compel them to go to church on Sundays. If they were to let us men alone, we should have nothing but civil marriages and civil funerals ; our women insist that religion should have part in both, and we obey their wish. Often they stop blasphemy on the lips of the blasphemer. They it is who tell children about God, and they are the first to advise the dying to think of Him. France remained Christian after 1793 ; it is still Christian after 1879, thanks to its noble women. I simply put 1793 and 1879 together, without meaning to compare them. I know that the bloodshed of the one makes a difference, but there is no other. Men dare not go too far in their opposition to religion, because when they return home they find themselves in the presence of their wives. M. Cousin told me once a saying of Louis Philippe. In 1840 there was a quarrel between the Jesuits and the University : it was the old struggle between belief and unbelief, which takes every possible shape according to the spirit of the age,

and according to the period shows itself in petty persecutions or in massacre. There had been a long discussion in the Cabinet. "Above all," said the King as he rose to go away, "do not get me into hot water with my good queen." M. Cousin made fun at it ; but he was wrong. Almost every Frenchman says as the King said, "Don't get me into hot water with my good queen." For my part I commend them, because I do not want to get into hot water with this "good queen," and I congratulate them, because this influence which they feel prevents them from yielding to the influence of sectaries, which would break up society, if allowed to do as it pleased.

The evil from which we are suffering is not a degraded state of morals, a condition which I do not believe exists. It lies in the attempts made on two sides, by the Socialists and the Jacobins, to unchristianize France. Ay, every evening the Socialists preach their Positivism, which to the mass of them is merely a low form of Nihilism ; and our Jacobins, or our politicians who pay court to the Jacobins, turn to scorn all Christian ideas, all religions, and all spiritual philosophy. They do not confine themselves to ranting : they lay violent hands on all the laws enacted to unite human legislation to divine, to unite the earth with God. They have hunted the priest and the monastic orders out of our schools, they have suppressed our army chaplains, they have made oaths optional ; in our hospitals they watch by the bedside of the dying for fear that a priest might come, without having been sent for, to say a word about the life to come ; they talk of taking away our churches to convert them into schools or barracks ; they declare war against our sisters of charity ; they loudly proclaim that they will not be satisfied until they have won over every mind to infidelity and every heart to their everlasting No. My opinion is that they will not succeed, and for the last three or four years a powerful reaction has set in against them. But if they did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality : not that it is impossible to construct a moral system without the support of a religion,

but because this purely philosophical morality is only intelligible to great intellects, and exercises absolutely no influence upon the masses. The evil which

we must fight against lies here, in the politics of the present day ; it is not in the great mass of the nation, which is religious as well as virtuous.—*Fortnightly Review*.

FAITH-HEALING AS A MEDICAL TREATMENT.

BY DR. C. LLOYD TUCKEY.

IN the course of my annual holiday, I found myself last August in the ancient and interesting town of Nancy, attracted thither, however, by no desire for sight-seeing as generally understood, but by a special and professional curiosity. This curiosity was perhaps all the more piquant for a spice of scepticism and a flavor of professional prejudice which were blended with it. I went prepared to coldly investigate, to criticise, to depreciate, and probably reject. I remained to find admiration and conviction growing upon me, and came away with developed power of scientific vision, and wide vistas of scientific possibilities opening before me.

The ancient capital of the Duchy of Lorraine has an eventful history, and from its position, so near the German frontier, we may safely prophesy that stirring times are yet in store for it. But, whatever may be its future, this thriving and charming town has one claim to celebrity which may perhaps dwarf and outlive all others : it is the birthplace of a system of healing which seems destined to be of immense importance to humanity, and which may considerably modify the present practice of medicine.

Treatment by psycho-therapeutics has been so much written about and so universally discussed on the Continent, that it is somewhat surprising to find the subject unknown commonly or misunderstood in this country. It is to introduce the general reader to a discovery of unusual interest and importance that this paper is written. The scientific and professional inquirer, and all who would go further afield in their investigations, are referred to the exhaustive and critical works of Liébault, Bernheim, Beaunis,* Liégiois, Ochorowicz,† Braid,‡

Hack Tuke,* Charles Richet, and others.

It is now about thirty years since the first author on this list—Dr. Liébault of Nancy—conceived the idea of employing suggestion combined with hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, not merely for the relief of so-called nervous and fanciful complaints, but for the cure of the majority of diseases which afflict humanity. Those were the declining days of mesmerism. After having excited universal attention and some enthusiasm, it had been finally boycotted by the medical profession and left to ignorant quacks, with whom any one who dared to practice a system at all likely to be confounded with it was likely to be associated. This is what befell Dr. Liébault. For many years he had to contend with prejudice and strenuous opposition from every side ; but through good and evil report he persevered in his work, laboring chiefly among the poor, and devoting the best part of his life to their gratuitous relief. In spite of the publicity with which he carried on his treatment—his dispensary having from the first been open to all who chose to visit it—and of a very able treatise † in which he fully described his method and recorded his cases, his system seems to have attracted little attention until it was taken up by Dr. Bernheim, professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy, who publicly demonstrated its success in his hospital clinique, and published (in 1880) his celebrated book *De la Suggestion et de ses applications à la Thérapeutique*.‡ This work at once secured the attention of the medical profession and of physiologists and psychologists generally, and did much to place the system on a firm basis. Knowledge and appreciation of Dr. Liébault's method

* *Le Somnambulisme provoqué*, 2me édit. Paris, 1887.

† *The Power of the Mind over the Body*. London, 1846.

‡ *De la Suggestion Mentale*. Paris, 1887.

* *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind over the Body*, 2d edit. London, 1884.

† *Du Sommeil et des Etats Analogues*. Paris, 1866.

‡ Second edit., Paris, 1887.

of treatment spread rapidly, and took root, and we now find it practised by a considerable number of specialists and other medical men all over the Continent.

I believe that if the intelligent traveler who breaks his journey to the Vosges or Germany at Nancy were to know what an interesting drama is daily being enacted in one of the back streets of the town, he would spend a couple of hours with Dr. Liébault, even at the risk of curtailing his visit to the Ducal Palace or leaving unseen the rather mean-looking cathedral. The genial doctor welcomes all inquirers, and generally inoculates them with some of his own enthusiasm.

Let us look into his dispensary, and see what is going on. It is an unpretentious one-storied building, separated by a garden from his house. Every week-day morning its doors open punctually at seven—for the day begins early in French provincial towns—and patients come crowding in. Of these there will be on an average about thirty or forty, belonging mostly to the small shop-keeping, the artisan, and laboring classes. These invalids are of all types, from the keen-eyed little *bourgeoise*—whose sedentary life in some small shop has not dulled her vivacity—to the stolid-looking, heavy-footed hind from some Alsatian farm. Most of them are suffering from some chronic complaint. One is sure to see cases of old-standing paralysis, asthma, epilepsy, rheumatism, neuralgia, and especially of dyspepsia in its Protean forms. The professional observer will note examples of rare disease of the circulatory and nervous systems, sent up probably from the surrounding districts by practitioners whose science they have baffled.

A new patient enters upon his course of treatment in the usual fashion. His medical history is inquired into, with any side facts which may bear upon it; his present symptoms are investigated; he is, if necessary, examined, and every detail of his case is entered for future reference. He is then desired to sit down and watch the treatment being applied to other sufferers: this is found to have a quieting effect upon patients, and to give them confidence. In half an hour or so his turn comes, and Dr.

Liébault calls him to take his place in the large arm-chair, which probably has held more devotees of Morpheus than any other chair in the world. The Doctor speaks kindly and reassuringly to him, tells him to banish all fear and, as far as possible, all extraneous thoughts, but to closely follow his words and suggestions. One by one the phenomena which attend the oncoming of sleep are suggested to him. "Your eyelids," says the Doctor, "are becoming heavy; you can hardly keep them open. My voice sounds more and more distant. Your sight grows dim, and objects appear indistinct to you. A numbness is creeping over your limbs. It is impossible for you to keep awake: your eyes are shut." (Here the eyes are held closed by the operator's hand.) "You are fast asleep." If the subject is of average sensibility, he will indeed be asleep by this time, and his appearance will be exactly that of one slumbering naturally and peacefully.

It is now that the treatment commences. We will take a very common case, and suppose that we have before us a sufferer from chronic indigestion. For years he has not eaten a meal with healthy appetite nor without feeling some uneasiness after it. He has constant nausea, tightness across the chest, headache, sleeplessness, and depression of spirits—in short, all the miserable symptoms of dyspepsia. With these his appearance fully agrees. He is heavy and apathetic; his eyes are dull, his body wasted, his skin dry and discolored.

The Doctor begins by rubbing and gently pressing the parts chiefly affected, at the same time telling the patient that the pain he now feels is to pass away; that his digestion is to become easy; that he is to take food with appetite; that the secretions and functions are to become natural; the circulation is to improve; the chilliness and nausea are to be replaced by warmth and well-being. He next touches the head, saying that the dull aching and heaviness are to disappear; that sleep is to come at night, quickly and naturally; that the complaint is to be entirely cured.

These "suggestions" given, the sleeper is allowed but a few moments more of oblivion. Patients are still

coming in, and the chair is wanted. So the Doctor arouses him with a word, or a few passes of a fan, and his place is taken by another sufferer. He will most likely feel wide awake at once and all the better for his short sleep. The pain has vanished, and in its stead is a comfortable sensation of warmth; his head feels cool and clear, and he returns home with a more natural appetite than he has known for a long time. Before leaving he is told to come again next day, when the same process will be gone through; but he probably will be more quickly influenced, and on subsequent visits it may be enough for him to sit down, to have Dr. Liébault look at him, close his eyes, and say "Dormez" for him to fall into a profound sleep. This sleep is apt to become more sound each time it is induced, and the sounder it is the better for the patient. But even when only a slight torpor can be obtained good results may be expected.

If possible the treatment is repeated every morning for several days, and all that the Doctor has foretold comes to pass. The dyspeptic recovers his appetite, his cheeks begin to fill out, he loses the cadaverous hue of chronic ill-health, the distressing symptoms disappear, and in a short time he is cured.

I have purposely chosen a very simple case, in which the disease was due to some functional disorder, such as a slight local congestion or an abnormality of secretion. But it would be wrong to suppose that the suggestive treatment is adapted for only comparatively mild ailments. Experience has taught the exact contrary, and indeed I am inclined to doubt the wisdom of treating all patients and all maladies indiscriminately by this system, and to think that it should be reserved for cases which have resisted ordinary methods of dealing.

Dr. Bernheim divides the progress to complete hypnotic sleep into a series of defined stages. The first stage is characterized by torpor of the limbs and general somnolence, though the subject can still exercise his will if called upon to do so. He is conscious of all that goes on around him, and would probably deny having any unusual sensation. The second stage resembles catalepsy. If a limb be placed by the operator in any position, no matter how strained, it

will remain so fixed for an indefinite period; the subject, if ordered to relax it, will attempt to obey, but the will has lost its power over the muscles, and the limb retains its attitude, or, after some time, falls, as by its own weight. The sleeper, if here aroused, may still deny having slept, and is frequently able to repeat any conversation that may have been held near him.

In the next two stages the influence of the operator becomes more apparent. A movement of the patient's limbs, induced by him, is automatically continued. The patient becomes deaf to every voice except his; bystanders may speak to him as loudly as they will, but he takes no notice of them, while each word of the operator is heard and, in many instances, replied to in the toneless, level voice familiar to all who have heard persons talk in their sleep. The fifth and sixth stages are more advanced states of automatism. In the seventh comes absolute forgetfulness of all that has occurred during the sleep. In the eighth the patient is prepared to entertain any hallucination suggested to him by the operator. Give him water to drink, telling him it is wine of some specified vintage, and as such he will accept it; hold strong ammonia to his nostrils, describing it as some delicate perfume, and he will inhale the strong fumes without wincing and with evident satisfaction. In the ninth and final stage, which is only reached in rare instances, he becomes susceptible to post-hypnotic hallucination. Tell him that on his awaking he is to sit in a particular chair, to open a certain book, to address some person present; he will in due time obey, though often with visible reluctance, and if questioned as to the motive of his action, he will reply that something, he knows not what, impelled him to it. On the contrary, he may be required *not* to see some given person. He is awakened, and though that person may be at his elbow, may speak loudly to him, and even touch him, the patient will utterly ignore his existence. This state, which is termed *negative hallucination*, may continue for some hours unless dispelled by the operator. I must here explain that such experiments have no place in serious practice, and that those I witnessed in Dr. Liébault's dis-

pensary were made by him only as a means of easy demonstration, and of course with the full consent of the subjects.

Persons under treatment, when asked *why* the sleep has come upon them, assign various reasons. Some attribute it to having fixed their eyes on one particular object—the operator's hand, for instance, held in front of them. Others suppose that his voice has lulled them to unconsciousness, as a cradle song lulls an infant. But they generally agree in saying that both the falling asleep and the awaking are easy and pleasant; as regards the latter, however, there are occasional exceptions. Now and then a patient, especially in the early days of his treatment, will awake with feelings of chilliness, nausea, and faintness, such as many of us have experienced after sleeping at an unwatched hour and in an unusual position. But these effects are removed by putting him to sleep again for a few moments and "suggesting" that he shall awake without any disagreeable sensations.

Hearing for the first time of this treatment by suggestions, one may be inclined, if not to set the whole thing down as a delusion, at least to take for granted that the induced state is a form of hysteria, attainable only by impressionable women, or by men of unusually feeble mental and physical organization; to consider it useless as a means of healing, or effectual only for those *malades imaginaires* who are always in search of some new medical dissipation and are prone to fancy cures as unreal as their ailments. Such a conclusion would, however, be entirely false. All physicians practising this system are agreed that men—no feeble valetudinarian, but soldiers, outdoor laborers, artisans of the most commonplace and practical type—are, if anything, more susceptible than women. It is true, indeed, that Dr. Liébault's patients, and hospital patients generally, are peculiarly impressionable. This is easily accounted for. Those persons, as a rule, belong to the working classes; they are accustomed to obey and to conciliate their superiors in social rank; with them the voice of authority falls on ears prepared to receive it, acts upon a brain that is unaccustomed to weigh, to argue, to resist.

This is one reason why children are the best subjects. Between the ages of three and fourteen, all children, except idiots,* may be considered hypnotizable.

Observing this, though thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dr. Liébault's system, I still felt some doubts as to its general applicability. Desiring to either confirm these or dispel them, I determined on leaving Nancy to visit Amsterdam, where Drs. Van Renterghem and Van Eeden, disciples of Dr. Liébault, carry on an extensive practice, chiefly among the middle and upper classes. In Holland, and especially in the capital, education and culture reach a very high standard, while it cannot be said that among any class the emotional and imaginative faculties have undue predominance. Accordingly I watched with great interest the practice of these physicians, to whose professional courtesy and kindness I owe much gratitude. Among their patients I found the same results as among the humbler clients of the good doctor at Nancy. The hypnotic or somnolent state was indeed not always induced with equal rapidity, but unsusceptible patients were extremely rare, and, the state once induced, the suggestive treatment had exactly the same effect as on the poorest and most illiterate subjects.

There are, of course, persons who pride themselves on their strength of intellect, and their superiority to all influences of this nature. These are usually not hypnotizable, because they refuse to concentrate their thoughts, or concentrate them to resist the suggestions of the operator. But such persons would, naturally, no more put themselves under suggestive treatment than they would consult any physician whose advice they were determined beforehand not to follow.

As I have already said, the most generally susceptible age is from three to

* The system has, however, done wonders for children of extremely weak intellect. Dr. Liébault told me of one case in particular, that of a boy eleven years of age, who, when first brought to him, appeared almost idiotic and quite incapable of being taught. But during a three-months' course of treatment his brain became so developed that he had learned to read, and to do sums in the first four rules of arithmetic.

fourteen ; but susceptibility, once existent, continues in the adult subject to an advanced period of life. In old age it diminishes, or entirely ceases, and in children under three no effect can, as a rule, be produced, it being hardly possible to command their attention. For this same reason lunatics and idiots * are commonly unsusceptible. It is also extremely difficult to affect persons whose minds, though not in conscious opposition to the influence, are preoccupied or excited, or who are suffering acute bodily pain, or even some minor discomfort, the thought of which they are not able to put aside. It follows that, although operations have been performed during the hypnotic sleep, and as painlessly as if chloroform had been administered, yet hypnotism and suggestion can never supplant the ordinary anæsthetics. Before an operation the patient's mind must, except in very rare cases, be too much perturbed to be brought under the hypnotic influence : and it is indeed as well that the treatment should be regarded as purely medical, and not as an accessory to surgical practice.

One is asked whether treatment by suggestion has power over every form of disease. Over some it has none, or only to a very limited extent. It cannot remove developed cancer or tumor. It cannot reconstruct what disease has destroyed, nor make the mortified limb sound, nor do the legitimate work of the surgeon's knife. Neither can it stay the course of small-pox, diphtheria, and other acute maladies whose name is a terror. In their presence, so far as our experience goes, it is comparatively ineffectual, or must at least go hand in hand with the ordinary systems of medicine.

It is in diseases of slower development, in diseases that may become, or have become, chronic, that treatment by suggestion is eminently successful. It is especially so in affections of the brain, of the nerves, of the digestive system. It frequently acts like magic on rheumatism, on paralysis, on hysteria, which is indeed no fanciful ailment, as some will persist in calling it, but a real and terrible foe, taking many shapes,

and requiring to be combated with the best and strongest methods at our command—moral as well as physical.

And the effect of this treatment is, in many cases, not merely physical ; it has decided power over evil habits and vicious propensities. Dr. Liébault has counted among his patients many slaves of alcoholism and other forms of self-indulgence who through him have become enfranchised. One man whom I remarked, a French soldier, had for months been under almost continual punishment for drunkenness. Dr. Liébault has made a temperate man of him—I say "temperate" advisedly, because in that part of France teetotalism does not as yet enter into the scheme of things. He is allowed a small quantity of wine at meals only, and is forbidden to take an extra glass or to drink between whiles. The man declares that he feels no desire to exceed his allowance, nor to accept offers of drink from his comrades. I should judge him to be by nature singularly destitute of the moral strength necessary for self-restraint.

Another case was that of a railway porter, who, by persistently smoking and chewing tobacco, had brought himself into a lamentable state of health. He suffered from dyspepsia, intermittent action of the heart, sleeplessness, and muscular tremor, and had threatenings of amaurosis. The Doctor suggested complete disuse of tobacco, and ordered him to feel a distaste for every form of it. This command was strictly obeyed. The patient smoked and chewed no longer, because he could not ; he turned with loathing from his pipe and his quid, and in about a week he was cured of the consequences of his indulgence. The doctors at Amsterdam told me they had treated many victims of the morphia-craving with equally good results.

The passion for intoxicating drink, regarded formerly as altogether a moral vice, is now recognized as a form of disease, and called alcoholism, dipsomania, and such-like names. The opium passion, and all uncontrollable cravings for narcotic poisons, are looked upon in the same light—as disorders of nerve or brain, hereditary or self-acquired, to be less condemned than pitied, and to the care of which not the moralist alone,

* See note, p. 170.

but also the physician must bring his best efforts.

It is possible that in time *all* vice may come to be so considered—sin, as a physical malady; crime, as its manifestation. Facts given in Dr. Liébault's book, and others brought forward by Dr. Bérillon at the meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Nancy in 1886, also instances published from time to time by Dr. Auguste Voisin (of the Salpêtrière) in the *Revue d'Hypnotisme*,* point unmistakably to such possibilities. Treatment by suggestion has been tried on many devotees of vice, and with the happiest results. Inmates of the Paris female reformatories—women steeped in depravity, obscene of tongue, and as it seemed utterly incorrigible—have, by a course of this treatment, been transformed into decent members of society, and, in some instances, have for years held, and deserved to hold, positions of trust.

From this point of view, how important, how doubly grave becomes the vocation of the physician who in very truth shall minister to a mind diseased. What is termed Preventive Medicine has, during the last few decades, become a branch of medical science; so likewise, in the not very remote future, Reformatory Medicine may take a recognized place.

What is the explanation of these phenomena which we have here imperfectly discussed? In the various scientific treatises on the subject, by the authors whom I have referred to and others, several theories are advanced to account for them—theories differing materially from each other, and yet agreeing at some important points. The Nancy school has followed the example of Braid, the celebrated Manchester surgeon, who was the first to formulate a rational explanation of the mesmeric and kindred states.† Its disciples reject all theories of supernatural and mystic influence; they deny the presence of a "magnetic fluid," and maintain that hypnotic and natural sleep are analogous. Professor Bernheim quotes instances in which, by speaking to a pa-

tient who had fallen into natural sleep, he has produced the hypnotic sleep without awakening him, and without any visible sign of transition. The subject still slept peacefully; only his mind had come into communication with that of the physician. "Then," a reader may insist, "some emanation, some magnetic or electric current, must have passed from the one organism to the other." Not so: the relation between them was merely such a relation as may at any moment exist between any two human beings. The sleeper obeyed the doctor's voice—yes, because he *heard* it, and it was a voice which he had perhaps been accustomed to obey. Or he followed the doctor's gestures, either because his intensified sense of hearing conveyed to him the faintest sound made in producing them. or because, his sleep being light, he *saw* the movement from between his slightly open eyelids. A gesture made behind the patient, and so cautiously as to produce no sound, or made before him, his eyes being kept covered, says Dr. Bernheim, produces no response whatever.

We all know that hallucinations, which we call dreams, are common attendants upon natural sleep, and that in certain conditions of the sleeper's health or nerves they remain with him for a short time after his awaking, and may even be acted upon. Such a case is cited by Drs. Guy and Ferrier in their *Forensic Medicine*. "Two men, being in a place infested with robbers, engaged that one should watch while the other slept; but the former, falling asleep and dreaming that he was being pursued, shot his companion through the heart." These natural hallucinations may certainly be originated or influenced by impressions from without, occurring during the sleep. A heavy cart rumbling by the house shakes the sleeper's bed, and he goes perhaps through all the experiences of an earthquake; or there is a persistent knocking at his door, and in the second before it awakes him he is transported to a ship-builder's yard, where he sees the men at work and the great vessel in process of construction. But the suggestion more usually precedes the sleep, and is a reminiscence of some bygone incident.

Dr. Liébault maintains that natural

* Published monthly in Paris.

† *Neurypnology*. London, 1843.

sleep is the result of *auto-suggestion*. We retire to our room at the usual hour and make our usual preparations for the night. We put out the light, lie down in our accustomed position, close our eyes, try to compose our thoughts. All this *suggests* sleep, which presently comes, unless it is kept away by some counteracting influence. We are in a strange bed, perhaps, or we feel some bodily discomfort, or an agitating or perplexing thought enters our mind—and the slumber we have tried to woo is banished. Auto-suggestion has failed, just as medical suggestion may fail if the conditions are adverse.

Many persons can, by auto-suggestion, determine their time of waking. A man has to rise at an unwontedly early hour in order to begin a journey or to transact some important business. Before allowing himself to sleep, he impresses this necessity on his mind, and in all probability he will awake at the appointed time. With some people such self-obedience has become a regular habit, and however fatigued they may be they are certain to awake at any moment they may have determined on before going to sleep.

Indian fakirs and Mohammedan dervishes, who by long practice have attained an amazing power of concentration, can at will produce in themselves a state of hypnotism, shown by mental exaltation and complete unconsciousness of their surroundings. While so absorbed, they will placidly endure conditions which in their normal state would cause unbearable fatigue and agony. Buddhist devotees—and indeed devotees of many other religions—attain by what, practically, is auto-suggestion a foretaste of Nirvana, or a state of trance, ecstasy, or beatific vision. The history of cults abounds with such cases.

Dr. Liébault tells me that he has frequently employed auto-suggestion as a means of self-cure : when suffering from some slight ailment, such as an attack of neuralgia, he has lain down, fixed his eyes on some bright object, and wished to sleep for half an hour and awake free from pain. A true hypnotic sleep has been thus induced, and he has awaked at the suggested moment, with the pain gone. I take it, however, that his case is exceptional, and that the curative

suggestion, to be effective, must generally be supplied by another person.

Professor Bernheim defines the hypnotic state as a *psychical condition, in which the subject is influenced by suggestion to an increased degree*. In this state, as we have seen, he is in relation with the operator, whose suggestions he accepts and obeys unquestioningly. These suggestions may be trivial and useless, as in the case of some experiments which I have quoted for illustration ; or they may be, and in treatment are, serious and beneficial. But, whatever be their nature, the patient's mind is, for the time being, entirely bent on carrying them out ; and, if so directed, will act on the body to effect changes of beneficial tendency. Thus some morbid habit is, for the time, controlled by a command or suggestion acting through the imagination. A patient is subject to periodical attacks of some complaint—say asthma or neuralgia. His system has accepted the morbid condition, which has become as much a habit as waking in the morning, or eating at regular hours. Such a one is put into the hypnotic sleep ; his mind is closed against all impressions except the suggestion of the operator ; it strives to obey this suggestion, that the pain shall not return at the usual time. That time arrives, and the morbid habit tries to assert itself. There will be some uneasiness, a transient difficulty of breathing in the one case, a slight pricking or burning in the other ; but the morbid habit is weakened, and a few repetitions of the treatment suffice to overcome it. In cases where the complaint is of long standing, very little, of course, can be done without perseverance, as a complete change has to be effected in the constitution.

And still, though we see and record such results, we cannot tell *why* or *how* a patient in the hypnotic state is influenced to his cure. We may theorize on this subject, but as yet it remains a mystery. Whether human intelligence will ever compass it, is doubtful, though great neurologists, among others Professor Charcot of Paris, are at work trying to make it clear. In the mean time, the friends of treatment by suggestion accept it, as we all accept much that we cannot understand.

In what hands is vested this power? What gifts of mind and body must its possessor be endowed with? With none that can be called exceptional. Magnetizers and mesmerists used to hold that to obtain an influence over his subjects, the operator should be in robust health, as the process was extremely exhausting for both mind and body. They no doubt found it so, as they considered it necessary to concentrate their every faculty upon each subject—to strain their will-power to the utmost—to employ much muscular force in making “passes.” The Nancy school, believing that the condition they produce is a simple result of psychical and physiological laws, find that no special effort of will is required, and dispense altogether with passes. There is no physiological reason why the majority of people should not possess power to hypnotize, but there are the strongest moral reasons why that power should be exercised only by approved persons, and within strictly regulated limits.

No one can see Dr. Liébault’s disinterested work among the poor, nor can, with impartial eyes, observe any conscientious practice of his system, without being struck by its immense power for good. Should that power be neglected or discouraged because it is capable of abuse? Do we forswear the use of chloroform because robberies and outrages are occasionally committed by its aid? Do we choose to proscribe poisons in medical practice because a Palmer has murdered with strychnine or a Lamson with aconite? Neither should we taboo the use of hypnotism and suggestion because in unworthy hands they may become a source of danger. What have we of good that holds not also the germs of evil?

Let it be our task to suppress the evil and develop the good. Let us surround the practice of hypnotism with those precautions which the welfare of society demands, and suffer it to be employed by qualified men only, who may be trusted to use it as they use other curative agents, without any affectation of mystery or occultism. Let us put down degrading exhibitions of unhealthy psychical experiments, as they have been put down in Holland, Switzerland, and other countries; and let no one

allow himself to be psychically influenced by a stranger, nor by any person in whom he has not well-founded confidence. Stories of men and women being hypnotized against their will by strangers, are, I am inclined to believe, mostly mythical—the general experience of experts being that no person can hypnotize another for the first time without his or her consent. The hypnotizer is able to guard even his most susceptible patients against being so affected by another than himself, by suggesting during the sleep that they shall obey no hypnotic influence except his own. Of this Dr. Bernheim gives an interesting example. A very susceptible patient, whom he had formerly hypnotized with ease, put herself under his care. Judging that she was again a fit case for the psycho-therapeutical treatment, he endeavored to induce the sleep, but, to his surprise, found her absolutely unsusceptible. He presently called in Dr. Liébault, who in a few seconds put her in a deep sleep, and, while she was in that condition, asked her why she had resisted Dr. Bernheim. She replied that Dr. Beaunis, whose patient she had recently been, had suggested to her during sleep that she must be susceptible only to his influence and that of Dr. Liébault. Of this order she had no recollection in her waking moments.

The Continental physicians who practise this system, are wisely careful to protect themselves and their patients with such precautions as they would use in administering anæsthetics:—never hypnotizing any patient without his own free consent, or that of his natural or legal guardians, and insisting on some third person being present—if possible a relation or friend of the patient. The more cultured and broad-minded of them regard the treatment, *not* as a universal specific, to be used against all diseases and with all patients to the exclusion of other means of healing, but rather as a valuable adjunct to these in certain cases. They choose not to be innovators but improvers—not to take away but to add; and they work with a firm conviction that it should be the aim of medical science and of its exponents to press all remedial agents into the service of humanity.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

BY H. G. KEENE, C.I.E., M.A.

THOSE who attack any very old-established human usage have, by the nature of the case, an inevitable advantage. There is nothing that man can establish but must have its inherent drawbacks ; and additional evils come, of themselves, and by lapse of time. You have only to dwell on these, keeping out of sight the benefits that have accrued from the institution, and avoiding all temptations to particularize any project of your own that you would have substituted. By such a method there is nothing in Church and State that could not be shown to be rotten or effete. When the attack is made on the particular usage of monogamous marriage a further special advantage is provided for the assailants. Not only can they point to the defects and demerits inseparable from human institutions—the infirmities of temper, the errors of major and minor infidelity, which are too notorious to be denied—but their own views and habits are probably such that the arguments of those by whom the custom is defended are unintelligible to them.

Take, for example, the objections to marriage urged by the ordinary newspaper-writers, of whom one of the smartest and most frankly cynical is the writer of a late issue of a paper in *Temple Bar*, headed "Why we men do not marry." It may be unhesitatingly admitted that there is nothing in all their complaints that is not true—for them at least, and for their like. And in this admission may be included the greater part of the counts in the indictment of "Mona Caird" in the *Westminster Review*. Those counts, indeed, rest upon grounds less materialistic and more composed of sentiment and opinion ; nevertheless, they too contain a great element of truth. Not only does marriage involve a large amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the man, it entails some sacrifice upon the woman also. The former may have to give up his brougham, his valet, his hunting and shooting, his bill at Poole's, his *brut champagne*, and his whist, and all his *menus plaisirs*. But the woman for her part must surrender

something ; as, for instance, a good deal of her independence, her artistic leisure, many of her habits and opinions. These sacrifices, doubtless, appear appalling to those who value the discharge of social obligations below the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

To enable one to decide whether they are right or wrong there must, necessarily, be found a standard of endeavor. We must make up our minds whether it is well to consider first the pleasure of isolated egoists or the welfare derived from being members of an organized society. The objectors themselves, however, will hardly all go so far as to put their own immediate enjoyments before the indispensable necessities of associated mankind. "We do not," says one of them, "quite assert that the time is come for a system of absolutely free marriage." "Of course," says another, "if these views were to become general, society would come to a dead-lock." If by "society" the objector to the existing system means only the ill-organized body of sybarites to which he belongs, that would not only come to a dead-lock, it would be perfectly stone dead at the end of a few years : and no great loss either ! We may imagine such a case occurring in the fifth century of the Christian era, say in Southern Gaul. The barbarians of Germany, hardy, brave, and healthy, have poured into the rural parts of a province of the Empire. Year by year the new-comers would increase in the farms and villages. Townships would be formed, fields would be tilled, the Aborigines would be driven out or incorporated as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Meanwhile, in some old Gallo-Roman municipality, the old civil life would be going on in its accustomed course. Strong in their civic organization, defended by their circumvallations and engines of war, the citizens might pursue their wonted way of life. The baths in the morning, the theatres in the afternoon, are thronged by cultured frequenters enjoying, with fastidious superciliousness, their pleasant luxuries. But there is a

great and growing dislike of the dulness of domestic life, and of the obligations of rearing offspring. The lower classes are enslaved, or are regarded as proletarians—spawners. To the effeminate citizens there are fewer and fewer children born; the young men grow mature, the mature grow old; at last there are not combatants enough left to man the walls, or to speak with the enemies in the gate. Then comes the end: the city is besieged and stormed; the temples, the baths, the theatres, the libraries, are laid in ruin; the citizens are massacred; their sons are drafted into the armies of the conquerors, their daughters are taken into the families of the barbarians; the “society” is at an end. Such things have happened;* the like may happen again.

But the welfare of a country does not lie in the wholesale extermination of classes. The object of society is not disintegration but association. And of association the very nucleus and core is monogamous marriage. In the words of Mr. Herbert Spencer—no conservative Philistine—“Monogamy has long been growing innate in the civilized man.” *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Every other conceivable method has been tried: the seclusion and polygamy of the *haram* system, the promiscuity of Polynesia, the license of Paris and London in the last century; with what results all can perceive. The instincts of civilization have established the permanent devotion of one of either sex to the other, until it has become the accepted convention and ideal of all the community that have attained to the highest levels. If it be asked, why “highest,” what is the criterion of elevation? the answer must be “That is highest which is most useful.” The object of all human association is to make life worth living; not to fold the hands in idle optimism, but not to wring them in equally idle pessimism. A society which has for its standard the rearing of young people to serve the State is the most likely to be of use to itself, and to other societies. No incoherent collection of self-indulgent celibates can perform this

duty as well as a well-knit body of disciplined and self-denying couples.

With sound and well-inspired feeling, therefore, have men in the brightest periods always listened to the teaching of the poets and preachers of wedded love. Love, in this finer sense, altruism reduced to a quintessence, will always differentiate civilized life; and the best men, in their happiest moments, value that love which incurs the responsibilities of the home, while it gives to each of the couple who rule the home the opportunity to acquire some of the qualities in which the sex of each is by nature deficient. “So in the long years may they liker grow.”

The life of ancient Greece was somewhat too oriental; it can hardly be cited as a successful experiment in this direction. With all their sense of beauty and their achievements in art, the Greeks combined a mass of depravity which caused their ruin, and which is distinctly traceable to their views of wedded life. The ideals of the Romans, however, were very different; and their civilization, with all its faults, lasted more than a thousand years, and still lives in its influence on our modern life. In the very earliest Roman literature we find high views of the married state as understood still. Lucretius, for example, did not live in Christian times; and the circumstances of his death, if correctly reported, are not altogether creditable to his morals. His Fourth Book is by no means squeamishly worded; yet there are arguments in it which are not yet without their weight; and the superiority of wedded love to the wandering habits of dogs have not been often better stated. See, for example, the concluding lines:—

For oftentimes the wife, by her own deeds,
And by her gracious ways and pleasant body,
Will make you pleased to lead your life with
her.

Moreover, for the rest, use sweetens love;
For, lightly though the frequent blow be struck,
In length of time it conquers and prevails.

And what can be sweeter than the address of Alcmena, in Plautus, when Amphitryon returns to her from the wars?

I would not think my dowry
What men a dowry call,
But modesty and bashfulness,
And scorn of passion's thrall;

* The names of the older cities of Gaul, and of Britain too, are mostly of Roman origin; showing that they must have long survived the conquest of the open country.

The fear of God, the love of kin,
And peace within the hall,
Sweet ways for thee, a bounty free,
And charity for all.

Catullus, too, has a charming passage in his marriage ode, where the bridesmaids sing a modest antiphone to the rude jesting of the youths; but the youths, rising to the dignity of the subject, cease from ribaldry, and close the argument with manly force:—

As in the naked field the vine that springs
Neither arises nor produces fruit,
Her tender substance on the soil she flings,
The topmost tendril tangled with the root;
But, when the elm-tree with her limbs she girds,
The husbandman will prize her, and the herds.

It cannot be necessary to pursue the study. Modern society is built on Roman ideas; but it has brought contributions of its own. A *catena* may easily be formed by any one who tries, especially in the best of our English writers, Chaucer, and Spenser, Jeremy Taylor, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, all among the chief favorites of our race. We of all nations, cannot make a *tabula rasa*, or consider the relation of the sexes as an open question.

There is, nevertheless, one point taken by "Mona Caird" which, could it but be established, might be taken as a set-off to much that has been urged above. We are, in these days, nothing, if not scientific; and the fair writer's scientific contribution to the discussion was only to be expected. "Current ideas are scarcely on a higher plane than they were centuries ago, when women were openly and ostensibly treated as the property of men. Just as the slave-girl belongs to her master, with all the children that she may have, so the wife belongs to her husband, and her children also. . . . The same idea, the purchase of womanhood, in more or less attractive garb, under more or less attractive conditions, rules from base to substance of the social body." These statements are not proposed by way of argument; they occur merely as a suggestion. But it is a *suggestio falsi*, which it may be as well to expose. Doubtless, from the moment that man began to exist in any sort of social way, the male has been forced to go abroad and use his superior physical powers for the sup-

port of his family, while it has been the part of the female to stay under cover and attend to matters of the hearth. Common needs of this kind have impressed common characteristics on the relation of the sexes in all ages and countries, and in all stages of civilization. But the points as to which these relations have differed, in different times and places, are far more numerous than their points of coincidence. Any one may satisfy himself—or herself, if a lady can be convinced—by referring to so popular a work as Tylor's *Anthropology*,* where will be found a sketch of the marriage customs of various primitive races in various parts of the world. From this we learn that marriage has sometimes been but a temporary pairing; here a man has had several wives, there a woman has taken many husbands. It has become the rule among us for the son to bear the father's name, in lower stages of civilization the children belong to the mother's clan; and it was possible for father and sons to meet as foes in tribal warfare. Some rude peoples view marriage as a civil contract, some regard it as a matter of capture, some treat it as a subject of negotiation and purchase. The system of modern English marriage, where a man and a woman unite for life by mutual consent, so far from being a survival from primitive life, is the ripest present development of mature experience. No doubt the male is usually the richer, and that must of itself give him some superiority; but penniless youths who marry mature widows of means or wealthy old maids probably discover the reverse of the medal.

It is not always easy to perceive "Mona Caird's" real meaning. If, however, she points to any intelligible reform of the present marriage system it seems likely to be one that would involve far greater facilities for dissolution of marriage than what exists among us now. If that be meant in the interest of both sexes alike, it has, doubtless, a plausible aspect. But, even if society could allow it, could it be so worked? Of course there are cases where conditions are all so favorable to the woman that her loss by the dissolution of the

* London, Macmillan & Co., 1881, p. 402, fcap. folio.

marriage will be but small. If she has not been married very long, if she has means of her own or another partner ready, if she can plant her husband so as to make him incur the contempt and ridicule of the world, in such cases it may not do her much harm to be set free. But if there should be a family of children, she must either give them up or have an income out of which they are to be supported; and it would be hard indeed upon an unoffending husband to have his home broken up, and a large share of his means taken from him, merely to gratify the caprice and love of change of his *varium et mutabile*. Really, we might recollect that even a husband is, in some sort, our fellow creature. If, on the other hand, the wife has outgrown her attractions and ceased to please her fickle consort, would any amount of alimony console her for losing her position—a married

woman and the head of a household?

Once more, then, let us beware of trifling with anything that has been gained by the care and virtue of our ancestors. Cemented by the tears and blood of many generations, how can marriage be treated as an open question? That is, indeed, "the marriage question." Till it is answered we may be content to jog on in the beaten track, grumbling but submissive Philistines. So long as marriage is for life, people may fret and long to cast off the yoke. But, only let them know that they cannot do so without heavy loss of peace and of reputation, and they will mostly learn to bear it. When we cannot change circumstances to suit ourselves we can change ourselves to suit circumstances; and the discipline that is so galling at first may prove, in the end, our greatest gain.—*National Review*.

POETRY AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

PLATO thought that boys are the most untamable of wild beasts; and his opinion has had eminent supporters. Pope probably meant much the same thing when he said that schoolboys have no character. In view of this opinion, the story of Fénélon and the young Duke of Burgundy has a peculiar significance. There is, indeed, no more signal example of the immense importance of well-conceived, well-directed methods of education than the transformation which Fénélon wrought in his royal pupil. A more intractable subject probably never exercised the wits and the patience of his instructor. Before he was placed in the hands of Fénélon, the Duke was in simple truth much more of a wild beast than a rational human being. One of his chief pleasures was in kicking and biting all his attendants who approached him. At times he refused to speak a word for hours. On other occasions he would not eat, though tempted with all the triumphs of the royal cooks. His grandfather, Louis XIV., had been at infinite pains to obtain for him the most judicious attendants and tutors; but all had given up their charge as hopeless. At length Fénélon was called in. Fénélon was not without experience in deal-

ing with young people, and he had already written a book on Education; but his peculiar fitness for the task he had undertaken was that of a character unique in charm and sympathetic insight. It is unnecessary to speak here of the marvellous skill and delicacy with which he wrought on the young Duke's nature, and how he so completely transformed him that Michelet even expresses a doubt whether in the transformation the strongest springs in the boy's character had not been broken.

In Fénélon's dealings with his pupil he had one leading idea, to which, perhaps, educationists have not given the importance it deserves. This idea was, that for every individual there is one poet who above all others appeals to the deepest instincts of his nature, and is therefore fitted to be one of the highest forces in educating the best qualities of his mind and heart. Fénélon had not been long with his pupil before he discovered that with all his ungovernable passions he had a "Virgilian soul"—in other words, that in the depths of the boy's nature there was that which responded to the grace and tenderness which distinguish Virgil above all other poets. Virgil accordingly was made the

instrument through whom he sought to effect his ends. The result exceeded his hopes. Virgil did indeed become the Duke's favorite poet, and the chief formative influence of his brief life.

It is admitted that education at school and college as it is in these days realized is directed not so much to the formation of character as to the communication of knowledge. It is perhaps impossible that it should be otherwise. The needs of society must determine its educational code. In ancient Persia, to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth, was all that the conditions of his mature life demanded of a youth. In modern England a boy is maimed in the race of life if he has not made some acquaintance with the "circle of the sciences." It follows from this that poetry, since it does not supply facts that can be of any practical use in life, receives but a subordinate place in our scheme of studies. All men of science would not express themselves so harshly as Newton when he said that poetry is "but ingenious trifling;" yet there is undoubtedly a feeling abroad that when we compare him with the worker in any department of science, the poet is after all but a frivolous personage. If we have any doubt that such is the general conviction, we have but to reflect how most people would regard such a passage as this from Wordsworth. "It is an awful truth," he says, "that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature or reverence for God." Such a conception of poetry as is conveyed in these words would certainly appear to many people as in the highest degree strained and fantastic; yet it is the fact that the greatest of the world's thinkers from Aristotle to Stuart Mill have been of Wordsworth's opinion.

It was one of England's greatest lawyers who said that the wisdom of a country is to be searched for in its poets; and it was Aristotle's opinion that poe-

try deals with the highest forms of truth and conveys it most impressively. The production of poetry is certainly no trifling matter for the poet himself. There is, indeed, no form of mental exercise that puts such a strain on the whole man. Goethe, who is remarkable among poets for his self-control, declared that to write more than one tragedy a year would kill him; and Scott, who prided himself on his stoical self-repression, says in an interesting passage: "I will avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating as poetry must be to be worth anything." As far, therefore, as the expenditure of intellectual and emotional force is concerned, poetry demands as serious consideration as the most abstruse of the sciences.

The question has often been discussed whether or not the tendency of civilization is to benumb the higher imaginative faculties. However this may be, it is at least certain that the influence of the poet of necessity diminishes as the interests of society grow more complex. In the simpler states of men the bard is, next to the chief, the most important personage in the nation. As poetry is almost universally the earliest form of literature, he is at once the historian, the lawgiver, the prophet of the race. He originates public opinion, and he makes the tradition that gives birth to national sentiment. Even at comparatively late periods of a nation's development, it is extraordinary what a power the poet still wields over the minds of men. During the middle ages the words of the *trouvères* and the *troubadours* determined the ideals and formed the temper of the choice spirits of the time. When the revival of letters came, and the birth of the scientific spirit followed, it was no longer possible that imaginative literature could fill the place in men's minds it had hitherto done. Their thoughts were directed into a thousand other channels, calling into play other mental faculties, which gradually overthrew the paramount rule of the imagination. In this relation Sir Philip Sidney's delightful treatise, *The Defence of Poesie*, acquires a peculiar interest. Sidney was the last and noblest of the knights; and his passionate plea for the high function of the poet is but the expression of the sentiment of

chivalry toward its trouvères and its troubadours. What poetry had been in the past to men of action, he conceived that it might still be in the future. It cannot be owing to the disappearance of poetical genius from the world that his hope has not been fulfilled, as we have had Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley since his day. The truth must therefore be that the poet has simply been jostled from his high pedestal, and is now but one of a thousand other intellectual forces.

In one respect, indeed, the poet is as greatly honored as ever he has been. It is frankly acknowledged by men of science of the best type that poetry is the highest expression of the human mind, and that the poet himself is the finest and rarest product of nature. Analysis has done its utmost in the way of explaining to us the genius of the poet and the essence of his work, yet both still remain the same incalculable elements that have bewildered and enchanted the mind of man from the beginning. The poet thus, even in those days of the all-pervading lights of science, sings like Wordsworth's lark in a "privacy of glorious light." Nevertheless, the reputed question of the senior wrangler regarding *Paradise Lost*, "But what does it prove?" is doubtless the genuine expression of the general attitude toward poetry in the present day.

As has been said, it is idle to think that poetry can ever have that place in public instruction it once legitimately held. The conditions of modern life have made this impossible. An Athenian boy might have leisure to commit the twenty-four books of the *Iliad*; but though the discipline would doubtless be an excellent one, it would hardly be wise that the schoolboy of to-day should achieve the rival feat of committing *Paradise Lost* or the *Excursion*. Still, if we but keep before us the idea of Fénélon, poetry, even in the present condition of things, might surely be made a far more efficient instrument in education than it actually is. It has often been pointed out of late that as it is at present taught in our schools poetry is simply tortured into a fitting subject for examination. Poems are chosen for reading not so much because they are of a kind to appeal to the feelings

and experience of childhood, but because they afford excellent material for an examination paper. What, for example, could be more absurd than to place *Paradise Regained* in the hands of pupils of fifteen or sixteen? That poem, the enjoyment of which, according to a high authority, is the last reward of consummated scholarship, is, in truth, of all poems in the world the best fitted to engender in a boy a life-long disgust for every form of poetic production. Short poems judiciously chosen and taught from the point of view of Fénélon would certainly go far to counterbalance that deadening of the emotional side of our nature which Darwin so sincerely regretted in his own case as the result of exclusively realistic studies.

But after all, if Fénélon's notion be correct, it lies with each to make the most fruitful application of it for himself. Thoroughly to master one poet and enter into his spirit is in any case a finer discipline than the cursory reading of a thousand. This is, indeed, the counsel of all the great masters of knowledge. Historians have been careful to tell us that they never really understood history till they had thoroughly mastered one period; and it used to be the earnest advice of an eminent professor of philosophy to his students, that in his department the wisest course to follow was first to understand completely one great teacher.

An interesting question here suggests itself: Is it not the function of music to effect for the highly civilized societies of to-day what poetry effected for the simpler societies of the past? It is undoubtedly the fact that music in its highest development is as peculiarly the art of the last three centuries as architecture was the art of the middle ages. It might seem to follow, therefore, that in music we should find the natural compensation against the excess of the scientific spirit. But great as are the achievements of modern music, it cannot be seriously maintained that it touches the springs of human conduct in the same degree as poetry. Music is, in truth, the "least intellectual of all the arts," and cannot, therefore, in the very nature of things, compete with poetry in influencing men's views of life and shaping the general course of their actions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

[SANDRO GALLOTTI.]

BY H. P.

SANDRO GALLOTTI,—sir, your slave !
 What service does your honor seek ?
 Stand closer, pray, if you would speak,
 For there be babblers here who rave,
 And hang with hints my fair repute.
 Fat Beppo there, who tunes his lute,
 Has switched his ears this way to catch
 The reason why my humble latch
 Should yield admittance to your feet.

Step in, sir ; never fear Pepete,
 He's blind and toothless ; so's the hag,—
 Ho, mother ! see if you can wag
 Your ears an hour in yonder yard.
 Now, sir, the door is safely barred,
 And I stand by to know your will.
 But first, let me the glasses fill.
 The wine is good ; perhaps you know
 I have a vineyard, where the flow
 Of Arno stopped Moroni's flight.
 He was a monk, a foolish wight
 Who pencilled some fair lady's face,
 And straightway loved it, losing grace
 With honest folk : and one dark night
 Rode forth to seek the western hills,
 The lady with him ;—but their wills
 Were sadly crossed : pursuit was swift ;
 They rode them down, and never shrift
 Was shorter than they gave to him.
 For this fact my remembrance takes,
 That, when the dawn was showing dim,
 They spilt his blood among the stakes.
 Forgive the tale, I'd no design
 To tell it through ; yet by the rood,
 I think the young monk's amorous mood
 Still circles in this golden wine.

But now, sir, let me know your quest.
 This portrait ! yea, the man is blest
 Who sees in heaven a fairer face.
 It has the lovely oval form,
 Deep twilight in the eyes, yet warm,
 And laughing with an airy grace.
 This dagger, too, and on its hilt
 I read Isole in letters gilt.
 And what is this you hand to me ?
 Another portrait,—ah, I see
 A youth this time of mournful mien,
 A face a maid would muse upon,
 And one, sir, I have sometimes seen
 In paintings of the loved St. John.
 But stay, upon a closer view,
 I think I know the features well ;
 Ay, by my soul, and I could tell

A tale of them that touches you.
For know, one night-fall, it fell out
That as I stood within the shade
Of that south-wall of yours, and made
Remonstrance with a sorry rout
Of scarecrow sins, I turned, and heard
The myrtle bushes near me stirred ;
And there stepped forth, at stealthy pace,
A form with this same mournful face.
I marked it very well ; it went
Straight to the chapel, doubtless bent
On prayer, and softly entered in.
And following close, I thought to win
The fragrance of his holy mood,
And therein gain such grace as would
Ease hell's hot foretaste in my soul.
Beneath the rose-hung porch I stole,
And loosed my sword against surprise ;
And seeing how the night was fair,
Thought that with some donzella's eyes
A rhymer might its charm compare.
A moment then I paused, and made
Christ's emblem on my sinful breast,
And so, with some vague doubt possest,
Right swiftly passed into the shade
That wrapt the chapel's western wall.
And, standing close, I thought I heard
A rustled mantle, and the fall
Of footsteps pacing to and fro ;
And then, somehow, the darkness stirred,
And shrunk into the aisles, and lo !
A fluent shaft of moonlight fell
On traceried arch and imaged cell,
And I beheld the youth again.
And was it love, or was it pain,
That made his eyes so sadly fair ?
The waving curls of his dark hair
Fell from his brows, and seemed to cast
A pallor o'er his face, wherein
The features of an antique past
Bespoke high claim to princely kin.
Fearful he seemed of some surprise,
For now and then his hand would grip
The dagger-hilt, that my quick eyes
Saw shrewdly lurking on his hip.
And as he moved a pace apart,
I saw, what my poor sight opprest,
A ruby in a golden heart
Flash its resentment on his breast.
Now, sir, if haply I had been
The common stabber that they say,
That gaud would have been mine, I ween,
Before the breaking of the day.
But, as I live, I had no thought
To foul my soul with further sin,
And did but seek to come within
The motive that so strangely brought
This youth at midnight in my way.

"Isole ! Isole !" I heard him say,
 And then "Isole !" as though his breath
 Bursting the very seals of death,
 Went forth to seek its own again.
 And then, methought, a muffled strain
 Of music stirred the slumbrous air,
 And wooed the heart, and lured the brain
 With odors to its silver lair,
 A sun-lit glimpse of something fair,—
 A palace-garden old and sweet,
 A great King's daughter dreaming there,
 Her lover harping at her feet.
 And as I shook my senses free
 From these soft languors, like a flame
 That licks the darkness up, there came
 A form so fair, she seemed to me
 The offspring of a fabled race.
 I marked the sorcery of her face,
 I saw her immemorial eyes,
 Her lips, the Orphir of Love's sighs,
 The carven mystery of her breast ;
 And one blush rose methought lay dead
 Upon her cheek, and all her head
 With aureate hair was effloresced.

She passed—one pause—and then they met ;
 And every boundary that was set
 Betwixt their souls was swept away.
 They knew not that the world still lay
 Around them in its ceaseless fret.
 Nor that their souls' ecstatic flight
 Was clipped with clouds of death and night.
 They knew but Love,—in him they saw
 Their God, their worship, and their law.
 They met to part ; 'twere vain to tell
 The anguish born of their farewell.
 I know a tear came stealing down
 From some old corner dry and brown.
 And wreaked an outrage in my eye.
 And how they went, I know not, I—
 I turned to go, and then a laugh,
 Like to a dagger's jagged half,
 Shivered the stillness of the night.

And do I read your thoughts aright ?
 It is your will that they should die,
 Nor make your life a haggard lie ?
 Your will, sir, is my own. I'll take
 Two hundred nobles down ; the stake
 Of my poor life is haply more.
 They shall not meet in dalliance sweet,
 Nor sigh, as riding down the street
 Their severed lots they do deplore.
 And she for you no more shall be
 The gentle lady, bright, and free,
 Who laughs i' the sun, and looks so fair,
 And mocks you with her eyes and hair.
 She dies to-night,—and so does he !

Farewell ! how soon the twilight faints !
 Relieve your mind of all its fears,
 And may God's Mother and the Saints
 Preserve your life for many years.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE DECAY OF LYING: A DIALOGUE.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

SCENE.—*The Library of a Country House in England.*

PERSONS.—CYRIL and VIVIAN.

Cyril (coming in through the open window from the terrace). My dear Vivian, don't coop yourself up all day in the library. It is a perfectly lovely afternoon. Let us go and lie on the grass and smoke cigarettes and enjoy nature.

Vivian. Enjoy nature ! I am glad to say that I have entirely lost that faculty. People tell us that art makes us love nature more than we loved her before ; that it reveals her secrets to us ; and that after a careful study of Corot and Constable we see things in her that had escaped us. My own experience is that the more we study art, the less we care for nature. What art really reveals to us is nature's lack of design, her curious crudities, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. When I look at a landscape I cannot help seeing all its defects. It is fortunate for us, however, that nature is so imperfect, as otherwise we should have had no art at all. Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. As for the infinite variety of Nature, that is a pure myth. It is not to be found in Nature herself, but in the imagination, or fancy, or cultivated blindness, of the man who looks at her.

C. Well, you need not look at the landscape. You can lie on the grass and smoke and talk.

V. But nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of horrid little black insects. Why, even Maple can make you a more comfortable seat than nature can. Nature pales before the Tottenham Court Road. I don't complain. If nature had been comfortable, mankind would never have invented architecture, and I prefer

houses to the open air. In a house we all feel of the proper proportions. Everything is subordinated to us, fashioned for our use and our pleasure. Egotism itself, which is so necessary to a proper sense of human dignity, is absolutely the result of indoor life. Out of doors one becomes abstract and impersonal. One's individuality absolutely leaves one. And then nature is so indifferent, so unappreciative. Whenever I am walking in the park here, I always feel that I am no more to nature than the cattle that browse on the slope, or the burdock that blooms in the ditch. Nothing is clearer than that Nature hates Mind. Thinking is the most unhealthy thing in the world, and people die of it just as of any other disease. Fortunately, in England at least, it is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity. I only hope we shall be able to keep this great historic bulwark of our happiness for many years to come ; but I am afraid that we are beginning to be over-educated ; at least everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching—that is really what our enthusiasm for education has come to. In the mean time you had better go back to your wearisome uncomfortable Nature, and leave me to correct my proofs.

C. Writing an article ! That is not very consistent after what you have just said.

V. Who wants to be consistent ? The dullard and the doctrinaire, the tedious people who carry out their principles to the bitter end of action, to the *reductio ad absurdum* of practice ? Not I. Like Emerson, I write over the door of my library the word "Whim." Besides, my article is really a most salutary and valuable warning. If it is attended to, there may be a new Renaissance of Art.

C. What is the subject ?

V. I intend to call it "The Decay of Lying: A Protest."

C. Lying! I should have thought our politicians kept up that habit.

V. I assure you they do not. They never rise beyond the level of misrepresentation, and actually condescend to prove, to discuss, to argue. How different from the temper of the true liar, with his frank, fearless statements, his superb irresponsibility, his healthy, natural disdain of proof of any kind! After all, what is a fine lie? Simply that which is its own evidence. If a man is sufficiently unimaginative to produce evidence in support of a lie, he might just as well speak the truth at once. No, the politicians won't do, and besides, what I am pleading for is lying in art. Shall I read you what I have written? It might do you a great deal of good.

C. Certainly, if you give me a cigarette. Thanks. By the way, what magazine do you intend it for?

V. For the *Retrospective Review*. I think I told you that we had revived it.

C. Whom do you mean by "we"?

V. Oh, the Tired Hedonists of course. It is a club to which I belong. We are supposed to wear faded roses in our button-holes when we meet, and to have a sort of cult for Domitian. I am afraid you are not eligible. You are too fond of simple pleasures.

C. I should be black-balled on the ground of animal spirits, I suppose?

V. Probably. Besides, you are a little too old. We don't admit any one who is of the usual age.

C. Well, I should fancy you are all a good deal bored with each other.

V. We are. That is one of the objects of the club. Now, if you promise not to interrupt too often, I will read you my article.

C. (*flinging himself down on the sofa*). All right.

V. (*reading in a very clear, musical voice*). "THE DECAY OF LYING: A PROTEST.—One of the chief causes of the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts un-

der the guise of fiction. The blue-book is rapidly becoming his ideal both for method and manner. He has his tedious '*document humain*,' his miserable little '*coin de la création*,' into which he peers with his microscope. He is to be found at the Librairie Nationale, or at the British Museum, shamelessly reading up his subject. He has not even the courage of other people's ideas, but insists on going directly to life for everything, and ultimately, between encyclopædias and personal experience, he comes to the ground, having drawn his types from the family circle or from the weekly washerwoman, and having acquired an amount of useful information from which he never, even in his most thoughtful moments, can thoroughly free himself.

"The loss that results to literature in general from this false ideal of our time can hardly be overestimated. People have a careless way of talking about a 'born liar,' just as they talk about a 'born poet.' But in both cases they are wrong. Lying and poetry are arts—arts, as Plato saw, and not unconnected with each other—and they require the most careful study, the most disinterested devotion. Indeed, they have their technique, just as the more material arts of painting and sculpture have, their subtle secrets of form and color, their craft-mysteries, their deliberate artistic methods. As one knows the poet by his fine music, so one can recognize the liar by his rich rhythmic utterance, and in neither case will the casual inspiration of the moment suffice. Here, as elsewhere, practice must precede perfection. But in modern days while the fashion of writing poetry has become far too common, and should, if possible, be discouraged, the fashion of lying has almost fallen into disrepute. Many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nurtured in congenial and sympathetic surroundings, or by the imitation of the best models, might grow into something really great and wonderful. But, as a rule, he comes to nothing. He either falls into careless habits of accuracy—"

C. My dear Vivian!

V. Please don't interrupt in the middle of a sentence. "He either falls into careless habits of accuracy, or takes to

frequenting the society of the aged and the well-informed. Both things are equally fatal to his imagination, as indeed they would be fatal to the imagination of anybody, and in a short time he develops a morbid and unhealthy faculty of truth-telling, begins to verify all statements made in his presence, has no hesitation in contradicting people who are younger than himself, and often ends by writing novels which are so like life that no one can possibly believe them. This is no isolated instance that we are giving. It is simply one example out of many; and if something cannot be done to check, or at least to modify, our monstrous worship of facts, art will become sterile, and beauty will pass away from the land.

"Even Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that delightful master of delicate and fanciful prose, is tainted with this modern vice, for we positively know no other name for it. There is such a thing as robbing a story of its reality by trying to make it too true, and *The Black Arrow* is so inartistic that it does not contain a single anachronism to boast of, while the transformation of Dr. Jekyll reads dangerously like an experiment out of the *Lancet*. As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really has, or had once, the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvellous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it was a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible 'points of view' his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire. Mrs. Oliphant prattles pleasantly about curates, lawn-tennis parties, domesticity, and other wearisome things. Mr. Marion Crawford has immolated himself upon the altar of local color. He is like the lady in the French comedy who is always talking about 'le beau ciel d'Italie.' Besides, he has fallen into a bad habit of uttering moral platitudes. At times he is almost edifying. *Robert Elsmere* is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the 'genre ennuyeux,' the one form of literature that the English peo-

ple seem to thoroughly enjoy. Indeed it is only in England that such a novel could be possible. As for that great and daily increasing school of novelists for whom the sun always rises in the East-End, the only thing that can be said about them is that they find life crude, and leave it raw.

"In France, though nothing so deliberately tedious as *Robert Elsmere* has been produced, things are not much better. M. Guy de Maupassant, with his keen mordant irony and his hard vivid style, strips life of the few poor rags that still cover her, and shows us foul sore and festering wound. He writes lurid little tragedies in which everybody is ridiculous; bitter comedies at which one cannot laugh for very tears. M. Zola, true to the lofty principle that he lays down in one of his pronunciamientos on literature, 'L'homme de génie n'a jamais de l'esprit,' is determined to show that, if he has not got genius, he can at least be dull. And how well he succeeds! He is not without power. Indeed at times, as in *Germinal*, there is something almost epic in his work. But his work is entirely wrong from beginning to end, and wrong not on the ground of morals but on the ground of art. From any ethical standpoint his work is just what it should be. He is perfectly truthful, and describes things exactly as they happen. What more can any moralist desire? I have no sympathy at all with the moral indignation of our time against M. Zola. It is simply the rage of Caliban on seeing his own face in a glass. But from the standpoint of art, what can be said in favor of the author of *L'Assommoir*, *Nana*, and *Pot-Bouille*? Nothing. M. Ruskin once described the characters in George Eliot's novels as being like the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus, but M. Zola's characters are much worse. They have their dreary vices, and their drearier virtues. The record of their lives is absolutely without interest. Who cares what happens to them? In literature we require distinction, charm, beauty, and imaginative power. We don't want to be harrowed and disgusted with an account of the doings of the lower orders. M. Daudet is better. He has *esprit*, a light touch, and an amusing style. But he has lately com-

mitted literary suicide. Nobody can possibly care for Delobelle with his 'Il faut lutter pour l'art,' or for Valmajour with his eternal refrain about the nightingale, or for the poet in *Jack* with his 'mots cruels,' now that we have learned from *Vingt Ans de ma Vie littéraire* that these characters were taken directly from life. To me they seem to have suddenly lost all their vitality, all the few qualities they ever possessed. The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of them as copies. As for M. Paul Bourget, the master of the *roman psychologique*, he commits the error of imagining that the men and women of modern life are capable of being infinitely analyzed for an innumerable series of chapters. In point of fact what is interesting about people in good society—and M. Bourget never moves out of the Faubourg—is the mask that each one of them wears, not the reality that lies behind the mask. It is a humiliating confession, but we are all of us made out of the same stuff. In Falstaff there is something of Hamlet, in Hamlet there is not a little of Falstaff. The fat knight has his moods of melancholy, and the young prince his moments of coarse humor. Where we differ from each other is purely in accidentals: in dress, in manner, tone of voice, personal appearance, tricks of habit, and the like. The more one analyzes people, the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature. Indeed, as any one who has ever worked among the poor knows only too well, the brotherhood of man is no mere poet's dream, it is a terrible reality; and if a writer insists upon analyzing the upper classes he might just as well write of match-girls and costermongers at once." However, my dear Cyril, I will not detain you any further on this point. I quite admit that modern novels have many good points. All I say is that, as a class, they are quite unreadable.

C. That is certainly a very grave qualification, but I must say that I think you are rather unfair in some of your strictures. I like *Robert Elsmere* for in-

stance. Not that I can look upon it as a serious work. As a statement of the problems that confront the earnest Christian it is ridiculous and antiquated. It is simply Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* with the literature left out. It is as much behind the age as Paley's *Evidences*, or Colenso's method of Biblical exegesis. Nor could anything be less impressive than the unfortunate hero gravely heralding a dawn that rose long ago, and so completely missing its true significance that he proposes to carry on the business of the old firm under the new name. On the other hand, it contains several clever caricatures, and a heap of delightful quotations, and Green's philosophy very pleasantly sugars the somewhat bitter pill of the author's fiction. I also cannot help expressing my surprise that you have said nothing about the two novelists whom you are always reading, Balzac and George Meredith. Surely they are realists, both of them?

V. Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language: as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Somebody in Shakespeare—Touchstone, I think—talks about a man who is always breaking his shins over his own wit, and it seems to me that this might serve as the basis of a criticism of Meredith's style. But whatever he is, he is not a realist. Or rather I would say that he is a child of realism who is not on speaking terms with his father. By deliberate choice he has made himself a romanticist. He has refused to bow the knee to Baal, and after all, even if the man's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance. By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and with some wonderful roses. As for Balzac, he was a most remarkable combination of the artistic temperament with the scientific spirit. The latter he bequeathed to his disciples: the former was entirely his own. The difference between such a book as M. Zola's *L'Assommoir* and Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* is the difference between unimaginative

realism and imaginative reality. "All Balzac's characters," said Baudelaire, "are gifted with the same ardor of life that animated himself. All his fictions are as deeply colored as dreams. Each mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. The very scullions have genius." A steady course of Balzac reduces our living friends to shadows, and our acquaintances to the shadows of shades. His characters have a kind of fervent fiery-colored existence. They dominate us and defy scepticism. One of the greatest tragedies of my life is the death of Lucien de Rubempré. It is a grief from which I have never been able to completely rid myself. But Balzac is no more a realist than Holbein was. He created life, he did not copy it. I admit, however, that he set far too high a value on modernity of form, and that, consequently, there is no book of his that, as an artistic masterpiece, can rank with *Salammbo*, or *Esmond*, or *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

C. Do you object to modernity of form then?

V. Yes. It is a huge price to pay for a very poor result. Pure modernity of form is always somewhat vulgarizing. It cannot help being so. The public imagine that, because they are interested in their immediate surroundings, art should be interested in them also, and should take them as her subject-matter. But the mere fact that they are interested in these things makes them unsuitable subjects for art. The only beautiful things, as somebody once said, are the things that do not concern us. As long as a thing is useful or necessary to us, or affects us in any way, either for pain or for pleasure, or appeals strongly to our sympathies, or is a vital part of the environment in which we live, it is outside the proper sphere of art. To art's subject-matter we should be more or less indifferent. We should, at any rate, have no preferences, no prejudices, no partisan feeling of any kind. It is exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are such an admirable motive for a tragedy. I do not know anything in the whole history of literature sadder than the artistic career of Charles Reade. He wrote one beautiful book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a

book as much above *Romola* as *Romola* is above *Daniel Deronda*, and wasted the rest of his life in a foolish attempt to be modern, to draw public attention to the state of our convict prisons and the management of private lunatic asylums. Charles Dickens was depressing enough in all conscience when he tried to arouse our sympathy for the victims of the poor-law administration; but Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of modern life like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist, is really a sight for the angels to weep over. Believe me, my dear Cyril, modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter are entirely and absolutely wrong. We have mistaken the common livery of the age for the vesture of the Muses, and spend our days in the sordid streets and hideous suburbs of our vile cities when we should be out on the hill-side with Apollo. Certainly we are a degraded race, and have sold our birthright for a mess of facts.

C. There is something in what you say, and there is no doubt that whatever amusement we may find in reading an absolutely modern novel, we have rarely any artistic pleasure in re-reading it. And this is perhaps the best rough test of what is literature and what is not. If one cannot enjoy reading a book over and over again, there is no good reading it at all. But what do you say about the return to Life and Nature? This is the panacea that is always being recommended to us.

V. (*taking up his proofs*). I will read you what I say on that subject. The passage comes later on in the article, but I may as well read it now:

"The popular cry of our time is 'Let us return to Life and Nature; they will recreate Art for us, and send the red blood coursing through her veins; they will give her feet swiftness and make her hand strong.' But, alas! we are mistaken in our amiable and well-meaning efforts. Nature is always behind the age; and as for Life, she is the solvent that breaks up Art, the enemy that lays waste her house."

C. What do you mean by saying that nature is always behind the age?

V. Well, perhaps that is rather ob-

scure. What I mean is this. If we take nature to mean natural simple instinct as opposed to self-conscious culture, the work produced under this influence is always old-fashioned, antiquated, and out of date. If, on the other hand, we regard nature as the collection of phenomena external to man, people only discover in her what they bring to her. She has no suggestions of her own. Wordsworth went to the lakes, but he was never a lake poet. He found in stones the sermons he had already hidden there. He went moralizing about the district, but his good work was produced when he returned, not to nature but to poetry. Poetry gave him "Laodamia," and the fine sonnets, and the "Ode to Immortality," and nature gave him "Martha Ray" and "Peter Bell."

C. I think that view might be questioned. I am rather inclined to believe in the "impulse from a vernal wood," though of course the artistic value of such an impulse depends entirely on the kind of temperament that receives it. However, proceed with your article.

V. (reading). "Art begins with abstract decoration, with purely imaginative and pleasurable work dealing with what is unreal and non-existent. This is the first stage. Then Life becomes fascinated with this new wonder, and asks to be admitted into the charmed circle. Art takes Life as part of her rough material, recreates it, and refashions it in fresh forms, is absolutely indifferent to fact, invents, imagines, dreams, and keeps between herself and reality the impenetrable barrier of beautiful style, of decorative or ideal treatment. The third stage is when Life gets the upper hand, and drives Art out into the wilderness. This is the decadence, and it is from this that we are now suffering.

"Take the case of the English drama.

At first in the hands of the monks dramatic art was abstract, decorative, and mythological. Then she enlisted life in her service, and using some of life's external forms, she created an entirely new race of beings, whose sorrows were more terrible than any sorrow man has ever felt, whose joys were keener than lover's joys, who had the rage of the Titans and the calm of the gods, who had mon-

strous and marvellous sins, monstrous and marvellous virtues. To them she gave a language different from that of actual life, a language full of resonant music and sweet rhythm, made stately by solemn cadence, or made delicate by fanciful rhyme, jewelled with wonderful words, and enriched with lofty diction. She clothed her children in strange raiment and gave them masks, and at her bidding the antique world rose from its marble tomb. A new Cæsar stalked through the streets of risen Rome, and with purple sail and flute-led oars another Cleopatra passed up the river to Antioch. Old myth and legend and dream took form and substance. History was entirely rewritten, and there was hardly one of the dramatists who did not recognize that *the object of art is not simple truth but complex beauty*. In this they were perfectly right. Art herself is simply a form of exaggeration; and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of over-emphasis.

"But life soon shattered the perfection of the form. Even in Shakespeare we can see the beginning of the end. It shows itself by the gradual breaking up of the blank verse in the later plays, by the predominance given to prose, and by the over-importance assigned to characterization. The passages in Shakespeare—and they are many—where the language is uncouth, vulgar, exaggerated, fantastic, obscene even, are due entirely to life calling for an echo of its own voice, and rejecting the intervention of beautiful style, through which alone it should be allowed to find expression. Shakespeare is not by any means a flawless artist. He is too fond of going directly to life, and borrowing life's natural utterance. He forgets that when art surrenders her imaginative medium she surrenders everything. Goethe says somewhere—

In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,

'It is in working within limits that the master reveals himself,' and the limitation, the very condition, of any art is style. However, we will not linger any longer over Shakespeare's realism. The *Tempest* is the best of palinodes. All that we desired to point out was, that the magnificent work of the Eliza-

bethan and Jacobean artists contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, and that if it drew some of its strength from using life as rough material, it drew all its weakness from using life as an artistic method. As the inevitable result of this substitution of an imitative for a creative medium, this surrender of an imaginative form, we have the modern English melodrama. The characters in these plays talk on the stage exactly as they would talk off it; they are taken directly from life and reproduce its vulgarity down to the smallest detail; they have the gait, manner, costume, and accent of real people; they would pass unnoticed in a third-class railway carriage. And yet how wearisome the plays are! They do not succeed in producing even that impression of reality at which they aim, and which is their only reason for existing. As a method realism is a complete failure.

"What is true about the drama and the novel is no less true about those arts that we call the decorative arts. The whole history of decorative art in Europe is the record of the struggle between Orientalism, with its frank rejection of imitation, its love of artistic convention, its dislike to the actual representation of any object in nature, and our own imitative spirit. Wherever the former has been paramount, as in Byzantium, Sicily, and Spain, by actual contact, or in the rest of Europe by the influence of the Crusades, we have had beautiful and imaginative work in which the visible things of life are transmuted into artistic conventions, and the things that life has not are invented and fashioned for her. But wherever we have returned to life and nature, our work has always become vulgar, common, and uninteresting. Modern tapestry, with its ærial effects, its elaborate perspective, its broad expanses of waste sky, its faithful and laborious realism, has no beauty whatsoever. The pictorial glass of Germany is absolutely detestable. We are beginning to weave possible carpets in England, but only because we have returned to the method and spirit of the East. Our rugs and carpets of twenty years ago, with their healthy national feeling, their inane worship of nature, their sordid reproductions of visible objects,

have become, even to the Philistine, a source of laughter. A cultured Mahomedan once remarked to me, 'You Christians are so occupied in misinterpreting the fourth commandment that you have never thought of making an artistic application of the second.' He was perfectly right, and the whole truth of the matter is this: *the proper school to learn art in is not Life but Art.*"

And now let me read you a passage which deals with the commonplace character of our literature:—

"It was not always thus. We need not say anything about the poets, for they, with the unfortunate exception of Mr. Wordsworth, have always been faithful to their high mission, and are universally recognized as being absolutely unreliable. But in the works of Herodotus, who, in spite of the shallow and ungenerous attempts of modern sciolists to verify his history, may be justly called the 'Father of Lies'; in the published speeches of Cicero and the biographies of Suetonius; in Tacitus at his best; in Pliny's *Natural History*; in Hanno's *Periplus*; in all the early chronicles; in the Lives of the Saints; in Froissart and Sir Thomas Mallory; in the travels of Marco Polo; in Olaus Magnus, and Aldrovandus, and Conrad Lycosthenes, with his magnificent *Prodigiorum et Omenorum Chronicon*; in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; in the memoirs of Casanuova; in Defoe's *History of the Plague*; in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; in Napoleon's despatches, and in the works of our own Carlyle, whose *French Revolution* is one of the most fascinating historical romances ever written, facts are either kept in their proper subordinate position, or else entirely excluded on the general ground of dullness. Now everything is changed. Facts are not merely finding a footing in history, but they are usurping the domain of Fancy, and have invaded the kingdom of Romance. Their chilling touch is over everything. They are vulgarizing mankind. The crude commercialism of America, its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high, unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero, a man, who according to his

own confession, was incapable of telling a lie, and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature."

C. My dear boy!

V. I assure you it is quite true, and the amusing part of the whole thing is that the story of the cherry-tree is an absolute myth. However, you must not think that I am too despondent about the artistic future of America or of our own country. Listen to this:—

"That some change will take place before this century has drawn to its close, we have no doubt whatsoever. Bored by the tedious and improving conversation of those who have neither the wit to exaggerate nor the genius to romance, tired of the intelligent person whose reminiscences are always based upon memory, whose statements are invariably limited by probability, and who is at any time liable to be corroborated by the merest Philistine who happens to be present, society sooner or later must return to its lost leader, the cultured and fascinating liar. Who he was who first, without ever having gone out to the rude chase, told the wondering cave-men at sunset how he had dragged the Megatherium from the purple darkness of its jasper cave, or slain the Mammoth in single combat and brought back its gilded tusks, we cannot tell, and not one of our modern anthropologists, with all their much-boasted science, has had the ordinary courage to tell us. Whatever was his name or race, he was certainly the true founder of social intercourse. For the aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. He is the very basis of civilized society, and without him a dinner party, even at the mansions of the great, is as dull as a lecture at the Royal Society or a debate at the Incorporated Authors.

"Nor will he be welcomed merely by society. Art, breaking from the prison-house of realism, will run to greet him and will kiss his false, beautiful lips, knowing that he alone is in possession of the great secret of all her manifestations, the secret that truth is entirely and absolutely a matter of style. While Life—poor, probable, uninteresting human life—tired of repeating herself for

the benefit of Mr. Herbert Spencer, scientific historians, and the compilers of statistics in general, will follow meekly after him, and try to reproduce, in her own simple and untutored way, some of the marvels of which he talks.

"No doubt there will always be critics who, like a recent writer in the *Saturday Review*, will gravely censure the teller of fairy tales for his defective knowledge of natural history, who will measure imaginative work by their own lack of any imaginative faculty, and who will hold up their ink-stained hands in horror if some honest gentleman, who has never been farther than the yew trees of his own garden, pens a fascinating book of travels like Sir John Mandeville, or, like great Raleigh, writes a whole history of the world, in prison, and without knowing anything about the past. To excuse themselves they will try and shelter under the shield of him who made Prospero the magician, and gave him Caliban and Ariel as his servants, who heard the Tritons blowing their horns round the coral-reefs of the Enchanted Isle and the fairies singing to each other in a wood near Athens, who led the phantom kings in dim procession across the misty Scottish heath, and hid Hecate in a cave with the weird sisters. They will call upon Shakespeare—they always do—and will quote that hackneyed passage about Art holding up the mirror to Nature, forgetting that this unfortunate aphorism is deliberately said by Hamlet in order to convince the bystanders of his absolute insanity in art-matters."

C. Ahem! Ahem! Another cigarette, please.

V. My dear fellow, whatever you may say, it is merely a dramatic utterance, and no more represents Shakespeare's real views upon art than the speeches of Iago represent his real views upon morals. But let me get to the end of the passage:—

"Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no botanist knows of, birds that no museum possesses. She makes and unmakes many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread.

Hers are the 'forms more real than living man,' and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. Nature has, in her eyes, no laws, no uniformity. She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond tree blossom in winter, and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thicket as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side."

C. Is that the end of this dangerous article?

V. No. There is one more passage, but it is purely practical. It simply suggests some methods by which we could revive this lost art of lying.

C. Well, before you read me that, I should like to ask you a question. What do you mean by saying that life, "poor, probable, uninteresting human life," will try to reproduce the marvels of art? I can quite understand your objection to art being treated as a mirror. You think it would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking-glass. But you don't mean to say that you seriously believe that life imitates art, that life in fact is the mirror, and art the reality?

V. Certainly I do. Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that *life imitates art far more than art imitates life*. We have all seen in our own day in England how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasized by two imaginative painters, has so influenced life that whenever one goes to a private view or to an artistic salon one sees here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved, there the sweet maidenhood of "The Golden Stair," the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the "Laus Amoris," the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the Vivien in "Merlin's Dream." And it has always been so.

A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Vandyck found in England what they have given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models. The Greeks, with their quick artistic instinct, understood this, and set in the bride's chamber the statue of Hermes or of Apollo, that she might bear children like the works of art that she looked at. They knew that life gains from art not merely spirituality, depth of thought and passion, soul-turmoil or soul-peace, but that she can form herself on the very lines and colors of art, and can reproduce the dignity of Pheidias as well as the grace of Praxiteles. Hence came their objection to realism. They disliked it on purely social grounds. They felt that it inevitably makes people ugly, and they were perfectly right. We try to improve the conditions of the race by means of good air, sunlight, wholesome water, and hideous bare buildings for the better housing of the people. But these things merely produce health, they do not produce beauty. For this art is required, and the true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times: in fact, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature. The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate apple-women, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning from the city by leaping out on them, with black masks and loaded revolvers. This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have named, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake. The imagination is essentially creative and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is Fact, occupied,

as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale through the whole of life. Schopenhauer has analyzed the pessimism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgénéïeff, and completed by Dostoïeffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau, as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs, and De Marsays made their first appearance in the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy of a great novelist. I once asked a lady, who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years after the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, the governess ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style, and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places. The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died a few months after *The Newcomes* had reached a fourth edition, with the word "Adsum" on his lips. Shortly after Mr. Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious

to get to a railway station, he took what he thought was a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous he was walking extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. The child fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and not a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who kept pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr. Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible scene, and at having done accidentally what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and he finally took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young man, apparently an assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The crowd was induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was "Jekyll."

Here the imitation was of course accidental. In the following case the imitation was self-conscious. In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a lady who interested me very much, not merely in appearance, but in nature. What interested me most in her was her strange vagueness of character. She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types. Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture-galleries or museums. Then she would take to attending race-meetings, would wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting. She was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as the sea-god was when Odysseus got hold of

him. One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine. She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognized herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance. I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from the Russian, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend. Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterward I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up to see what had become of the heroine. It was a most piteous tale, as the heroine had ended by running away with a man inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in nature and intellect also. I wrote to my friend that evening, and added a postscript to the effect that her double had behaved in a very silly manner. I don't know why I wrote, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing. Before my letter had reached her, she had run away with a man who deserted her in six months. I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action. She told me that she had felt an absolutely irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that life imitates art far more than art imitates life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realizes in fact what has

been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died. Think of what we owe to the imitation of Christ, of what we owe to the imitation of Cæsar.

C. The theory is certainly a very curious one. But even admitting this strange imitative instinct in life, surely you would acknowledge that art expresses the temper of its age, the spirit of its time, the moral and social conditions that surround it, and under whose influence it is produced.

V. Certainly not! *Art never expresses anything but itself.* This is the principle of my new æsthetics; and it is this, and not any vital connection between form and substance, as Mr. Pater fancies, that makes music the true type of all the arts. Of course, nations and individuals, with that healthy natural vanity which is the secret of life, are always under the impression that it is of them that the Muses are talking, always trying to find in the calm dignity of imaginative art some mirror of their own turbid passions, always forgetting that the singer of life is not Apollo, but Marsyas. Remote from reality, and with her eyes turned away from the shadows of the cave, Art reveals her own perfection, and the wondering crowd that watches the opening of the marvellous, many-petalled rose fancies that it is its own history that is being told to it, its own spirit that is finding expression in a new form. But it is not so. The highest art rejects the burden of the human spirit, and gains more from a new medium or a fresh material than she does from any enthusiasm for art, or from any lofty passion, or from any great awakening of the human consciousness. She develops purely on her own lines. She is not symbolic of any age. It is the ages that are her symbols, her reflections, her echoes.

Even those who hold that Art is representative of time and place and peo-

ple, cannot help admitting that the more imitative an art is, the less it represents to us the spirit of its age. The evil faces of the Roman emperors look out at us from the foul porphyry and spotted jasper in which the realistic artists of the day delighted to work, and we fancy that in those cruel lips and heavy sensual jaws we can find the secret of the ruin of the Empire. But it was not so. The vices of Tiberius could not destroy that great civilization, any more than the virtues of the Antonines could save it. It fell for other, for greater reasons. The sibyls and prophets of the Sistine may indeed serve to interpret for some that new birth of the emancipated spirit that we call the Renaissance; but what do the drunken boors and brawling peasants of Dutch art tell us about the great soul of Holland? The more abstract, the more ideal an art is, the more it reveals to us the temper of its age. If we wish to understand a nation by means of its art, let us look at its architecture or its music.

C. I do not quite agree with you there. The spirit of an age may be best expressed in the abstract ideal arts, for the spirit itself is abstract and ideal; but for the visible aspect of an age, for its look, as the phrase goes, we must surely go to the arts of imitation.

V. I don't think so. After all, what the imitative arts really give us are merely the various styles of particular artists, or of particular schools of artists. Surely you don't imagine that the people of the Middle Ages bore any resemblance at all to the figures on mediæval stained glass, or in mediæval stone and wood carving, or on mediæval metalwork, or tapestries, or illuminated MSS. They were probably very ordinary-looking people, with nothing grotesque, or remarkable, or fantastic about them. The Middle Ages, as we know them in art, are simply a form of style, and there is no reason at all why an artist with this style should not be produced in the nineteenth century. No great artist ever sees things as they really are. If he did, he would cease to be an artist. Take an example from our own day. I know that you are fond of Japanese art. Now, do you really imagine that the Japanese people, as they are presented to us in art, have any existence? If

you do, you have never understood Japanese art at all. The Japanese people are the deliberate creation of certain artists. If you set a picture by Hokusai, or Hokkei, or any of the great native painters, beside a real Japanese gentleman or lady, or beside a photograph of a Japanese gentleman or lady, you will see that there is not the slightest resemblance between them. The actual people who live in Japan are not unlike the general run of English people; that is to say, they are extremely commonplace, and have nothing curious or extraordinary about them. In fact the whole of Japan is a pure invention. There is no such country, there are no such people. One of our most charming painters, whose tiny full-length portraits of children are so beautiful and so powerful that he should be named the Velasquez to the Court of Lilliput, went recently to Japan in the foolish hope of seeing the Japanese. All he saw, all he had the chance of painting, were a few lanterns and some fans. He was unable to discover the inhabitants, as delightful exhibition at Messrs. Dowdell's Gallery showed only too well. He did not know that the Japanese people are, as I have said, simply a mode of style, a whimsical fancy of art. Take the Greeks. Do you think that Greek art ever tells us what the Greek people were like? Do you believe that the Athenian women were like the stately dignified figures of the Parthenon frieze, or like those marvellous goddesses who sat in the triangular pediments of the same building? If you judge from the art, they certainly were so. But read an authority, like Aristophanes for instance. You will find that the Athenian ladies laced tightly, wore high-heeled shoes, dyed their hair yellow, painted and rouged their faces, and were exactly like any silly fashionable or fallen creature of our own day. We look back on the ages entirely through the medium of Art, and Art very fortunately has never once told us the truth.

C. But modern portraits by English painters, what of them? Surely they are like the people they pretend to represent?

V. Quite so. They are so like them that a hundred years from now no one will believe in them. The only portraits

that one believes in are portraits where there is very little of the sitter and a great deal of the artist. Holbein's portraits of the men and women of his time impress us with a sense of their absolute reality. But this is simply because Holbein compelled life to accept his conditions, to restrain itself within his limitations, to reproduce his type, and to appear as he wished it to appear. It is style that makes us believe in a thing—nothing but style. Most of our modern portrait painters never paint what they see. *They paint what the public sees, and the public never sees anything.*

C. Well, after that I think I should like to hear the end of your article.

V. With pleasure. Whether it will do any good I really cannot say. Ours is certainly the dullest and most prosaic century possible. Why, even Sleep has played us false, and has closed up the gates of ivory, and opened the gates of horn. The dreams of the great middle classes of this country, as recorded in Mr. Myers's two bulky volumes on the subject and in the *Transactions of the Psychical Society*, are the most depressing things I have ever read. There is not even a fine nightmare among them. They are commonplace, sordid, and probable. As for the Church I cannot conceive anything better for the culture of a country than the presence in it of a body of men whose duty it is to believe in the supernatural, to perform daily miracles, and to keep alive that mythopœic faculty which is so essential for the imagination. But in the English Church a man succeeds, not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only Church where the sceptic stands at the altar, and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle. Many a worthy clergyman, who passes his life in good works of kindly charity, lives and dies unnoticed and unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow uneducated passman out of either University to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's ark or Balaam's ass or Jonah and the whale, for half of London to flock to his church and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration at his superb intellect. The growth of common-sense in the English Church is a thing very much to be regretted. It is really a de-

grading concession to a low form of realism. However, I must read the end of my article:—

“What we have to do, what at any rate it is our duty to do, is to revive this old art of lying. Much of course may be done, in the way of educating the public, by amateurs in the domestic circle, at literary lunches, and at afternoon teas. But this is merely the light and graceful side of lying, such as was probably heard at Cretan dinner parties. There are many other forms. Lying for the sake of gaining some immediate personal advantage, for instance—lying for a moral purpose, as it is usually called—though of late it has been rather looked down upon, was extremely popular with the antique world. Athena laughs when Odysseus tells her what a Cambridge professor once elegantly termed a ‘whopper,’ and the glory of mendacity illumines the pale brow of the stainless hero of Euripidean tragedy, and sets among the noble women of the world the young bride of one of Horace's most exquisite odes. Later on what at first had been merely a natural instinct was elevated into a self-conscious science. Elaborate rules were laid down for the guidance of mankind, and an important school of literature grew up round the subject. Indeed, when one remembers the excellent philosophical treatise of Sanchez on the whole question, one cannot help regretting that no one has ever thought of publishing a cheap and condensed edition of the works of that great casuist. A short primer, ‘When to Lie and how,’ if brought out in an attractive and not too expensive form, would no doubt command a large sale, and would prove of real practical service to many earnest and deep-thinking people. Lying for the sake of the improvement of the young, which is the basis of home education, still lingers among us, and its advantages are so admirably set forth in the early books of the *Republic* that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. It is a form of lying for which all good mothers have peculiar capabilities, but it is capable of still further development, and has been sadly overlooked by the School Board. Lying for the sake of a monthly salary is of course well known in Fleet Street, and the profession of a

political leader-writer is not without its advantages. But it is said to be a somewhat dull occupation, and it certainly does not lead to much beyond a kind of ostentatious obscurity. The only form of lying that is absolutely beyond reproach is lying for its own sake, and the highest development of this is, as we have already pointed out, lying in Art. Just as those who do not love Plato more than truth cannot pass beyond the threshold of the Academe, so those who do not love beauty more than truth never know the inmost shrine of Art. The solid stolid British intellect lies in the desert sands like the Sphinx in Flaubert's marvellous tale, and fantasy, *La Chimère*, dances round it, and calls to it with her false, flute-toned voice. It may not hear her now, but surely some day, when we are all bored to death with the commonplace character of modern fiction, it will hearken to her and try to borrow her wings.

"And when that day dawns, or sunset reddens, how joyous we shall all be! Facts will be regarded as discreditable, Truth will be found mourning over her fetters, and Romance, with her temper of wonder, will return to the land. The very aspect of the world will change to our startled eyes. Out of the sea will rise Behemoth and Leviathan, and sail round the high-pooped galleys, as they do on the delightful maps of those ages when books on geography were actually readable. Dragons will wander about the waste places, and the phoenix will soar from her nest of fire into the air. We shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. The hippogriff will stand in our stalls, champing his gilded oats, and over our heads will float the Blue Bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not and that should be. But before this comes to pass we must cultivate the lost art of lying."

C. Then we must certainly cultivate it at once. But in order to avoid making any error I want you to briefly tell me the doctrines of the new æsthetics.

V. Briefly, then, they are these. Art never expresses anything but itself. It has an independent life, just as Thought has, and develops purely on its own lines. It is not necessarily realistic in

an age of realism, nor spiritual in an age of faith. So far from being the creation of its time, it is usually in direct opposition to it, and the only history that it preserves for us is the history of its own progress. Sometimes it returns on its own footsteps, and revives some old form, as happened in the archaistic movement of late Greek art, and in the pre-Raphaelite movement of our own day. At other times it entirely anticipates its age, and produces in one century work that it takes another century to understand, to appreciate, and to enjoy. In no case does it reproduce its age. To pass from the art of a time to the time itself is the great fallacy of all historians.

The second doctrine is this. All bad art comes from returning to life and nature, and elevating them into ideals. Life and nature may sometimes be used as part of art's rough material, but before they are of any real service to art they must be translated into artistic conventions. The moment art surrenders its imaginative medium it surrenders everything. As a method Realism is a complete failure, and the two things that every artist should avoid are modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter. To us, who live in the nineteenth century, any century is a suitable subject for art except our own. The only beautiful things are things that do not concern us. It is, to have the pleasure of quoting myself, exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are so suitable a motive for a tragedy.

The third doctrine is that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. This results not merely from Life's imitative instinct, but from the fact that the desire of Life is simply to find expression, and that Art offers it certain beautiful forms through which it may realize that energy. It is a theory that has never been formularized before, but it is extremely fruitful, and throws an entirely new light on the history of Art.

The last doctrine is that Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of Art. But of this I think I have spoken at sufficient length. And now let us go out on the terrace, where "the milk-white peacock glimmers like a ghost," while the even star "washes

the dusk with silver." At twilight nature becomes a wonderfully suggestive effect and is not without loveliness, though perhaps its chief use is to illus-

trate quotations from the poets. Come ! We have talked long enough.—*Nineteenth Century*.

FEDERATION *VERSUS* WAR.

IN ancient times, when war so often desolated the then known world, and when, at the bidding of the Emperor or the despot, hordes of men were driven, docile as sheep, to encounter hordes of other men in sanguinary contests, the mass of the people knew little, and perhaps cared less, for the immediate cause of the quarrel. Nations rose and nations fell, and rival races entered on many a death-struggle, impelled by no other reason than the mandate of a tyrant, or as the result of a palace intrigue. The science of diplomacy, then in its infancy, was rarely invoked to arrest national bloodshed, and to the sword alone was the ultimate appeal for the settlement of international disputes. Even in more recent times we see diplomacy exercising but little power, and the caprice of the individual is shown by the pages of history to be largely accountable for the bloodiest wars of modern times. The mistress of Louis XV. wishes to be revenged for an epigram, and France engages in hostilities which from first to last demand the sacrifice of five hundred thousand lives. Frederick the Great covets Silesia, and desires also, according to his own account, to be talked about ; as a consequence Germany is convulsed with a series of struggles the last of which endures for seven years, which deluges the country with blood, and produces a state of impoverishment, combined with disastrous effects, which are felt even at the present day. It is true the policy of Frederick has in some quarters been ably defended and excuses have been made for his actions, but on one point the verdict of posterity must be unanimous. The wars were in their origin dynastic, and not prompted by national sentiment. They merely turned on the question as to whether the people of Silesia were to be ruled over by Frederick or Maria Theresa. Had the classes on both sides, who paid the taxes and shed their

blood to sustain the policy of these potentates, been properly consulted, it is pretty certain that no war would have ensued and that an incalculable amount of human suffering would have been averted.

Again we see, in the late Franco-Prussian War, two powerful nations engaged in a conflict which, for the time it lasted, was one of the fiercest on record, yet it is a positive fact that immediately before the outbreak of hostilities the people of France and the people of Germany most emphatically wished for peace. It is said, and we believe on the best authority, that the Emperor was to a certain extent passive in the diplomatic manœuvres which preceded the catastrophe, but, at the same time, his inclination lay in the direction of whatever events would secure a peaceful future for his son and undisturbed possession of the Imperial power. Now it is manifest that a successful campaign against Prussia would most easily have secured that object, and would at the same time have counteracted the Republican feeling which had become so rampant of late years ; therefore, the Emperor gave, reluctantly or not as the case may be, his acquiescence. With more truth, perhaps, the Empress is charged with the responsibility of the rupture ; there are good reasons for believing that, besides the influence of her consort's views, priestly counsels emanating from the Vatican fomented the quarrel, as a means of curbing the growing Protestant power of Germany and at the same time of gaining territorial possessions for France. Should this be a correct statement of the case, and it is generally received as such, the Franco-Prussian War, springing from dynastic and religious causes, was not the less, as most other international conflicts have been, due also to selfish personal reasons.

In the case of the Russo-Turkish War, we believe we may say, without fear of

contradiction, that the Turkish people at large entertained no desire to make any aggression on Russia, either for the purpose of extending Mohammedanism or of acquiring territory, and, however fanatical followers of the Greek Church the masses of the Russian people may be, still those masses showed no sign of a national desire to draw the sword against Turkey, the real cause for doing which appears to have been the personal wish of the Czar, stimulated by a small but influential party in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The Nihilistic power had been gaining ground rapidly; Russia was known to be honeycombed with secret societies; and probably the Czar imagined that a successful contest with the Turks would re-establish his popularity and spread contentment with the existing *régime*. Thus this struggle, like the others, had in reality its origin in private and personal reasons.

Of late years a strong feeling has set in among the thinking masses of Europe that after all war, so long considered a hideous necessity, is in reality no necessity whatever; that it, with all its attendant horrors, may be dispensed with, and that an efficient substitute might be found for one of the most deplorable inheritances of barbarism. The sentiment above mentioned may be ascribed to various causes, but principally to the spread of education, the increased diffusion of political knowledge among the general population, and the growing force of philanthropy. The question is asked, Why should several millions of men in Europe alone, and when nations are on a peace footing, be withdrawn from the cultivation of the fields, from the workshop, the counting-house, and the mart, to be huddled together in barracks, supported by the taxation of other toiling millions, in order that the conscripts might be trained to a life which unfits them for industrial pursuits, while only teaching them how best and most expeditiously they may destroy their fellow-men? The answer has been given in no doubtful accents by the thinking and rapidly increasing educated classes of Europe, who no longer desire to spend their hard-earned treasure or their blood in the gratification of the personal ambition of their rulers.

The tabular statement given below,

showing the amount of the standing armies of Europe, even when on a peace footing, will convey some idea of the waste of human energy involved, to say nothing of the cost of their maintenance.

That a substitute for war should be found, and eventually must be found, is now pretty well established, but a serious and very difficult question arises—How is that substitute to be provided? The subject is one surrounded truly with tremendous difficulties, for it must be remembered that hardly a nation exists in Europe which does not wish for something it has not got, but which is possessed by some other nationality; and there is scarcely a single Power which does not desire to do something conducive to its own prosperity, but which would essentially militate against the interests of others. Still, though the difficulties are, no doubt, very great, they do not appear to be insuperable, and those statesmen will indeed deserve well of their respective countries who may exert themselves to hasten the time when a peaceful settlement of international difficulties may be arranged in lieu of the disastrous alternative of international slaughter.

EUROPEAN ARMIES ON A PEACE FOOTING.

*Great Britain, . . .	208,357 (officers and men)
Austria-Hungary, . .	309,659 (17,867 officers, 291,792 men)
Belgium, . . .	53,886 (3,315 officers, 50,571 men)
Denmark, . . .	16,633 (335 officers, 16,318 men)
France, . . .	525,711 (officers and men)
Germany, . . .	492,000 (officers and men)
Greece, . . .	26,340 (officers and men)
Italy, . . .	265,889 (under arms)
Permanent Army, . .	630,582 (on unlimited leave)
Netherlands, . . .	55,000
Portugal, . . .	32,000 (men and officers)
Roumania, . . .	79,812 (1,200 officers, 18,612 men)
Russia, . . .	761,858 (combatants only)
Servia, . . .	18,000 (standing cadre of the army)
Spain, . . .	144,664 (officers and men)
Sweden, . . .	39,464 (combatants only)
Norway, . . .	18,000 (actually under arms)
Switzerland, . . .	201,828 (including Landwehr)
Turkey, . . .	158,810 (officers and men)

†Total, . . . 3,980,513

It has been computed that, including the population of the United States of America, some hundred and five millions of people speak the English language, and belong generally to the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, supposing that England and the Colonies united in forming an Imperial Parliament, to which delegates

* This number includes the garrisons on foreign stations.

† Including the reserves, which could be called out in a few weeks, the amount is approximately twelve millions.

might be sent from each of our dependencies ; and suppose the Parliament had for its functions the consideration of Imperial interests, leaving Colonial matters to local legislation, it is manifest that the bond of union between the mother country and her dependencies would be drawn much closer than at present, and greatly to the advantage of all. In this assembly, Canada, Australia, the South African Colonies, New Zealand, and the West Indian Islands would be represented, questions of general utility would be freely ventilated and fairly discussed, reciprocal trade regulations would be established on a satisfactory basis, and projects for mutual defence in case of war would be arranged. In India it may be said that two hundred and seventy millions of natives are directly or indirectly governed by England, while among this teeming native population European ideas, a system of European education, and a knowledge of the English language are making rapid progress. As the different phases of Hindoo idolatry fade away before enlightenment our fellow-subjects in the East are beginning to see that, if they are a conquered people, still they have been rescued from a most degrading religious and political thralldom, that they have exchanged for the infamous rule of their native princes a civilized Government which gives them security for life and property, which also provides public works and education, thus gradually developing in the native mind a capacity for free institutions and for the refinements of European social life. Under these influences we may hope that the Hindoo and Mohammedan millions of India will soon view their position, not so much in the aspect of a subdued people than as that of a contented and prosperous part of an Empire governed by the great Aryan race, of which the Hindoo is himself one of the chief Asiatic branches. It would be too much to say that the Indian native is, at present, fit for representative institutions, but he is becoming so, and, in the future, native statesmen may, it is to be hoped, represent India in an Imperial Congress.

At present, the British Empire possesses the most extensive territory and the largest population, together with the

greatest amount of wealth and commerce, owned by any nation in ancient or modern times. We monopolize one-third of the world's trade ; more than one-fifth of the world's population is ruled over by the Queen of England ; our flag waves over one-eighth of the habitable globe. In time, and possibly not a very long time hence, the people of the United States, numbering at present more than sixty millions, may form a part of an Anglo-Saxon Confederation, which would then be, unquestionably, the strongest in the world, and which would unite the great Anglo-Saxon family by the strongest ties of any—those of self-interest. Thus, were the Union we have alluded to formed by England, her colonies, her Asiatic dependencies, and the United States of America, the important fact would be established that about one-fourth of the human race would have agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration instead of by the inhuman and costly process of war.

The question now arises, How would the other Powers of Europe profit by this example ? When we consider that the weaker nations have everything to lose and nothing to gain by war, yet that they are obliged to retain, at the cost of heavy taxation, considerable military forces to resist possible aggression, it is natural to suppose that they would be likely to join in a confederation which, to the extent of their relations with it, would assure them of immunity from disturbance ; and, therefore, we may suppose that one by one the weaker nations would join the great Anglo-Saxon Union. It would then remain for four or five of the principal Governments of Europe to consider whether they would keep up enormous armies at ruinous taxation, with the result of augmenting public debt and increasing the discontent of their subjects, or whether they would agree to a system which would enable them to disband their armies, lessen taxation, reduce debt, and banish discontent. It would certainly be a question for autocrats to consider, but not for them only. The subjects of the great Powers would also express their opinion, and there is little doubt as to the form that opinion would take, for, judging by the present strong tendency of European thought, the ques-

tion will in some way solve itself at no distant period. We see Nihilism, Socialism, Communism, in their different phases, growing more powerful every day, and it is not difficult to discern the origin of these movements in the systems of over-taxation and of military conscription, which, to supply enormous armies, check the industry of the working classes. It is not surprising, then, that national discontent, with its invariable outcome, the formation of secret societies, grows daily more intense and more formidable. Were the civilized nations of the world to form a Union as above suggested, on the basis of a system of arbitration instead of an appeal to the sword, there would still remain a very considerable portion of the globe occupied by races which have not yet emerged from barbarism, who would not, and indeed could not, be made subject to the conditions of the above arrangement. For a long period of time, doubtless, negro tribes in Central Africa, and Tartar hordes in Central Asia, will continue to slaughter each other for more or less valid reasons ; but civilization, every year rapidly extending her bounds, displays a well-marked tendency to crush out of existence those races which show no capacity for elevation from the barbaric state, while, on the other hand, she draws within her influence other varieties of our species which do evince that capacity, and, such being the case, we can hope the time may come when, savage man having disappeared from the scene, enlightenment, always advancing, will unite the dominant types of the human family into one great brotherhood of nations.

The closer the subject is examined the more clearly does it appear that the difficulties attending a peaceful settlement of international disputes, though great, are only those which are inseparable from any project of the kind, and that they can be grappled with. At the present time there is a strong tendency among European nations to appropriate different portions of the world which are still under the dominion of barbarism, but which, from geographical position or natural causes, give a promise of future utility, or of constituting colonial wealth. In fact, nations are beginning to recognize how limited in extent are

the unappropriated fragments of the world, and that in a short time the more enterprising Powers will have absorbed everything that may yet be worth having.

The decision arrived at by the Powers of Europe and America to arrange their various claims with regard to the navigation of the Congo by international congress is in itself a very important step, as indicating a general determination that in the scramble for foreign possessions the advantages appertaining to valuable territories coveted by many, at the same time will be open to all, and that the weaker among civilized nations will share with the greater Powers the profits following in the wake of enterprise and progress.

However desirable the fact, it would perhaps be Utopian to suppose that the nationalities of Europe and America would simultaneously agree to map out the portions of our world yet occupied by savage man, and administer the possessions by international commissions for the general benefit of those concerned ; but it is by no means certain that this process could not be carried out by degrees and in the course of time. For the present, the international scheme arranged with reference to the navigation of the Congo is in abeyance, but let us suppose that ultimate success attends the deliberation of the delegates, and that what have been declared the common rights of different nations may be regulated by the international commission, could not the same process be applied in a more extended sense, with equal success and mutual profit, to many other portions of the globe ? It should not be forgotten that some of the very richest of these are in the hands of races occupying the lands without developing their resources, races which, living under wretched administrative systems, drag on a miserable existence under an inferior and never advancing form of government, too apathetic and indolent to utilize the natural wealth which surrounds them, yet denying to the activity and enterprise of Europe that of which they themselves decline to take advantage.

Should the idea which we have endeavored to formulate be acted on by the Powers of Europe and America, a

very large portion of the richest tracts of the earth would be speedily taken from beneath the sway of barbarism, the superabundant capital, population, and energies of the civilized communities would find an outlet, and the happiness of a very large proportion of the human family would be palpably advanced. In addition the important fact

would present itself, that in the amicable agreement to administer jointly the territories thus acquired an essentially powerful cause of national jealousies or quarrels would disappear, and a very considerable step would be taken toward the ultimate cessation of war.—*Westminster Review*.

ART IN ENGLAND.*

An Address delivered at the Liverpool Art Congress, and revised by the author for this Review.

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., PRESIDENT NATIONAL ACADEMY.

I CANNOT but feel that to some of my hearers, and to not a few of those who do not hear me, but whom the words spoken in this place may chance to reach through the Press, some brief explanation is, at the outset, due as to my occupancy of this chair. To them it is known that weighty reasons have for many years compelled me to decline all requests—and those requests have been frequent, urgent, and most gratifying to me in form and spirit—that I should publicly address audiences, beyond the walls of Burlington House, on the subject which is to occupy this Congress, the subject of art. It is not without some compunction that I have followed this course, but the exigencies, on the one hand, of the duties of my office, and, on the other, a firm purpose, which you will not, I hope, rebuke, to remain always and before all things a working artist, have left to my too limited strength and powers no alternative but that which I have adopted. Nevertheless, I have felt justified in obeying the summons of the founders of this Congress—and for this reason, that while the far-reaching character of the effort here initiated and my earnest desire to contribute, in however small a measure, to whatever of good may flow from it, have seemed to make it incumbent on me to accept the duty of saying a few words on this occasion, its comprehensive and national character lift it into a category wholly apart from and outside

the sphere of purely local interests, such as those which I had hitherto been invited to support.

I trust I shall be pardoned this short obtrusion of private considerations, and that you will see in it not a movement of egotism, but the discharge of a simple debt of courtesy; which said, let me address myself to the task imposed upon me—the task of showing cause and need for the existence of the association which inaugurates to-day its public work, and of arousing, if it is in my power, your efficient sympathy in that work, that it may not remain barren and without fruit. But here I am at once conscious of a perplexity lurking in your minds. "Why," I hear you ask, "should an organization have been called into life for the sole purpose of considering in public matters relating to the development and spread of art in this country? What hitherto unfulfilled ends do you seek to achieve? Do you aim at the wider extension of artistic education in this country? But vast sums from the public purse are annually devoted to its promotion; schools of art multiply, one might almost say swarm, over the face of the land. Or do you tax the great municipal bodies of England with remissness on this score? But day by day efforts in this direction among the great provincial centres of trade and industry become more marked and effectual. No announcement more frequently meets our eyes than that of the opening, with due ceremony and circumstance, and seemingly with full recognition that the event is an important one, of spacious public galleries for the annual ex-

* This paper applies so forcibly to the conditions of art in the United States that the editor of THE ECLECTIC thinks it eminently desirable to reprint it.

hibition, or for the permanent housing, of works of contemporary art. Or does art find private individuals lacking in that noble spirit which so often prompts Englishmen to devote to the enjoyment and profit of their fellow-citizens a large share of the wealth gained by them in the pursuit of their avocations? But a great gallery of art which rises, hard by, across the road would shame and silence any such assertion. Or, again, can it be denied that what encouragement to artists is afforded by the purchase of innumerable pictures, at all events, was never more liberally meted out to them than within our generation, and does not the crowding of exhibitions, of which the name is Legion, evince abundantly the responsive attitude of the country, as far at least as one of the arts is concerned? Are not statues multiplying in our streets? Is not architecture, as an art, finding at this time increasing, if tardy, acceptance at the hands of private individuals? Is not a wholesome sense dawning among us that even a private dwelling should not offend, nay, should conciliate, the eye of the passer-by in our public thoroughfares; and, lastly, has not a more than marked improvement taken place within our day in the character of all those intimate domestic surroundings which are the daily diet of our eyes, and should be daily their delight? Are these not facts patent to all, and do they not seem to cut from under your feet the ground on which you seek to stand?" Yes, all this and more may be said, and I should be blind as an observer, I should be ungrateful as one speaking in the name of artists, did I not recognize the force of these words which I have put into the mouth of an imaginary querist. I acknowledge with joy that there is in all these facts, and still more in their significance, much on which we may justly congratulate ourselves, much that points to a quickening consciousness, a stirring of slumbering æsthetic impulse, a receptive readiness, a growing malleability in the general temper, which promise well; and it is precisely such a condition of things which justifies our hope of good results from this Congress, and in it we find our best encouragement.

Well, what, then, is our charge in respect to the present relation of the

country to art? What are the shortcomings for which we are here to seek a remedy? Our charge is that with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic; that our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness; that they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride; that they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity; that, while what is excellent receives from them honor and recognition, what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them, is, indeed, accepted and borne with a dull, indifferent acquiescence; that the æsthetic consciousness is not with them a living force, impelling them toward the beautiful, and rebelling against the unsightly. We charge that while a desire to possess works of art, but especially pictures, is very widespread, it is in a large number, perhaps in a majority of cases, not the essential quality of art that has attracted the purchaser to his acquisition; not the emanation of beauty in any one of its innumerable forms, but something outside and wholly independent of art. In a word, there is, we charge, among the many in our country, little consciousness that every product of men's hands claiming to rank as a work of art, be it lofty in its uses and monumental, or lowly and dedicated to humble ends, be it a temple or a palace, the sacred home of prayer or a Sovereign's boasted seat, be it a statue or a picture, or any implement or utensil bearing the traces of an artist's thought and the imprint of an artist's finger—there is, I say, little adequate consciousness that each of these works is a work of art only on condition that, is a work of art exactly in proportion as, it contains within itself the precious spark from the Promethean rod, the divine fire-germ of living beauty; and that the presence of this divine germ ennobles and lifts into one and the same family every creation which reveals it; for even as the life-sustaining fire which streams out in splendor from the sun's molten heart is one with the fire which lurks for our uses in the gray and homely flint, so the vital flame of

beauty is one and the same, though kindled now to higher and now to humbler purpose, whether it be manifest in the creations of a Phidias, or of a Michael Angelo, of an Ictinus, or of some nameless builder of a sublime cathedral; in a jewel designed by Holbein or a lamp from Pompeii, a sword-hilt from Toledo, a caprice in ivory from Japan, or the enamelled frontlet of an Egyptian Queen. We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the development of art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production, and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our lives. And with the absence of this true æsthetic instinct, we find not unnaturally the absence of any national consciousness that the sense of what is beautiful, and the manifestation of that sense through the language of art, adorn and exalt a people in the face of the world and before the tribunal of history; a national consciousness which should become a national conscience—a sense, that is, of public duty and of a collective responsibility in regard to this loveliest flower of civilization.

Well, it is in the belief that the consciousness of which I have spoken is rather dormant with us than absent, waiting to be aroused rather than wholly wanting, that the founders of this Association have initiated the movement which has brought you together, and laid upon me the ungracious task to which I am now addressing myself—a task I have accepted in the hope that at least some good to others may come out of the wreck and ruin of any character for courtesy which may hitherto have been conceded to me.

But let us now look closer into my indictment; and let us, first, for a moment, and by way of getting at a standard, turn our thoughts to one or two of those races among which art has reached its highest level, and round whose memory art has shed an inextinguishable splendor. Let us first consider the Greek race in the day of its greatest achievements and the most perfect balance of its transcendent gifts. What is it that impresses us most in the contemplation of the artistic activity of this

race? It is, first, that the stirring æsthetic instinct, the impulse toward and absolute need of beauty, was universal with it, and lay, a living force, at the root of its emotional being; and, secondly, that the Greeks were conscious of this impulse as of a just source of pride and a sign of their supremacy among the nations. So saturated were they with it that whatever left their hands bore its stamp. Whatever of Greek work has been preserved to us, temple or statue, vessel or implement, is marked with the same attributes of stately and rhythmic beauty; in all their creations, from the highest to the lowest, one spirit lives, and whatever be the rank of each of these creations in the hierarchy of works of art, in one thing they are even-born and kin—in the spirit of loveliness. And of the dignity of this artistic instinct, which they regarded as their birthright, they were, as I have said, proudly conscious. Would you have an instance of this high consciousness? Here is one. At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian war the Athenians having, according to ancestral custom, decreed a public funeral to those who had fallen in battle, Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, was chosen by them to speak the praises of the dead. It is a famous speech, that in which he obeyed their injunction, and it opens with a lofty eulogy of the Republic for which the heroes whom they mourned had fallen. In this magnificent song of praise he enumerates the virtues of the Athenians; he shows them heroic, wise, just, tolerant, *lovers of beauty*, philosophers—in all things foremost among men. Mark this! At a celebration of the most moving solemnity—in a breathing space between two acts of a gigantic international struggle for hegemony—you have here a great statesman enumerating the titles of his fellow-citizens to headship among the nations, and placing not at the end of his panegyric and as an oratorical embellishment, but in its very heart and centre, these words: "We love the beautiful."

But we may gain, perhaps, a yet more vivid sense of the extent to which the artistic impulse possessed and filled this people in the fascinating epitome of Grecian handicraft which is presented

to us at Pompeii, or rather in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Here you have the work not of Athenian Greeks of the Periclean or of the Alexandrian age, but the work of provincial Greeks inhabiting a watering-place of no very great importance, in the first century of our era ; a period as far removed from the days of the Parthenon sculptures as we are from those days of the Canterbury Tales. And what a display it is ! How full of interest ! Here we are admitted into the most intimate privacy of a multitude of Pompeian houses—the kitchens, the pantries, the cellars of the contemporaries of the Plinies have here no secret for us ; indeed, for aught we know, more than one of those dinners of which that delicate *bon vivant*, the nephew of the naturalist, was so appreciative a judge may have been cooked in one of these very ranges, one of those ladles may have skimmed his soup, his quails may have been roasted on yonder spit. Nothing is wanting that goes to make the complete armament of a kitchen—stoves, caldrons, vessels of every kind, lamps of every shape, forks, spoons, ladles of every dimension. And in all this mass of manifold material perhaps the most marked characteristic is not the high level of executive merit it reveals, high as that level is, but the amazing wealth of *idea*, the marvellous intellectual activity brought to bear on what we now call objects of industrial art—whatever that may mean—in this outpost of Greek civilization. These accumulated appliances of the kitchen and the pantry form a museum of art—a museum of art of inexhaustible fascination ; and not only does this vast collection of necessary things contain nothing ugly, but it displays, as I have just said, an amazing wealth of ideas ; each bowl, each lamp, each spoon almost, is an individual work of art, a separate and distinct conception, a special birth of the joy of creation in a genuine artist. But, above all, let us bear this main fact in mind—the *absence there of any ugly thing* ; for the instinct of what is beautiful not only delights and seeks to express itself in lovely work, but forbids and banishes whatever is graceless and unsightly.

As next to the Greeks, and as almost their equals in this craving for the beau-

tiful, the Italians will occur to you. And here it may be well to note, in a parenthesis, that a vivid sense of abstract beauty in line and form does not necessarily carry with it a keen perception of shapeliness in the human frame. This curious fact we see strikingly illustrated in a race which possesses the artistic instinct in certain of its developments in a greater degree than any other in our time—I mean the Japanese. With them the sense of decorative distribution and of subtle loveliness of form and color is absolutely universal, and expresses itself in every most ordinary appliance of daily life, overflowing, indeed, into every toy or trifle that may amuse an idle moment ; and yet majesty and beauty in the human form are as absent from their works as from their persons. Be this said without prejudice to the fact that in the movement imparted by them to the fingers in their designs there is often much of daintiness and dignity, the outcome of that keen perception of beauty of line in the abstract which we have seen to be dominant in them. I need not follow further this, I think, interesting train of thought, but the digression seemed to me useful, not as illustrating the fact that beauty is not to be regarded only in connection with the human form, which is a mere truism, but as showing that the abstract sense of it, in certain aspects, may possess and penetrate a race in which the perception of comeliness in the human body is almost entirely absent ; and I meet by it also, in anticipation, certain objections that may suggest themselves to you in connection with the Italians, as far, at least, as the Tuscans are concerned ; for in them, too, we find occasionally side by side with an unsurpassed sense of the expressiveness of line and form, a defective perception of beauty in the human frame—witness the ungainly angularities, for instance, of a Verocchio, a Gozzoli, a Signorelli.

The thirst for the artistically delightful was the mark in Italy of no particular class, it was common to all, high and low, to the Pontiff on his throne, to the trader behind his counter, to the people in the market-place. And here, again, observe that this desire was not alone for the adornment of walls and public places with painting and statuary—

though every wall in every church or public building was, in fact, enriched by the hand of painters and of sculptors—but it embraced every humbler form of artistic expression, and was, indeed, especially directed to one which has in our time touched, here and there, a melancholy depth—the craft of the goldsmith. I said “humbler form” of art for lack of a better word; for a craft cannot fitly be called humble which has occupied and delighted men of the very highest gifts. Did not the mind that conceived the “Perseus” of the Loggia dei Lanzi pour out some of its richest fancies in a jewelled salt-cellar for the table of a Pope? Did not the sublimest genius that ever shone upon the world of art receive its first guidance in the workshop of a jeweller—a jeweller who was himself a painter also of high renown? For was it not that painter-goldsmith whose hands adorned with noble frescoes the famous choir of Sta. Maria Novella?

Now, to a cultured audience such as that which I am here addressing these facts are familiar and trite, so trite and so familiar that it may, perhaps, be doubted whether their true significance has ever stood quite clearly before your minds, and whether you have fully grasped the solidarity of the arts—if I may use an outlandish expression—which at one time prevailed. Let us in imagination transfer the last quoted fact into contemporary life. Let us suppose that the municipality of a great English city, proud of its annals and of its culture, determined to decorate with paintings in some comprehensive manner the walls of a great public building; and suppose, further, that an artist, admittedly of the first rank, were to answer to its call from the workshop—and I say advisedly from the workshop, for it is there, and not on an armchair in the office, that the head of the house would have been found in the old day—suppose, I say, that such an artist came forth from some great firm of jewellers, in Bond Street, for instance, we should have, on the artistic side, the exact parallel of the case of the Dominicans of Sta. Maria Nuova and Domenico, the son of Thomas the garland-maker of Florence. Meanwhile, striking as is this instance of the unity of art in long

past days, it is but just to add, and I rejoice to be able here to do so, that signs are not wanting on the side of our own artists of a strong tendency toward a return to closer bonds between its various branches, in which direction, indeed, a movement has been for some years increasingly marked and practical; and it is with a glad outlook into the future, and with a sense of breathing a wider air, that I place by the side of the cases which I have just mentioned—cases which were in their time of natural and frequent occurrence—one which is of yesterday. The chief magistrate of an important provincial centre of English industry, the Mayor of Preston, wears at this time a chain of office which is a beautiful work of art, and this chain was not only designed but wrought throughout by the sculptor who modelled the stately commemorative statue of the Queen that adorns the County Square of Winchester, the artist who presides over the section of sculpture in this Congress, my young friend and colleague, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

I have pointed to the Italians and the Greeks as culminating instances of peoples filled with a love of beauty and achieving the highest excellence in its embodiment, and I have named the Japanese as manifesting the æsthetic temper in a high degree of sensitiveness, but within certain limitations. It is not necessary to remind you that I might extend this list, if with some qualification, and that the same lesson—the lesson that the nations which love beauty seek it in the humblest as well as the highest things—is taught us by others than those I have mentioned. Whosoever, for instance, has wondered at the work of Persian looms, or felt the fascination of the manuscripts illuminated by the artists of Iran, or noted the unfailing grace of subtle line revealed in their metal work, will feel that for this race also the merit of a work of art did not reside in its category, but in the degree to which it manifested the spirit which alone could ennoble it, the spirit of beauty. And if, further, this dominant instinct of the beautiful is not in our own time found in any Western race in its fullest force, and among one Eastern people with, as we saw, important limitations, there is yet one modern nation

in our own hemisphere in which the thirst for artistic excellence is widespread to a degree unknown elsewhere in Europe ; a people with whom the sense of the dignity of artistic achievement, as an element of national greatness, an element which it is the duty of its Government to foster and to further, and to proclaim before the world, is keen and constant—I mean, of course, your brilliant neighbors, the people of France. Here, then, are standards to which we may appeal to see how far, all allowance being made for many signs of improvement in things concerning art, we yet fall short, as a nation, of the ideal which we should have before us.

Let me now revert to my indictment. I said that the sense of abstract beauty with the mass of our countrymen—and once again I must be understood not to ignore, but only to leave out of view for the moment, the considerable and growing number of those in whom this sense is astir and active—with the mass, I repeat, of our countrymen, the perception of beauty is blunt, and the desire for it sluggish and superficial ; with them the beautiful is, indeed, sometimes a source of vague, half-conscious satisfaction, especially when it appeals to them conjointly with other incitements to emotion, but their perception of it is passive, and does not pass into active desire ; it accepts, it does not demand ; it is uncertain of itself, for it lacks definiteness of intuition, and, having no definite intuition, it is necessarily uncritical. This weakness, among the many, of the critical faculty in æsthetic matters, and the curious bluntness of their perceptions, is seen not in connection with the plastic arts only, but over the whole artistic field, in the domains of music and the drama, as in that of painting and sculpture. Who, for instance, where a body of English men and women has been gathered together in a concert-room, has not, at one moment, heard a storm of applause go up to greet some matchless executant of noble music, and then, five minutes later, watched in wonder and dismay the same crepitation of eager hands proclaiming an equal satisfaction with the efforts of some feeblest servant of Apollo ! Or have you not often, in your theatres, blushed to see the lowest buffoonery received with exuberant de-

light by an audience—and a cultivated audience—which had just before not seemed insensible to some fine piece of histrionic art ? And what could proclaim the lack of true, spontaneous instinct in more startling fashion than the notorious fact that the most thrilling touch of pathos in the performance of an actor reputed to be comic will be infallibly received with a titter by a British audience, which has paid to laugh and come to the play focussed for the funny ?

Now this little glimpse into the attitude of the public in regard to other arts than ours has its bearing upon our present subject. This same feebleness of the critical sense which arises out of the indefiniteness—to say the best of it—of the inner standard of artistic excellence, is not unnaturally accompanied by and fosters an apathy in regard to that excellence, and an attitude of callous acquiescence in the unsightly, which are inexpressibly mischievous ; for you cannot too strongly print this on your minds, that what you demand that you will get, and according to what you accept will be that which is provided for you. Let an atmosphere be generated among you in which the appetite for what is beautiful and noble is whetted and becomes imperative, in which whatever is ugly and vulgar shall be repugnant and hateful to the beholder, and assuredly what is beautiful and noble will, in due time, be furnished to you, and in steadily increasing excellence, satisfying your taste, and at the same time further purifying it and heightening its sensitiveness.

The enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly ; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things, it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you. Now, this callous tolerance of the unsightly, although it is, I am grateful to think, yielding by degrees to a healthier feeling, is still strangely prevalent and widespread among us, and its deadening influence is seen in the too frequent absence of any articulate protest of public opinion against the disfigurement of our towns.

Let me give you an instance of this

indifference. Our country is happy in possessing a collection of paintings by the old masters of exceptional interest and splendor, a collection which, thanks to the taste and highly trained discernment of its present accomplished head, Sir Frederick Burton, is, with what speed the short-sighted policy of successive Governments permits, rising steadily to a foremost place among the famous galleries of the world. Some years ago, the building destined to receive it being found no longer adequate, it became necessary to provide by some means ampler space for the display of the national treasure. It was resolved that another edifice should take the place of that designed by Wilkins, an edifice which, be it said in passing, had been made the butt of curiously unmerited ridicule in the world of connoisseurship, and which, apart from certain very obvious blemishes, it has always seemed to me to be much easier to deride than to better. A competition was opened, and designs were demanded for a spacious building, equal to present and future needs, and worthy of the magnificence of the collection it was to house. It is hardly necessary to say that we have here no concern whatever with the controversy which arose over these designs. My concern is with its final outcome, which is this: the original building has remained unaltered as to its exterior; but, on the rear of one of its flanks, loom now into view, first an appendage in an entirely different style of architecture, and, further on, an excrescence of no style of architecture at all; the one an Italian tower, the other a flat cone of glass, surmounted by a ventilator—a structure of the warehouse type—the whole resulting in a jarring jumble and an aspect of chaotic incongruity which would be ludicrous if it were not distressing; and we enjoy, further, this instructive phenomenon that a public opinion which sensitively shrank from the blemishes of the original edifice has accepted its retention, with all those blemishes unmodified, *plus* an appendage which adds to the whole the worst, almost, of all sins architectural—a lack of unity of conception. Now, I have never to my knowledge heard one single word of articulate public reprobation levelled at this now irremediable blot on

what we so complacently call the finest site in the world; and yet I cannot find it in me to believe that many have not, like myself, groaned in spirit before a spectacle so deplorable—a spectacle which, indeed, is only conceivable within these islands. I think that a good deal is summed up in this episode, and I need not, for my present purpose, seek another in the domain of architecture.

In regard to sculpture the public apathy and blindness are yet more depressing and complete, and illustrate the deadness of the many to the perception of the essential qualities of art. To the overwhelming majority of Englishmen sculpture means, simply, the perpetuation of the form of Mr. So-and-So in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta—this, and no more. That marble, bronze, or terra-cotta may, under cunning hands, become vehicles, for those who have eyes to see, of emotions, æsthetic and poetic, not less lofty than those which are stirred in us by the verse of a Dante or a Milton, or by strains of noblest music, of this the consciousness is for practical purposes non-existent. For sculpture, for an art through which, alone, the name of Greece would have been famous for all time, there is, outside portraiture, even now, under conditions admittedly improved, little or no field in our country. Portrait-statues, galore, bristle, indeed, within our streets; but the notion of setting up in public places pieces of monumental sculpture solely for adornment and dignity, or of monuments that shall remind us of deeds in which our country or our town has earned fame and deserved gratitude, and incite the young to emulation of those deeds, or that shall be the allegorized expression of any great idea—and yet our race has had great ideas, and clothed them in deeds as great—hardly ever, it would seem, enters the heads of a people whose aspirations are surely not less noble or less high than those of other nations. Nay, even a monument commemorative of the great public services of some individual man which shall be a monument *to* him rather than exclusively an image *of* him, a monument, of which his effigy shall form a part, but of which the main feature shall be the embodiment or illustration, in forms of art, of the virtues that

have earned for him the homage of his countrymen—even this is suggested in vain.

And if we are tolerant of treason against fitness in architecture, what shall we say of our tolerance in regard to its sculptural adornments? What shall we say of the complaisant acceptance, above and about windows and doorways in clubs, offices, barracks, and the like buildings, of carven wonders such as no civilized community would accept in silence? Though I fear I must here, with all deference, add that my brethren, the architects, who suffer their work to be so defaced, are themselves not wholly blameless; and, indeed, it is a truth, in the assertion of which the most enlightened workmen in every branch of art will stand by me, that among ourselves also the sense of the kinship of the arts is too often a mere theory, received, no doubt, with respect as an abstract proposition, but not perceptibly coloring our practical activity.

In sculpture the inertness of demand and tolerance of inferior supply is due mainly to the want, to which I have alluded, of a sense of and a joy in the purely æsthetic quality in artistic production, an insensibility to the power inherent in form, by its own virtue, of producing emotion and exciting the imagination, a power on which the dignity of this pure and severe art does or should mainly rest.

In the appreciation of painting, which, on various grounds, appears as an art to a far wider public than either architecture or sculpture, the same shortcomings are evident, though in a less degree, and with less mischievous results; for the witchery of color, at least, is felt and appreciated, more or less consciously, by a very large number of people. The inadequacy of the general standard of artistic insight is here seen in the fact that, to a great multitude of persons, the attractiveness of a painted canvas is in proportion to the amount of literary element which it carries, not in proportion to the degree of æsthetic emotion stirred by it, or of appeal to the imagination contained in it—persons, those, who regard a picture as a compound of anecdote and mechanism, and with whom looking at it would seem to mean

only another form of reading. Time after time, in listening to the description, the enthusiastic description, of a picture, we become aware that the points emphasized by the speaker are such as did not specially call for treatment in art at all, were often not fitted for expression through form or color, their natural vehicle being not paint but ink, which is the proper and appointed conveyer of abstract thoughts and concrete narrative. I have heard pictures extolled as works of genius simply because they expressed, not because they nobly clothed in forms of art, ideas not beyond the reach of the average penny-a-liner.

Now I know that in what I am here saying I skirt the burning ground of controversy long and hotly waged—skirt it only, for that controversy touches but the borders of my subject, and I shall of course not pursue it here. I will, nevertheless, to avoid misrepresentation in either sense, state, as briefly as I can, one or two definite principles on which it appears to me safe to stand. It is given to form and to color to elicit in men powerful and exquisite emotions, emotions covering a very wide range of sensibility, and to which they alone have the key. The chords within us which vibrate to these emotions are the instrument on which art plays; and a work of art deserves that name, as I have said, in proportion as, and in the extent to which, it sets those chords in motion. The power and solemnity of a simple appeal of form as such is seen in a noble building of imposing mass and stately outlines. When, however, form in art is connected with the human frame, and when combinations of human forms are among the materials with which a beautiful design is built up, then another element is added to the sum of our sensations—an element due to the absorbing interest of man in all that belongs to his kind; and the emotion primarily produced by the force of a purely æsthetic appeal is enhanced and heightened by elements of a more intimate and universal order, one more nearly touching our affections, but not, therefore, necessarily of a higher order. Thus the episode, for instance, of Paolo and Francesca, clothed in the rare, grave melody of Dante's verse, entrances us with its pathos; but our emotion, intensely hu-

man as it is, is not therefore of a higher kind than that which holds us as we listen to sounds sublimely woven by some great musician; nor are the impressions received in watching from the floor of a great Christian church the gathering of the gloom within a great dome's receding curves of less noble order than those aroused by a supreme work of sculpture or a painting—by, say, the "Notte" of Michael Angelo or the "Mona Lisa" of Lionardo; and yet in both of these last the chord of human sympathy is strongly swept, though in different ways—in the "Notte" by the poetic and pathetic suggestiveness of certain forms and movements of the human body; in the "Mona Lisa" by a more definitely personal charm and feminine sorcery which haunts about her shadowy eyes, and the subtle curling of her mysterious lips.

I say, then, that in a work of art the elements of emotion based on human sympathies are not of a loftier order than those arising out of abstract sublimity or loveliness of form, but that the presence of these elements in such a work, while not raising it as an artistic creation, does impart to it an added power of appeal, and that, therefore, a work in which these elements are combined will be with the great majority of mankind a more potent engine of delight than one which should rest exclusively on abstract qualities. And it follows, therefore, that while a work of art earns its title to that name on condition, only, once again I say, of the purely æsthetic element being present in it, and will rank as such in exact proportion to the degree in which this element prevails in it; and while, further, this element, carrying with it, as it does, imaginative suggestiveness of the highest order and of the widest scope, is all-sufficient in those branches of art in which the human form plays no part, the element which is inseparable in a work of art from the introduction of human beings is one which it is not possible for us to ignore in our appreciation of that work as a source and vehicle of emotion.

Every attempt at succinct exposition of a complex question risks being unsatisfactory and obscure, and I am painfully alive to the inadequacy of what I have just said. I trust, however, that

I have conveyed my meaning, if roughly, yet sufficiently to shield me from misconception in regard to the special emphasis I am laying on the importance of a proper estimation of the essentially æsthetic quality in a work of art, an importance which I urge upon you, not so much here on account of the effect its absence may have exercised on the development of painting, as on account of the significant fact that its want—the lack of a perception that certain qualities are the very essence of art, and link into one great family every work of the hands of men in which they are found—has led with us to a disastrous divorce between what is considered as art proper and the arts which are called industrial. I say advisedly "disastrous," for the lowering among us in the present day of the status of forms of art, in the service of which such men as Albert Dürer, for example, and Holbein (men, by-the-by, of kindred blood with ourselves), Cellini and Lionardo, were glad to labor and create—and that not as a concession, but in the joyful exercise of their fullest powers—is one of its results, and, carrying with it, as is natural, a lowering of standard in these arts, has generated the marvellous notion, not expressed in words, but too largely acted on, that art in any serious sense is not to be looked for at all in certain places—where, in truth, alas! neither is it often found—and led to the holding aloof to a great extent, until comparatively recent years, of much of the best talent from very delightful forms of artistic creation; and this notion has led further to the virtual banishment from certain provinces of designing of the human figure, or, where it is not banished, to its defacement, too often, in the hands of the untrained or the inept.

We are to a wonderful degree creatures of habit, our thoughts are prone to run—or shall I not rather say to stagnate?—within grooves; and, if we are a people of many and of great endowments, a swift and free play of thought is, as we have been forcibly told by a voice that we shall hear no more, and can ill miss, not a distinguishing feature among us. Is it not an amazing thing, for example, that human shapes, which in clay or plaster would be ignominiously excluded from a second-rate exhibition,

are not only accepted, but displayed with a chuckle of elated pride, when cast in the precious metals, flanked, say, by a palm-tree, all borne aloft on a rock, and presented in the guise of a piece of ornamental plate? But is this even rare? Is it not of constant occurrence? Do you demur? Well, let me ask you a plain question: Of all the nymphs and goddesses, the satyrs, and the tritons, that disport themselves on the ceremonial goldsmithery of the United Kingdom, how many if cast in vulgar plaster, and not in glittering gold, would pass muster before the jury of an average exhibition? And if few, I ask why is this so? In the name of Cellini—nay, in the name of common sense, why? And is it on account of the low ebb of figure modelling for decorative purposes that on our carved furniture—what we mysteriously describe as “art-furniture”—the human form is hardly ever seen? Then why is the best talent not enlisted in this work? Certain it is that the absence of living forms imparts to much of the furniture now made in England, unsurpassed as it is in regard to delicacy and finish of handiwork, and frequently elegant in design, a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism which prevents it from taking that rank in the province of applied art to which it might and should aspire.

But I have, I fear, already unduly drawn upon your patience, and I must bring to a close these too disjointed prefatory words, leaving it to the accomplished gentlemen who head the various sections of this Congress to amplify and enrich as they will, out of the wide fund of their knowledge and experience, the bald outline I have sketched before you. They, in their turn, taking up, no doubt, our common parable, will emphasize and press on you the fact that by cultivating its æsthetic sense in a more comprehensive and harmoniously consistent spirit than hitherto, and with a clearer vision of the nature of all art and a more catholic receptiveness as to its charms, and by stimulating in a right direction the abundant productive energy which lies to its hand, this nation will not only be adding infinitely to the adornment and dignity of its public and private life, not only providing for itself an increasing and manifold source of delight and ren-

ovating repose, mental and spiritual, in a day in which such resting and regenerating elements are more and more called for by our jaded nervous systems, and more and more needed for our intellectual equilibrium, but will be dealing with a subject which is every day becoming more important in relation to certain sides of the waning material prosperity of the country. For, as they will no doubt remind you, the industrial competition between this and other countries—a competition, keen and eager, which means to certain industries almost a race for life—runs, in many cases, no longer exclusively or mainly on the lines of excellence of material and solidity of workmanship, but greatly nowadays, on the lines of artistic charm and beauty of design. This, to you, vital fact is one which they will, I am convinced, not suffer to fall into the background.

One last word in anticipation of certain objections not unlikely to be raised against an assumption which may seem to be implied in the existence of our Association—the assumption that the evils and shortcomings of which I have spoken with such unsparing frankness can be removed or remedied by the gathering together of a number of persons to listen to a series of addresses. The causes of these evils, we may be told, and their antidote, are not on the surface of things, but rest on conditions of a complex character, and are fundamental. “Who,” I hear some one say, “is this dreamer of dreams, who hopes to cure by talking such deep-seated evils? Who is this shallow and unphilosophical thinker who does not see that the same primary conditions are operative in making the purchaser indifferent to what he gets and the supplier indifferent to what he produces, and who attributes the circumstance that good work is not generally produced in certain forms of industry to the lack of demand, rather than to the deeper-lying fact that suppliers and demanders are of the same stock, having the same congenital failings, and satisfied with the same standards?” My answer to this imaginary, or I ought, perhaps, to say this foreseen, objector would be, first, this—that I am not the visionary for whom he takes me, and that I do not

believe in the efficacy of words either directly to remedy the state of things I have been deploring, or to create a love of art and a delicate sensitiveness to its charms in those to whom the responsive chords have been refused ; neither is the eloquence, trumpet-toned and triumphant, conceivable by me before which the walls of the Jericho of the Philistine shall crumble in abrupt ruin to the ground ; least of all do I believe in sudden developments of the human intellect. But it has nevertheless seemed to me, as it has seemed to the framers of this Association, that words, if they be judicious and sincere, may rally and strengthen and prompt to action instincts and impulses which only await a signal to assert themselves—instincts sometimes, perhaps, not fully conscious of themselves—and that a favoring temperature may be thus created within which, by the operation of natural laws, in due time, but by no stroke of the wand, a new and better order may arise. Neither, indeed, do I ignore the force of my critic's contention that the causes of mischief lie deep, and are not to be touched by surface-tinkering, if they are to be removed at all ; though I demur to his pessimistic estimate of them as a final bar to our hopes. It is true that certain specific artistic attributes are, or seem to be, feeble in our race ; it is true, too true, that the general standard of taste is low ; it is true, too true—I have it on the repeated assurance of apologetic vendors—that with us the ugliest objects—often oh ! how ugly—have the largest market ; nevertheless, the amount of good artistic production in connection with industry—I purposely speak of this first—has grown within the last score or so of years, and through the initiative, mind, of a mere handful of enthusiastic and highly gifted men, in an extraordinary degree ; and in a proportionate degree has the number increased, also, of those who accept and desire it ; and this growth has been steady and organic, and is of the best augury. Now, the increase in the number of those who desire good work, and the concurrent development of their critical sensitiveness in matters of taste, stimulate, in their turn, the energies, and sustain the upward efforts, of the producers, and thus, through action and

reaction, a condition of things should be slowly but surely evolved which shall more nearly approach that general level of artistic culture and artistic production so anxiously looked for by us all. It is in the hastening of this desired result that we invoke, not your sympathy alone, but your patient, strenuous aid. And if I am further asked how, in my view, this association can best contribute to the furtherance of our common end, I would say, not merely by seeking to fan and kindle a more general interest in the things of art, but mainly by seeking to awaken a clearer perception of the true *essence* of a work of art, by insisting on the fundamental identity of all manifestations of the artistic creative impulse, through whatever channels it may express itself, and by setting forth and establishing this pregnant truth—that whatever degrees of dignity and rank may exist in the scale of artistic productions, according to the order of emotion to which they minister in us, they are one in kind ; for the various and many channels through which beauty is made manifest to us in art are but the numerous several stops of one and the same divine instrument.

And if in what I have said I have laid especial stress on that branch of art which is called industrial, it is not solely to develop this cardinal doctrine, neither only because of the pressing, practical, paramount national importance of this part of our subject, but also because I, in truth, believe that it is in a great measure through these very forms of art that the improvement, to which I look with a steadfast faith, will be mainly operated. The almost unlimited area which they cover in itself constitutes them an engine of immense power, and I believe that through them, if at all, the sense of beauty and the love for it will be stimulated in, and communicated to, constantly increasing numbers. I believe that the day may come when public opinion, thus slowly but definitely moulded, will make itself loudly heard ; when men will insist that what they do for the gracing and adornment of their homes shall be done also for the public buildings and thoroughfares of their cities ; when they will remind their municipal representatives and the controllers of their guilds of what similar

bodies of men did for the cities of Italy in the days of their proud prosperity in trade, and will ask why the walls of our public edifices are blank and silent, instead of being adorned and made delightful with things beautiful to see, or eloquent of whatever great deeds or good work enrich and honor the annals of the places of our birth. And, lastly, I believe that an art desired by the whole people and fostered by the whole people's desire would reflect—for such art must be sincere—some of the best qualities of our race; its love of Nature, its imaginative force, its healthfulness, its strong simplicity.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, my task is ended. My duties to-night were purely prefatory; my words are but the prologue to the proceedings which begin

to-morrow—a prologue which I undertook to speak less from any faith in its possible efficacy than in the belief that the first word spoken at such a time should be heard from the lips of one to whom, from the nature of the office he is privileged to fill, as well as from the whole bent of his mind, everything that concerns art, from end to end of its enchanting field, must be, and is, a source of deep, of constant, and engrossing interest. The curtain is now raised, the stage is spread before you, and I step aside to make way for others, leaving with you the expression of my fervent wish that the hopes which have brought us together in this place may not have been entertained in vain.—*Contemporary Review*.

A STORY OF CHIOS.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

I.

A MODERN knight of Malta may still have some touch of the far-off time of the sword and red-crossed cloak, though his way lie through an inextricable tangle of pecuniary difficulties and the fog of vulgar troubles heavily encompass him. Surely he is not less a knight because his social aspirations transcend the moderate expectations of a position far below such merits as, he feels, should entitle him to State-recognition, or, at least, the hand of an unclaimed heiress. And yet, with the modesty of unappreciated worth, he had been content to seek the unpretentious post of Consul at Alexandria, and lo! a vulgar effervescent Italian had carried off the honors under his very nose, in spite of accomplishments and exterior graces that would have adorned a diplomatic corps. So the knight felt exceedingly depressed, and wandered about Constantinople in search of distraction.

Distraction came to him in perplexing and undesirable shape. With this quaint, unconscious touch of old-fashioned chivalry in him, the sight of sorrow or distress left him restless until he had offered a helping hand or a word of

sympathy. Those who knew him were fond of arguing against the wisdom of such unconsidered good-nature, and their arguments invariably left him with the same gently uplifted brows and smile of humorous deprecation. If there were fools and sages, he thought on the whole that the fools were pleasanter. Now Fate, if we may help ourselves to the time-worn explanation of unsearchable facts, threw this kindly and susceptible Maltese across the path of desolate girlhood; a pink-cheeked, fair-haired English girl, forlorn, destitute and unhappy in a foreign land. She did not appeal to him in dramatically tearful distress, but in quiet endurance and a proudly concealed anxiety that was fast verging toward despair; a picture that could hardly fail to play potentially upon the delicate sensibilities of a nature that may be likened to a faint echo of the music of the Middle Ages. Plain, he would have grieved for her; pretty, the pity within him caught flame from love. So he rose, dressed himself very carefully, gallantly shook off doubt, though he gazed pensively into a diminishing purse, and sighed when he thought of the responsibilities the bliss-giving "yes" would entail,

and then went boldly forth to plead for it with the traditional fervor of his race.

These were the parents of Tony, who lived with his grandfather on the island of Chios. A bewildering little barbarian, with milky brow and chin, and rosy cheeks so delicately hued beside the red of the short upper lip that was part of his general engagingness; joyous, clear, dark eyes that sometimes looked out of their long lashes with the gentle gravity of his dead father's, and wild wavy hair that was almost fierce and aggressive in its unshaded brilliance of ruddy gold.

His grandfather, Antonio Vallery, wearied of the dissipations and noisy solitude of the charming little town of La Valletta, had long ago retired to dwell in peace upon the island of his ancestors; to smoke and meditate under his own mastic tree, before a broken landscape melting into valley and rising into hill with blue lines of water cutting sharply from the edges of further islands; to cultivate his vines and orchard, and breed long-eared Maltese goats. As a set-off against this pastoral monotony, there was the cheerful gossip on politics with the inevitable glass of *raki* or Chian wine at the village grocer's, where the male population of the three neighboring villages met of an evening to settle the affairs of Europe and glance casually at their own. Among these disputatious politicians Antonio Vallery was a conspicuous and respected personage. He was reserved and good-humored, with a face quick to light up with a playful, tolerant smile; a tall, powerfully built man, very gray and brown, and severely touched by the many hard lessons he had learnt out beyond this sleepy, blue *Ægean* sea—sorrows and vicissitudes of which he spoke little and remembered with no bitterness. His chief delight, until his solitude was broken by a child's presence, was to sit alone smoking in the garden, when the evening air was enriched by the smell of the mastic and pepper trees, and the sun had gone down behind the hills. The intensity of unbroken silence had fallen upon the land, and, when the boy had brought home the goats, and left the supper prepared, there was nothing for the old man to do but gaze across the shadowed landscape to the dim sea-line, and muse, as old people do, upon the past—upon

his absent son, the wedded years he had known in Malta, the unforgotten friends to whom he had been inextricably attached, and on old wounds and troubles that looked so greatly less in retrospect.

On one of these soft and tranquil evenings he was disturbed by the sudden appearance of Aristides, who came running down the rocky torrent-bed from the nearest village, excitedly shaking a letter above his head.

"A letter for you, Antonio Vallery!" he shouted. "Old Peter brought it in his *catque*, and the postmaster sent it up to the village at once."

"Thank you, child," Antonio said very quietly, but the hand that was eagerly stretched forth to take the letter trembled violently.

The letter told the story of sundered lives—of a dead man and a bereaved woman, and spoke of their baby-boy, Antonio's grandson. In a few moments the old man was tearing on his mule down the rocky pathway that led through many straggling villages to the little town of Chios on the sea-coast. His appearance at that unusual hour in the town spread magically a hint of disaster, and when he insisted with imperious gravity on Peter putting out for sea without delay, mentioning with impressive curttness the death of his son, the town poured itself out upon the little pier, and gazed upon him in sorrowful awe,—even the jocose Joanki incapable of anything less sober than an effusive embrace. Independent of his popularity, death absorbed their attention; for, to these simple folk, death is the supreme misfortune, and a visitation to call forth the wild protest of rebellion and the cry of transfixed pain. Their lives are so regular and frugal, so untainted by any taste or habit likely to cut off existence in its bloom, that such a sentence at twenty-nine appeared to them so enormous an injustice as to be beyond comfort or endurance.

A month later Antonio returned with a pale, fair, young woman, the whiter for her mourning robes, with a baby clasped against her, looking out upon the world with large dark eyes full of infant perplexities and surprise. The islanders kissed Vallery on both cheeks in speechless recognition of his bereavement, and shook the widow's hand sym-

pathetically. But Joanki, the Chian humorist, took the child's head in his rough bronzed hands, kissed it, and jocosely placed a finger between the soft small lips. The baby gurgled in delight, and thus they signed their bond of eternal friendship.

They were all anxious to be kind to the pretty widow; they praised her golden hair, marvelled at the fairness of her skin, and bewildered her with a multiplicity of offers of willing nurses. She was grateful, and thanked them in broken Italian, while Antonio stood by, grave and straight, and interpreted her gentle words, adding thanks of his own, and the smile struggled back into his fading glance as it rested on the child. He waited upon it and upon his daughter, with an interest of watchfulness born of his years of unbroken solitude. But the girl drooped visibly despite his efforts to keep her. She sickened to death, longing for the repose of an English meadow, for the familiar sights and sounds of her farm-home in Somersetshire, and blinded by the fierce perpetual sunshine and the deep glitter of the sea. Her boy's "Mamma" was music in her ears, but it could not numb the persistent agony of this home-sickness, and she faded with the year. As Antonio stood beside her open grave, and flung the customary handful of earth upon the flower-covered corpse while the priest chanted "May it rest lightly upon her," loud groans issued from the breasts of the sons of God (as the male Greek modestly regards himself) who looked down upon this pretty daughter of Man thus cruelly carried away to the Unknown.

II.

WINTER had swept rapidly across the highlands of the Ægean, and the sky now looked as if rain could never again wash the warm blue dim; while under it the sea was a blinding glitter hardly stirred by the sign of motion, cutting with sharp precision into the monotonous clearness of the unshaded landscape. The long daisies waved through the stony broken meadows of the valleys and upon the mountain-sides, breaking their uniformity of color and of curve, like foam upon green waters. On the wings of the outer winds was borne the

strong smell of the sea, mixing invigoratingly with the perfume of the orange blossoms from the gardens, and the more poignant scent of the wild thyme and the aromatic plants of spring. It was evening, when Chios looks fairest in the eloquence of absolute tranquillity and rude charm of shepherd-life. A light dew lay upon the grass-spears, turning the meadows afar into a sea of waveless gray. The hill-tops stood out in clear lines from the vapory blue, and the shapes of the goats made stains upon the naked rocks and thin spaces of green; the eager pigeons fluttering homeward might have been spots of luminous snow, shot like quivering arrows through the still air, and the silence was enriched by the cheerful twitter of the birds as they trilled and piped their good-night to one another. And over all hung the glamor of the Eastern sunset, deepening the twilight mist that rests upon the olive-groves, and shadowing the purple veil of opening buds upon the young fig-trees.

Down an abrupt shoulder of earth, above a little white village, came two boys. One carried a stick which he grasped with flexible dark fingers, and used to keep in order the band of goats he was driving before him. He wore a brown tunic, long leather gaiters, a fez, and Turkish shoes of red leather, stitched with silver, turned up at the toes and fastened off with bobbins of red floss silk. His companion was slightly taller, and his gun, his hunting-boots, and soft jaunty cap worn sideways, together with a hunting-bag stuffed with game, proclaimed a less peaceable occupation than goat-minding. They were strikingly alike, and the symmetry of the straight, supple, small-waisted figures and the perfect chiselling of the features were memories of an old race now chiefly relegated to these depopulated islands. Beautiful indeed were these boys; each had the same long, grave, dark eyes, that knew not how to laugh, in faces burned a rich bronze, the unsmiling lips of statues, coldly but beautifully curved, equally expressive of icy reserve and bucolic dulness. Spiro and Saba were the names of these sons of the soil, not, as perhaps might be imagined from their romantic description, fallen princes, or in any way

attractive boys. But a Chian peasant, who knows nothing of the benefits of soap and water, may have the exterior of a Greek god, as Saba and Spiro had, and less soul than the animals he professes such infinite contempt for, as they also had. They were not coarse, for the Greek islander is never coarse, balanced, as he is, with curious soleness, between the barbarian and the gentleman. Simply dull, sober, never hurried, and tinged with cruelty, which in Saba showed itself in his treatment of his goats, and in Spiro in the less active form of strong dislike for all that is physically weak, or sickly, or feminine.

"That is surely Tony's voice," said Saba, with something dimly suggestive through an irreflective indolence of tone that touched upon unconscious good-nature.

"I dare say. Why do you talk of the fellow? I hate him! I wish those priests hadn't puffed his silly head with a sense of his own importance, by making such a fuss of his singing. Somebody ought to snuff him out, and give us peace."

"I don't know about that. His voice is really beautiful: I could stand here listening to him singing like that forever. The *pappa* says that somebody has told him boys sing like Tony in the great heretical churches of Europe."

Spiro changed his gun to the other shoulder and flung a glance of dark disapproval, mixed with some anger, down the valley, from which travelled up the clear sweet notes of a child's soprano. Tony was singing a thin Italian melody of small musical worth, but, breaking as it did the evening stillness, it was magically effective. Below, Tony himself might be discerned by a spot of luminous gold through the deepening shadows of the landscape—the head of the little popular idol; the hero of his own village, and the wonder of many another into which his name and adventures had travelled. A charming head it was; and each time Spiro felt compelled to make this admission to himself, his passive hate for the child was spurred momentarily by an active sting.

"I can tell you, Spiro, Smaragda and mother would not wish to see Tony snuffed out. Joanki always calls him Smaragda's little husband, and mother

seems to be of the opinion that unlikelier things have come to pass."

"Who cares for women's thoughts? They are all fools," retorted Spiro, with an impatient movement of his vacant shoulder; like the youthful Telemachus in the absence of Ulysses, he felt himself the head of the house, and held his mother in light esteem.

"All, Spiro? Even Helene Ampilou?"

Saba did not look round at his brother, but his smile expressed quiet enjoyment of his own joke. If Spiro had any latent sense of humor, it did not permit of his relishing any joke aimed at himself, and he regarded Saba's attempts in this department as demonstrative of exceptionally bad taste.

"Helene Ampilou is as great a fool as the rest, unless she may be a greater," he said, with an ugly frown. "The fact that I think she may suit me when we are old enough to marry, and that our parents have betrothed us, does not, that I am aware, add to her stock of brains. I am going to marry Helene because she has a hundred *bras*, and because one must marry somebody, and she is as good as another. That need not change my belief that women are poor creatures, with very long hair and no brains."

Although this had been the opinion of his father, and every male islander shared it, to whom it had been transmitted by a long line of Oriental ancestors, Spiro enunciated it with the severe proud utterance that bespeaks careful meditation and originality. But little, and that not necessarily novel, does duty for originality on a sleepy Ægean island, where there is nothing more responsive to local genius than the impassable rocks and the blue waters.

"True enough," assented Saba, philosophically, while he hit an inoffensive goat between the ears, causing it in fright and apprehension to break the ranks, for the refined pleasure of beating it back. "Christo and I are going to the Jesuit's Church to-morrow to hear Tony sing. Helene will come down too, if her mother will bring her. You will have to come with Helene, won't you?"

"Certainly not; I don't want to hear that yellow-haired brat, and if Helene

does, she will have to manage without me. It is quite absurd to hear a boy squeaking and piping like a girl."

Another hard blow sent the nervous goat limping and bleating behind its companions, and Saba, satisfied with his work, turned his spare attentions to the birds by roughly shaking the branches in which they were sleeping as he passed, and winging a feathery frightened cloud into the air.

"You are hard on poor Tony," he remarked after a pause, with that echo in his voice which seemed the answer to a dimly felt and undefinable kindness noticeable whenever he spoke of or to the bright boy. "How can you not like his singing? Listen, is not that like your idea of an angel?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea of an angel, but nothing about that fellow will ever come near it when I do form one," laughed Spiro unpleasantly.

Saba planted his stick upon the rocky goat-path, and stopped to listen to the silvery notes growing shriller as the shining head bobbed up and down in the steep ascent. Spiro thrust out his lips and dragged down the corners in a repulsive sneer, stooped to pick a grass-blade, and as he disappeared under the blackened archway beside the village fountain and washing-tank he muttered, "I'll surely strangle that little beast one of these days."

"Are your goats fond of singing, Tony?" asked Saba.

A small boy, like a flash of light, cleared the low, loose border of stones that edged the narrow pathway, and stood shaking out his curls and laughing musically with contagious mirth, while he held a white kid pressed affectionately in one arm. The jump and climb had reddened his fresh cheeks, and he looked an engaging picture of a healthy, high-spirited and noble little imp. This minute leader was followed by four sedate brown goats and four frisky black-and-brown kids, that gazed alternately at their mothers and at Tony with speechless assertion of divided affections, impartially rubbing their moist muzzles against the maternal side and against their keeper's blue stockings.

"Of course they are," cried Tony, putting on his cap again, and changing the kid to the other arm. "You should

see how sensible even the kids are with me. I make them play, too, and I play with them. Mitzo can't manage them half so well as I do—that's why I help him. I am fond of Mitzo, you know, but then he's such a fool. He does not talk to them, and that's bad for them, you know. Why, Saba, goats want to be talked to and amused just as much as we do. And when they see Mitzo sitting quite silent and dull on a stone, they don't like it, and get cross and troublesome. But they are never troublesome with me. Even the kids do just what I tell them. Just look at this little white fellow. Isn't he a beauty? That's his mother over there."

Saba patted the kid's head patronizingly, and hardly seemed to relish the amiable concession, but Tony was looking at him with his earnest imperiousness of expression, and anything less affectionate would be regarded by him in the light of a distinct offence.

"It is really astonishing how much sense the fellow has," Tony went on explanatorily. "He understands everything. I am going to give him to Smaragda when he is old enough to leave his mother. Kokona Photini said Smaragda might have him."

"But you ought not to give him to Smaragda if he is so sensible. Girls, you know, Tony, are great simpletons. An intelligent kid like yours would have no chance of finishing his education properly with one of them, eh?"

"Are they really, Saba?" asked Tony with reflective gravity. "But I don't think Smaragda a simpleton," he added, shaking his head. "She is the very nicest little girl in Chios. Grandfather says so, and it isn't the same as if anybody else said it, you know, for grandpapa reads in Italian books, and has lived in Malta, which is a great way off—and he's been to Constantinople, and lots of other places. Grandpapa says she is not beautiful like my mamma, and he must know, but she is prettier than anybody else here, and I know she isn't a bit stupid. She can't ride Pollux, and she's afraid of the sea. That is silly, I think, but oh! she says lots of clever things—cleverer than you do, Saba."

"Oh, does she? Wait till you grow up, Tony, and then you won't think Smaragda so clever."

"Yes, I will. I'm going to marry her when I grow up. I'm very fond of her, and that's why I'm giving her my white kid. Do you know, I was down in town yesterday?"

"Indeed, I heard all about it from Joanki, who says you were carrying on at quite an awful rate."

"Yes, it was just like this," said Tony, with his delicious explanatory air. "Grandpapa gave me a drachma, all to spend myself. Mitzo and I went down to the town 'cause Mitzo had never seen the town before—you know poor Mitzo's mother is not rich at all, and he never has any money, so I promised to treat him. When we were walking down the street we met the Demarch. He stopped and asked me why I was looking so serious, and I said, 'I am thinking how much money I should want to go to England;' and then I asked him if he would not like to go to England, and he said he has always heard that England is a pretty comfortable place for a gentleman to live in, with lots of money, who didn't mind fogs and no sunshine, but he thought sunshine would suit him better. Then I told him grandpapa had plenty of money, for he had given me a drachma to spend as I liked. And the Demarch laughed and gave me another, and hoped I would not get my head split on a rock, or tumble into the sea and get drowned before I had time to spend it."

"A sensible hope on his part. So I suppose you spent all your fortune—the two whole drachmæ?"

"Yes, I spent it all," Tony said, with a nod. "I bought a splendid red ribbon for the kid. Smaragda won't know which is the handsomest, the kid or its collar. And Mitzo and I went in Marco's boat to see the Saint Sophia, and that cost half a franc. She is a very beautiful ship, Saba, and the captain came down, and shook hands with me, and said I was quite an Englishman, and that I must go to Constantinople when I grow up, and become a Pasha. I said I would consider it, and he laughed, and gave us sherbet and *rahat ul-koun*. That's how he called it; he says *loukoumi* isn't right."

"Upon my faith, you'll do; a fine enterprising fellow like you won't come to the wall. You will go to see the Sul-

tan next, *Panaghta Mou*. How close and heavy the air is! Well, good-night, Tony. Don't get into any mischief between this and your grandfather's cottage. I will not forget to tell Smaragda about the kid."

Saba, mindful of the supper-hour, hurried through the archway and collected his flock with indiscriminate blows, while Tony jumped and raced among the wet stones of the oleander and myrtle-edged torrent that trended roughly into Vallery's vine-fields, and he noted that the bleat of the goats above the tinkle of their bells, as they ran with him, was beginning to take an anxious and suffering tone.

"I wonder what can be the matter with them," he thought, stopping to soothe and quiet them. "It does feel very hot, I know, just like summer. There's grandpapa looking at the sky."

When Tony bounded up above the thin line of silver water that curled and swirled in delicate murmur through its shrubs and sedges, night had flung its first arrow into the heart of the dying day, and the west was a river of blood. All the trees had sung their shrill good-night before the woods went asleep. Yet an uneasy dolorous sound broke ever and anon the silence of the land, and there seemed to be a questioning and apprehensive note in the recurring bark of the watch-dogs.

III.

TONY was as un-Greek as possible; an abnormal and perplexing urchin who might turn out a Christian ornament and might take a high rank with the reprobates, supposing it probable he should survive the hourly and incalculable risks of the wildest childhood.

Greek children are the very opposite of wild. They never run, nor leap, nor shout, nor cut mad capers for pure lightness of heart. They are born old, unexuberant, and steady, and may perchance grow partially young with age. I have known an old Greek to laugh heartily, but never a child. These sit still on chairs in an attitude of complete respectability and antique repose; they do not even dangle their feet, or thrust out a furtive elbow in the neighborhood of another child; they walk about sedately, and only fall when they are

thrown down. Peasant babies delight to stand with their mouths open, staring silently and listening to their elders, the most audacious and sprightly variation of this somewhat monotonous entertainment being a glance of dull meaning between themselves. Conceive then the effect on an unenlightened, unaspiring population of this semi-British, semi-Arabian barbarian, full to overflowing of animal spirits, and yet gentle and soft-natured; alert in the matter of enterprise frequently touching the skirts of disaster, and quite indifferent to or apprehensive of the possibilities of a broken head or an untimely grave. A breathless, dreadful lad, with unexpected sensibilities and an open-eyed curiosity perpetually tending to awkward questioning that would be content with no baffling conjecture or makeshift explanation, but demanded clear and logical instruction, showing a child's merciless contempt for imperfect information or impotence of any kind.

The Demarch had thought it not improbable that Tony would end by the hand of the public executioner, until his heart was softened by the little fellow's unseizable attractiveness as he stood before him with his chubby hands manfully twisting the contents of his knickerbocker pockets, and discussed the relative merits of England and Constantinople. The Demarch was heard to observe that evening that Tony was a frank and pretty rascal who might be anything yet; and the Aga, to whom this comprehensive opinion had been communicated, observed that English blood is assertive and runs high in enterprise, and that on the whole he preferred it to the French or Greek.

But Smaragda was his loyal and ardent admirer. She was convinced that no such nice little boy had ever before been sent into this world by fay or fairy to catch a nice little girl's fancy. She loved him profoundly; screamed and closed her tawny eyes when he flew past her on Pollux; whimpered in sympathetic pain when she saw him one day tumble off a rock into the village tank; and joined delightedly in his contagious laughter when Marigo, the washerwoman, had roughly rescued him by the leg, and planted him on the path to shake out his dragged plumes.

Indeed with everybody, far and near, Vallery's grandson was a favorite, always excepting the Archbishop, who mistrusted his weakness in catechism, and Spiro, who hated him for reasons unknown. But the schoolmaster down in Chios loved him perhaps more than all; and in the grocer's shop his destiny rivalled the probable fate of France now that Germany had reduced her to a political pulp, and the relative degrees of rascality in the gentlemen in office at Athens and the gentlemen out.

IV.

ANTONIO VALLERY was anxiously scanning the sky as his grandson climbed the low garden-wall, and his curiosity was great enough to allow the cigarette which he held in his hand to burn itself out unperceived.

"Do you think it is going to rain, grandpapa?" asked Tony, with that inimitable gravity children brought up in old society acquire, while he stood beside Antonio and watched the sky, too, keeping his hands in his small side-pockets.

"I am fearing something far different, Tony. Rain is a blessing to us, but that sky looks like a threatened crack in our old baked earth."

"Why? What sort of crack?"

"A dreadful one, boy,—an earthquake."

Tony grew very anxious, and puckered his smooth forehead into an expression of ostentatious intensity. They stood together in silence upon the short grassy slope above the torrent-bed, and the inquietude and depression of Nature were felt in the gasping barks of the village curs and farm watch-dogs, in the nervous bleating of goats and penned sheep, and the piteous lowing of the cows in their stables, with the mules and donkeys adding their more noisy protest at this widespread and indefinable uneasiness and alarm. The sky was extraordinary enough to justify both. Mountains of purple shadows had gathered and massed themselves upon blood-red clouds that brought no light with them, but a dense and stifling heat, as if they glowed with inward fire and suppressed their flame. With each movement the air seemed to grow heavier and hotter, until breathing became al-

most a tyranny. Not a star glimmered in the field of lurid dusk above, not a sound of life or motion in the trees beneath.

"Grandpapa, what is an earthquake like? Have you ever seen one?" asked Tony, a little frightened, but determined not to show it.

"What is it like, boy?" cried Antonio, with a slight shudder. "There are hardly words in which to describe it. I tell you there is no evil to approach it in horror. The worst sea is not so cruel as the earth when all the devils of hell are bursting their barriers underneath it, and roaring and howling, and shaking it in their merciless rage, until they succeed in gashing it into the awfulest grave, smothering men, women, and children in the flames of their fire below. I saw such work once done in Sicily. The sky was like that—a sea of blood and fire and gloom. The dull thud underground was like the echo of infernal horse-hoofs tramping through the unfelt air, and the land rocked from side to side like a helpless ship on the wide, waste, deep sea. Ah! but on the water you look your enemy in the face. You see the liquid inasses piling up in mountainous waves before you, and you know that they will break into angry foam and swallow you. You can gauge your chances of safety, and mayhap use them, or you can realize the worst. What is that agony, great as it is, in comparison with the appalling sense of feeling and hearing the rock and roar of unseen waves? of not knowing whither to run, how to escape, what to fear? I remember on that dreadful night that, when the swinging ceased, it seemed as if the cord that bound the land were wrenched from east to west in one violent upward jerk, and it lay with the death-rattle in its throat—human forms heaped together under the ruins, trees gashed to their roots, and mighty rocks split open. Oh! an earthquake, Tony! God help us if that monstrous misery is before us!" he ended, with passionate vehemence.

"Isn't there any one place safer for people than others?" Tony asked with a tearless sob of fright, for his grandfather's words and voice filled him with speechless horror.

"Surely, surely, it is safer for us to

be under God's sky, and in the wide empty fields than in a town or village with the added dangers of falling houses and the hustle of panic-stricken people."

"Then it would be worse for Kokona Photini and for Smaragda than for us?" Tony suggested in breathless anxiety.

"I believe so. They are in a narrow street, and the houses are very insecure."

Tony sat down on the wall in his overpowering distress, and tried to think; then he said after a pause, "Grandpapa, had I not better take Pollux and ride down to the village to warn Kokona Photini, and bring them up to stay with us?"

"No, no, Tony. It may be only some freak of Nature, no more easily accounted for than the thousand things that happen daily, and which no amount of learning will help us to understand."

"But if anything happens to show you that it is really going to be an earthquake, like the one in Sicily, you know, won't you let me go?" the little fellow persisted.

"Well, we shall see, lad. In the mean time we may as well have our supper, and leave the goats to Mitzo."

Tony carried his kid into the kitchen, followed by its bleating and nervous mother, and carefully placed it on a piece of old carpet, left for its use beside a heap of dried olive-wood. Turning to the inviting table, with its spotless cloth and home-spun napkins, he proceeded, in spite of fears and tremors, to devour a plate of steaming pillau as only a hungry child can; and when the misythra and dried figs appeared, and he had swallowed his usual allowance of red wine and water, he felt strengthened enough to resume the conversation.

"I hope nothing will happen to the white kid," he said, as he slowly spread a lump of creamy cheese on bread and crowned it with a dried fig. "It will look so pretty with its new red ribbon, and I am going to teach it lots of tricks for Smaragda. But, I say, grandpapa, I don't a bit like that sky. I wish it would not stay so red and strange. It does not seem right not to see any stars when there is no rain or storm. I am sure I saw a flash of lightning just now, —didn't you, grandpapa?"

"There is no use in anticipating dan-

gers we cannot avert, and against which we are powerless to protect ourselves," said Antonio bitterly, laying down his glass to peer out at the patch of murky red which showed through the branches of the plane-tree before the window. "Go to bed, boy, and try to sleep soundly."

"Are you going to bed, grandpapa?"

"Not just yet: I want to smoke a cigarette and get my thoughts in shape; but young bones need sleep if they are to grow."

"I won't go to bed. I'll stay here, and sleep on the sofa. If the earthquake comes, you'll call me at once, won't you?"

Vallery nodded, and the boy rolled himself up on the sofa, and was soon carried into sweet, dreamless sleep.

It was eight o'clock when Tony fell asleep on the sofa, his pretty flushed face lying like a ripe pomegranate in a bed of sunny curls; and Antonio Vallery continued to watch the lurid gloom of the heavens as the air grew hotter and heavier with its nameless electric forces and currents. Toward midnight the clouds parted and frayed themselves into a line of threads over a rainbow of pale light spanning east and west. A sudden movement of Antonio's chair woke the sleeper, who, seeing at once with widely opened and alert eyes his grandfather's form pencilled clearly in the dim air by the flicker of the lamp, jumped up, and asked the hour.

"A quarter to one," said Antonio softly, as if fear were a tangible presence to be conciliated and turned away with gentle voice. "I am glad you slept so well, Tony. If there be trouble in front of us, you will face it all the better for rest."

The boy peered eagerly out of the window, and asked: "What does that strange light mean, grandpapa?"

"Nothing good, I fear. It seems to me that the blow cannot now be far off. Such a light as that in the heavens is otherwise inconceivable at this hour."

"May I go at once to Kokona Photini?"

Antonio looked yearningly into the urgent beseeching little face, so imperious in its pleading, so generous in its ardor. He recognized the nobility of the request, and its unselfish purpose,

but he dreaded to let the child out of his sight, though it was hardly possible that actual peril would be incurred between the cottage and the village. Still he wavered, and would fain have refused.

"Grandpapa, you promised," Tony pressed.

"Very well," Vallery assented reluctantly. "I don't know why I should forbid you. It is not far, and you will be very careful and not delay?"

Without waiting to give the assurance, Tony rushed off to waken Mitzo, who slept in a tiny outhouse.

"Quick, quick, Mitzo, a lamp! Help me to get Pollux ready. I am in a great hurry to get down to the village yonder."

"It is not morning already, surely," muttered Mitzo sleepily, rubbing his half-closed eyes.

"No, but there is going to be an earthquake, and you must get up quickly," Tony panted.

It was exactly one o'clock when Tony sprang into the saddle, and Mitzo stood at the gate to hold the lamp until he found his way safely into the jagged path below which fringed the black swirl of water in its rocky torrent-bed. Just as he bent his head under an orange-tree in flower before dropping into the torrent, he felt himself encircled by embracing arms, and looking round inquiringly, his brilliant eyes pierced through the darkness to his grandfather's white and solemn face.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Tony. It is right that you should think of others, but only come back safe to me."

Even in his impatient need of action, he was careful to extricate himself gently from the old man's arms, and cried gleefully: "Of course, grandpapa, I'll come back safe to you. You could not do without your little boy, and I couldn't do without you either."

Tears welled up into his eyes as the prospect of either having ever to do without the other dimly suggested itself to his untrained vision; but he had a mission before him, and he resolutely brushed them away, and recovering himself, added: "Don't be anxious, grandpapa. I'll come back in an hour with Kokona Photini and Smaragda and her brothers. You can give Smaragda my

bed—she is small like me ; and tell Mitzo not to forget to tie the red ribbon round the kid's throat. Good-night."

He leaned forward and patted Pollux bravely. The mule seemed to understand what was expected of him, rendered doubly nervous and sensitive through the sensations provoked by the electrical influences in the atmosphere, and in an instant the rocky slope was crossed, and the dark stream was flying under hurrying feet no less rapid than its downward rush, the hills rising and falling from massy shadow to vague outline as mule and rider shot through the arrowy descent. Pollux, as if realizing by instinct the supreme need of velocity, never swerved or slackened in his mad gallop, as his rider never swerved or blanched in his seat. Now the landscape dropped into black space, and anon there suddenly emerged out of the infinite shadow long fields and broken walls and ghostly trees shaped in weird indistinctness under the faint glimmer of light rising from the sea across the heavens, and losing itself behind the high peak of Mount Elias. And Tony held his breath in dread that this fierce speed might prove too much for his strength.

At last the unbearable strain of solitude and passionate terror was suspended. He could see the straggling shapes of houses making dim points in the bewildering gloom,—a massy darkness that carried with it the comfort of human brotherhood. And then came the grateful sound under the mule's hoofs of worn and ragged pavement, and the familiar steps and housetops of the village street greeted his tired eyes like cherished friends. He jumped down, and knocked loudly at Kokona Photini's door. A white cap framing features hardly visible showed itself at a window, and a husky voice called out : "Who on earth is knocking at such an hour ?"

"It is I,—Tony. Come away at once, Kokona Photini. Oh, do please, I pray you. Grandpapa says you must—all of you—Smaragda, and Spiro and Saba. You are to stay with us. Come please now. I can't delay," he jerked out.

"God bless my soul ! Is the boy gone mad ? Where would you have us go at this hour of the night ? and what

does your grandfather mean by sending a child out like you alone ? He is not ill, surely, for he ought to know that you risk your bones quite enough by day."

"No, he is not ill ; but he knows there's going to be an earthquake, like there was once in Sicily, and it is more dangerous where there are houses than up in the fields with us. Please come, Kokona Photini. There is no time to be lost. It is quite hot and strange, and the sky has been dreadful to look at all night. I have Pollux here, and you and Smaragda can ride him," Tony urged, in broken sentences which burst from him with an incoherent vehemence that both startled and convinced Kokona Photini.

"*Panaghia Mou !* This is awful news, child," she cried. An earthquake on these summery isles is an evil too probable for the mere suggestion, even from inexperienced lips, to be received with doubt or indifference. The noise of hurried speech roused Saba, who showed himself quite ready to accept Vallery's view, and acknowledged that it would be safer to be away from the proximity of buildings. This opinion decided his affrighted mother. But as she was retreating to waken and dress Smaragda, she remembered that Spiro had gone down to the town to sleep at the schoolmaster's, with whom he had arranged to go shooting early in the morning.

"Saba, what are we to do about Spiro ?" she cried, helplessly holding her head with both hands in her access of sudden maternal alarm. "If we are in danger here, how much worse will it not be for him down there ?"

"That is true, mother, but I do not see how we can help him. It is at least an hour's ride, and the mule is lame. Let us hope for the best, and don't stay long dressing Smaragda."

At this juncture Joanki appeared at a window, and roughly inquired how a respectable woman like Kokona Photini could disturb a peaceful village in that unprecedented way.

"I tell you what it is, Joanki, you had better adopt another tone if you want a civil answer," roared Saba crossly. "The matter is simply this, that it looks terribly as if we are on the point

of being swallowed alive in an earthquake.

"Christ save us all! What has put such a horrible idea into your head? You are not going to turn joker now, are you?" cried Joanki, blanching through his bronzed skin.

"Just put out your head, and feel how hot the air is. Why, man, you can almost gather it in your hand, it is so thick. It is not more than a quarter past one, and there is a light over Mount Elias that is neither dawn nor day, with not even so much as a star, much less a moon to account for it."

Kokona Photini emerged from the house into the narrow street, dragging the half-awakened, troubled little Smaragda by the hand.

"Smaragda, you are coming to stay with us," Tony burst out, comforted by the thought. "I told Mitzo to tie the pretty red ribbon round the kid's neck. You'll see it to-night, and you can have it in bed if you like. Aren't you very glad? It is all white and fluffy, and quite soft."

"I don't care a bit about the kid," Smaragda whimpered disconsolately, looking at Tony with a sleepy, fretful gaze, as Saba hoisted her into the saddle. "Mother is crying. She says Spiro will be killed, and I don't care about white kids if no one can save poor Spiro."

"Would you like me to try and save him, Smaragda?" Tony offered, with his impulsive generosity. "I could go, you know, with Pollux. It is not so very far, and grandpapa would not mind if I was very quick. Shall I go?"

"Yes, do go, Tony," said Smaragda, stooping down to lay her short fat arms about his neck. "And please bring Spiro back quickly the way he won't be killed, and I'll love you as much as all that," she cried, opening her arms to their widest, "and lots more as well."

"Don't be sorry for Spiro, Kokona Photini," said Tony, after kissing his small mistress affectionately. "I'll bring him back. Pollux isn't too tired to go quickly, and I won't be very long. You can walk to the cottage if your mule is too lame. I don't mind, I assure you," he protested gallantly.

Hope flashed into the woman's dark eyes, but she held back from expressed

consent in womanly pity and tenderness for this pathetic picture of dauntless and chivalrous infancy. It was hard to let the child go alone so far, and into what she considered might be actual danger, perhaps death. Yet even harder seemed it to refuse this chance of saving Spiro, her first-born. She looked anxiously and beseechingly at Saba, without the courage to propose the task to him; but he stood apart, ready to lift Smaragda down again when a decision was arrived at, but not at all ready to do what was mutely expected and entreated of him in his mother's glance. He liked his brother, and he liked Tony, but he greatly preferred himself, and had not the least idea of jeopardizing his life for any one. So he stood apart, quietly tugging at an invisible mustache, and watching the sky.

Without a word Tony sprang into the saddle when Smaragda had been lifted down, and turning back his head as the mule set into a preliminary canter, he cried out that he and Spiro would surely overtake them before they should reach the cottage.

Just as he was riding away, Joanki came into the street, and broke into savage expostulation with Kokona Photini and Saba for letting a mere child ride down to the town at such an hour alone, and with possible catastrophe hanging over his innocent head. Whereupon little Smaragda began to cry, and refused to be comforted until the good-natured carpenter sent a piercing call after Tony. But it was too late now for hope of effectual interference. Pollux had carried Tony with the same breathless speed into the blackness beyond the village street which closed behind them like a heavy curtain.

V.

THE regular beat of hoofs down the hilly roadway leading to the town was the only sound that broke the intensity of silence, in muffled tread or in loud clear tramp as the path rose and fell in its indented decline. Not a breath of wind made music through the trees, or blew the lightest hedge-plume across the fields; not a frog croaked in startled companionship among the sedges of the valley-streams; and only now and then a thin faint murmur like the echo of

falling water travelling from afar was heard in the overwhelming suspension of all cheerful night noises. Again the stones and dust flew round them, and Tony sometimes struck his head against the low fig-branches that sprawled their intricately enlaced arms across the orchard limits, and filled up the narrow path to the impediment of mule and rider, or he entangled his foot in the myrtle and oleander bushes, and the nettles stung through his stockings, and drew from the tightened lips a cry of fierce, hot pain. But in spite of bruise and sting, in spite of startled pulses hammering frantically round throat and temples, of aching lids strained their widest in the multiplicity of unformed terrors and emotions that partially stunned his imagination, in spite of the thick enveloping shadows through which he was speeding in a sickening vagueness of alarm, he rode on like a brave little knight, mindful only of his promise and his mission. To add to his sufferings an agony of thirst grew upon him, and as a village rose and sank behind him the sense of loneliness seemed to lie upon him as more and more cruel and intolerable.

He shouted aloud in the might of joy when at last he saw the harbor-lights break upon the widening view, and he strained his eyes to distinguish those of his new acquaintance, the Saint Sophia. The town clock at that moment struck the third quarter of the hour—how pleasant was the familiar sound after the agonizing silence! He pulled his remaining forces together, and tried to cheer Pollux whom he felt to be as nervous and as impressed with nameless horror as himself, and the mule's answer to his caress was one last wild effort, carrying him like a shadowy phantom to the schoolmaster's door; and he stood there snorting and panting in troubled protest, his brown flanks flaked with foam, and gray where the dust lay thick upon them. Tony himself was so spent with fatigue that with difficulty he lifted himself out of the saddle, and dropped upon the pavement in stiff and nerveless exhaustion. By a supreme exertion he was enabled to knock feebly for admittance.

The schoolmaster was awake, and heard the knock. He opened the win-

dow, and peered inquiringly outside. "Who is there?" he asked.

"Tony. Let me in quickly. I am so tired, and I want Spiro."

The schoolmaster ran down-stairs, and stared in blank amazement to see the child huddled upon the pavement. He lifted him into his arms, and carried him inside.

"What is the matter, Tony?" he asked, under his breath.

"There is going to be an earthquake! Don't you feel it in the air? It is awful outside. I can't breathe."

Tony pressed his little hands over his face in a dazed way, and then fell down on the floor, and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"There is indeed something very strange in the atmosphere," said the schoolmaster, stooping down to pat the curly head at his feet. "I could not sleep, and Spiro has been upset all the evening as a nervous girl. But who on earth sent you down? It was a piece of shameful cruelty—poor little fellow!"

"Grandpapa sent me to Kokona Photini's to tell her to come and stay with us because it is safer than her house," Tony said, making a violent effort to keep down the sobs that shook him. "And they were all so sorry because nobody could come for Spiro. Smaragda was crying, so I said I would come with Pollux. Please don't delay. Tell Spiro. Pollux and I are dreadfully tired, and it is getting worse every minute."

The schoolmaster rushed up-stairs, and shook Spiro roughly out of his uneasy sleep.

"Cannot you let me alone? It is not time to get up yet!" Spiro muttered angrily.

"Get up at once," the schoolmaster cried, in an authoritative tone. "Valery's little boy is here for you."

"What does he want? I have nothing to do with him. Tell him to go to the devil, or anywhere else he likes."

"Spiro, they are all waiting for you—your mother and Smaragda. They sent me for you. Please come," urged Tony, in a faint whisper, who had crept up after the master.

"Be off, you young monkey! How dare you come after me!" roared Spiro, in an unaccountable rage.

"Don't be disagreeable, Spiro. Grandpapa says there is going to be an earthquake, and it may swallow us up any moment. It is hard to come all this way by myself, and I so small and frightened, to save you, and be treated like this," gasped poor Tony, breaking down completely in a wave of self-pity.

"What is he talking about?" shrieked Spiro aghast, as he sat up and glared at the schoolmaster, who was holding Tony pressed to him and tenderly drying his eyes.

"It is on your knees you ought to thank the noble child," said the schoolmaster wrathfully. "Let us lose no time. I have just been looking at the sky, and it is as he says; it forebodes an earthquake."

Spiro flung himself out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He was familiar with the horrible pictures wrought upon the imagination by the very word earthquake, and his mind was a blank equally to good thoughts and to evil. That Tony had, open-eyed and deliberately, imperilled his own life to save him he remembered not; he was even capable of feeling a sharp irritation when the child stood between him and the long leather boots he was seeking, and burst into some puerile invective as he rudely pushed him aside.

In silence the three darted into the empty street, the master holding Tony convulsively by the hand, and they heard the rush of a mighty invisible wave pass with a muffled roar through the heavy stillness of the air. At that moment the strained nerves of Pollux gave way, and he flew over the pavement, neighing and clanking his hoofs like a spirit possessed.

"*Thè Mou!*" cried Spiro, crossing himself energetically. "This is the first shock, and Pollux has fled."

The clangorous beat of the town-clock striking the hour trembled prophetically, and the second note was followed by an uncertain tingle of fainter notes. Spiro and the master were white with terror, but Tony had passed beyond conscious sensation and ran with them in a dream.

Eastward and westward shook the earth upon the sulphurous billows of its underdeeps, and in a flash the houses emptied themselves of frantic and terrified inhabitants, hustling, racing with

the unseeing eyes of panic, shrieking out every form of propitiatory adjuration which rose to their colorless lips and served as an outlet of impotent anguish. A second swing, mightier and longer than the first, flung Tony and Spiro prostrate as they turned the angle of the street, and the schoolmaster, in starting back to balance himself against a wall, saw an old woman waving her hands in tragic despair and helplessness from a window above on the opposite side. In the pause of transient steadiness, he called out to Spiro to help Tony, and bounded up the rickety staircase.

"Poor Tony! I'll carry you if you like," said Spiro in a changed voice, suddenly awakened to the piteous condition to which fright and fatigue had reduced the brave child.

"No, no. I am only tired. Don't mind me. Smaragda was crying for you, and so was your mother. Run on quickly to them. I'll come afterward. And please remember to tell grandpapa that I am all right, and not to be uneasy about me," Tony answered, catching his breath in long gasps.

Selfishness, alas! silenced the voice of a generosity hardly ever quite absent in the worst of us, though its presence too often takes a shape so dim and inarticulate as to be incapable of beneficially asserting itself, and Spiro thus magnanimously exhorted, gained with incredible celerity the stony ascent leading from the town; heedless of the rock-points piercing his boots, heedless of the sharp sting of nettles and the scratch of briars, heedless of the small clamor of conscience pleading for a forlorn and forsaken child; pursued by the deafening, merciless roar of an underworld bursting its barriers. As onward he ran, pricked into passion by the animal instinct of self-preservation, the swing of the land grew more ominous, and a flame of violet color broke in clear lines along the inky horizon.

The schoolmaster, carrying the old woman in his arms, was dashed like a feather upon the strong wave from the wall to the balustrade, as he strove to make his way down the staircase that rocked like a ship. He reached the street in safety, only to find Tony at his feet, prone upon the doorstep, with the life-blood flowing steadily from his fair

young head. He planted the woman on her feet, and stooped over the wounded child: he lifted him into his arms, and touched the little bleeding head with infinite tenderness.

"Tony! My poor, poor Tony! Is this the reward for all your bravery?" he cried, and he saw the unconscious form through a mist of hot and blinding tears.

The change of attitude restored Tony for a moment to half-consciousness. He opened his large, dazed eyes, beautiful and beseeching in their fading light, and fixed them inquiringly and yet confidently upon the master.

"Please don't ask me to walk any more. I am so tired," he said dreamily. "Has Spiro gone? I promised Kokona Photini she would see him soon, and I don't want Smaragda to be sorry about him. The kid wouldn't comfort her if he was lost, and I can't go to her,—at least not yet. Let me rest a little, and then we can go back with Pollux. Poor Pollux! He won't like my being so tired, will he? But then he is tired too. We came dreadfully quick, on purpose to be in time. And I was so frightened by myself in the dark. I didn't mean to be frightened, but I couldn't help it. You won't tell grandpapa, because it would fret him. So tired, so very tired."

His voice faded away into the merest whisper, and he closed his eyes in seemingly painless repose. He opened them again, and stared dully into vacancy.

"I have a pretty red collar for the white kid. I hope Smaragda will like it."

The schoolmaster rose, and struggled slowly with his burden up a lane. His own failing strength and overmastering emotions made the journey one of much difficulty. Tony stirred slightly in the movement, and looking down, the schoolmaster could see, through the glimmering twilight shed from the disturbed heavens, some vague consciousness of gaze, yearningly seeking his own with the exquisite intangibility of expression that looks out of eyes growing dim upon the border-land of eternity.

"What is it, Tony?" he asked, bending down his face.

"Tell Mitzo to take care of Pollux. I can't think what my grandpapa will

do without his little boy if—if I am too tired to go home. Tell him—tell him I wanted to go back to him very badly, but—but—"

"Tony, won't you try to pray with me—just a little?" the schoolmaster asked, in a voice thick with tears. "Try to say 'Our Father' with me."

The boy moved his eyelids tremulously in a faintly affirmative sign, and the schoolmaster recited the prayer very slowly. When he said "Give us this day our daily bread," Tony interrupted him softly: "No, don't say that. We don't want bread now. Say, please, 'Save everybody from the earthquake, and be good to my dear grandpapa, and Smaragda, and Mitzo, and—'"

As the schoolmaster made the pretty alteration, the country now lay before them, and only a few houses remained to be passed.

"Like the earthquake there was in Sicily," Tony murmured; and as the schoolmaster stooped to catch the low words, the third and most terrible shock struck underneath. A near wall gave way, split, swayed, and fell upon the man and child, burying them under a heap of stones.

It was a quarter past two, and the shrieks and prayers of agony were silenced, for the town of Chios was one grave and hospital, death, ruin, and desolation stamped upon it.

VI.

SPIRO'S appearance alone at Antonio's cottage even dashed Kokona Photini's maternal satisfaction with dismay, and while she held in abeyance the trembling ecstasy of her joy to inquire for Tony, and Smaragda stood, with the white kid in her arms, searching in perplexity and distrust for a slim little form behind her brother, and Mitzo's voice was lifted in a dismal howl of anticipation, Antonio Vallery looked sternly from the gate, at which no bright imperious face framed in golden curls appeared, to Spiro, and waited for an explanation.

"My grandson? Where is he?" he demanded quietly.

"He is coming with the schoolmaster. He begged me to run on to reassure you, as he was so tired," said Spiro awkwardly.

"God forgive you, Spiro, for desert-

ing a child who so nobly risked his life for you ; and God forgive you, Kokona Photini, for sending my little Tony out into danger. If my life is made desolate by his loss, the crime will lie heavily on your consciences."

Every one felt that the measured words held a curse in them, and crossed themselves as in silence the old man passed out through the little orchard and went on to look for his grandson.

Antonio heard the patter of childish feet behind him, and a soft little hand was pleadingly thrust into his. Looking down, he encountered Smaragda's tawny eyes, piteously distended through their undried tears, and distressful enough to appease even a sorrow as immeasurable as his.

"Please take me with you, Antonio Vallery. I want to find Tony too, for I love him,—oh, yes, ever so much more than I love anybody else except mother. Take me please, Antonio Vallery. I'll be very good, and not get tired, I promise."

The old fingers closed gently upon the child's, but no further word was spoken. Antonio Vallery accepted the little girl's company half-unconsciously, and together they turned their faces toward the ruined town. Dawn was breaking in the east when they entered the first narrow lane, and Smaragda's quick eyes caught sight of something bright and red-stained.

"Look, Antonio Vallery !" she cried excitedly. "It is the color of Tony's hair,—just like a glittering *lira*."

Antonio stared down at the object in dull inquiry : then he knelt on the pavement, and began eagerly to lift the stones that encumbered it—and saw the schoolmaster's dead form clasp, not the flushed and joyous Tony known to all Chios, but a stiff small corpse, stained with blood and dust, pretty still to look at even under the ghastly veil of death without its poetry of soft sleep. Antonio gathered the lifeless body into his arms, and bent over it with the prolonged and inarticulate moan of a dumb creature. The blank incoherence of his grief was incapable of bringing any sharp sensation of bereavement or recognition. He passed his hand tenderly over the cold little face, and then held the curly head between his palms, and gazed at it

with hungry, unfathomable yearning for one glimmer of existence beneath the lids that never more would open on the dark frank eyes they hid. He kissed the curls, and pressed them to his cheek in speechless anguish, shedding no tear, speaking no word, but staring down at the pretty familiar lineaments so unreal in their stillness, not long ago full of life and vigor and rich promise, now irresponsive beneath his gaze of searching pathos.

The little girl sat on the ground beside him, her wide eyes fixed in intense fear and awe, now on Antonio and now on his burden, wondering what had happened to her playmate, and yet not daring to ask.

"Dead ! My poor Tony dead !" Vallery muttered.

The men who were carrying the wounded and dead out of the wrecked houses and narrow streets passed them, and stopped to lift the corpses of Tony and the schoolmaster on a stretcher, too thankful that they had survived to perform this task to feel any strong interest in Antonio's desolate state.

"Hands are few, and work is heavy," one of them cried callously. "The one grave will serve both."

Antonio stretched forth his arms in trembling prayer as the little body was roughly taken from him. And when he had watched it being carried away, he turned back from the empty town, and gave no thought to the silent and grieved child who walked beside him.

"Poor Tony !" said the Demarch that evening, when he called on the Aga to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in escaping the disasters of that awful night, and found that mighty personage tranquilly smoking his narghilia, having rendered thanks to Allah and Mohammed his prophet for the preservation of a remnant of his goods. "A brave little fellow, who died very nobly. Bless you ! I can see him now standing before me on the quay with his hands in the pockets of his sailor-suit, and his pretty curls blowing all about his face like a girl's, asking me if I wouldn't like to go to England. An English boy from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

The Aga opened his calm, impassable eyes upon the exuberant Greek, settled

himself back among the cushions, and slowly and meditatively puffed his narghilia.

"That boy had the soul of a gentle-

man," he presently remarked, and then relapsed into ecstatic silence.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

SEE yonder castles old and hoar,
Each fronting each from either shore.
Bathed in the sunshine's gold,
Where, storming through the Dardanelles'
High rocky gates, the tide that swells
The Hellespont is rolled.
Hark ! how against the rocks they roar,
The waves that seethe and eddy there ;
Though Asia they from Europe tore,
Yet love they could not scare.

Through Hero's and Leander's hearts
God Amor winged his fiery darts
With love's sweet anguish tipped :
Hero, as Hebe fair was she,
And o'er the mountains ranging, he
His hunting mates outstripped.
But out, alas ! their parents' feud
Forbade this plighted pair to meet,
And only at life's peril could
They win love's fruitage sweet.

On Sestos' rock-tower, round whose base
The billows rush in endless chase,
And fling on high their foam,
The maiden sat, a-dread, alone,
Her gaze toward Abydos thrown,
Which was her lover's home.
Alas ! no bridge to yon far strand
Is there the wanderer to convey ;
No pinnace there puts out from land,
Yet Love found out a way.

Out of the labyrinth love led
Great Theseus with unerring thread,
Can fools with wit inspire,
Bends savage cattle to the yoke,
To cleave with diamond ploughshare broke
The steers that snorted fire.
Not Styx's stream, ninefold and black,
The dauntless Heracles appalls,
That bore the bride triumphant back
From Pluto's gloomy halls.

Leander thus, with heart on fire,
 And goaded by love's sweet desire,
 The weltering waters braves ;
 When day's bright sheen begins to wane,
 The daring swimmer leaps amain
 Into the darkling waves.
 With stalwart arms he daffs them by,
 Intent to gain the strand so dear,
 When from the turret flashing high
 The beacon-torch shines clear.

Anon within his mistress' arms,
 She with her close caresses warms
 The limbs the waves have chilled.
 For danger past meet guerdon this,
 That steeps him, soul and sense, in bliss,
 All through with rapture thrilled ;
 Lingering, till dawn steals on apace,
 Awakes him from his blissful dream,
 And scares him from his love's embrace
 To Pontus' icy stream.

Thus thirty suns flew by, and still
 Of stolen delights they snatched their fill,
 Delights that never cloyed,—
 Each night to them a bridal night—
 The gods might envy such delight,
 So fresh, so unalloyed.
 A perfect rapture no one knows,
 Who ne'er has plucked, while none might tell,
 With stealthy hand the fruit that grows
 On the dread river marge of hell.

So days and nights went swiftly by
 Alternate o'er the arching sky ;
 The happy lovers, they
 Mark not the leaves that thickly fall,
 And from its ice-bound northern hall
 Grim winter making way.
 They saw with joy, these happy wights,
 The days, how shorter still they grew,
 And blindly thanked great Jove for nights
 Of lengthened joys in view.

Now came the time, when night and day
 O'er all the heavens hold equal sway,
 And from her rocky keep
 Fair Hero watched with wistful eye
 The sun's steeds sweeping down the sky,
 To plunge into the deep.
 And mirror-smooth beneath her swayed
 The ocean, lulled in calm serene,
 While not a breeze across it played,
 To mar its crystal sheen.

And dolphins there, a jocund throng,
 The sparkling silvery waves along
 Wheel round and round in sport ;

And upward from the nether deeps
Rose the gay band, which Thetis keeps
To guard her ocean-court.
To them alone has been revealed
The tie which these two lovers knit,
But Hecate to silence sealed
The lips might blab of it.

'Twas joy that ocean fair to see,
And thus in flattering tones did she
Invoke its lord divine :
" Sweet god ! Thou false and faithless ? No
As such I brand the wretch, that so
Thy godhead should malign !
Mankind are faithless through and through,
And fathers' hearts are hard as steel ;
But thine is gentle, kind, and true,
And for love's pangs can feel.

" Within these dreary walls of stone
Must I, uncheered, unwooded, alone,
Have withered in despair ;
Bridge there was none, nor galley's prow,
Still to my arms my lover thou
Didst on thy shoulders bear.
Thy nether deeps are grim and drear,
And fearful is thy angry wave,
But love's beseechings win thine ear,
And thou befriend'st the brave.

" For Eros' shafts touched even thy heart,
Great God of Ocean though thou art,
When Hellé, fair as morn,
Was, with her brother flying, by
The Ram, whose fleece was golden, high
Across thy waters borne.
Smit by her charms, up from the black
Abysses swiftly didst thou leap,
And swept her from the creature's back
Down to thy lowest deep.

" A goddess with a god, she now,
Immortal from that hour as thou,
In her sea-grots abides ;
Shields lovers when their foes pursue,
Calms thy tempestuous moods, and to
His port the sailor guides.
O beauteous Hellé, goddess bright,
Blest in thine own love, bring, I pray,
My lover to my arms to-night
Safe by the wonted way !"

Now o'er the sea did darkness lour,
And Hero kindled on her tower
The torch that, flashing bright,
Bade her beloved pilgrim haste
Across the waters' weltering waste,
Led by its trusty light.

Far off a moaning sound is heard,
The stars are blotted from the sky,
The darkling waves are inly stirred,
The tempest-shock draws nigh.

Night settles on the watery plain,
And from the thund'rous clouds the rain
In drenching torrents pours,
Forked lightnings flash along the air,
And, bursting from their rocky lair,
Blast thick on storm-blast roars.
Huge gulfs in the wide ocean-swell
Are rent as with convulsive spasm,
And, yawning like the jaws of hell,
Gape widely, chasm on chasm.

"Woe, woe is me!" she shrieked. "O thou
Great Jove, have mercy on me now!
Mad were my words! Woe's me!
Oh, if the gods have heard my prayer,
And he, despite the tempest there,
Has braved the treacherous sea!
Birds trained to ocean's angry mood
Fly homeward swiftly as they may,
And ships, that many a storm have stood,
Make for the sheltering bay.

"Oh, he that never quailed, once more
Has dared what oft he dared before;
This morn he pledged his troth,
By love's great god, to-night he would
Return, and death, death only should
Release him from his oath!
And now, ay, even now, is he
At grips with this fell storm, I know;
'Tis dragging him, that raging sea,
Down to the depths below.

"False Pontus, thy repose erewhile
Was but a mask to veil thy guile!
As mirror smooth wert thou;
Thy waves were cunning-calm, till they
To venture forth had lured their prey,
Whom they are whelming now.
Midway in thy wild eddies caught,
Return, go-o'er, both hopeless made,
Thy every horror dire is wrought
On him thou hast betrayed!"

Louder and louder grew the blast,
The billows mountain-high upcast
Break foaming on the rocks.
Even galleys ribbed with stoutest oak,
Driven shoreward where these billows broke,
Had shattered with the shocks.
The torch that was to light his way
Dies in the gale; and everywhere,
On sea, on shore, turn where he may,
Are horror and despair.

She prays that Aphrodite will
 Command the hurricane to still
 The angry waves till morn,
 And vows rich sacrifice to burn,
 To all the ruthless winds in turn
 A steer with golden horn.
 All goddesses that ocean sway,
 All gods in the high heavens that be,
 She supplicates, the storms to stay
 That vex the raging sea.

"O blest Leucothoe, arise
 From thy green halls, and hear my cries !
 Thou saviour goddess, whom
 Full oft the sinking marinere
 Has seen on ocean's waste appear,
 To rescue him from doom.
 Stretch forth to him thy sacred veil,
 That, woven and blest by mystic charms,
 If he but clutch, safe through the gale
 Will bear him to my arms."

Now the wild winds to rest are hushed,
 And the horizon, faintly flushed,
 Tells Eos' steeds are nigh ;
 Serene and glassy-smooth the deep
 Seems in its ancient bed to sleep,
 And bright smile sea and sky.
 Around the rocks the wavelets sway,
 In silence rippling each on each,
 And float up, as they calmly play,
 A body on the beach.

'Tis he, who even in death forlorn
 Has kept the oath that he had sworn.
 One glance, and all is known !
 No wailing cry her anguish speaks,
 No tears stream down her bloodless cheeks,
 Despair has made her stone.
 With hopeless stare she seems to scan
 The bright sky, the blank ocean-flow,
 And to her face so marble-wan
 There mounts a noble glow.

"Dread Powers, I see your workings here
 With force implacable, austere,
 You urge your rights divine.
 Swift close to my life's course is this,
 Yet I have drunk rich draughts of bliss,
 A glorious lot was mine.
 Living, within thy shrine have I
 Thy consecrated priestess been ;
 A joyful sacrifice I die,
 Venus, to thee, great Queen !"

Her white robe far behind her swept,
 As from the turret's edge she leapt
 Down, down into the wave ;

Her hallowed corpse the god receives,
 Where slow his watery kingdom heaves,
 And is himself her grave.
 Well pleased he eyes his prey, then turns
 To bear it to his realm below ;
 And pours from his exhaustless urns
 The streams that ever flow.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL.*

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

FOR the large majority of persons now living in Great Britain, O'Connell has come to be nothing but a name. A name, it is true, with some vesture of awe and suspicion hanging round it, like a ghost ; a name with some lingering capacity to make us feel uncomfortable ; yet in the main a name only, like Chatham, or like Strafford. But, for the small proportion of those now inhabiting the island, and for all who were breathing and moving upon it,

δωσ' ἐπὶ γαίαν ἐπινυεῖς τε καὶ ἔρπει,

forty and fifty years ago, from the highest to the lowest, O'Connell was, and was felt to be, not a name only but a power. He had, in 1828-9, encountered the victor of the Peninsula and of Waterloo on the battle-ground of the higher politics, of those politics which lie truly *inter apices*, and had defeated him, and had obtained from his own lips the avowal of his defeat.

Moreover, O'Connell was a champion of whom it might emphatically be said that alone he did it. True, he had a people behind him ; but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense, the masses only, not the masses with the classes. The Irish aristocracy were not indeed then banded together, as they are now, in the cause that he thought the wrong one. Many of them supported Roman Catholic emancipation ; but none of them comprehended that, in the long reckoning of international affairs, that support would have to be carried onward and outward to all its consequences. He saw, at the epoch

of the Clare election, what they did not see, that the time had come when, to save the nation, a victim must be dedicated even from among the nation's friends, like the great king's daughter at Aulis to preserve the host commanded by her own father. O'Connell was the commander-in-chief, although as yet they hardly knew it ; and even the most illustrious supporters of Roman Catholic emancipation, on whichever side the Channel, were but the rank and file behind him. His were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to Saint Stephen's, almost as much as Moses led the children of Israel to Mount Sinai ; and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had labored, and labored not in vain, to frustrate.

I assume, then, that this remarkable man, whom before reaching the end of these remarks I shall call a great man, has passed out of the mill-stream of politics into the domain of history. There, it is to be hoped, we may contemplate and examine his career in something of the solemn stillness of Glasnevin, where his remains repose beneath the soaring tower, the pre-eminent national symbol of his country.

We have now supplied to us for the first time, through the enterprise of my old friend Mr. Murray, the material necessary for this examination. The preceding biographers of O'Connell have not had access to the stores of the singularly characteristic correspondence in which, while his whole heart was set upon the purpose of the time, he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. The small but very interesting

* *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator*. Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London, Murray, 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

volume * of the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke is of too limited a scope, and was written with too partial an access to sources, for the exhibition of the entire man. The *Life and Times of the Liberator*,† containing, as might be expected from its title, much extraneous matter, does not fill the void. The *Select Speeches* were published by his son Mr. John O'Connell, with "historical notices" of indispensable facts and dates, but with an express disclaimer of any attempt at biography.‡ From the expressions used by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his Preface, I gather that the present work is substituted for the more formal biography, which was at one time meditated by his family.§

Unless I am much mistaken, the history of Ireland, especially for the last two hundred years, is not only a narrative replete in itself with the most singular interests, but is also a normal exercise for instruction in the basis of modern history at large. If this be so, then neither the timely and most dispassionately written volume of Mr. Lefevre,|| nor even the comprehensive collection now before me, will supply the last word that is to be posthumously spoken of O'Connell, as to whom Mr. Greville,¶ most dispassionate of judges, has stated that "his position was unique: there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it." And once more, he was "the most important and most conspicuous man of his time and country." If he has now passed away from the clatter and the rowdiness of everyday politics,

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace,

our time will surely not be lost in an endeavor to ascertain what manner of man it is that stands figured on the canvas before us. For Mr. Fitzpatrick, while presenting to us a collection of moderate extent, selected without doubt from

a far larger mass of papers, has not only woven them into a web of fair average continuity, but has, as a sculptor would, presented to us his hero "in the round," so that we may consider each of his qualities in each varied light, and judge of their combination into a whole, whether it is mean or noble, consistent or inconsistent, natural or forced.

It is with something of a sense of special duty, and likewise with a peculiar satisfaction, that I make this small effort at historical justice in the case of the Irish Liberator, as he is most justly called. In early life I shared the prejudices against him, which were established in me not by conviction, but by tradition and education. As a young and insignificant member of Parliament, I never (so far as my memory goes) indulged in the safe impertinence of attacks, which it would have been beneath him to notice. I was fortunate, from an occurrence which on his account I must mention further on in some detail, in being brought slightly yet sensibly into personal contact with him (now nearly fifty-five years ago), and thus having experience of his kindly and winning manners. But those who know only the hearty good will of millions upon millions of the English people toward Ireland at this moment, can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled by popular opinion publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own; but, in the main, I fear that, taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel toward those whom they have injured. My own delinquencies in this sphere I think cannot be stated more strongly than in these words; I voted steadily with the Opposition on Irish questions in the Melbourne period, and I had entered the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in 1843 when the prosecution of the Liberator, in connection with the monster-meetings, was undertaken. One very slight plea only can I offer for myself. I was not blind to his greatness. Almost from the opening of my

* *The Centenary Life of O'Connell*. By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1878.

† *The Liberator, his Life and Times*. Kenmare Publications. 2 vols. 8vo (1873?)

‡ See Preface to *Select Speeches*. 2 vols. 12mo. Duffy, Dublin (without date).

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Peel and O'Connell*. 8vo. London, 1887.

¶ *Greville Memoirs*, Second Series, iii. 86.

Parliamentary life I felt that he was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen. Nevertheless I desire to purge myself, by this public act, of any residue of old and unjust prepossession, to

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.*

There cannot but be many, in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor Grattan (each how great in their several capacities!) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history, I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great Duke is truly, in mathematical phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man; and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great Duke in the field establish an excess in his favor. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action.

There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges: a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an ethnagogue. He was not the leader either of *plebs* or *populus* against optimates: he was the leader of a nation; and this nation, weak, outnumbered, and despised, he led, not always unsuccessfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest perhaps and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upward on the moral scale) from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in this vital point, that

they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation *minus* its dissentients, against conquerors, who were never expelled but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him: we must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling all along of his own raw material, that is to say, of the people; and so handled them by direct personal agency, that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world.

The dates and epochs of O'Connell's life are simple. He was born in the county of Kerry on the 6th of August, 1775. He received his college education at St. Omer and Douay, during the years of the French Revolution. At this period, there are sufficient indications that in character, though not in mere opinion, "the boy was father of the man." It came to a close in January, 1793, when he wrote to his uncle Maurice, whose property he was to inherit, that "the conduct the English have pursued with regard to the French in England makes us dread to be turned off every day" (vol. i. p. 7). He set out, however, under a summons from Ireland; and, as I remember his telling me in 1834, he crossed the Channel homeward in the boat which brought the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. The excesses of the time drove him in the opposite direction; and, when the boat got under way, he flung into the sea his tricolor cockade, which was reverently picked up by some French fishermen rowing past, with a curse upon him for his pains. He studied law in London; and it appears that the State trials of the day, aimed against freedom, disenchanted his politics, and brought him to Liberalism, by which he held steadily and warmly to his dying day. He was called to the bar in 1798; and in 1802, despite the protestations of his friends, and the unrelenting opposition of his uncle, he married a penniless but devoted wife. He did it, expecting disin-

* *Macbeth*, v. 3.

heritance ; and Darrynane was not his in fact until 1825.

The first quarter of the century was spent in achieving at the Irish bar not prominence only but supremacy : such a supremacy as probably never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that highly distinguished body. From the first, he earned something ; and in 1813 his receipts already approached four thousand *per annum*. In the last year of his stuff gown, as he told me himself in 1834, he made 7,000*l.* In his letter of 1842 to Lord Shrewsbury (ii. 284) he states that in the year before emancipation, while he belonged to the outer Bar, his "professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l.*;" and that soon, on his obtaining a silk gown, they must have been "considerably increased." Even Lord Shrewsbury, the leader of his co-religionists in England, had joined in the vulgar cry against his receiving the contributions of the Irish people. How far loftier and more discerning, how wise and true, are the words of Mr. Greville on his death in 1847 : "It was an income nobly given, and nobly earned."

Yet, even during this quarter of a century, while he was earning a position which became an essential condition of his influence, he was (from 1805 onward, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, i. 15) the life and soul of that small and continually dwindling residue of nationality, which the Union, and the accompaniments and consequences of the Union, had left to Ireland. His first, as I believe, and not his least memorable public utterance had been made in January, 1800, when he was twenty-four years old. In writing to Lord Shrewsbury he says :—

For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

This was without doubt what may be called the opulent period of his life : but hear him as to even this period (*ibid.*) :—

For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood ? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would insure ?

From, or shortly before, the epoch of the Clare election in 1828 dates the commencement of his absorption in public affairs. He was now *lotus in illis*. He remained at his zenith until 1843, when the Peel Administration instituted the great prosecution against him. It can hardly be said that this prosecution was directly the cause of a decline in his power over the people. But thus much appears to be certain. If his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell did not break his spirit, it added heavily to that drain upon his nerve power, which had for so many years been excessive, and almost unparalleled. The loss of a grandchild, we are told, almost crushed the great and profoundly susceptible heart (ii. 331). His handwriting, formerly so bold, became tremulous and indistinct.

He was released in September, 1844, under the judgment of the House of Lords. During the time for which his action had been paralyzed, the mind of Ireland, under the influence of disappointment, had been moving in the direction of counsels alien from his. O'Connell's were always the counsels of legality ; the new counsels were counsels of force, of force the offspring of despair, and adopted as the sole remaining alternative after the failure of O'Connell's policy based on bloodless effort. On the back of all this came the terrible prospect of the famine. He could not bear it ; or he could not bear his own heart-rending sense of incapacity to relieve it. The powerful frame, the brain yet more powerful, gradually yielded to a pressure which defied all resistance. He set out for a continental tour devised by way of remedy, and recommended by the knowledge of his fervent faith, and the hope that arrival at the *limina Apostolorum* might operate as a charm upon him. But the journey was one of manifest though intermitted stages of decline. He was mercifully spared both acute agony of body, and obscurity

of mind ; and, having received devoutly all the consolations of his Church, he passed into the world of spirits on the 15th of May, 1847. His age was no more than seventy-one ; but it may safely be said that these years included, in labor, in experience, in emotion, in anxiety, in suffering, and in elastic and masculine reaction against it, ten times what is allotted, in the same space of time, to more ordinary men.

And here I part from simple narrative to attempt an estimate of the character and action of O'Connell.

The domestic relations of O'Connell cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader of this book. They were broadly distinguished from those of common men by the vehement and ever-flowing tide of emotion that coursed through them. They are illuminated by every occasion that comes up, and we find him acting the part of a spiritual adviser in detail to a daughter in a grave and anxious crisis of the soul, the particular nature of which is reverently veiled. Their verbal expression is concentrated in his letters to his wife. From these it appears that his whole married life, from its commencement in 1802 to its close in 1836, was one continued course, not of ardent affection only, but of courtship. Unless for the purpose of satire, no such gushing vocabulary of love has ever, as far as I know, been laid open to the public eye. O'Connell speaks of Charles Phillips, the author of *Curran and his Contemporaries*, as "insane with love" (i. 24). Some might be inclined to retort the phrase upon him. After eleven years of married life, in a letter of no more than sixteen lines, his wife is "my darling heart," "heart's treasure," "my sweetheart love," "my own Mary," "my own darling love," "my own dearest, dearest darling ;" and "I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you." This is from him when on circuit, to whom the expenditure of a minute was the expenditure of a drop of professional life's blood. In other ways we shall see that he was a man who never could withhold, never could contract, his sympathies. In this very letter, there is one, and but one, morsel of pure prose—his business "is increasing almost beyond endurance" (i. 20). In later years, the catalogue of endearing

phrases is scarcely shortened (see i. 99, 100), and he truly describes his case when he says (in 1825) "Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your old husband?" If Mr. Fitzpatrick has at all deviated from the common use in printing these letters, he has not done it without sufficient cause. For they exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine, and being in its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict, the lively, and even redundant, play of the affections.

The degree in which his business was exacting, his cares overwhelming, I for one have never fully understood except upon the perusal of these really important and historical volumes. Upon no sovereign, upon no Imperial chancellor, were the anxieties of empire ever more fully charged, than O'Connell was laden with the thought of Ireland, and with the supreme direction of its concerns. He was all along the missionary of an idea. The idea was the restoration of the public life of his country ; which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralyzed, by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood ; from the commencement of his full political career it became the mainspring of his acts, his words, his movements ; the absolute mistress of his time, of his purse, and of whatever additions his credit could make to his pecuniary resources. He loved his country with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, and with all his strength. In his eye, Dublin Castle, commonly considered as embodying the government of Ireland, had no substantive existence except as a machinery for repressing the national life through the careful fostering of alien powers, in an omnipotent landlordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, miscalled National, in proselytizing schemes of popular education, and in an anti-popular administration of the law, from its highest agencies downward to its lowest. To the well-meant money grants, for draining and the like, he would have had a twofold answer : first

they were but a miserable set-off against the heavy sums which England owed to Ireland in account ; and secondly, with even greater emphasis, that man does not live by bread alone, and that it is idle to study feeding the mere stomach of a nation, yet at the same time to stop all the avenues of its higher life. For the true work of a government, Dublin Castle, with all its costly and complicated *rouages*, was a mere negation ; and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had formerly been alive, and had been smothered by external force, enter into life once more. He therefore had to do the work that in the ordinary course of human affairs is served by an organized system, and occupies a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages, which result from effective division of labor. There was hardly a man in Ireland available, in the highest matters, for lightening his solitudes by sharing them. One indeed there was who appears to have had the capacity, namely, Bishop Doyle ; but, for whatever reason, he does not seem to have worked continuously with O'Connell. And yet there was no case of wrong to which he closed his ear, which his tongue and pen were not ready to redress. Of him, and of his unbounded sympathies, may be said what Mr. Lowell has said of his country with a noble fervor and in its vigorous *patois*—

She whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

Upon this subject, which powerfully illustrates the largeness of O'Connell's nature, I must dwell a little. In him we see more than in most even of the good men of history that love and justice are essentially boundless, and that to spend them on one subject seems to increase, and not to lessen, the fund available for spending upon others also. He was an Irishman, but he was also a cosmopolite. I remember personally how, in the first session of my parliamentary life, he poured out his wit, his pathos, and his earnestness, in the cause of negro emancipation. Having adopted the political creed of Liberalism, he was as thorough an English Liberal, as if he had had no Ireland to think of. He had energies to spare for Law Reform (i. 167), for Postal Reform (a question

of which he probably was one of few to discern at the time the greatness), for secret voting, for Corn Law Repeal, in short for whatever tended, within the political sphere, to advance human happiness and freedom. It hardly need be said that he was opposed, in 1829, to the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. He was not deluded by the plausible arguments for this measure ; which seriously marred the grant of emancipation, and consequentially restricted, for half a century, the legitimate extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The wide scope of his embrace, in questions of sympathy with his fellow-men, is however yet more remarkably shown by the manner in which he exerted himself on behalf of individuals. There was a certain Sir Abraham B. King, a functionary of the Dublin Corporation, and Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Society. It was for denouncing the Dublin Corporation as "beggary" that D'Esterre sent O'Connell in 1815 the challenge, which cost the unhappy man his life ; and Orangeism as such was the one and only thing Irish, that lay outside the precinct of the fervid Irishman's sympathies. King, however, was put out of his berth in 1832 by a measure of reform, and raised a complaint of insufficient compensation. O'Connell examined his claim, took up his case, carried it to a successful issue, and enjoyed his lifelong gratitude, expressed in a glowing letter at the time, and in a message transmitted from his deathbed (i. 296-8).

Another case, even more worthy of mention, is not noticed in these volumes, but is recorded in Parliamentary documents, and lies also within my own personal knowledge. It was indeed a case of effort on behalf of one who was, like himself, a Liberal in politics, and a man of distinguished talents. There was no other claim of any sort. The singularity, however, of the effort lies in the boldness of the scheme of relief, and in the astonishing amount of labor bestowed upon it by a man already overcharged. It occurred in 1834. The gentleman whose champion he became, had been a solicitor, but had been touched by the verdicts of juries in two actions, dating nearly a quarter of a cen-

tury before. One of them concerned the abstraction of an important paper, and the other turned upon the appropriation of a sum of money. With the correctness of these verdicts we have nothing now to do. But, in the intervening period, the Benchers of one among our Inns of Court had, by reason of them, rejected him as an applicant for admission to the bar, for which he was deemed to have high qualifications in other respects. With this narrative in his eye, O'Connell moved for an inquiry by a Committee of Parliament into the Inns of Court themselves. To this motion objection was taken on behalf of those powerful bodies. In the course of the debate, O'Connell found that both their friends and the Ministry of the day would acquiesce in an inquiry if limited to the particular instance which he himself had in view. He adroitly fell back on the suggestion, which in effect gave all he wanted. His Committee sat, and boldly retried the issues. Even these last times have not furnished an example of a more extraordinary proceeding. But what I have to note is the amount of personal sacrifice made by O'Connell for one with whom he had no connection, I believe, of a personal or special kind. He took the chair, conducted the examinations, carried the report, and presented the result to Parliament in five hundred folio pages of hard work.

I was myself a member of that Committee, and was the only member who did not concur in the final judgment of the Committee. A material witness named Skingley, living at Coggeshall in Essex, was, from age and infirmity, unable to appear. The Committee (that is to say, O'Connell) obtained power to adjourn from place to place; and three of its members, forming a *quorum*, undertook to go down and examine Skingley at his own abode. These three were O'Connell, Sir George Sinclair, and myself. We set out at five on a summer's morning, in a carriage and four, and returned after dusk. The incident gave me an opportunity of enjoying the frank and kindly conversation of this most remarkable man; whose national, I may say whose Imperial cares had thus been forced into compatibility with an enormous effort, such as hardly any unoccupied person would have undertaken, and

which he could have had no motive for undertaking except an overpowering belief that justice to an individual demanded it.

As any and every authentic record of a man so greatly transcending the common scale has more or less of value, I may here mention one or two slight incidents of my occasional Parliamentary contact with O'Connell. Once, in a speech on Irish affairs I had, in perfect good faith, but in a blind acceptance of prevailing traditions, noticed some observation that had been made in debate on Protestant and English cruelties in Ireland, and said that I did not see what practical good was to be gained by dwelling either on those outrages, or on the bloody and terrible retributions which they had provoked. O'Connell interrupted me so loudly and vehemently that he was called to order for it by the Speaker (Abercromby), who rose in his chair (I think) for the purpose. I assured him with truth that I had no intention to refer to anything, except what was on all hands admitted. I little knew then what good reason he had to resent the use of any language which appeared to place upon a footing approaching to equality the hideous massacres perpetrated on the Irish under supreme direction, and the feeble, limited, and sporadic acts of retaliation, which were the wild cries of nature outraged beyond endurance, and which were, in the most conspicuous instances, prohibited and denounced by the national leaders from 1641 to 1798. It was six or eight years later, in 1843, when O'Connell himself in a published volume, largely composed of authenticated extracts, supplied the world with adequate means of judgment upon these gross and often almost incredible enormities perpetrated against Ireland. His book stopped at the Restoration. It was marked Vol. i., but no second volume ever appeared. My recollection, which does not stand alone, is that, so far as England was concerned, the tale of horror produced no sensation whatever, and that the work fell stillborn from the press.*

As was altogether seemly in a man of

* *A Memoir of Ireland Native and Saxon.* By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin, 1843.

such breadth and penetration, he had a taste for theology, like others of the statesmen of that day. In one of his letters to Archbishop M'Hale he says : " No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the Church in France. . . . There does not live a human being more submissive in *omnibus* to the Church than I am" (i. 510). The object of this letter was to prevent the "light of Rome" from being any longer "obscured by the clouds of English influence." Direct action in Rome had then recently been resorted to by Lord Palmerston, in the interest of the Italian people ; and the great chieftain evidently suspected what afterward came to pass, that the same influence might be used in order to keep down the Irish. There is abundant testimony of his conformity to the rule of submission in the spiritual sphere. But it is interesting to see how, when speaking of the Pope, he guards himself by confining himself to his "spiritual authority." I have myself heard him reply warmly in Parliament to some member, who charged him with what was then called divided allegiance, by an emphatic declaration that, in regard to the political interests of his country, neither Pope nor Council was his guide.

But for the freedom of his Church he watched with the eye of a lynx, and saw the hollowness of the State's coquetry, at a time when the hierarchy in Ireland were so grateful for the gift as it were of breathing freely after the persecution they had suffered, as to be ready to accept the *veto* of a Protestant State on episcopal appointments. For the keenness of his vision, and the courage and consistency of his action in this matter, she owes him much. But I believe that we also owe him something. In the light of subsequent experience, it seems a rational opinion that the *veto* would have impeded the solution of important questions, and would have acted injuriously on the religious interests of following generations.

When in 1834 we made our summer journey into Essex, he brought with him a book of theology, the name of which I have forgotten, to prove to me that Protestants were all regarded by the

Roman Church as Christians (he might have added, as actually brought within her jurisdiction) in virtue of their Baptism. In a memorandum of my own, made at the time,* I find it noted with respect to Protestants, "that he deemed it his duty to hope that they were internally united to the Church," but that "the heathen were in a state of reprobation, he believed necessarily : " this latter an opinion which, with more leisure and inquiry, he could hardly have failed to discharge from his mind, as Dante did, who, five hundred years before, assigned to them no bitterer lot than the endurance of desire without expectation :—

Che senza speme vivemo in disio. †

I published, in the end of 1838, a volume on the relations of Church and State, which was thought to savor of the opinions of the Oxford School. At the beginning of the ensuing session I chanced to fall in with O'Connell behind the Speaker's chair. He laid his hand on my arm and said "I claim the half of you." At all times he was most kindly and genial to one who had no claim to his notice, and whose prejudices were all against him. He had, however, without doubt, more religion than theology, and was in truth thoroughly, consistently, and affectionately devout. I will not inquire whether his duel with D'Esterre requires any qualification of this statement, as applicable to the date of its occurrence. It may be said, however, that an Irishman who, either then or for some time after, was not a duellist, must have been either more or less than man. And the House of Commons is now familiar with the stately figure of an Irish gentleman advanced in life, who carries with him the halo of an extraordinary reputation in that particular, but who is conspicuous among all his contemporaries for his singularly beautiful and gentle manners.

To return to O'Connell. His professional business absorbed his weekdays in early life, so that his journeys from town to town were very commonly made on Sundays ; and I remember that in

* And published with my consent by the Rev Mr. O'Rourke, at the close of the third edition of his life of O'Connell in 1878.

† *Inferno*, iv. 42.

1834 he suggested a like expedient (of course after his early Mass) for the journey into Essex, to Sir G. Sinclair and myself, both much otherwise inclined. But in these letters he expresses a regret (i. 132) for the necessity so often laid upon him; and, quite apart from this, persons accustomed to a British Sunday should hold themselves disabled from passing a judgment upon our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, whose weekdays are often more Sundaylike than ours. We gather from these volumes the interesting intelligence that at one time, when still full of vigor at sixty-four years of age (ii. 195), he seriously contemplated a religious retirement at Clongowes for the remainder of his life. In the formation of this desire, disappointment at some failure or decline of the rent may have played a secondary part, but the main motive of it is touchingly described in these few words: "I want a period of retreat to think of nothing but eternity." So that when the final stage arrived, and he had Death in immediate contemplation on his intercepted journey, both the first faint whisper of the summons, and its later and fuller sound, found him watching, as one prepared for the coming of his Lord. The signs abound everywhere in these volumes that he bore with him a lively sense of the presence of God, though taste and reverence withheld him from its free manifestation in the *bufera infernal*, the heated and contentious atmosphere of Parliament.

My reference to D'Esterre must be a little enlarged. But for the use of a single and dangerous epithet ("contemptuous") in his explanatory letter about the Corporation of Dublin, this unhappy antagonist would not have had even a pretext for driving forward the fatal controversy (i. 28). In the duel, O'Connell purposely fired low; but his shot was fatal. He offered to "share his income" with the widow. This was declined. To her daughter he paid an annuity regularly until his death. On hearing that she was the plaintiff in a weighty suit at Cork, he threw up important briefs and returned the retaining fees, went down from Dublin, pleaded the cause, and won (i. 34). And it is said that he never passed a certain building that recalled the memory of D'Es-

terre without uttering a prayer for his soul. The duel was in 1815. At a later period, he formed a deliberate resolution never to fight another.

O'Connell is clearly to be regarded as a man who desired to maintain peace, property, and law. Yet his case exhibits the difficulties which are certain to arise when, as in Ireland, legality and morality have been long pitted against each other in those provinces of human existence, which most concern the vital interests of the people. Accordingly, this friend of law nevertheless could upon occasion recommend not only exclusive dealing since known as boycotting, but exclusive treatment outside of dealings; and the carrying of this treatment to a point so extreme as, for example, the erection of cribs in the chapels, within which alone those who had voted wrong were to be allowed to pray. One step further planted men in the domain of sheer violence. It seems hard to deny that this step was sometimes taken.* The violence must be condemned, and so must the recommendation which was the immediate incentive; but not so as to blind us to the fact, that a severer condemnation is due to those, who maintained abominable laws, impossible to be borne by human beings except in a state of abject slavery. The tyranny of the landlord, which was then counteracted by the tyranny of outrage, received in 1871 a deadly blow from the introduction of secret voting, and another heavy stroke in 1885 from the extension of the franchise. The result has been that exclusive dealing, and such exclusive treatment as may now follow it, have come to be as a rule effectually dissociated from outrage; and coercion, which has lost its warrant, assumes an aspect more odious than ever, because it is directed against action the same in essence as that which has been found essential for self-defence by the order-loving workmen of Great Britain, and which is effectually guaranteed to them by the law.

It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to equal aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of the bar, the platform, and

* See the *Reign of Terror in Carlow* (Nisbet, 1841), especially pp. 113-20.

the senate. As a parliamentary speaker, no one, in matching him with his contemporaries of the House of Commons, would have relegated him to the second class; but it might be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest when answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and least great when charging himself with extended and complex exposition. As an advocate, it may, I apprehend, be asked, without creating surprise, whether the entire century has produced any one more eminent: though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared to run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarlett probably never once missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It is here that Brougham, greatly his superior in Parliamentary eloquence and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. As orator of the platform, he may challenge all the world; for who ever in the same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and soothed, a people?

But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also the character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chiefly in connection with the proposal to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland. Now I would venture to propound as the criteria of statesmanship, properly so called, first the capacity to embrace broad principles and to hold them fast, secondly the faculty which can distinguish between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordination to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fully answers. He never for a moment changed his end; he never hesitated to change his means. His end was the restoration of the public life of Ireland; and he pursued it, from his youth to his old age, with unfaltering fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect, he drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland. Nay, he subordinated not civil equality alone, but even toleration for his co-religionists, to the political independence and unity of Ireland, always under the British Crown. Perhaps the very noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon his tomb would be a passage from the speech which he delivered, when only twenty-four years of age, at a meeting of Roman

Catholics in opposition to the Union, on the 13th of January, 1800:—*

Let every man who feels with me proclaim that, if the alternative were offered him of Union, or the reenactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him,† than lay his country at the feet of foreigners.

This exalted sentiment drew forth "much and marked approbation." O'Connell was true to it in proposing the Repeal. Whatever difficulties that measure might now entail, they had by experience been shown to be at that time altogether secondary. Mr. Burke allowed to them no weight whatever. O'Connell had lived through the horrors that preceded and brought about the Union. It is my firm belief that if Englishmen could have had a parallel experience in their own country they, Tory as well as Liberal, would have adopted the sentiment of O'Connell, and that with their hands as well as with their hearts. Repeal was the one obvious, direct, and natural means of repairing the specific mischief, nor was it then his business to appreciate the inconveniences of reversal; though it was doubtless a duty to take them into view when, within the walls of Parliament, he became charged as a legislator with public and imperial cares. And this is the very thing that, when the occasion arose, he showed that he was able to do, and did.

On the second accession of Lord Melbourne to power, he thought that he saw his opportunity for an alternative policy. That remarkable man, who has often been accused of political indifferentism, had filled for a short time the office of Chief Secretary; and his experience, as Mr. Lamb, seems not to have been lost upon him. In 1827, when Mr. Canning was Prime Minister, O'Connell writes (i. 148): "With Mr. Lamb, I would forfeit my head if we did not un-Orange Ireland, and make the Protestants content and good, and the Catholics devotedly loyal; for our disposition truly leans to loyalty."

* *Life and Times of the Liberator*, i. 232.

† By the Franchise Act of 1793.

Early in 1835 came the epoch of what was termed the Lichfield House compact. "Compact there was none," says Earl Russell (ii. 2), but an alliance. Nothing could be more honorable, nothing more wise. O'Connell was ready, like a man of sense, to try out fairly and fully the experiment of government from London, and on the condition of justice to Ireland, if attainable, to waive, even to abandon, the policy of Repeal. Such was the extent of his concession: "a real Union, or no Union" (ii. 59, compare 105). Justice to Ireland embraced two great items. The first was that of legislative reforms. The second was the substitution of a national for an anti-national spirit in Irish administration. For the second, and hardly the less difficult, of these a rare instrument was at hand in the person of Drummond,* private secretary to Lord Althorp, who now became Under-Secretary in Dublin, and who appears, by a singular combination of courage, sagacity, and tact, to have reversed the movement of the administrative machinery in Ireland, and inspired its people for the first time with a dawning hope, and yet never to have supplied the Orange party, then strong in Parliament, with the means of establishing a charge of partiality against him, and of thus showing that one abusive system had only been supplanted by another. O'Connell supported the Government, in fulfilment of his avowed intention, with fidelity and patience. But the legislative portion of the scheme was sickly from the first, and grew sicker still. The Irish Church Establishment remained in its monstrous integrity. Even Municipal Reform was combated for seven years, and then given in a shape such as to humiliate the country that received it, by perpetuating the principle of inequality. Drummond died. The Ministry declined, from a variety of causes, some to its honor and some otherwise. I regret to record that

among the reasons for their gradual loss of favor with the English people was their honest and persistent endeavor to mitigate or redress a part at least of the grievances of Ireland. In 1840 O'Connell confesses (i. 230) the failure of his conciliatory plan; and the accession of the Opposition to power, in August, 1841, seems to have struck for him the keynote of absolute despair.

But the flexibility of his mind was indefectible; and the rebounding force of its elasticity was still to be shown. Failing with repeal, and failing with justice to Ireland, he turned to what appears, in these pages and elsewhere, under the roughly applied name of Federalism. Miss Cusack has published* a curious note by Mr. Butt, which states with considerable appearance of authority that, in 1844, the Liberal leaders met and resolved to offer to O'Connell a Parliament for Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain. We must still hope for further elucidation of so remarkable a statement. What is indisputable is that O'Connell seems to have been perfectly prepared to adopt this guarded means of reanimating and embodying the national life of Ireland. In a letter of October, 1844, to the Secretary of the Repeal Association, he gives his full adhesion to this plan, and sets forth its principle at great length (ii. 433-48), though after the manner of a man who does not feel himself to be on the eve of practical legislation. He declares, however (446), an actual preference for it over Repeal pure and simple.

In general he had a mean estimate of his coadjutors in Ireland, and calls them "the species of animals with which I had to carry on my warfare with the common enemy" (ii. 183). His Parliamentary following was mostly of an inferior stamp, whence the *sobriquet* of O'Connell's tail. They stand in disadvantageous contrast with the body, of about the same numerical strength, who supported Mr. Parnell in the Parliament of 1880; and they could do little to lighten the multitudinous cares of their chief. One of the revelations supplied by these volumes exhibits the cruel pungency of those cares in a point not

* As this article is going to press, I hear that the life of Mr. Drummond by Mr. Barry O'Brien is on the point of appearing. It cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. Mr. O'Brien is extremely well fitted for his task; and the career of Mr. Drummond forms an indispensable link in the chain of Irish history.—W. E. G.

* *Life and Times*, ii. 702.

hitherto known or appreciated. Through all the years of Herculean labor entailed by his Parliamentary dominance, and notwithstanding the large sums, sometimes exceeding 16,000*l.* (i. 202), placed at his disposal from year to year by the Irish nation, he lived almost from day to day under the pressure of the most acute pecuniary anxieties.* It was probably with some idea of forethought for his family that he founded, or shared in founding, a bank and a brewery (i. 421, 442, ii. 194); and it does not appear that these had much to do in the making or marring of his fortunes. The only signs of heavy personal expenditure in these volumes are that he was compelled to have several residences, that his frequent and rapid journeys must have been expensive, that his charities (to which he pays a touchingly minute attention) were liberal, and that his free and large nature delighted to expand itself in hospitality at Darrynane. No account is presented on the pages before us: but we are safe in conjecturing that the rent would have met all these charges over and over again; and they do nothing to explain his constant use of the instrument of credit, his resort to the expedients of renewal, his casting himself, again and again, sometimes in despair, on the ingenuity, the devotion, and the patience of his friend and agent Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who plays a silent part in the narrative, but whose parts and gifts must in their line have been as remarkable, as his active friendship was invaluable. The explanation evidently lies in the ravenous demands, at that date, of Parliamentary life, the heavy charges of elections and petitions, and in the fact that on him seems to have lain the burden of meeting the pecuniary engagements of many seats and persons besides his own and those of his family. We are told of a single dissolution which brings him (ii. 53) five contests, and five election petitions. He is too brave to complain readily, but sometimes it is more than he can bear. On the 11th of July, 1842, he writes to Fitzpatrick: "Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety. God bless you, my dear friend" (ii. 289). But never, so

far as appears, was there a man more truly superior to money: its master, not its slave. At his death, his personal property was sworn under 21,800*l.* This value consisted principally, in all likelihood, of insurances on his life, which it was his practice to make largely. But his debts were not less than 20,752*l.*; so the true value of his personal estate was no more than 1,048*l.* He himself states the landed estate of the family to have been worth 1,000*l.* *per annum.*

While all this was going on, he was occasionally also pierced by the stings of ingratitude. The English Roman Catholics, who owed everything to him, had a club called the Cisalpine Club (i. 186). In May, 1829, the very time of his victory on their behalf, they black-balled O'Connell. Let us hope it was some small minority; but he calls them "the English Catholics." At the best it is bad enough. Burdett in 1835, before his great "recant of patriotism," wrote, as Greville* tells us, to the managers of Brooks's to propose his expulsion; but he was at that time indispensable to the Whig party. There are stories of social exclusion practised against him by the Ministers; but, if they are true, it might be due to the fear of offending weak brethren among their party.

O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it was with an innocuous and sportive vanity, that played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations.† His ample faculty of wit, and his intense love of fun, may have sometimes too easily inclined him to a jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous; and he was given to exaggeration. In 1837 he declares (ii. 80) he had two hundred letters a day, and this at a time when letters usually were charged from sixpence to eighteen-pence apiece, and prepayment was unusual. The scenery at Darrynane was "the finest, the most majestic in the world" (ii. 293). The beagles were beyond all rivalry; and his own performances as a pedestrian are described in

* See i. 54, 193, 248, 257, 269, 295, 347, 354.

* *Greville Memoirs*, First Series, iii. 320.

† ii. 231, and elsewhere.

terms which raise the smile of scepticism on the lips of those who remember that his figure, though not inactive, was eminently portly as well as too large in scale for superlative activity. On the Dissolution of 1837 he predicts a working majority of sixty to seventy, which proved to be under twenty; and further counts upon "at least fifty" to be attracted by a settled Ministry, of whom there was not one. In early days he thought emancipation certain and immediate long before it came; further on he was not less confident about Repeal. In 1835 the Tories were down (ii. 12) "forever." In 1840 the Tories "never will regain power" (ii. 221-2). In the same year the Duke of Wellington (ii. 226) "will be speedily extinct as a political man." This power of believing what he wished was probably a remedial provision in his nature, and may have added on the whole to his vast but heavily taxed working superiority. If, as some say, he was dictatorial, it was from a restless consciousness of superiority. No man could be more profoundly deferential and humble for a public purpose, but for a personal or private object he never cringes. His tact and self-control in the interest of his clients were as those of Odysseus. But like Odysseus he was tempted on occasion; and once, in court, he was about to waste on an interruption of the opposing counsel, a point which was invaluable for reply, when Blackburn, who was employed with him in the case, pulled him down by his gown. Irascible without doubt he was, and highly irascible; but he was placable in a not less eminent degree. From Richmond Bridewell he writes to Sheil, who had joined the Whigs, and expostulates with him on his conduct (ii. 322-4). But mark his closing paragraph:—

Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you! Be assured of my friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics, but I am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

His gravest fault seems to have been his too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it. Thus in 1832 he published, in a paper called the *Cos-*

mopolite (Oct. 6) the following scurrilous passage:—

I promise to demonstrate that he has been guilty of the most gross and shameless violation of a public pledge that ever disgraced any British minister since Parliament was first instituted. I do expect to demonstrate that no honest man can vote for Lord Althorp in any county or borough without being content to share in his guilt and disgrace.

Lord Althorp was one of the best, truest, and purest among the public men of this or any other country. Such a habit of hasty and uncurbed invective was peculiarly blameable in a man who had, however rightly, resolved to exempt himself from the consequences then usual; and they did much to maintain, and something at least colorably to warrant, the cruel and inveterate prejudice against Ireland, which at that time possessed, beyond question, the minds of a vast portion of the British people. But I have now closed the list of the faults which, so far as I see, can be fairly charged against him; and how short and light a list it is, compared with the catalogue of his splendid virtues, and of those services to the people of his own blood which have assured the immortality and the brightness of his fame!

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable, but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being, are more worthy than any among his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings, but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied, how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of Nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his properties and powers he was one, indivisible, and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seemed to wander into violence, these were the

wanderings of a moment : his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion, and indeed under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism, like the satellites about a mighty planet. Few indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal to these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man, and that he was a good man. Upon this issue the volumes now before us will enable us to try him ; and, in trying him, to try ourselves. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is

still due to him ; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued ? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides being a great and a good, he was also a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of a coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say, that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims, or of wasted opportunities ; and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY LADY KATE MAGNUS.

ABOUT most human desires there is a far keener joy, the cynics insist, in anticipation than in realization. And many moralists go so far as to add that to be granted one's desire is, of all gifts, the one most Greek-like that the gods bestow.

Has so chilling a suspicion, we wonder, ever assailed the advocates of the higher education of women concerning that desire of theirs which is now in so fair a way to be fulfilled ? Do high schools and high aims ever seem to them a little less than synonymous ? Does the doubt ever intrude itself whether women's colleges in brick and mortar may prove as resultless as Princess Ida's college in the clouds ? Do the sweet girl graduates of actual class-lists ever seem to these, their sponsors, to lack something more serious than the golden hair ? Is the accomplished fact, upon the whole, just a degree less "sweet" to them than the desire ? Such

Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things

occur, at any rate, to the outsider, and it is to them, in his bewilderment, that he turns for answer. What says "sense," what say "outward things" to this new ideal of woman, the "glorified spinster" who has taken the place held, at long intervals, by "the joyful mother of children" and "the simple maiden in her flower" ? She goeth forth to her

labor in the morning, this wonderful product of our nineteenth century, whom statistics absolve and the new sentiment applauds, clad in waterproof as in a garment, guiltless alike of figure or frill, and the "obstinate questionings" grow clamorous. Is it needful, is it admirable, this hopelessly, heedfully unattractive departure from traditional womanhood ? Is it justified from the æsthetic, or the ethical, or the economic standpoint ? Present opinion would seem to have given a sufficient, and sometimes even an enthusiastic, "yes" on all three counts, since it permits its well-off girls to train for students and spinsters, on the ground of necessary occupation, and its undowered maidens to lead the like independent course on the ground of occupation being necessary.

It is a rash thing, perhaps, to venture to differ, yet sense and outward things both, when quietly questioned, appear to us to give a totally different response. And first, from the economic point of view, for it will readily be conceded that

One may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving ?
Or may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving ?
Or my live without love—what is passion but pining ?
But where is the man that can live without dining ?

And though it is to be feared that "dining" is not one of the women's rights that women are greatly concerned to claim, yet in its feminine form, the indigestible equivalent of high tea, it is a very essential element of the situation. If, in all seriousness, the "higher education" could be proved to solve, in any appreciable degree, the terrible economic problem which statistics present anent the surplus of women in these islands, then readily enough should its failure on the æsthetic, if not on the ethical, side be forgiven to it. But this, the crux of the matter, we take leave to doubt. This modern crowd of machine-made mediocrities, instructed and uneducated, which the high-school mills grind out, and on which all sorts of examinations set their varying in value hall-marks, this new type of wage-earning womanhood which is ready for any kind of work at a lower rate of payment than its brothers; to be coach, clerk, or chemist; to set up type or despatch telegrams; to write novels or to write shorthand with equal facility; does this "sweet dream" fulfil itself, even from its favorite visionary basis, the strictly statistical and utilitarian? Does it, in shifting the burden, at all relieve the pressure? Does it not rather complicate the economics in its effort to adjust the weights to the weaker shoulders? No market nowadays has more than a limited number of stalls, and if the girls are to take a full share at filling these, a like proportion of boys must perforce be elbowed out; or, sooner than push and be underpaid, must turn colonist and so help further to swell that perplexing surplus of single women. And the boys, too, it is to be feared, may turn out worse clerks and worse colonists, worse men all round, less home-loving, less hard-working, more self-indulgent under the new dispensation, which, relieving them from wholesome and natural responsibilities, gives them ill-clad, independent, and "competitive" sisters, and openly preaches the gospel of "get on" in place of the older chivalry of "on guard." In very literal truth

There is no more subtle master under Heaven
To keep down the base in man . . .
Than is the maiden passion for a maid.

The poet's "passion" with every-day

folk, in every-day circumstance, may possibly tone down into affection, and may very unromantically express itself in work; but the "maid," be she sister or sweetheart, who inspires such sentiment, will, most certainly, never be a fellow clerk, trudging about in all weathers on a slightly lower salary. Normally placed women of the middle and professional classes should not need to earn their living in this new outdoor sense; but neither for them, it is our contention, nor for the husbandless, brotherless, dowerless minority who must, does the higher education, so called, provide the right equipment.

The whole system, from start to finish, to our way of thinking, is mistaken; from the high schools which are clothing our girls in the misfitting garments which their brothers are discarding, to those communities of women which, under the name of halls and colleges, revive many of the features of the ancient nunneries without the religious motive which went some way to redeem these. For, granted that the object of education with boys and girls is identical—namely, to make of them intelligent and capable men and women—yet, neither being mentally, morally, or physically epicene, the means employed to this end should surely differ somewhat, both in kind and in degree. Utterly regardless, however, of this very obvious consideration, something of the Procrustean process is applied to the girl; artistic and domestic developments are lopped off, and regulation bits of science and of dead language are pieced on, to "put her on the same level" as her brother. She goes to a "public" school like him, is taught the same lessons, which—here nature unluckily steps in and differentiates—she sets to work at with a desperately conscientious disregard of play, and presently, at the most mother-needed time of her life, and with money which might buy her trousseau and a colonial passage, is sent from the wholesome hand-made restraints of home to the machine-made, quasi-independent discipline of college. There she proceeds to "prattle of protoplasms" instead of prattling with her small brothers and sisters, to read biology instead of the Bible, and to develop, under the plea of self-culture, sundry not inconsiderable tendencies to selfish-

ness and one-sidedness. And this same culture—is it worth the cost? Do not

! The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,
! For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

One needs but to name Mary Somerville or George Eliot or Harriet Martineau, or half a hundred others among only modern instances of differently distinguished women, to demonstrate that genuine talent needs no such forcing and fencing; and, for the rest, surely the generic male undergraduate is hardly so delightful a product that one should hail a collegiate system whereby feminine mediocrities to match him may, perchance, be multiplied. Scarcely even for those women who are studying because they must, with the definite aim of a professional career and with the physique and the faculty for attaining to it, does the elaborate system of college residence, led up to by periodical examinations, seem to us to recommend itself. The examinations, as tests for such students, may be necessary evils,—the less necessary, the more evil, it may be remarked in parenthesis; but, for the serious student and for the dilettante student alike, college residence, to our way of thinking, is distinctly undesirable. Hardly for the scholastic career, nor certainly for the only professions outside of the scholastic which it is seemly for a woman to earn her living at, does it appear to be the most fitting preparation. A clever young embryonic M.D. would get better training in class and hospital, while home life between lectures might haply curb ambition, and incline her to limit her exceptional energies to the useful end of doctoring her own sex, with India as the destined field of her operations; while for the rest, the narrowing nunnery walls of a college would materialize an artist, handicap an author, utterly spoil a nurse, and, by rendering her dull and dogmatic, ruin the social prospects of what might have been an average old maid.

The mistake of this "higher education" seems to us to lie in the elaborate provision which it makes for "training" its votaries to all sorts of new and overstocked modes of "earning their living," to the utter neglect of a certain old one where the demand must be unfailing,

even if, owing to circumstances, it be occasionally intermittent. Instruction for our girls, instruction *per se*, and instruction *per salary*, is in the air, but education and education for marriage seems to have gone completely out of fashion. And yet is it, none the less, an undoubted fact, and one that divorce courts sadly enough endorse, that girls are no more born wives than they are born doctors or artists, or telegraph clerks; there may be, in individual cases, a tendency to, or a faculty for, any one of these careers, but each one, and not so very unequally, requires a special and a careful training if any sort of proficiency in it is aimed at. Demand and supply are subtle and interchangeable terms, and there are, we suspect, a good many reasons, other than statistical, to account for the alarming surplus of unmarried women, and to explain why in the commodity of husbands the supply falls so continuously short of the demand. The new type of women competes with man, argues with him, occasionally convinces and rivals him, but it certainly does not attract him. Or, if this is too wide and sweeping a generalization, we will admit one exception to the generic "him" in the case of professors. To men and women other than professorial, they are anything else you like, these exemplars of the "higher education," but they are distinctly not interesting. There is undeniably an impression somehow of strain and imitation rather than of spontaneity or originality, or any joy of living about these thin and dreadfully monotonous students. In too many instances "the fuel has put out the fire," and there is something terribly depressing about the embers. The old types of womanhood, the accomplished, the domestic, were each effective in their own especial line, but this new type, the much instructed, lacks *thoroughness*, that first essential to effectiveness, and lacks it through no fault save that irremediable one of Dame Nature's who has handicapped them for so many professions, and who points protestingly to the now neglected one of wife and mother, urging, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Why not? why not honestly recognize marriage as, at any rate, among the "professions open to women," and

train for that? It has its household and its personal side it must be remembered, and while to manage a house with pleasantness and thrift, and without friction or fuss, needs as much business faculty as would be required of any young salaried official; to be a satisfactory wife in the personal sense, demands, moreover, all the qualities that we see advertised for in a "companion." And this, at least, is certain, that a girl so brought up that she is capable of choosing the right man, of winning his love, and—harder matter—of keeping it, and who, if children come, is equipped with something beyond the "mother-instinct" to manage them with, will, if she miss this best of all ways of earning her living, at any rate be fitted to earn it in many a useful direction, which it is becoming increasingly difficult, nowadays, to find sensible women to fill. Let us consider what a conscious training to this end would include, and by inference, exclude.

In the first place, something definitely and distinctively feminine is wanted, no much-examined maiden who shall be a more or less unpleasing imitation of an unpleasing masculine mediocrity; one, like Addison's Tom Folio, for instance, who was "an universal scholar so far as the title page of all authors," but a girl who shall be good in her own particular way as woman, good all round, and good at something in especial, if Heaven should have gifted her with any exceptional faculties. She must be healthy, cheerful, sweet-tempered, strong-hearted, open-minded, and neat-handed, to qualify for a pass degree in this "profession;" sense and sentiment, which, in due proportion, yield tact and sympathy, may count for honors: and since India and the Colonies offer wide openings to competent candidates, she should besides be educated, not "crammed" at a three months' notice, to some knowledge of the laws of health, to accurate ideas concerning keeping house, and to practical capabilities in the subjects of cooking and of mending. "Cookery," as Ruskin says, "means carefulness and inventiveness, and watchfulness and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means

much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality." The high schools, which seem in some sort to have taken the place of professional parents to the girls of the middle-class, might help us here, and in that other neglected branch of learning might wisely, perhaps, revive in practice the pregnant advice of Madame de Maintenon to her maidens at St. Cyr: "I should like you to do a great deal of needlework; it is a useful austerity, a saving, and a cause of regularity." Although one may fully admit, with Coelebs, that "it is very possible for a woman to be totally ignorant of the ordinary but indispensable duties of common life without knowing one word of Latin," yet it is certain that there are only a limited number of hours in even a high school girl's day, and if unending preparation for unending examinations—"higher," "lower," "local," and the rest of the modern miseries—are to occupy these, any sort of adequate preparation in our subjects must inevitably be crowded out. For besides "lessons," our curriculum would make music and drawing obligatory subjects, and would be so revolutionary as well as to insist on plenty of exercise, and plenty of practical training in "gracious household ways," in sewing certainly, and in cooking if we could, for these future wives of men with modest incomes, men who, for all our sakes as well as for their own, ought to be able to marry and to find the girls they meet attractive enough to make them desire to do so.

In "lessons," our ideal would be shortly, literature rather than laboratories. For manifold manuals on the sciences and copious "interlinear translations" of Greek and Latin authors, as advertised "for use in high schools," we would strenuously substitute a somewhat wider and deeper dipping into the three R's, attempting by such modest means to revive in our "universal scholars" the fast waning power of exact or fluent expression in speaking and writing their mother-tongue; to help them thereby to some grip on the lost art of reading, as distinct from reading up, and to recover from the mists of mathematics some small facility in simple addition. We would stimulate their

taste a little more, and feed their intellect a little less, in the fond hope that by preventing a surfeit of Xenophon and zoology we should be preventing also a reactionary relapse into Zola.

The higher education fulfilling its name, "taking root downward and bearing fruit upward;" service, not self-culture, its aim; the virtuous woman,

not the "virtue of a zoophyte" its ideal; marriage recognized as the most demanding, most bestowing of all the "professions open to women;" and homes and mothers reckoned superior to halls and principals for training maidens thereto: "May these things be!"—*National Review*.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

HOMER and, setting aside the Sonnets, Shakespeare are the most impersonal as well as the greatest of poets, and the impersonality of each of them has received a curious attestation. The existence of an individual Homer has been actually denied: it has been discovered, as the boy said in the examination, that Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Shakespeare's plays are being ascribed to Bacon. Bacon, to his work as a politician, a courtier, Lord Chancellor, a renovator of science, a writer on morals, politics, and jurisprudence, adding, in a not very long life, the composition of all these dramas! Bacon creating Falstaff! "Romeo and Juliet" written by a man who in his "Essay on Love" treats the passion as little better than a nuisance and an impediment to important action. Did Bacon write the Sonnets? Did Bacon write "Venus and Adonis"? Who was his partner in the composition of the plays of mixed authorship, such as "Henry the Sixth"? Yet this is hardly a more rank absurdity than the denial of Homer's personality, or even the denial of the identical authorship of the two poems. Besides the other proofs of identity, which have been conclusively presented, the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad" is the work of one whose peculiar and almost unique tendency it was to take a small segment of a story and treat it with extraordinary fulness of detail, in marked contrast to the manner of Cyclops, who began their lay of Troy with Leda's egg. The chances are surely incalculable against the existence of two such artists at the same time.

The most impersonal of writers, however, is human; he lives in the environment of his age, and he can hardly help now and then showing himself in a negative or indirect, if not in a positive, way. Homer shows himself in the passage in which Thersites impeaches the chiefs in a popular harangue, and receives the meed of his sedition from the leading-staff of Ulysses. Evidently this is a scene not of the camp, but of the political assembly. The day of democracy has dawned. The demagogue has arisen and begun to attack the princes and the aristocracy. Homer is attached to the nobility, in whose halls he, like Demodocus, recites his lay, and to the heroic order of things, which the popular leader assails and which is probably passing away. He paints the demagogue foul without and within. He makes him be treated in the way in which the company to whom the poem was recited would have liked to treat the Thersites whom perhaps they had that morning encountered in the Agora. He makes the people, whose suffrages by this time aristocracy was compelled to court, sympathize with their ancient rulers and true benefactors against the upstart agitator who was trying to mislead them. Perhaps as he did this, he bitterly felt the difference between the fond fiction and the reality. He reveals himself as a counterpart in feeling of Walter Scott, who panted to cleave the "politic pate" of Cobbett with his yeomanry sabre. It has always seemed to me not unlikely that Homer bore toward the Homeric age a relation somewhat similar to that which Scott bore to the age of chivalry. Amid his heroic slaughterings, his banquetings, in which the heroes devour

whole sides of beef or pork, his prodigious single combats, his fabulous feats of strength, his battles of men with gods, peep out continually the features, social, agricultural, mechanical, and even strategical of a comparatively advanced civilization.

Again, we can hardly help thinking that Homer reveals himself when he makes Hector say in those ringing lines that he reckons nothing of birds of augury, fly they toward the east or toward the west, and that the best of all omens is to be fighting for one's country. This, compared with the levity with which the poet treats the popular deities, making them cuff and berate each other, making Zeus threaten Here with a flogging, making him challenge the whole Pantheon to a tugging-match, and exposing Ares and Aphrodite to derision as they lie in the toils of Vulcan, looks like the gray dawn of sceptical philosophy among the quick-witted population of some commercial city on the Ionian coast. If such a hypothesis brings the date of Homer down to a later period than four centuries before Herodotus, it is not the authority of Herodotus which need deter us from accepting that conclusion. Herodotus, though enchanting, is no authority at all, even for the times close to his own.*

Of Shakespeare, of course, it is unnecessary to say that he is thoroughly Elizabethan, "holds up the mirror to his time" and gives us "its very age and body, its form and pressure." There are in him scores of allusions to the fancies, fashions, and fripperies of his generation which we see: probably there are many more which we do not

see. Something even of individual taste and feeling appears in the often-repeated scoffs at the affectations of the fashionable language and in the preference for the older and simpler style of music.

"That old and antique song we heard last night
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times."

Tragedy is of course the offspring and must bear the imprint of a tragic age, that is an age of grand actions, great crimes, and strongly marked character; of an age too in which life has not lost its outward stateliness and picturesqueness, in which royalty still wears its crown, and in which costume is general instead of being confined as it is now to the military profession. Calderon and Lope de Vega came at the end of a tragic age in Spain; so did Corneille and Racine in France, though the fierce spirit of the Fronde had donned the court dress of Versailles. The age, at the end of which Shakespeare came, that of the Wars of the Roses and the great Reformation struggle, was tragic indeed. The barbarism of a bloody time, a time of murderous civil war and countless deaths upon the scaffold, lingers in the hideous plot of "Titus Andronicus," in the butchery at the close of "Hamlet," and the general prodigality of murders and executions. In one respect Shakespeare does not reflect the Elizabethan era. While he gloriously abounds in its fresh and exuberant life there is not a trace in him of its peculiar heroism, of its maritime adventure, of its battles against Spain and the Armada. There are passages and divine passages about the sea and sea-faring in general; there is nothing about enterprise such as that of Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish, or about the world of wonders which it was opening. A voyage to the Bermudas, it is true, furnished the hint for Prospero's island, but the "Tempest" is a tale of enchantment, not of adventure. We seem here to see a limitation in the otherwise all-embracing mind. Under James, perhaps, if Shakespeare cared much for royal patronage, there might be a reason for not presenting a side of national character and a class of national achievements which being closely connected with Puritanism and

* Does he not, after making the Persians lose about eight hundred ships by battles or in storms before they reached Salamis, tell us very deliberately that the strength of their fleet when they arrived there was nearly the same that it had originally been, pretending that this immense loss has been made up by the contingents of a few little islands? I do not presume to tilt against the philologists on their own ground; but I find it hard to believe that between the language of Homer and that of Herodotus there is a gap of four centuries and an ethnological revolution to boot, especially when I find in Herodotus such words as *ἐπεραλκίως* and *ἀλύπτραζον*. As to the archaic topography it may be that of the ancient legend adopted by the later poet as his theme. Nobody supposes that the story of Troy was invented by Homer.

the rising love of liberty would hardly be congenial to the Court.

What was Shakespeare's religion? He has, on the one hand, been claimed by Catholics as essentially Catholic. If we remember rightly, Cardinal Newman once said something to that effect. On the other hand, those who are sceptically disposed themselves have fancied that they saw in Shakespeare a profound though unproclaimed sceptic. The truth we believe to be that his drama was his religion. The detachment of Teutonic England from the Latin Church, from Papal supremacy and priestly sway, came in several instalments and was distributed over several centuries. The most pronounced and thoroughly religious instalment was the rising of Puritanism in the seventeenth century against the Anglican reaction. What we specially call the Reformation was rather the English Renaissance, for the change which then took place in the religious sphere under the worldly auspices of the Tudor princes and statesmen was more ecclesiastical than spiritual and more political than either. To the English Renaissance Shakespeare, with his fellow dramatists, belonged. He accepted the national church which his sovereign had provided for him, and the ancient hierarchy and ritual of which probably suited well enough his poetic nature. The church-bell is with him the characteristic sound of social life. "If ever you have been . . . where bells have knoll'd to church." It is not likely, however, that the theatrical world, the Bohemia of that day, was very assiduous in church-going. Nor does Shakespeare seem to have regarded with great reverence the parsons of the Tudor Church. He introduces two of them, Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives" and Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labor's Lost," and both characters are not only comic but farcical. They are even totally unecclesiastical. Sir Nathaniel plays a ridiculous part in an interlude, while Sir Hugh Evans goes out to fight a duel.

Nowhere perhaps does Shakespeare depart from his impersonal serenity and impartiality so much as in "All's Well That Ends Well" (I., 3), where he couples in a scoffing allusion "Young Charbon the Puritan" with "Old Poy-

sam the Papist," and afterward says, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." Clearly the writer of this had no special sympathy either with young Charbon or old Poyssam. We may conclude that he disliked anything sectarian or enthusiastic, and was contented with the social religion of his parish.

It is true that Shakespeare had no antipathy to the Ancient Church: probably in the absence of any strong doctrinal antagonism its antiquity, its ceremonial, its art would be grateful to his poetic sense. Where the scene of his play is in Roman Catholic times or countries he takes the religious environments and costume with the rest and introduces friars as ministers of good. This is hardly more significant than his introduction of the gods of Rome in "Julius Cæsar," or of weird heathenism in "King Lear," where it harmonizes with the character of the piece. That he had any latent hankering after Roman Catholicism, or that his heart was on the Papal side of the great quarrel between the nation and the Pope, it is impossible to believe in face of such lines as these:

"King John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of
England

Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

King Philip. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

King John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my
foes."

Much with which the author himself

does not agree may be written dramatically ; but there are things which even dramatically he who does not agree with them will not write. Any one who had the slightest leaning to the Papal side would have manifestly outraged his own feelings by penning there lines. The passage on Indulgences has a sting in it if anything in Shakespeare has. The exposure of the false miracles of healing at St. Albans ("Henry the Sixth," Part 2, ii. 1.) may be cited in the same connection, if the passage is by Shakespeare, as we believe that it is.

That there was a good deal of free-thinking among the English of the higher class we gather from Giordano Bruno, who visited England at this time and observed the state of opinion with pleasure. Bohemia was likely to have her full share of it and we know that Marlowe and Greene were reputed atheists. But in Shakespeare there is surely neither speculative belief nor speculative unbelief. In certain passages, such as the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the speech of Claudio in "Measure for Measure," he speaks of the mysteries of life and death in a broad, natural, poetic manner, unlike that of an orthodox preacher, but also unlike that of a Giordano Bruno. Nobody surely would say that when he speaks of our life as "rounded by a sleep" he means to insinuate a denial of the immortality of the soul. "I think nobly of the soul" is put into the mouth of Malvolio, but there is an emphatic ring in it, and Malvolio, though distraught with egotism, is not represented as otherwise contemptible. Shakespeare's theological deliverances or indications might not have passed the Spanish Inquisition, but they would beyond doubt have passed the English Privy Council, particularly if it had been presided over by Lord Burghley. It is difficult to produce specimens of an atmosphere ; but it will hardly be disputed that while we read Shakespeare it is in a religious atmosphere that we are moving, though the religion is not ecclesiastical like that of Calderon and Lope de Vega, but natural, social, and poetic.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

These lines, recited by the prisoner, would almost have saved him from the clutches of the Inquisition. In Æschylus, in Sophocles, in Euripides, more or less of the speculative tendency is discernible. Æschylus may in a certain sense be regarded as one of the fathers of Hellenic philosophy. He stands in somewhat the same relation to it in which an epic poet stands to history. The writer of the "Prometheus" must have had his searchings of heart about the popular theology. Not by mere accident did his theme find a continuator in Shelley. But the mental eye of Shakespeare was turned outward, not inward. In the Sonnets, though there is infinite subtlety in the expression of passion, there is nothing metaphysical.

On the other hand there is no trace of fanaticism. The treatment of Shylock expresses not hatred of the misbeliever but hatred of the extortioner. In the jibes at his religion there is no bitterness. The popular hatred of the extortioner Shakespeare evidently does share, and it is idle to attempt to get the poet out of a supposed scrape by such desperate shifts as the pretence that the play is intended to expose the inhuman treatment of the Jews.

There is certainly not a tinge in Shakespeare of sympathy with Catholic asceticism. "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale ?" The Renaissance, as a revolt against asceticism, running sometimes with heathen sensuality, is pretty well reflected in his dramas, to say nothing of "Venus and Adonis." There is no use in pretending that the passages which the moral Bowdler strikes out are involuntary tributes to the taste of the audience at the Globe Theatre. Evidently Shakespeare delighted in these allusions as much as he did in puns, for which he has so extraordinary a predilection. Of course he does not descend to such ordure as that which we find in his meaner rivals and which stands in hideous juxtaposition to the pure scenes of the "Virgin Martyr." "Always he is Cæsar !" But the element is there, and we wish it were not there, let blind worshippers say what they will. The amount of it

however is moderate for the Renaissance. Shakespeare's page, if it is not clean compared with that of Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, is clean indeed compared with the pages of Boccaccio. In England there was the same interregnum between the fall of the Catholic and the rise of the Protestant or modern morality that there was in other countries; but participation in a great struggle for national independence and for a European cause, together with the bracing influence of maritime adventure, preserved the manhood, and with the manhood the comparative purity of the nation.

Though Shakespeare is not free from impurity his ethics are perfectly sound. He never tries, like the Rousseauists, to produce an effect by tampering with the moral law or by exciting sympathy with interesting sinners. In rewarding the good and punishing the evil-doer he is almost as strict as Dante, while he is incomparably more rational and human than the monkish moralist who puts *Farinata*, *Francesca* and her lover in hell. *Cordelia* dies, it is true; nevertheless she receives her crown. In *Bacon's* writings there is a touch of *Machiavelism*, as there was more than a touch of it in his career. In the "Essay on Negotiating," for example, among other sly precepts he tells you that it is a good thing to deal in person rather than by letter, "where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound." But there is no trace of anything of the kind in Shakespeare, though he is not insensible of the pregnant fact that the boundary line between moral good and evil is less sharply defined than the common language of ethics implies.

"Virtue itself turns vile, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified."

In politics it is pretty clear that Shakespeare simply accepted the national monarchy as in religion he accepted the national Church. It would have been strange if his heart had not been with the Court. The Court was the friend of his calling: Puritanism, which was the soul of the rising opposition, was the enemy of his calling, though the writer of "*Comus*" tried to bring about a reconciliation between Protestant religion and dramatic art through a revival

of the pure form of Attic tragedy. It was impossible that Shakespeare should be a legitimist, or in that sense an upholder of the divine right of kings, if he bore in mind the Tudor pedigree and the title of that dynasty to the throne; but he evidently was a hearty monarchist, and fully recognized the sacred character with which the monarchy had been invested by the union of ecclesiastical with political headship consequent on the rupture with the Papacy. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" is put, it is true, into the mouth of a king whose hedge of divinity is afterward traversed by his stepson's rapier amid general sympathy and applause. So the monarch who says that "Not all the waters from the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king," and that "the breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord," himself practically illustrates by his catastrophe the limitations of those doctrines. It may be said that both utterances are merely dramatic; but they have an emphatic sound, and what is more to the purpose, they harmonize with the general tenor of Shakespeare's plays in relation to this subject. In "*King John*" nothing is said about the Great Charter or the abuses of royal power which led the barons to extort it. We have the quarrel between John and the Pope about the appointment of Stephen Langton, in which our sympathies are demanded by the cause of the national sovereign. For the rebellion of the nobles, the "tempest" of which Pandulph "blows up" in the interest of the Church, no other reason is assigned than the supposed murder of Arthur. John is hardly presented as a tyrant, certainly not as the hateful tyrant that he was; and when French invasion comes national sentiment is awakened at once, and the hearts of an English audience are expected to be with the native king. Raleigh, in his "*Prerogative of Parliaments*," makes one of the personages in the dialogue say of the Great Charter that "it had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion." This was perhaps the esoteric doctrine of extreme courtiers. In general, the memory of the Great Charter seems to have slept during the Tudor

reigns. Silence on the subject was evidently most advisable for Her Majesty's and still more for *His* Majesty's players ; no doubt it was also most congenial to their feelings. A presentation of the scene of Runnymede at "The Globe" would very likely have been treated by the Privy Council as sedition.

The story of Henry the Eighth was rather a delicate subject for a dramatist who desired to please the Court. Shakespeare's native breadth of sympathy and dramatic sense probably led him, without any help from the craft of Polonius, to the very treatment which was most politic and acceptable. He takes no part in the quarrel, and is dramatically just to all. Henry he presents simply as a majestic lord, which in a rather material sense the tyrant and uxoricide was. He makes the king state his own case, just as he actually did state it, without in any way raising the question of its moral validity. He glorifies, in a splendid vision of Elizabeth's greatness, the child of the Protestant queen. At the same time he evokes a full measure of sympathy for Catherine, and makes tender and respectful allusion to her daughter. Cranmer, the Archbishop of the Divorce and of the Reformation, receives in an uncontroversial way his fitting meed of honor. For the grand catastrophe of Wolsey's fall we are prepared by his pride, his worldliness, his treatment of Buckingham ; but a magnificent eulogy is pronounced on him by the mouth of Griffith. Cromwell also is seen on his better side. Only against "the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome" is anything like indignation pointed. This presentment would perfectly suit the taste of the Court, which, while it of course accepted the Divorce and the Reformation, would by no means wish to identify itself with the revolutionary aspect of the movement, or even be much gratified by anything insulting to Spain. The trade both of Elizabeth and James was kingship. The leaning of James toward Spain, as the head of the monarchical interest in Europe, was perfectly natural. Elizabeth would have leaned the same way if she had not been bound by her title and her circumstances to Protestantism, or even if the Pope and Philip the Second would have let her alone.

Two of the plays, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," were evidently intended to be performed at weddings. They both present the same peculiarity of structure, each having a masque in it. The masque, rather show than drama, and generally allegorical or mythological, like that in "The Tempest," was constantly performed by amateurs at weddings. Bacon provided a masque, entitled the Masque of Flowers, at Gray's Inn, in honor of the ill-starred marriage of Somerset with the divorced wife of Essex ; and the upholders of the Baconian authorship of the plays will probably ascribe it to his modesty that he did not make use of one of his own dramatic productions on that occasion. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Elizabeth receives a divine though unhistorical compliment as the "Imperial Vestress," who is proof against Cupid's shaft, and passes on in "maiden meditation, fancy free." We can hardly doubt that the queen was present when those lines were recited. But if she was, she can scarcely have failed to be touched by those other lines :

"Thrice blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthly happier is the rose distilled
Than that which withering on the virgin
thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness."

Whether there was anything in the tender relations of the very mature coquette which might lend point to such a hint at the time we cannot tell. It appears to be quite uncertain who Theseus and Hippolite were. That the play was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Derby at Greenwich in 1595 seems to be mere conjecture. Who Ferdinand and Miranda were is not doubtful. It appears from the manuscript of *Virtue* that "The Tempest" was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector at the beginning of the year 1613. Frederick had come over to receive his bride, the Princess who was the darling of all Protestant hearts. Ferdinand, then, was Frederick, and Miranda was Elizabeth. If James was present or read the play his imagination might possibly suggest an original of

Prospero the prince duke, "for the liberal arts without a parallel." Perhaps it might also suggest originals of the conspirators by whom Prospero had been dethroned, and even of Stephano and Trinculo, with their ludicrous dreams of state and their gross assassination plot. Probably James thought the meddling of the leaders of the Commons with affairs of state not less preposterous than the aspirations of Stephano.

"Let me live there ever ;
So rare a wonderd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise."

—these would be graceful and appropriate words of leave-taking in the mouth of the Prince Palatine.

The compliments paid by Shakespeare to Elizabeth and James, especially that paid to James in Cranmer's prophecy, are it must be owned pretty full-bodied. But they are redeemed from servility, and the air of personal adulation is taken off by the close association of the monarch's praises with the national glory and happiness. Bacon's flattery of James is personal. The advocates of the Baconian theory may here again find an addition, though of the slightest kind, to the difficulties of their theory.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the authorship of other parts of "Henry the Sixth" there can be none as to the authorship of the part about Jack Cade. No such blow, humorous or serious, has ever been dealt, or could have been dealt, to demagogism by any other hand. The picture suits the demagogue tyrant of Paris as well as it suited the demagogue tyrant of Kent. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer," is satire as fresh and true to-day as when it was written. It fits perfectly as a caricature of what the Radical candidate now says to Hodge. Nor could any Labor Reformer or Workingmen's Candidate of our time well read without wincing :

"George. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

George. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

George. Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True, and yet it is said—labor in thy vocation : which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be laboring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

George. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

All due allowance being made for what is merely dramatic, we cannot help seeing that to Shakespeare a rabble, above all a political rabble, is an object of personal aversion. He has even a physical abhorrence of the populace, the expression of which sometimes strikes us as not only anti-popular but almost unfeeling.

"And then he (Antony) offered it (the crown) the third time ; he (Cæsar) put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar."

The passage does not stand alone and it is rather wonderful how such language can have failed to offend the large portion of the audience at The Globe.

From Coriolanus we expect, as a matter of dramatic propriety, extravagant expressions of aristocrat contempt for the people. But the dramatist has certainly put his full force into these lines.

"[Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.] Hail, noble Marcius !

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1st Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace nor war ? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
to you

Where he would find you lions, finds you
hares ;

Where foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is

To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye !
Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places in the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ? What's their
seeking ?"

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says :

"I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it."

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in "Hamlet" iv. 4.

"*Ham.* Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier ?

Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition, sir,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw."

Carlyle has said of the description of the battle of Agincourt :

"That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts ; the worn-out, jaded English ; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin ; and then that deathless valor ; Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in

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England !' There is a noble patriotism in it —far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business ; not boisterous, protrusive ; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him had it come to that."

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft which brought her to the stake.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their
birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
siege

Of wat'ry Neptune."

—those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with

which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it is put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sederunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which

produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter-house ("Henry the Sixth," Part 2, iii. 1), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. BRYCE'S "AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

IT is seldom that that which has been long expected equals the anticipations with which it was awaited. But the great work of Mr. Bryce will much surpass the high expectations which it has so long aroused. It is still more seldom that a book which stirs immediate interest, is a permanent addition to the literature of a country. *The American Commonwealth*, however, teems with matter of the most vital moment to the practical issues of the day, while it belongs to the very small number of those works on political and social science which are abiding possessions to the whole English-speaking race.

The analysis of political institutions is a task so complex and subtle that it is rarely undertaken; and when undertaken successfully, it is even more rarely that the result is found to have interest for the public and practical use for the busy. The analysis of social institutions, manners, and practices, though much more common, is very often tedious; and it has a fatal tendency to run into the tabular commonplaces of a gazetteer. Mr. Bryce has avoided both errors. His work, as an analysis of a constitutional organism, is of a rank only reached by De Tocqueville, Mill, Gneist, Maine, and Dicey. As an account of modern America it is full of first-hand knowledge, acute reflections,

and picturesque illustrations of men and customs. Mr. Bryce has given to Europeans that kind of insight of the American system which in the last century Voltaire, Montesquieu, and De Lolme gave to France of the English system. And he has revealed the social condition of the States with the same thoroughness of grasp which in the last century Arthur Young brought to bear on France; and, in our day, Mackenzie Wallace brought to bear on Russia.

Accounts of a political system are too often dull and academic, because they are compiled from books without the gifts of the statesman or the traveller, without knowledge of affairs, or the quick insight of the experienced observer. Accounts of the social system and manners of a country are too often gossip and thin, because the observer sees too much of the surface, and has neither political training nor solid learning. Nothing is more difficult than to weave into an analysis of the social forces of a mighty State, a living picture of the people as they may be seen in their daily life. In this difficult art Mr. Bryce has achieved a great success. He has drawn the portrait of a nation by virtue of his being at once an accomplished jurist, an experienced politician, a learned historian, an acute man of the world, and an indefatigable traveller.

The book is one not altogether easy to class. Works upon political institutions are almost wholly the studies of

* *The American Commonwealth*. By James Bryce, M.P. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

lawyers or politicians. Bentham and Austin, Mill and Spencer, Gneist, Bagehot, Maine, and Dicey, have written on the working of a given political system, and have reduced this to abstract terms, but they have none of them written from the point of view of the historian, the traveller, and the parliamentary official. Gneist has written as a political philosopher; Bagehot wrote first-rate essays of a journalist; Mr. Dicey has given us lectures more permanently useful than Blackstone's; and Maine has brought his acute mind and curious learning to the analysis of English and American politics. Mr. Hearn's excellent book on the *Constitution of England* is the work of a lawyer and a statesman. But none of these put the social institutions, or the idiosyncrasies of the country, side by side with the political constitution; nor do they explain the constitution by the habits of the people, and the popular customs by the constitution. They are publicists, not travellers or historians.

On the other hand, those who have given us social and economical surveys of a nation have little of law, statesmanship, or social philosophy. The M'Cullochs, Porters, Maurice Blocks, the Fawcetts, Cairds, and Giffens, who have given us invaluable economic surveys of a nation, have not displayed it as at once the effect and cause of a given political organism, which they describe organically and functionally. This Mr. Bryce has done. His main task is the American Commonwealth as a working organism. But his subsidiary business is to show how this Commonwealth reacts on the life of American society, and how the American people day by day are moulding, modifying, and working this Commonwealth.

We have thus brought before us a great succession of topics which are usually excluded from constitutional treatises and political analyses. Constitutional publicists, even the greatest of them, have been far too formal, too official, too solemn, heraldic, and black-letter. Blackstone wrote a sort of Gold Stick and Lord Chamberlain account of the Constitution, which is now more like the actual system of Japan than that of England. None of our works on the English Constitution, down to the time

of Bagehot, ever mentioned the Cabinet or the Prime Minister. Those who write about constitutions and political institutions too often fix their eyes exclusively on the letter of the law, or they argue *à priori* on rights and privileges, as if it were a matter of pure abstract science. Mr. Bryce's method is to combine analysis of institutions with practical observation of social habits. And there can be no sort of doubt that this is the true way. Mere book knowledge of a constitution is as worthless as a mere paper constitution. And a bare abstract view of political institutions may be as delusive as a working model of a machine which in practice will not work at all. Mr. Bryce has followed Macaulay's admirable rule, not to be afraid of lowering the dignity of history. He has composed a searching and exhaustive analysis of the American Commonwealth; but, though he has gone quite as deeply into ultimate problems of government as De Tocqueville, Mill, or Austin, he has not been afraid to lower the dignity of social philosophy by explaining to us all about the "Lobby," the "Machine," the "Politicians," "Rings and Bosses," "Spoils," "Women's Suffrage," the Bar, the Bench, the Press, Railroads, Wall Street, the Universities, the Churches, the position of women, American oratory, American life, the social and economic future. Now this is precisely what we want to know; and it is in connection with these things that knowledge of the Constitution really interests us. And it is because all these things are explained and illustrated by a mass of ingenious reflections, vivid observations, and capital anecdotes that Mr. Bryce has managed to make a book full of real political wisdom as picturesque and fascinating as a first-rate volume of travels.

The book with which this work of Mr. Bryce's will be immediately compared is that of De Tocqueville. But nearly sixty years have passed since De Tocqueville went to America, and in that period the American Commonwealth has grown beyond any example in recorded history. Fourteen new States have been added to the Union; the population has doubled itself five times; the railroad, telegraph, and electric systems have been created; new

parties have been formed ; the question of slavery has been debated and fought out ; the greatest civil war the world ever saw has been waged ; and a vast system of political and social institutions has been evolved. The changes have been enormous, and yet De Tocqueville's book is the one with which Mr. Bryce's will be most often compared, and it is the one with which it most deserves to be compared.

Mr. Bryce's view of the American Commonwealth consists of three distinct surveys :—of the National organization, the local State organization, and the Social organization : corresponding roughly to the first, second, and third volumes. The first volume is a treatise of constitutional law ; the second an analysis of local and municipal politics ; and the third is practically a masterly book of travels. All who observe American institutions at all have long known the extreme complexity of the system in its double scheme of co-ordinate political institutions for the Nation and the several States. But until the elaborate analysis of Mr. Bryce explained them, few persons quite realized either the true nature of this complex dualism, or the range to which it extends. Complex as this intercatenation of National and State authority is, Mr. Bryce has made it clear without needless prolixity or repetition. The United States Constitution is at once National and Federal, being a supreme Federal State, not a League of States, yet presupposing and based upon an antecedent body of States, each in their own limits performing a very large part of the functions and duties of ordinary civil governments. Again, both Federal Constitution and the State Constitutions very distinctly divide the provinces of the executive function, the legislative function, and the judicial function. Nowhere in Europe is the executive body marked off from the legislative body so strictly and with lines so rigid as in America. Nowhere in Europe is the Constitution walled round with a rampart so difficult to modify as there. Nowhere in Europe is the executive so little able to lead the legislature, and the legislature so little able to control the executive. Alone of settled political systems, the *de facto* head of the administration cannot in

America dissolve the legislature, nor can the legislature get rid of the *de facto* head of the administration, except by a two-thirds majority after a regular trial for a criminal offence. And a third element steps in when courts of law are empowered to pronounce that acts of the National Legislature are unconstitutional and therefore invalid.

This dualism of National government and State government, this tripartite division of authority into executive, legislative, and judicial, each more or less independent, runs through the whole fabric of the American polity and all its thirty-eight States. There are thus in America thirty-nine Constitutions, i.e., one National Constitution and thirty-eight State Constitutions ; as many separate legislatures, as many executives, as many judiciaries, and, wonderful to relate, thirty-nine separate bodies of law. There are four kinds of American law, with four degrees of authority :—

I. The Federal Constitution.

II. Federal Statutes made by Congress.

III. State Constitutions.

IV. State Statutes made by State Legislatures.

And courts of law, both State and National, are bound to decide under which of these four classes of law any given provision falls. Then the judiciary is bifurcated into the National Courts and the State Courts ; each being subdivided locally into superior, middle, and inferior Courts. And there is a National Finance, as well as a State Finance. And within each State, there is a system of local government and systems of municipal government, each with their own executive, their own constituents, their own council, and their own taxation. The double system of National and State constitutions, legislatures, executive, judiciaries, bodies of law and separate finance, covers in a co-ordinate way every square mile of the vast American continent included in the States. There is here, it is obvious, the material for a curious complexity of forces, which indeed hardly any European has adequately mastered.

Perhaps the most striking and important contribution to political science which Mr. Bryce has made is the fundamental distinction which he pointed out

between what he named the Rigid Constitutions and the Flexible Constitutions: America giving us the type of a practically rigid Constitution, and England the type of a Constitution, in theory at least, flexible without limit. Mr. Dicey, in his admirable *Lectures on the Law of the Constitution*, made all readers familiar with this distinction, and has illustrated it with great learning and acumen. But in his own account (p. 84) he refers to an unpublished lecture of Mr. Bryce, the substance of which is incorporated in the present work. The Parliament of the United Kingdom could extend, modify, or abolish the Constitution, or any part of it, by an ordinary Act of Parliament passed in the same way as any Road or Inclosure Act. Nay, more, this power is being continually exercised session after session; for the Constitution seldom leaves off at the end of a session exactly as it stood at the opening of it. A court of law has only to satisfy itself as to the interpretation of an Act of Parliament, and then to give effect to it. It cannot treat any Act as unconstitutional, or see any degree of authority, of greater or less, in an Act of Parliament.

Nor in England can any man say precisely what the Constitution is, or where it can be found. As Mr. Bryce says, it must be searched for in hundreds of volumes, in cases, statutes, precedents, journals, and even memoirs. And of course much of it is even then matter for discussion. All is utterly different in America. The Federal Constitution and all its amendments are printed in a very precise document of sixteen octavo pages. It is so hedged round by securities against hasty alterations, that in the hundred years which now span the life of the Federal Constitution, excepting in the postscript of its first year, and in a trivial amendment in 1794, and another in 1803, it has only been practically modified once—that is, after the tremendous civil war. The contrast between the rigid documentary constitutions of America and the flexible traditional Constitution of England has been most profoundly grasped by Mr. Bryce, and most vividly illustrated and explained.

Next to the contrast between these two types of constitutional systems,

comes the equally striking contrast between the Presidential administration of America and the Cabinet administration of England. A cabinet, as we understand it, is of course out of the question where the legislature neither controls nor depends upon a ministry. And where there is no legislature to make or unmake a ministry, there is of course no ministry to initiate, guide, or modify legislation. An American President is a Prime Minister whose business is to control the public departments, but not to interfere with the legislature. He has secretaries without collective responsibility, but no ministry. Ministers are not accountable to the legislature, nor are they jointly responsible for each other. So the legislature is a parliament with which the ministers are often in conflict, and which has no means whatever of removing them. All this Mr. Bryce explains and illustrates with a force and fertility which are only possible to a man who has had the advantage of experience in parliament and in office, and who unites to the training of a constitutional lawyer great opportunities for careful study on the spot.

Mr. Bryce next explains the constitution, character, and working of that famous American institution the Senate, the relation of which to the Executive is so puzzling to those who know only the dignified Upper Chambers of Europe, and which has a peculiar interest for those European politicians who find treaties and international relations ultimately referred to its final arbitrament. He then turns to the House of Representatives, a House how utterly unlike our House of Commons few will realize till they have mastered all that Mr. Bryce has to tell. His picture of the "House at work" is one of those vivid clear-cut portraits which are only possible to a practical politician living his daily life in one school who has attentively watched another school and compared it with his own.

Mr. Bryce's account of the Federal Courts is one that could only be given by a lawyer, who, familiar with the machinery of English courts, and imbued with our own legal principles, has studied the American courts with all the assistance that can be given by his intimate relations with American lawyers, judges,

and advocates, thus comparing professional impressions and experience. Nothing in the book is more interesting and valuable than his account of the history, constitution, and working of the famous Supreme Court of Washington, a court which, from the momentous National functions with which it is charged, its striking history, its unique position as the one central Court of Appeal, and the singular power of the great men who have adorned it, may almost be thought, even by an English lawyer, to take precedence in importance of all known tribunals.

That part of Mr. Bryce's book to which the English politician will most often turn will be, no doubt, the eleven chapters from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-fifth inclusive, wherein he compares the American and European systems, criticises the American constitution, and explains the paradox how the most rapidly growing of modern peoples contrives to thrive under the most rigid of all known constitutions, and the one which seems apparently the most prone to insoluble deadlocks. The problem is indeed one of the most curious and suggestive which can engage the student of politics and the practical politician. Mr. Bryce's solution of the mystery, which, like the solution of most mysteries, depends on complex allowances, compensations, and qualifications in practical result, is as full of accurate observation of fact as it is of sterling political good sense.

It would need an article even to state in full Mr. Bryce's explanation of the separate State System, of the relations of the States to the Federal Union, of the distribution of the functions of government between the State and the Union, of the complex institutions by which the relations are distinguished and maintained. The co-ordination of National authority and thirty-eight State authorities is one of the most difficult and curious problems in the range of political science. European states are familiar enough with a local government and a National government. But in America, where both exist in full development, there is intercalated between them an antecedent State government which fulfils the great bulk of the functions possessed by the National government of these kingdoms,

and habitually exercised by the House of Commons. Nor is this the whole of the anomaly, for in America each of the thirty-eight States, with distinct executives, legislatures, law-courts, bodies of law and finance, are constitutionally safe-guarded under very precise clauses in written instruments from any interference by the Federal Executive, or the Federal Legislature. Let us imagine the new County Councils each having its own distinct, inviolable, and self-enacted constitution, which no Act of Parliament could modify, suspend, or add to. We shall then have some idea of the complexity of the American political system.

The rest of Mr. Bryce's work is devoted to explain the Party System, and all the peculiar institutions to which the party system has given birth, the "machine," the "ring," the "boss," and the way the boss runs the machine; next to the working of Public Opinion, and all its various organs, the press, the "stump," the "caucus," the conventions and the ballot. And he concludes with a large body of illustrations, reflections, criticisms, and suggestions.

The grand question which all will ask remains—does Mr. Bryce write as a panegyrist of the American democracy, or as a critic of it? How does the judge sum up the evidence about the greatest experiment of free electoral government yet attempted by man? Mr. Bryce, one may answer, has far too much experience of affairs, too much learning, too much political sagacity, to sum up in any wholesale, trenchant, *ex cathedra* style, or to write either a eulogium on democracy, or an indictment of democracy. As a judge, as a thinker should, he gives us ample material for forming our own judgment, examines all the difficulties and possibilities, the strength, the weakness, the compensations, and the inconveniences of each institution in turn. No single vice or degeneration of the American polity is at all screened or palliated. A hostile satirist could find matter enough for a dozen philippics in the familiar style of the reactionary prophet of evil. A stalwart believer in democracy will find many a conclusion to deepen his faith and to fire his enthusiasm. Mr. Bryce, it is clear, sees many a compensating force which was unobserved by Sir H.

Maine when he wrote on *Popular Government*, and Mr. Bryce's knowledge of America vastly exceeds that of Maine. To compare their books on this point is to see all the gulf which separates an acute student of political literature from an experienced observer of political institutions.

Mr. Bryce writes as an observer of political institutions, not, be it said, as a party politician. The comparison of Federal with the State legislatures bistles at every point with illustrations of the burning issue of our day, the relations of the Imperial Parliament to a possible Home Rule Legislature. The book of Mr. Bryce touches on the problem at every chapter. Yet there is not a sentence in these three volumes by which the most sensitive Unionist could detect whether the author be a follower of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Hartington. True political science sits calmly aloof from party struggles.

The special strength of Mr. Bryce is this, that he is a rare example (one may almost say a unique example) of the constitutional jurist, who compares institutions and constitutions step by step with social habits and practical results visible on the spot. He refuses to consider the American constitution or any single American institution apart from the habits and opinions of the American people who live under them, and the American politicians, journalists, speakers, officials, managers, and groups of men who work them, make them, and want them. It is another instance of the golden rule that organs, organisms, and organic activity, are only to be truly understood as we study them in their functions, and under the actual conditions of environment and adjustment to it, in which they do, as a fact, habitually function.

One may doubt if such a living picture of Democracy in all its ways, in its strength and its weakness, its dangers and its future, in all its strange nakedness of appearance, and its amazing vitality and force, in its golden hopes, and its simplicity and limitations as of a raw, lucky, inexperienced youth entering on a matchless inheritance for good or for evil, has ever yet been drawn by

a competent hand. And it may be doubted even more if there yet exists for any country in the Old World a portrait so thoughtful, searching, and complete, so suggestive of the character, and with its life-history so graven on the face, as that which Mr. Bryce has now given us for the New World.

It is impossible to close this book without reflecting that it adds another fine corner-stone to the noble monument which the sons and teachers of Oxford have raised round the history and analysis of political institutions. Not only has Oxford taken for centuries a leading part in this field of social science, but it is not easy to recall a work of first-rate importance in this difficult department which has not come from those who have taught in Oxford, or have been trained by her in the school of Thucydides and Aristotle. The tradition of Sir T. More, of Raleigh, of Hobbes, of Locke, and Adam Smith has been worthily maintained. Clarendon opened a long succession of historians, through Gibbon, the greatest of historians, Henry Hallam, Doctor Arnold, Dean Milman, and so on down to the great modern school of Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, S. R. Gardiner, J. R. Green, Froude, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Cotter Morison, John Morley. Nor is it less significant that so much of what we know of the English Constitution has been expounded by those who have taught at Oxford or who have been trained at Oxford. Blackstone's Commentaries on the laws of England were lectures delivered by him as Professor at Oxford; so also were those far more trustworthy Commentaries, known as Dicey *On the Law of the Constitution*, and Anson on the *Law of Parliament*; and so at least one of Sir H. Maine's studies on political institutions. To this long list of Oxford achievements we must now add the work of her Regius Professor of Civil Law, a work dedicated to, and in part inspired by two of his Oxford colleagues; and which will permanently hold its own in this splendid array of historical research and political philosophy.—*Nineteenth Century*.

ON THE SLOPES OF OLYMPUS.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

ASIA MINOR is still a vast labyrinth of more or less unexplored memories of the past ; travellers of to-day pay hurried visits to the cities near the coast, but in the interior, where lawless tribes and scattered nationalities forbid the approach of the ordinary wayfarer, there exists a sort of *terra incognita* to which only a few pioneers with more hardihood than intelligence have penetrated. This will be a future playground for the enterprising of the 20th century, and when the line which is now in project is opened right through the heart of Asia Minor it will be possible for the traveller *en route* for India to pass a few pleasant days in places with which no one is now acquainted, and be carried to his destination through Mesopotamia, where he may search for traces of the Garden of Eden and the cradle of mankind.

The slopes of the Mysian Olympus and the town of Brusa at its feet may be visited now with a tolerable amount of safety. Brigandage, the scourge of Turkey, is kept fairly in check in this district, and Brusa is a town of extraordinary fascinations from a purely Turkish point of view, setting aside altogether episodes connected with Hannibal and legends of emperors of the Lower Empire. It was the Turkish capital before the Turks crossed to Europe, the point at which the Ottomans consolidated and nurtured their strength, and the earlier Sultans of the race gloried in beautifying these glorious slopes with mosques and tombs, and in covering the healing springs which issue from the sides of this giant with quaint domed bath buildings, rich in encaustic tiles.

Then we have the interests which centre in the modern Brusa, which has risen out of the ruins of fire and earthquake to become the great Oriental centre of the silk trade,—“the Turkish Lyons,” as the Frenchmen call it, thanks again to its giant mountain, which affords sheltered valleys for the growth of the mulberry trees and rushing streams to work the mills. Finally we can indulge in speculation concerning the Brusa of the future. Vefyk

Pasha, a man of extraordinary progress for a Turk, governed this *vilayet* after the great earthquake which ruined the town in 1855 ; he occupied his term of office in restoring and beautifying the town, with one object, that it might be ready to receive his sovereign and become the seat of government when the time came for quitting Constantinople. Old Turkey—that is to say, the Turk of to-day, who adhere strictly to the tradition of Mohammedanism—look upon Brusa as the future capital of a purely Asiatic Turkey, and the grave, as it has been the cradle, of their race, whereas young, go-ahead Turkey talks much about Sivas and its mercantile advantages for the prospective centre ; this problem has yet to be worked out, and depends much on whether old or young Turkey prevails in the councils of the nation when the final hour of their rule in Europe arrives.

Polygamy, like many another Turkish institution, is fast disappearing from among them ; a few rich Pashas may indulge in the luxury or the reverse of a multiplication of wives, but among ordinary individuals, the *suredgis* or horse owners alone take advantage of the Koran's permission to multiply wives, finding it convenient to have female agents at the different places they frequent. There is a celebrated *suredgi* at Brusa who is reported to have one wife at Brusa, another at Modania, where the steamer stops, and another at Constantinople, to keep him informed of the possible advent of visitors. At any rate he was fully aware of our intention to visit Brusa, and secured us as his victims by travelling with us on the steamer ; he is a truly active fellow, and drove us for the three hours between Modania and Brusa, up the hills and through oceans of mud, at a pace which astonished us, and made us tremble for the survival of his horses and his rickety carriage. When a trace broke he mended it with his waistband, when a horse fell in the mud he set it up again as if it had been a ninepin, and during the avenue gallop, which extended from the bridge which

Nilofer, the charitable wife of Sultan Orchan is said to have built, right up to the door of Madame Brotte's hotel in the outskirts of Brusa, his driving was worthy of King Jehu himself.

Our charioteer, as we drove along, cast many a scornful glance and uttered many a sarcastic sneer at his fallen rival, namely, the ruined railway which ran for some distance by the side of the road. It was Vefyk Pasha, the great benefactor of Brusa, who constructed it, and being only 35 miles in length it was completed at the cost of £20,000; its ruins, as seen to-day, are a monument of Turkish imbecility and the grievances of bondholders. The rails were laid, stations were built, the rolling-stock was bought, before the collapse came. Now you see the loose rails straying down the sides of the embankments ready for the peasants to carry away; the culverts are nearly all destroyed; goats browse in what should be the station booking-offices; and at Modania a shed contains the fast decaying remnants of the rolling-stock.

Poor Vefyk Pasha must gnash his teeth, if he has any left, when he sees his life's work thus destroyed; he is now a very old man, and lives in retirement in his pretty wooden kiosk on the Bosphorus, and Hakki Pasha reigns at Brusa in his stead. We had a letter of introduction which we presented in person to his Excellency Hakki Pasha, and we found him an illiterate retrograde Turk, who delights in letting all the improvements executed by his predecessor fall into decay. Vefyk had the plain below Brusa thoroughly drained; Hakki prefers to put into his own pocket the money which ought annually to be spent in keeping this up, with the natural result that after heavy rains the plain is almost impassable, owing to floods, as we found to our cost; and in the train of floods in this climate come fevers and all the evils which Vefyk by his energy had surmounted.

After being Oriental, Brusa is French. It has a French Consul, and merchants from Lyons flock here for raw material, and French "*graineurs*," after the cocoon harvest, haunt the slopes of Mount Olympus and effect their purchases in its happy valleys. Every Frenchman you meet at Brusa is loud in his praises

of Vefyk Pasha. You get quite tired of his name when you have heard how he built the carriage road along which we came; how he constructed the railway; how he saw that good hotels were built; how he drained the marshes; how he introduced the rose culture, and settled refugees from the rose-growing districts after the last war; how he brought water from a source high up in the mountains, to the great benefit of the silk trade; how he built ovens in which to kill the grubs; how he protected Christians and put down brigandage. Ahmet Vefyk Pasha was indeed a great man in the *vilayet* of Brusa, and second only to him in French estimation is Madame Brotte, who keeps such an excellent hostelry and table for the Lyons merchants who come over here to buy silk. At her table, all the year round, you may eat wild boar and game from Mount Olympus, and discuss delicious things in cream which comes from her own dairy. Her husband was a factory owner himself, but he died, poor man, and his widow has turned his factory into a hotel, and with her factotum Homer, a young Greek from a neighboring village, she administers to the wants of the visitor so well that he forgets he is in the wilds of Asia Minor, in the haunts of the brigand and the nomad tribes. But he will not forget it next morning when he issues forth into the streets, and if he has not been very far East indeed, he will never have seen anything so Oriental as Brusa or so beautifully quaint.

The city is plastered on the slopes of the snow-capped Olympus, lies buried in rank verdure, and echoes with the murmur of many streams. Brusa, in fact, comes up as nearly to the reality of a drop scene at a theatre, or a Turnerian glimpse at Paradise, as one is likely to see on this side the grave, and yet it is not sleepy and dull, as most beautiful places are. Close to Madame Brotte's establishment are many factories of silk, at the mouth of a lovely gorge; and, inasmuch as water is here the motive power and not coal, we find no chimneys belching forth their nature-destroying breath, and industry, when it does not destroy the beauties of nature, is a pleasure and not a horror to look upon. The operatives in these

factories are, for the most part, Greek and Armenian girls. In the earthquake of 1855 a whole factory, with sixty girls at work, fell down and buried them in its ruins; but a new factory has been built on this cemetery, and a new race of girls were busily at work when we visited it, as if unconscious of the wholesale destruction which was buried beneath them. These girls are content with the average wages of sixpence a day, which, seeing that they eat only vegetables, olives, bread, and oil, is ample, and no complaints of a sweating system are here heard of.

The younger hands are employed in boiling the cocoons, while the more experienced undertake the harder task of threading them on to the meshes. Each girl sits before her tank of boiling water, in which the cocoons are immersed, and by her side she has a tank of cold into which to plunge her hands from time to time, and every evening she dips them in vitriol to harden the skin. The great art seems to be to deftly join the ends so as to produce an even and true thread, and this is only acquired by years of experience. The smell of the boiling cocoons is very noisome, and the heat very oppressive. No wonder that the girls are, for the most part, sallow and unhealthy; but then many of them have very fine profiles and beautiful large eyes. In fact, so attractive did the gay young men of Brusa find the sixty girls in the imperial factory, that it has been found necessary to put up Turkish blinds before the windows, for they would congregate outside and greatly interfere with the diligent attention of the maidens to their business.

Just now in the East the rage is for the Brusa gauzes, and the silk stalls in the bazaars may be seen piled high with materials, around which veiled ladies bargain with astounding volubility. There are scarfs, shawls, turbans, yashmaks, of marvellously fine texture, characteristically bordered with designs in white and silver, or in colors and gold, evolved, for the most part, out of the Turkish alphabet. The old test of drawing a silk shawl through a finger ring is easily surpassed by this wonderfully fine Brusa fabric, a whole pile of which can be easily crushed into the palm of the hand. Knowing Turkish

ladies call this fabric "Selimieh," and always ask for it in preference to any other, the name being given to it because it was invented in the reign of the Sultan Selim. Every occupant of the harem knows how to choose a good piece of Selimieh, and inasmuch as they use it not only to cover their bodies but to cover their divans, almost the only article of furniture used in a Turkish house, one can easily understand that silk manufacture is a paying concern.

Close to the silk factories are establishments for diamond polishing, a rising industry here in Brusa, for as skilled workmen are content with half-a-crown a day for doing work which in Paris would cost twelve shillings, no wonder the French diamond polishers prefer to send their stones here, and run the risk of the journey that the handsome marginal profit may find its way into their own pockets. The same streams which work the silk factories and the wheels for polishing diamonds work also a large number of mills for grinding corn. Altogether, the force of water has brought much prosperity to this locality, which is capable of still further development, and if it were not for those insidious microbes which have of late years attacked the Brusa silkworms, one might prophesy a satisfactory future for the place. Several naturalists from France are now assembled there, trying their best to discover a means for exterminating these destroyers of Brusa's prosperity, but they meet with little assistance from the peasant breeders of the worms, who are intensely superstitious and believe still in the effects of the evil eye, which makes them anxious to conceal their treasures from the glance of an infidel Giaour.

So much for the industries on the slopes of Mount Olympus. Besides these nature has provided the inhabitants of this favored spot with another source of subsistence. All along the slopes to the south of the town issue warm healing streams excellent for the cure of rheumatic affections; these streams have from time to time been covered with charming old bath-houses, many of them dating from epochs anterior to the time of the Turkish occupation; rich philanthropists have handsomely endowed these bath-houses at

various times, so that not only are the buildings kept in good repair, but also the poor man can get his bath for nothing, and the money which the rich bather thinks it consistent with his dignity to give belongs exclusively to the attendant shampooers. The old bath-house, as it is called, is Byzantine work, and history tells us how a certain empress came here to bathe with a retinue of 4,000 persons; this old bath-house has served as a copy for the newer, and perhaps more magnificent, ones which adorn the hill-slopes with their many domes. All of them are lovely inside with faience and those much prized tiles of Brusa manufacture; over the entrance to one is a long Turkish inscription, which tells us how it was built by the Grand Vizier of Sultan Solymán the Magnificent, who had benefited by a course of baths. In this bath was once kept the famous talismanic stone which cured every pain to which it was applied, but which, unfortunately for the present generation of bathers here, has been stolen, and no one knows where it is to be found.

Other bath-houses are built at the village of "Grasshopper," some two miles from the town, which contains streams rich in iron and sulphur; at this village too a large hotel, "the Bithynia," has been constructed for the benefit of those who come to take the waters. It is the great rendezvous of the inhabitants of Brusa; on a holiday afternoon you see them coming on foot, on mules, and in carriages, with their bundles containing towels and toilet requirements, and they seem to revel in the fetid stench which rises from the sulphurous stream, and which fills the large domed building with steam; and the water, which is heated by nature alone, is so hot that no furnaces are required. Here in Pliny's days stood a temple of Æsculapius, and for centuries has this healing stream continued to work its cures on rheumatic Orientals. Perhaps some day, when travelling in Asia Minor is rendered more secure and accommodation improves, the baths of Brusa may again acquire the reputation they had in the days long gone by.

The beauties of the giant mountain of Brusa are not easily exhausted; we loved to wander there, far from the din

and dirt of the busy Eastern city. Still the Turks call it "the Mountain of the Monks," and still to them it is as sacred as it was in the days of the Lower Empire, when its slopes were covered with the cells of anchorites and holy men. The Turks, in fact, have always carefully preserved any heritage of sanctity possessed by any place which has fallen into their power. Old Byzantine churches have been converted into mosques; old places of pilgrimage have been respected and allowed to retain their customs and their rites, and in like manner the slopes of Olympus, held sacred by the orthodox in days of yore, are now held sacred by the enthusiasts of Islam. From the time of the conquest it has been the haunt of santons, abdals, dervishes, poets, and men of learning, whose tombs are dotted over the mountain, and held sacred by the Mussulmans of to-day; 500, I was told, of Islam's most noted men lie buried under the shadow of the mountain, which is the Westminster Abbey of the race. Each tomb has its own special virtues and its own special legend, and in wandering among them you are carried back in memory to the brave deeds of the early Ottomans who made all the kingdoms of Europe to quake before them.

Far away up the mountain side is a tomb very dear to Mussulman pilgrims, being the tomb of the "Father of the Deer," a fanatical Turk who lived up there in Sultan Orchan's time, and who, says the legend, had a tame herd of deer, on one of which he rode to battle at Sultan Orchan's bidding, and wielding a huge sword in his hand, he threw terror and death broadcast among the enemy. Nomad tribes with flocks and herds now wander over this mountain and amid these tombs, and those who wish to reach the summit and return in safety would do well either to take ample protection or to join a cavalcade which goes every night in summer time to fetch snow from the summit, which they cut in large blocks, two of which form the load of each mule. This cavalcade returns at nine o'clock in the morning to Brusa with their burden of coolness for the vendors of sherbet and other delicious summer drinks. Though Vefyk Pasha succeeded pretty well in clearing

his *vilayet* of brigands, he could do little to check the depredations of those nomad gentlemen who dwell on Olympus, and are ever ready to dispossess an unprotected visitor of any valuables he may have with him ; hence the advantage of joining the snow cavalcade. Also, if the traveller chances to be there he may ascend Olympus with perfect safety with the priest or *imam*, who goes there to catch the first glimpse of the new moon in the month Chevali, which marks the beginning of the Ottoman year ; and those who ascend when the atmosphere is clear will be amply rewarded if they are lovers of the wilder beauties of nature ; but, to tell the truth, when they get beyond the radius of the tombs and the nomad tribes they may as well return, for any other mountain nearer home will do just as well for an acrobatic feat, and be infinitely safer.

Months might be spent before the interests which lie outside the walls of Brusa would be exhausted, and then the precincts of the town itself are filled with delightful studies both of the present and of the past. First let us glance at the *Muradieh*, or nest of tombs and sacred buildings erected round the mosque tomb where the remains of the great Sultan Murad repose. It is, in its placid beauty, a perfect study of old-world Turkish ideas and customs, and in its walls can be read the character as well as the history of this strange race. You approach the sacred enclosure by an avenue of rose trees, backed up by plane trees of surprising age and girth ; above these tower splendid cypress trees, and around you flourish on all sides rank verdure and natural gardens amid these neglected tombs ; through openings in these glimpses of the giant mountain appear, a perpetual joy of which none can tire. In the central building of rich red bricks, with patches of green moss clinging picturesquely to the dome, is the tomb of Sultan Murad, and by the side of his tomb are the veritable turbaned head-dresses which he wore at the feast of Ramazan when he was in the flesh. Not far from this tomb, in another domed building, reposes the body of Prince Djem, that unfortunate prince with whom Christendom played in the days when the might of Turkey caused terror to the strongest of Euro-

pean potentates. Adjoining is the tomb of the daughter whom the Greek Emperor Constantine gave to the Sultan's harem in exchange for a few years of peaceful possession of Constantinople. Here, too, may be seen the tomb of a pasha with the veritable three horse-tails still fastened to the staves at the head of his grave, and one recalls, on seeing them, the story of that brave Turkish general who cut off the tail of a dead horse and fixed it to the point of a lance, and with the aid of this novel standard rallied his scattered forces, conquered the enemy, and thereby founded the distinction of horse-tail pashas.

All these tombs are covered with bright-colored encaustic tiles, and the *mollah* who is in charge must make much of this nest of tombs, for he demanded from us a fresh fee for admittance into each. This mosque tomb of Sultan Murad's has its adjoining *medresseh* and *imaret*, that is to say, its school and almshouses, both quaint, old-world buildings, and both of which were endowed by the founder in 1365, and there is little doubt that the method of conducting them is little altered from that day to this. The *medressehs* are primeval Moslem institutions, supported by funds arising from the mosque property, to which they are attached like our universities. Here the softas, ulemas, imams, kiyatibs all graduate, and their course of study is as antiquated as it well can be. The pupils sit on carpets in their several cells, poring over the interpretation of old traditions—the Mussulman theological course, that is to say ; the various branches of their language, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are taught there, and beyond these things the student at a *medresseh* learns little else, except perhaps to waste time, and many of them are well advanced in years before they obtain their diplomas. It was amusing to us to watch the students lounging about their shady courtyard, some asleep, some nearly so, and one and all taking study, as the Moslems take everything, with exceeding leisure.

The *imaret* was even quainter than the college ; outside two boys with huge wooden hammers were busily engaged in grinding corn in a round marble basin ; within we found ourselves in a vast gloomy kitchen with blackened rafters

and old-fashioned utensils ; in one corner stood the large caldrons in which the soup is cooked, in another were the appliances for baking that soft bread in which the Turks rejoice. At the appointed hour many poor from Brusa assembled here with their tin bowls for the reception of the dole, and if you are not afraid of coming in close contact with these miserable specimens of humanity, you will see much that is interesting both in custom and costume.

This compact nest of buildings around the tomb of Sultan Murad, and known collectively as the Muradieh, forms a sufficient study in itself for many days, and to my mind surpasses, both in beauty and quaintness, the far-famed Green Mosque of Brusa, with its walls clothed with rich enamelled faience, even though the *imam* there will show you two wax candles, on two fine bronze sticks, standing on either side of the *Mihrab*, which he will tell you have never been extinguished since they were lit by the founder of this mosque, the Sultan Mahomed I. ; and certainly in its commanding position on the slopes of Olympus, the mosque and tomb of Mahomed I. forms one of the chief features of Brusa, whereas Murad buried himself and his buildings in a retired valley and made his minarets less pretentious.

Many mornings may be passed in the study of these mosques and their historical lore, but perhaps the lovely old citadel will conjure up even more pleasing remembrances. This was the citadel in which Prusa, the King of Bithynia, had his palace, the legendary founder of the town ; here, too, he received Hannibal as his guest, and the view from the plateau within the old Roman walls is perfectly exquisite. Here in the days of the Byzantine occupation stood the Greek church of the Prophet Elias, and here after the Ottoman Turks became masters of the town were buried the bodies of the founders of the race, namely, the Sultans Osman and Orchan ; but in the great earthquake these tombs were destroyed, a fire having previously burned the symbols of investiture of the first Sultan, which were kept here, and which were sent to him by the Sultan of Iconium as a definite recognition of independence when the Ottoman Turk showed that he was the proper person

to lead Islam on to victory. Two miserable green erections have of late years been put up to cover the spot where the tombs of these first Sultans once stood, and Abdul Hamid, the present occupant of the throne, has decorated these tombs with the order of Osmanieh, and furthermore he sent Brussels carpets to cover the floor, and French chandeliers to hang from the ceilings, and second-rate drawing-room curtains to pull over the windows, enough to raise the shades of those valiant heroes whose battle-axes won for Turkey her position among nations.

When the caravans from Central Asia passed through Brusa instead of Smyrna, the bazaars were more important than they are now, but still they are delightfully Oriental and a pleasant contrast to those of Constantinople, where the foreigner is the butt and prey of the eager vendors. Without the molestation from irrepressible touts you may wander down the numerous branches and alleys which deviate from the main thoroughfare which forms the commercial centre of Brusa. In one of these you watch the spoonmakers seated cross-legged at their counter, which is seat, frontage, and workshop all in one, busily occupied in producing spoons in boxwood, horn, and tortoiseshell, the slender handles of which are very prettily engraved, and usually tipped with a bit of coral to avert the evil eye. Then in another alley much time may be spent in watching the engravers of talismans and seals, and of course if you have been interested in the silk factories the piles of Brusa gauze and rich objects in silk will call for some attention ; also the carpenters, who are busy in the preparation of quaint chairs and cradles for Turks yet unborn.

But those who are brave, and in search of genuine oddities, will not be content with the *Sparbazaar*, as it is called, where the curiosity vendors of Brusa congregate, and try to tempt the ignorant visitor with such objects of Birmingham manufacture as have not met with a prompt sale at Constantinople ; but they will penetrate far, far into the labyrinthine recesses of the place, until they have reached a bazaar with a very ugly name indeed, a locality known to all Turks, but to few strangers, as the

"Louse Bazaar," where old clothes, old arms, old rags, old everything, lie piled in hopeless confusion, and suggest, without any doubt, the presence of those irritating animals after which the bazaar is named. In the centre is its white mosque, quite plain and unadorned, and only to be distinguished from a white-washed cottage by its minaret; here the old clothes vendors can run to pray at the appointed seasons. This mosque is shaded by three plane trees, beneath which is a fountain, at which the old clothes vendors can perform very necessary ablutions, and slake their thirst. The "Louse Bazaar" has likewise its tea vendor, its biscuit vendor, and all the makings of a small though uncleanly society, and in this paradise the European bric-à-brac hunter may pick up, if he is patient and does not object to sitting near questionable rags, and drinking tea from a cup of questionable cleanliness, all sorts of stray curiosities which have found their way to Brusa from the centre of Asia Minor, and have not yet been sifted and appropriated by the Jews of the more respectable haunts of curiosity hunters.

Mount Olympus is often enveloped in clouds, and when this happens down pours the rain at Brusa, and the rushing streams are turned into veritable cataracts by the increased vigor added to them. This occurred to our cost at the termination of our sojourn there. Before us was spread a vast sheet of water caused by the floods, and these floods must be passed through if we wished to catch the steamer at Modania. I am confident that if we had had any other driver than the one who brought us, we should never have got through the surging waters, which boiled and foamed around our carriage, and made Nilofer's quaint high bridge stand out alone like an islet in the centre of a lake. More than once our Jehu stopped hopelessly, fearing, he said, lest he should lose the road track and we should be swept away; but eventually we got through our difficulties, and growled in concert at the folly of the new Pasha who has allowed the excellent drainage works of his predecessor to go into disrepair, and thus brought back again to the plain of Brusa the pestilential floods.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAVORITES.

In Johnson's famous circle of friends were two young men whose names come often in the pages of his biographer, of brilliant minds indeed, but who did absolutely nothing of moment in the world, and whom nevertheless the world regards benignantly for the sake of the love they gave and received from the great man. The mild-hearted, portentous old vision of Johnson seems never so complete and gracious as when attended by these two, above all things else Johnsonians. When the doors swing ajar at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, in shadowy London; when the "unclubable" Hawkins strides over the threshold, and Hogarth goes by the window with his large nod and smile; when Chamier is there reading, Goldsmith posing in purple silk small-clothes, Reynolds fingering his trumpet, stately Burke and little brisk Garrick stirring the punch in their glasses, and Dr. Johnson rolling about in his chair of state, saying something prodigiously

humorous and wise, it is still Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk who most give the scene its human, genial lustre, standing behind him, arm-in-arm. Between him and them was deep and long affection, and the little we know of them has a right to be more for his sake.

Born in 1741, of good family, Bennet Langton as a Lincolnshire lad had read "The Rambler," and conceived the purest enthusiasm for its author. He came to London on the ideal errand of seeking him out, and, thanks to Levett, met the idol of his imagination. Despite the somewhat staggering circumstances of Johnson's attire,—for he had rashly presupposed a stately, fastidious, and well-mannered figure,—he paid his vows of fealty, and endeared himself to his new friend forever. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757 at the age of sixteen. The Doctor followed his career at the University with kindly interest, writing to Langton's tutor,—

"I see your pupil : his mind is as exalted as his stature." He even went down to Oxford to visit his votary, and there, for the first time, came across a part of his destiny in the shape of that strange bird, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, then a handsome scapegrace of eighteen. Johnson shook his head, and wondered at the odd juxtaposition of this Lord of Misrule with the "evangelical goodness" of his admirable Langton. The knowledge that veneration for himself and ardent perusal of his writings had first brought them together, mollified the sapient Doctor ; but something more personal yet set Beauclerk forever in the great man's good graces. Like Langton he was well-bred, urbane, of excellent natural parts, a critic, a student, and a wit. An only son, he was born in 1737, and named after that Topham of Windsor who left a splendid collection of paintings and drawings to his father, Lord Sydney Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Young Beauclerk, with his aggravating flippancy, his sharp sense, his quiver full of jibes, time-wasting, money-wasting, foreign as Satan and his pomps to his sweet-natured college companion, struck the Doctor in his own political weak spot. The likeness to Charles the Second was enough to disarm Johnson at the very moment when he was calling up his most austere frown : it was enough to turn the vinegar of his wrath to the milk of kindness. No odder or sincerer testimony could he have given to his inexplicable liking for that royal scapegrace, than that he allowed the latter's great-grandson to tease him and tyrannize over him during an entire lifetime. It is not so given to every man in the flesh to attest his allegiance. Mr. Topham Beauclerk literally bewitched Dr. Samuel Johnson : the stolid English moralist enraptured with the antics of a Jack-a-lantern ! He allowed his pranks and quibbles, rejoiced in his taste and literary learning, admired him indiscreetly, followed his whims meekly, expostulated with him almost against his traitorous impulses, and clung to him to the end in perfect fondness and faith. Bennet Langton was a mild young visionary, humane, tolerant, and generous in the extreme ; modest and contemplative, averse to dissipation ; a perfect talker,

a perfect listener, with a smile, sweet as a child's, which lives yet among his kindred on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was six feet six inches tall, slenderly built, and apt to stoop from old habits of bookishness. The ladies sat about him in drawing-rooms, said Edmund Burke, like maids around a Maypole ! Beauclerk had more gayety and grace, and domineered every one he knew by sheer force of high spirits. His faults were all on the surface, and easy to be forgiven for the sake of his genuine worth. It was he who most troubled the good Doctor, he for whom he suffered in silence, with whom he wrangled ; he whose insuperable taunting promise, never reaching any special development, vexed and disheartened him ; yet, perhaps because of these very things, though Bennet Langton was infinitely more to his mind, it was Absalom, once again, whom the old fatherly heart loved best.

Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, says : "Were I called on to name the person with whom Johnson might have been seen to the fairest advantage, I should certainly name Mr. Langton." His deferent, suave manner was the best possible foil to the Doctor's extraordinary explosions. He had supreme self-command : no one ever saw him angry ; and in most matters of life, as an exact contrast to his beloved friend Beauclerk, apt to take things a shade too seriously. He was rather inert, mentally and physically, having, moreover, that "rarer quality than any which commands success." He wrote, in 1760, a little book of essays entitled "*Rustics*," which never got beyond the passivity of manuscript. He fulfilled beautifully, adds Miss Hawkins, "the pious injunction of Sir Thomas Browne, 'to sit quietly in the soft showers of Providence,' and might, without injustice, be characterized as utterly unfit for every species of activity." Yet at the call of duty, so nobly was the natural man dominated by his unclouded will, he girded himself to any exertion. Indulgence in wine was natural to him, and he felt its need to sharpen and rouse his intellect ; "but the idea of Bennet Langton being what is called 'overtaken,' " wrote the same associate, "is too preposterous to be dwelt on." We have one delicious

anecdote to illustrate Langton's Greek serenity. Talking to a company of a chilly forenoon in his own house, he paused to say that the fire might go out, if it lacked attention—a brief, casual, murmurous interruption. He resumed his clear-voiced discourse, breaking presently, and pleading abstractedly, with eye in air: "Pray ring for coals!" All sat quietly amused, looking at the fire, and so little solicitous that straightway Langton was off again, on the stream of his soft eloquence. In a few minutes came another lull: "Did anybody answer that bell?" A general negative. "Did anybody ring that bell?" A sly shaking of heads. "Why the fire will be out!" he sighed. And once more the inspired monody soared among the clouds, at last dropping meditatively to the hearthstone: "Dear, dear! the fire is out."

Langton was always the centre of a group, wherever he happened to be, talking delightfully and twirling the oblong gold-mounted snuff-box, which promptly appeared as his conversation began: a conspicuous figure, with his height, his courteous manner, his mild beauty, and his habit of crossing his arms over this breast, or locking his hands together on his knee. He had a queerness of constitution which seemed to leave him at his lowest ebb every afternoon about two of the clock, forgetful, weary, confused, and with all his ideas dispersed. After a little food, he was himself again. He ran no chance of sustenance at dinner-parties, even waiving his delicate appetite, "such was the perpetual flow of his conversation, and such the incessant claim made upon him."

Johnson valued Langton for his piety, his ancient descent, his amiable behavior, and his knowledge of Greek: "Who in this town knows anything of Clenardus, sir, but you and I?" he would say, for Langton's enthusiasm had taught him Clenardus's Grammar from cover to cover. In the midst of his talk Langton would fall with charming grace into the "vowelled undertone" of the tongue he loved, correcting himself with a smile, a wave of the hands, and his wonted apologetic phrase: "And so it goes on!" in deference to the un-Hellenic ears of his auditors, and

in gentle palliation of his own little thoughtlessness. It must have been a satisfaction afterward to Johnson that his scholarly friend refused to sign the famous Round Robin concerning poor Goldsmith's epitaph, which besought him to "disgrace the walls of Westminster with an English inscription." For Bennet Langton Johnson had nothing but praise and affectionate ardor. "He is one of those to whom Nature has not spread her volumes, nor uttered her voices in vain." "Earth does not bear a worthier gentleman." "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not." Yet even with this "angel of a man," as Miss Hawkins names him, the Doctor had one serious and ludicrous quarrel. He considered it the sole grave fault of Langton, that he was too ready to introduce religious discussion into a mixed assembly, where he knew any two of the company would be scarcely of the same mind. On Boswell's suggestion that Bennet did it for the sake of instruction, Johnson replied angrily that he had no more right to take that means of gaining information, than he had to pit two persons against each other in a duel for the sake of learning the art of self-defence. Some indiscretion of this sort seems to have alienated the friends for the first and last time; unless Croker's conjecture be true that the quarrel which threatened to break a friendship of twenty years' standing arose from Langton's settling his estate by will upon his three sisters. On hearing of this the Great Cham grumbled and fumed, politely applied to the Misses Langton the pertinent title of "three dowdies!" and reiterated, with all the prejudices of feudalism, that "an ancient estate, sir! an ancient estate should always go to the males." Then he belabored the lawyer who had drawn up the document for his laxity in allowing Langton to pass as one of sound understanding, and remarked sardonically, "I hope he has left me a legacy." Lastly, the entire situation seemed to strike him as so exceedingly comical that he laid hold of a post on his way home, and roared so loud that in the silence of the night his voice could be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch.

But in due time the breach, whatever the cause, was healed. The Doctor, in

writing of it, uses one of his balancing sentences: "We are all that ever we were. Langton, though without malice, is not without resentment." The two could not keep apart very long, despite all the disagreement and all the unreason in the world. Another memorable passage-at-arms happened in the course of one of Johnson's sicknesses, when he solemnly implored Bennet Langton, in the cloistral silence of his chamber, to tell him wherein his life had been faulty. His shy and sagacious monitor wrote down for accusation a number of Scriptural texts recommending tolerance, patience, compassion, meekness, and other spiritual ingredients which were notably lacking in the stalwart Doctor's social composition. The penitent thanked Langton humbly and earnestly on taking the paper from his hand; but presently turned his short-sighted eyes on him from the pillow, and exclaimed in a loud, angry, suspicious tone, "What's your drift, sir?" The exquisite comedy of it! "And when I questioned him," so Johnson afterward told his blustering tale, "when I questioned him as to what occasion I had given him for such animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this,—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation! Now what harm does it do any man to be contradicted?"

As for Topham Beauclerk, more volatile than Langton, he had as steady a "sunshine of cheerfulness" for his heritage. Johnson, bewailing his own morbid habits of mind, once said: "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round: Beauclerk, when not ill and in pain, is the same." Boswell attests that Beauclerk took more liberties with Johnson than durst any man alive, and that Johnson was more disposed to envy Beauclerk's talents than those of any man he had ever known. He was a favorite with such men as Selwyn and Walpole, and quite their match in ease and astuteness. He alternated the gaming-table with court, the civilities of the drawing-room with the free Bohemian intellectuality of the club. His unresting sarcasm often hurt Goldsmith and irritated Johnson, though Bennet Langton was never grazed. He was a "pes-

tilent wit," as Anthony à Wood put it of Marvell, and could talk even Garrick blind. "No man," ran Johnson's fine eulogium, "was ever freer, when he was about to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming, nor, when he had said it, from a look which expressed that it had come." He was no dissembler of his likes and dislikes, and was often querulous and eccentric. Politics and politicians he avoided as much as possible. His natural and noble scorn of oppressors was his finest quality; he had also great tact, spirit, and independence. His own insuperable idleness (for he was as listless by grace as Langton was by nature) he recognized, and lightly deprecated. What he chose to call his leisure (again the ancestral Stuart trait!) he dedicated to the natural sciences. "I see Mr. Beauclerk often both in town and country," wrote Goldsmith to Bennet Langton. "He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle, deep in chemistry and physics." When there was some fanciful talk of setting up the club as a college, "to draw a wonderful concourse of students," Beauclerk, by unanimous vote, was elected to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy.

Johnson's influence on him, potent though it was, was chiefly negative. It kept him from saying and doing questionable things, and preserved in him an outward decorum toward institutions and customs, rather than incited him to make of his manifold talents the "illustrious figure" which Langton's affectionate eye discerned in a vain anticipation. Beauclerk and the Doctor went about together, and had some amusing experiences. In company once with a number of clergymen, who thought to meet their guests on common ground by assuming a great deal of noisy jollity, Johnson, not duly entertained, sat in grim silence for some time, and then said to his disciple, by no means in a whisper, "Sir! this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive!"

Johnson and his "Beau" had their many combats, "like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-o'-war;" the younger smooth, sharp and civil, the other indignantly dealing with the butt-end of personality. Boswell gives a long account of a dispute concerning a

murderer, and the evidence of his having carried two pistols. Beauclerk was right, but Johnson was (which gave him as solid a sense of virtue) angry ; and he was soothed only at the end by one of Topham's adroit and affectionate replies. "Sir," the Doctor began sternly, at another time, after listening to some mischievous wagery, "you never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain ; and you often give me pain, not from the power of what you say, but from seeing your intention." And again : "Your mind is all virtue, your body all vice." When Beauclerk would have shown resentment, Johnson stopped him with a gesture : "Nay, sir, Alexander marching in triumph into Babylon, would not desire more to be said to him." "You have, sir !" he said once, adapting the poet's line and perhaps conscious of Rochester's famous epigram, "a love of folly, and a scorn of fools ; everything you do attests the one, and everything you say, the other."

Beauclerk had ever ready some quaint simile, or odd application out of books. Referring to Langton's habit of sitting or standing against the fireplace, with one long leg twisted about the other, "as if fearing to occupy too much space," he said his friend was for all the world like the stork in Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught. One of his happiest hits, and certainly his boldest, was made when Johnson was being congratulated by some friends on his pension : "Now it was to be hoped," whispered the favorite in a version of Falstaff's celebrated vow, "that he would purge and live cleanly as a gentleman should do." Johnson seems to have taken the hint in good humor, and actually to have profited by it.

Very soon after leaving Oxford Beauclerk became engaged to a Miss Draycott ; but some coldness on his part, or some sensitiveness on hers, broke off the match. His fortune hunting parents were disappointed, as the lady owned several lead-mines in her own right. That same year, with Bennet Langton for companion part of the way, Beauclerk, whose health, never robust, now began to give him anxiety, set out on a continental tour. Baretti received him kindly at Milan, on Johnson's urgent and friendly letter of introduction ;

and the young Englishman, by his subsequent knowledge of Italian popular customs, was able to testify in Baretti's favor, when the latter was in trouble in London, and with Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Johnson, to help him toward his acquittal. At Venice it was reported that Beauclerk was robbed of ten thousand pounds, an incident which perhaps shortened his peregrinations. In 1768 he married Lady Diana Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced on his account from her first husband, Lord Bolingbroke, nephew and heir of the great owner of that title. Johnson was angry and disturbed over the affair. But, as Croker justly comments, he practically waived his personal right of criticism by living in the private society of Beauclerk's wife, and had scarcely the option, even at first, of enjoying that and of disparaging her character. "Lady Di" was certainly fond and faithful to Topham Beauclerk. She was an artist of no mean merit. Horace Walpole built a room for the reception of some of her drawings, which he called his Beauclerk Closet ; and it is to be feared that one invaluable portrait of Samuel Johnson has been lost. "Johnson was confined for some days in the Isle of Skye," writes Topham ; "and we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland, taking hold of a cow's tail. . . . Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it." Sir Joshua's delightful "Una" is the lovely little daughter of Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk, painted the year her father died. The Beauclerks lived in great style, and Lady Di, an admirable hostess, had always the warmest welcome for Langton, whom she cordially appreciated, and would rally on his remissness when he stayed away from their home at Richmond. He could reach them so easily, she said : had he but laid himself at length, his feet had been in London and his head with them, *eodem die* !

Beauclerk died on March 11th, 1780. He was forty-one years old, and for all his wit, judgment and intelligence, left no more trace behind him than that Persian butterfly-elect, Prince Chrysalus, whom old Buxton calls a "light phantastick fellow." His air of boyish promise, quite unconscious to himself, had

hoodwinked his friends into certain prophecies of his fame. But he took upon himself no yoke and no burden. An allegiance, at any time in his young career, would have made him truly the peer of the noble comrades with whom he walked and jested, and put immortality on his "bright, unbowed, insubmissive head." Yet he was bitterly mourned. "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to save him!" cried Johnson, who had loved him for twenty years; and again, to Lord Althorpe, "This is a loss, sir, that perhaps the whole nation could not repair." He wrote when his grief had somewhat subsided, "Poor dear Beauclerk! *nec, ut soles, dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried beside his mother, an instance of tenderness which I should hardly have expected." To Bennet Langton Beauclerk left the care of his children, in case of Lady Di's death. To his old friend also, among other legacies, he bequeathed Reynolds' fine portrait of Johnson, in memory of the Oxford days when mutual attachment to "The Rambler" had first drawn them together. Under it he had inscribed

"Ingenium ingens
"Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton thoughtfully effaced the lines. "It was kind of you to take it off," said the burly Doctor, with a sigh, and then, remembering the antipodal temperament of the two, "not unkind in him to have it put on."

After the loss, the Doctor consoled himself more than ever with Bennet Langton, and with the atmosphere of love and reverence which surrounded him in Langton's house. He had been of old, most welcome of all guests at the family seat in Lincolnshire. "Langton, sir!" he liked to say, "had a grant of warren from Henry the Second, and Cardinal Stephen Langton, of King John's reign, was of this family." Peregrine Langton, Bennet's uncle, was a man of simple and benevolent habits, who brought economy to a science without niggardliness, and whom Johnson declared to be one of those he loved at

once both by instinct and reason; Bennet's father, however, was the more diverting character. He had a sincere esteem for Johnson, but looked askance on him for his liberal views, and is said to have gone to his grave believing him a secret, deep-dyed and reprehensible Papist! He once offered the Doctor a living of some value in Lincolnshire, if he cared to take orders, a chance gravely refused. Of this learned, exemplary, but rather archaic squire, Johnson said: "Sir! he is so exuberant a talker in public meetings that the gentlemen of his county are afraid of him. No business can be done for his declamation." For him, too, he coined one of his most amazing words: having heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Langton were averse to having their portraits taken, Johnson observed that a superstitious reluctance to sit for one's picture was among the "anfractuosities of the human mind."

Bennet Langton had married on May 24th, 1770, Mary Lloyd, widow of John, the eighth Earl of Rothes, the stern soldier, in laced waistcoat and breastplate beneath, painted by Sir Joshua. It was a common saying at the time that everybody was welcome to a Countess Dowager of Rothes; for it did so happen that three ladies bearing that title were all remarried within a few years. Lady Rothes, although a native of Suffolk, had acquired from long residence in Scotland the accent of that country, which Dr. Johnson bore magnanimously on the humorous consideration that, after all, it was not indigenous. She had a good deal of easy dignity and charm, without the vivacity of Lady Di Beauclerk, and kept herself the spring and centre of Langton's tranquil domestic circle. His own grace of character after his marriage slipped more and more into the underground channels of home-life, and so coursed on beneficently in silence. Their children were no less than ten, "not a plain face or faulty person among them:" the daughters, *deorum filia*, six feet in height, and the sons so like their "Maypole" father that long afterward they amused the good people of Paris by raising their arms to let a crowd pass. It was Bennet Langton's cherished plan to have his little tribe educated at home, with their father for tutor, to give both boys and

girls, himself "steeped to the lips in Greek," a knowledge of the learned languages, and to force all social engagements to cede to this prime exigency. But the King's tedious joke, "How does Education go on?" worried Langton like the water-drop in the story, which fell forever on a criminal's head until it had drilled his brain. Again, both he and his wife, when they had moved to Westminster in pursuance of their design, were far too agreeable and too accessible to be spared the incursions of society. In a word, Minerva found her seat shaken and her altar-fires not very well tended, and therefore withdrew. Langton impressed one axiom on his young scholars, which they never forgot: "Next best to knowledge, is to be sensible that you do not know." An entirely superfluous waif of a baby was once left at the doors of this same many-childrened house, to be clothed, fed, and befriended thenceforth by Bennet Langton and Lady Rothes, without one shrug or protest. Dr. Johnson, who was a favorite of all the small folk, was especially attached to his god-child, whom he called "pretty Mrs. Jane," and "my own little Jenny." The very last year of her life he sent her a loving letter, written purposely in a large round hand as clear as print, signing himself "my dear, your most humble servant, Samuel Johnson."

"Langton's children are very pretty," he wrote to Boswell in 1777, "and his lady loses her Scotch." But again, the same year, compassionately: "I dined lately with poor dear Langton. I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much about him." Boswell takes occasion, in reproducing this passage, to reprehend the highly injudicious custom of introducing the children after dinner: a parental indulgence to which he, at least, was not addicted. The Doctor gave him a mild nudge in another place: "I left Langton in London. He has been down with the militia, and is again quiet at home, talking to his little people, as I suppose you do sometimes." While Langton was in camp on Warley Common, in command of the Lincolnshire troops, Johnson spent with him five delightful days, admiring his tall captain's new-born ener-

gies, and poking about curiously among the tents. Langton, after his marriage, had fallen into rather extravagant habits, so that the moral of Uncle Peregrine's sagacious living bade fair to be lost on him. Boswell, who had for him but a suspicious and jealous liking, had a quarrel with Johnson on the subject of Langton's expenditure, the record of which shall be subjoined in the biographer's own words: "We talked of a gentleman [Mr. L.] who was running out his fortune in London, and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir! we'll send you to him; if your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.' This was a horrible shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterward asked him why he said so harsh a thing. Johnson: 'Because, sir! you made me angry about the Americans.' 'But why did you not take your revenge directly?' Johnson, smiling: 'Because, sir! I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike until he has his weapons.'"

In 1785, Langton came up from Lincolnshire and took lodgings in Fleet Street, in order to sit beside Johnson as he lay dying and hold his hand; and when that large soul had gone away, in Leigh Hunt's beautiful phrase, "to an infinitude hardly wider than his thoughts," his faithful friend, who was wont to shape his words with grace and ease, sat down and penned this letter, more touching than any tear: "I am now sitting in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear sir, whose sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to" . . . and there, hopelessly confused, forlorn, eloquent, it broke off.

Langton succeeded Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy, as Gibbon had replaced Goldsmith in the Professorship of Ancient History. He survived many years, the delight of every company to the last. On December 18th, 1801, at Anspach Place, Southampton, "between the walls and the sea," when Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge were yet in their

unheralded prime, when Charles Lamb was twenty-six, Byron a dreaming boy on the Scotch hills, and Keats and Shelley little fair-eyed children, gentle Bennet Langton, known to none of these, a loiterer from the march of a glorious yesterday, slipped out of life. "I am persuaded," wrote one who knew him closely, "that all his inactivity, all the repugnance he showed to putting on the harness of this world's toil, arose from the spirituality of his frame of mind. . . . I believe his mind was in Heaven, wheresoever he corporeally existed." In the ancient church of St. Michael's at Southampton he was buried, with some fond, reverend words of Johnson's, "Sit anima mea cum Langton," on the marble above him.

So went Beauclerk first of the three, Langton last, with the good ghost still between them, as he in his homespun, they in their flowered velvet, had walked many a year together on this earth. The old companionship had undergone some sorry changes ere it went utterly to dust and ashes. Its happy heyday had been in the Oxford vacation, when the Doctor humored his young liegemen and tented under their roofs, plucking flowers at one house, and romping with dogs at the other; or in 1764, at the starting of the immortal Club, when the two of its founders who had no valid nor pretended claim to celebrity perched on the sills like beneficent geni, with a mission to overrule sluggish melancholy and renew the boyish sparkle in abstracted eyes. How supereminently they fulfilled their self-set task! and what vagaries they roused out of Johnson's profound hypochondria! Did not Topham Beauclerk's mother once have to reprove that august author for a suggestion to seize some pleasure-grounds which they were passing in a carriage? "putting such things into young people's heads!" said she. Where could the innocent Beauclerk's elbow have been at that moment, contrary to the canons of polite society, but in the innocent Langton's ribs? The gray reprobate, so censured, explained to Boswell: "Lady Beauclerk had no notion of a joke, sir! She came late into life, and has a mighty unpliant understanding." Who can forget the Doctor's visit to Beauclerk at Windsor,

when, falling into the clutches of that ungodly and gamesome youth, he was beguiled from church-going of a fine Sunday morning, and strolled about outside, talking and laughing during sermon-time, and finally spread himself at length on a mossy tomb, to be told, with a chuckle and a pleased rub of the hands, that now he was as bad as Hogarth's Idle Apprentice? Or the other visit in Lincolnshire, when, after ceremoniously relieving his pockets of keys, knife, pencil, and purse, Samuel Johnson deliberately rolled down a hill, and landed be-tumbled out of all recognition at the bottom? Langton had laughingly tried to dissuade him, for the incline was very steep, and the candidate scarce of the requisite suppleness. "O but I haven't had a roll for such a long time!" pleaded his unanswerable big guest. Best of all do we know the chronicle of that immortal night when Beauclerk and Langton supped together at a London tavern, and at three of the morning roused Johnson at his Temple Chambers, and brought him to the door fearful but aggressive, in his shirt and little dark wig, armed with a poker. "What! and is it you? Faith, I'll have a frisk with you, ye young dogs!" We remember the inn in Covent Garden, the great brimming bowl, with Lord Lansdowne's drinking song for grace; the hucksters and fruiterers standing staring at the strange figure; the merry boat going its way by oar to Billingsgate, its mad crew bantering the watermen on the river; and two of the roysterers, one as wild as the other, despite a little disparity of thirty years or so, scolding the other for hastening off on an appointment toward afternoon, "to dine with wretched unidea'd girls!" What genial vagabondism! "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle'! . . . I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house!" said Garrick. "As for Garrick, sirs!" tittered the pious Johnson to his accomplices, "he dare not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

It is good that the echoes of old mirth should reach us over the barriers of a century. Thanks to Dr. Johnson, with all his "broad and heavy benignity," as Hawthorne called it, for the whimsical gift of his elected "Lanky" and

"Beau." Gay Heart and Gentle Heart drove his own blue devils away with their idolatrous devotion; and for us they fill the air of that classic time with such sweet, inconsequent charm, that to whomsoever has but thought of them, that hour London must seem lonely without their idyllic figures.

. . . . "Our day is gone :
Clouds, dews and dangers come ; our deeds are done."

There are gods as good for the after-years ; but strong Odin is down, and his pair of unreturning birds have flown east and west.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A REBELLIOUS DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. An Autobiography.
Boston : Ticknor & Co.

A curious question of consistency, both in its moral and intellectual phases, is raised by such cases as that of Dr. Edward McGlynn and the discontented *religieuse* who now appeals to us in print as "The Nun of Kenmare." It can hardly be questioned that the position of Dr. McGlynn, who still professes, we believe, to assent fully to the doctrines, the sacraments, and general methods of the Roman Church, is generally regarded by logically-minded men of all denominations as indefensible. The whole ecclesiastical system is less a matter of mere dogma than of organization and discipline, and no member of the hierarchy can possibly escape from the lesson imposed on the mind from the very beginning of his training. Religious obedience and subordination constitute a principle of the Church as essential as belief in any or all the cardinal dogmas. Without acceptance of it, no religious teacher can honestly remain in the Church. All of the great heresiarchs from Arius down to Luther have recognized this fact. That a member of the ecclesiastical army of Rome should deny the authority and control of properly ordained superiors, and still profess loyalty to the Church, is an assumption monstrously illogical. The example of Dr. McGlynn is followed by the Nun of Kenmare. This *religieuse*, a convert from the English Church, became a Mother Superior in her Order, "the Sisters of Peace," served at the head of several convents in Ireland, and more lately has been on duty in America. Throughout the whole of her history we find the tendency to revolt whenever the action of superior authority disagreed with her own preferences, a stream of bitter and unsparing criticism directed against all, who had incurred her wrath, and the assignment of the worst possible motives to those she considered her enemies, under

which category all come who differ from her in opinions of policy and administration. According to her own confession, the "Nun of Kenmare" has been a firebrand wherever she has lived. Yet with all this spirit of rebellion and criticism, she still desires to pose as a faithful and devoted daughter of the Church. We cannot enter into the details of her defence of herself, of her indictment of her priestly superiors, nor touch on the facts of her career, which have no interest to the general reader, except as they give point to the curious dilemma in which all who act in the same line place themselves. Such confessions, too, are interesting, as they suggest that there may be many others who have not yet worked up to the point of public revolt, but yet carry angry and unsatisfied hearts, ripening for an outbreak. All dissension of this kind, of course, has the inevitable result of weakening the cohesive power which binds the Roman Church into such a tremendous and effective organization. However little one may sympathize with Romanism, all such dissent is unquestionably not honestly sustained by any action except withdrawal from the papal fold.

A NEW TEXT-BOOK ON BOTANY.

BOTANY FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES : CONSISTING OF PLANT DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE FROM SEA-WEED TO CLEMATIS. With two hundred and fifty illustrations and a Manual of Plants. Including all well-known orders with their representative genera. By Annie Chambers-Ketcham, A.M., Member of the New York Academy of Sciences. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mrs. Chambers-Ketcham, who has made some reputation in the field of pure literature, prefers a just claim to respect in the scientific world, at least so far as the science of botany is concerned. In the book before us she throws down the glove to other botanists, and boldly challenges their classification as wrong in some

important particulars. In general, she follows the system of the great French scientist, Antoine de Jussieu, and where she differs from him she asserts that he, had he lived in this day of advanced study of fossil plant life, would have held her views. Mrs. Ketcham has the courage of her convictions and no foolish self-distrust, even when she measures herself against the greatest names in botany and biology. We will try to make clear the main difference in classification which the author defends, without attempting to pass judgment on the issue she raises, a matter which the higher order of expert knowledge alone is competent to arbitrate.

The plants known as *Phanerogamia* (those with developed and usually visible flowers, producing seeds) are divided by botanists into two classes, monocotyledons or endogens with one seed-lobe, and dicotyledons or exogens with two seed-lobes. The latter-named class is also subdivided into gymnosperms (naked-seeded) and angiosperms (covered-seeded). Mrs. Ketcham, however, claims that the plants with one seed-lobe have in many cases the seeds covered as well as in the case of the *dicotyledons*; that they are much more highly differentiated than are the plants which have their seeds naked and uncovered (modesty in plant life even typifies a higher order of being), and that, geologically speaking, they belong to a much newer class. Mrs. Ketcham, following the clew furnished by nature itself, where we find the naked-seeded plants associated, in the immediate order of development, with the higher cryptogamous plants (plants with rudimentary flowers producing spores, such as sea-weed, ferns, mushrooms, etc.), concludes that the gymnosperms do not belong at all to the dicotyledous or even to the monocotyledous plants. The flowers are without calyx or corolla; the female flower is a naked ovule without an ovary; the embryo has a long, persistent suspensory. The wood and bark, almost identical in structure, and the leaves closely resembling those of the cryptogams, individualize these plants into a distinct type, which the author places immediately after the cryptogams. Then follow the plants with covered seeds belonging to the orders *monocotyledon* and *dicotyledon*. Aside from this different classification, the author does not differ widely from other leading botanists.

Mrs. Ketcham's chapters on the morphology and physiology of plants are specially full, clear, and interesting. We do not see how any intelligent student or reader can help ob-

taining a clear notion of the subject from these interesting chapters, which are copiously illustrated with cuts. The affinities between animal and vegetable generation are shown with great fulness, and the unity of the system of nature beautifully exemplified. The second part of the volume is an outline manual of the leading specimens of known plants. The first half of the book, consisting of one hundred and seventy-seven pages, presents a clear and comprehensive system of the principles of botanical science, including all the most recent discoveries and authoritative conclusions. It appears to be well adapted for a text-book, unless its extreme condensation tends to make it obscure and too much encumbered with purely technical terms. By the way, why should a "Science Series" include any book written expressly for text-book uses?

A DRAUGHT FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF PERSIAN POETRY.

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR, THE BOOK OF LOVE. Being the "Ishk," or Third Chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj-Mahal at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Author of "The Light of Asia," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Sir Edwin Arnold, for so the leading English poet of Oriental sympathies and subjects is now called, whether or not he should be considered to possess a great constructive imagination, or to be in the highest sense a poet, is certainly the *poietes* or maker in the sense meant by the Greek. The deftness with which he spins his musical and many-colored verve out of the rich material furnished by the literature and legend of the East, that East so full of mystery, beauty, and voluptuousness, where the most gorgeous delights of the senses and the deepest things of the spirit are wedded into such a paradoxical union, has made the poet almost the representative of a special cult in his art. No Englishman has contributed more largely to waken in the public mind an intelligent curiosity about the great races of the East, with which we share a relationship, and their splendid mental development. "The Light of Asia" appealed to many intelligent readers with a keenly stimulating influence to pursue a closer acquaintance with one of the great fountain-heads of human culture and knowledge, and his subsequent poems founded on similar topics have kept the awakening active. It can hardly be said that in his closest analogy of

treatment with the originals the poet merely paraphrases the text of the Indian sacred books and romances. The active force of a brilliant and alert poetic instinct bears witness to his own individuality ; and the unmistakable songs and lyrics purely his own in invention that bejewel his narrative show what a large and beautiful gift he possesses. Perhaps it is as fair to say that his Indian poems are fully as much the fruit of originaive work as the Arthurian poems, "The Idyls of the King," are in the case of Lord Tennyson.

Edwin Arnold in the book before us still remains true to the habitual adoration of his muse, though the foundation theme is from the Persian of Sa'di. The scene is laid in the garden of that most beautiful and wonderful of tombs, the Taj-Mahal, a Agra, built by Shah Jehan, one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors, to the memory of his queen.

"A passion and a worship and a faith
Writ fast in alabaster, so that earth
Hath nothing anywhere of mortal toil
So fine-wrought, so consummate, so supreme—
So beyond praise Love's loveliest monument."

In the great garden, all through the golden hours of the night, sit the English Saheb, Mirza Hussein, the Persian sage ; "gentle Gudlaban, the Persian singer with the melting voice, dark Dilazêr, handsome and bold and skilled to play for every song and step." The Mirza reads from "Bostan" to his listeners, and song, story, and comment from them all fill up the web of the poetic narrative. The sections taken directly from the poem are printed in italics (we are told in a note), but the bulk of the poem is original, though some passages imitate the Persian manner. The author probably designs to paint himself in the following description :

"That Saheb I knew, lover of India,
Too much her lover, for his heart lived there,
How far soever wandered his feet.
Some said—among the Buddhists—he had dwelled
Of old in Indian towns, and was reborn
In cold, hard, unbelieving Frangestan,
Outcast, for ancient faults to expiate ;
Some, that in days of the great mutiny,
The dark Mahratta maidens laid the spell
Of love and hidden teachings on his soul ;
Some that he dreamed the West and East would meet
On some far day, by some fresh-opened path,
In sisterly new truths, and strove for that ;
I think he did but find Wisdom's wide stream
Nearest the fountain clearest, India's air
Softer and warmer than his native skies ;
And liked the gentle speech, the grave reserve,
The piety and quiet of the land,
Its old world manners and its reverent ways,
And kind simplicity of Indian homes,

And classic comeliness of Indian girls,
More than his proper people and his tasks.
He was to blame but he loved India."

The poem is full of brilliant color and made picturesque with a glow of lifelikeness through its conversational form, each one taking turn in the dialogue, while the beautiful Nautch girls sing and dance from time to time amid the flowers and under the splendor of the white moon. The reader will find, perhaps, as much or more interest in the incidental romances and lyrics than in the translated portions of the Persian classic, though these are charming at times, the rendering being almost literally that of Captain H. Wilberforce Clarke, R.E., a brilliant Orientalist, to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness. We cannot find space for even a few of the many beautiful passages which are scattered through the poem, but yield to the temptation to give the dramatic ending of an exceedingly dramatic story, which is told of Shah Jehan and Begum Arjamand, that peerless queen to whom the great monarch built the fane of Taj-Mahal in token of his quenchless grief and love. Envious of the sole and ardent devotion of Shah Jehan to his empress, the peerless Arjamand, some of the women of the Harem introduced into his apartment a Rajpoot girl of marvellous beauty, hoping to ensnare his heart and seduce his affections from his true lady :

"And—lo ! it was not Mumtar there, his queen,
But that strange, lovely, frightened girl, with throat
Heaving, eyes gleaming, hands on bosom clasped,
Who murmured : 'Lord of all the world ! thy slave
Waiteth thy will that she may live or die.'
. On his lips
Ended even in beginning those dread words
Which leap from royal anger. At mid rage
The charms unspeakable of that sweet slave,
The glory of the body of her, bare,
Melted his mounting fury. Allah makes
Sometimes a face and form to smite man's soul
With witchery of subtle symmetry,
And she was such. The lady of the Taj
Owned not such lustrous eyes, nor could have shown
Statue so cypress-like, such arms, such limbs,
Such eloquence of beauty, touched by fear
Into bewitching grace ! and she marked
The first wrath in the Sultan's countenance
Flicker and pass as flame doth pass away
When rain falls on the sparkling of a brand :
So gently dropped on his mind the rain
Of wonder, pity, will of gentleness ;
And when she sank upon her face and sobbed,
'Lord of the Age ! forgive me ! send me hence
Alive ! I was told how great thou art !
How terrible ! how base and bold my deed !'
He raised the Rajpoot girl, gazed on her face
With softening eyes, and, while her heart beat quick,
Touched—with strange tremble of his hands—her hair,
Her brows, her eyes : then conquering himself,
Spake : 'Get thee hence alive ! Fairest thou art

Of Allah's works ; and I—I am a man,
 Albeit Lord of Men and Shah Jehan ;
 Yet one thing fairer is than even thou,
 And sweeter far for me to have and keep,
 The faith I held and hold to her whose name
 Thou art not meet to hear ! Rajpootni ! See,
 I close mine eyes not longer to behold
 Thy beauty lest it tempt my rebel blood
 To traitorousness like thine. Begone, begone !
 Before I look again. For I shall slay
 Or I shall love, and both were deeds indigne.'
 She glided forth,
 Seeking escape. But those that heard the words
 And saw all done laid hands on her, and baled
 The weeping maid to angry Arjamand,
 Decked as she was in the Queen's cloth of gold,
 Wearing the palace pearls, ungirt, new bathed,
 Painted, and henna-stained and scented sweet.
 They told what passed, and how the Sultan spake
 She cowering at the proud Sultana's feet.
 * * * * *
 Then the Queen drew the dagger from her waist,
 A knife of watered steel, hafted with jade,
 And on the hilt a ruby worth three lakhs,
 Pigeon-blood color, marvellous, the gift
 Of Shah Jehan in some soft hour of love—
 An unmatched stone. And when they looked to see
 The keen point pierce the panting satin skin,
 Stripped of its veil—Arjamand stooped and placed
 The dagger-blade beneath her sandal, snapped
 The bright steel short, and drawing near to hers
 That Rajpoot's face, kissed tenderly her mouth
 And gravely spake : ' Go ! thou hast given me
 The richest, best, last gift which earth could give
 In comfort of my great lord's constancy.
 Take thou this jewel of my dagger, friend !—
 Nowise its point !—and a Queen's thanks herewith
 For treason dearly done to Arjamand.'
 So passed the Rajpoot, rich and scathless, thence."

RECENT FICTION.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. By W. D. Howells, Author of "Indian Summer," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "April Hopes," etc. New York : *Harper & Brothers*.

A FAIR EMIGRANT. A Novel. By Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Marcella Grace. A Novel." New York : *D. Appleton and Company*.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. An Impossible Story. By Walter Besant, Author of "Dorothy Foster," "The Captain's Room," "Children of Gibeon," "Herr Paulus," etc. New York : *Harper & Brothers*.

AND THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. A Novel. By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc. New York : *Harper & Brothers*.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Howells not only has a public, but a growing public, and that his novels appeal with a peculiar fascination to a large class. Why this is so is a

problem not easy to solve, when we analyze the constituents of the American public which buy books. That literary people, or persons of finely cultivated taste with a keen sense of and enjoyment in the artistic side of fiction, should enjoy a certain flavor in the novels of this author is very natural. Mr. Howells has the gift of an exquisitely easy, simple, vivid, and flexible style as clear as spring water and as sparkling. His power of grasping, realizing, and presenting social facts as they offer themselves under ordinary conditions amounts to genius. Indeed, he scoffs at the extraordinary or the bizarre, or anything even approaching the melodramatic, as raw material only fit for those who have no true insight into human life, the tyros and the apprentices of the literary art. With the courage of his convictions Mr. Howells uses the most homely and apparently crude forms of American social life. He manages to make these studies interesting. Higher praise for his admirable art we cannot conceive. But none the less, one is forced to be angry sometimes at the persistence of his notions, in the feeling that so much genius and skill are withdrawn altogether from a nobler field of work. But these complaints are old and do not need to be repeated, vividly as they may recur to one's mind. The true function of the critic is to study Mr. Howells's work from his own standpoint primarily.

"Annie Kilburn" has the same qualities which make all his books attractive, great faithfulness and freshness of portraiture, so that there is a vivid sense of pleasure in watching the development of character, even when we are sure it would be totally uninteresting in real life. We do not say this of all the people who move in the pages of the novel. Some of them, such as Annie Kilburn, Rev. Mr. Peck, Ralph Putney, and others, are strongly marked and attractive individualities. But, on the whole, one fancies he would have but little pleasure in living among Mr. Howells's personages as genuine flesh and blood. Yet, in spite of the rawness and bareness of such existence, it gets itself more or less transformed under the atmospheric conditions of our author's art. To read such a book, all that is needed is self-surrender to the charm, which easily seizes the mind, and we forget to criticize, and refrain even from disliking pickles and dried-apple pie for breakfast. "Annie Kilburn" is the story of a cultivated and refined young woman who returns from a long European absence to the New England town of her birth, and the effect produced on her by

it and the characters she meets. The story is *nil*, but it is delightfully told, and one concludes that even "cherry-stones" may be carved so as to delight both the eye and the imagination.

Miss Mulholland's story of "A Fair Emigrant" is a worthy successor of her excellent novel, "Marcella Grace." She knows Irish life thoroughly, and paints it with vigor and dash. The fair emigrant is the American-born daughter of an Irish gentleman who has been exiled from his own country by the imputation of a crime, and becomes wealthy as a farmer and landholder in the West. On her father's death Bawn Desmond returns to Ireland, self-consecrated to the sacred task of clearing away the stain from her father's name. Thither she goes *incognita*, and, the better to conduct her researches, assumes the life and work of the farm in the district where her father had incurred the stigma that ruined his life. In crossing the ocean our heroine meets with and learns to like a gentleman who afterward proves to belong to the family closely connected with her father's disgrace. The adventures that befall Bawn, the complications which meet her efforts, the conflict of feelings, and the cross-purposes that enliven the disentanglement of the knot are related with great liveliness, freshness, and probability in the succession of cause and effect. Some of the scenes, notably those in which Bawn attempts to penetrate the hideous and filthy retirement of her father's enemies, are very dramatic and telling. The personality of the heroine is invested with a wholesome and fascinating charm, which makes her the type of a genuine woman of that strong, simple, large nature which the best of all human varieties wear in the actual contact of life. The story is one to be read with great interest by even the habitual novel-devourer, whose appetite demands coarse condiment, though "A Fair Emigrant" cannot be considered sensational or overdrawn.

The two novels mentioned above, written by Mr. Besant, cannot be called recent in publication, except so far as they belong to a new duodecimo series in cloth which Harper & Brothers are issuing. The fact that these publishers venture to bring out the works even of so popular an author in a more expensive form than is common nowadays in the case of non-copyright books, is encouraging. Does it mean that the passage of the international copyright act is considered certain this session? These novels were written and first published in the United States several years since. A very in-

teresting circumstance is worth relating in connection with "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which is denominated an impossible story by the author. The novel turns on the adventures and exploits of a young lady of enormous wealth, who goes to live in the East end of London and becomes mistress of a co-operative dressmaking establishment, that she may study with her own eyes the actual needs of the poor and degraded millions who live in a London of which few people know anything. The outcome is a magnificent recreation palace, combining the facilities of club, library, theatre, concert-hall, restaurant, etc., carried out on a grand scale, and made free for the use of the poor. Since the publication of the novel, this apparently impracticable scheme has been put in practise successfully. And it is generally admitted, too, that Mr. Besant's book gave the idea and the initiative to those public-spirited philanthropists who built the "palace of delight." In plan and scope it appears to have been directly modelled after the ideal raised in Besant's book.

STUDY OF THE HEAVENS SIMPLIFIED.

ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA-GLASS. A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Starry Heavens with the Simplest of Optical Instruments. With Maps and Directions to Facilitate the Recognition of the Constellations and the Principal Stars Visible to the Naked Eye. By Garret P. Serviss. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The aim of this little manual is to teach the rudiments of uranography, a most fascinating branch of astronomy, in a way easily within the grasp of any intelligent person, and to indicate such a use of a fairly good opera-glass as will enable the amateur to make a satisfactory study of the more important stars and constellations. The observations given were made with such an instrument by the author. Mr. Serviss states that "to place the subject in a proper light and with a true perspective, many facts have been stated concerning the objects described, the ascertainment of which has required the aid of powerful telescopes." Of course the reader for whom this book is specially designed will have to take these things on trust, but it is no less true that the phenomena within reach of the simple instrument are such as to furnish great delight and instruction. The chapters are divided into the "Stars of Spring," "Stars of Summer," "Stars of Autumn," "Stars of Winter" (in the latitude of New York), and "The Sun, Moon, and

Planets." With the guide furnished by the book and a good opera-glass, the average reader has it in his power to make a very fascinating study of the starry wonders which sparkle above us. For intelligent people, specially living in the country, the author suggests a highly enlivening and instructive means of passing an occasional hour; and as a method of instructing children who, of course, always care for the concrete and visible illustrations which shed clearness on their school studies, all parents and teachers should value this work of Mr. Serviss. It is one of the most helpful attempts to popularize science which we have seen, and deserves widespread notice and attention. The book is profusely illustrated with well-executed cuts and maps.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

THE Clarendon Press, of London, will publish immediately "The Dynasty of Theodosius; or, Eighty Years' Struggle with the Barbarians," by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin. The author has endeavored to present in brief compass the events which occupy the earlier portion of his more detailed work, "Italy and her Invaders." The history of the barbarian invasion is traced from the Gothic revolt in 377 to the Vandal buccaneers' raid in 455; and, in order to give unity to the narrative, the history of Theodosius and his family is chosen as the connecting thread of the events described in it. The author has also given a slight sketch of the political and social conditions of the Romans and the barbarians at the commencement of the contest, in order to bring vividly before the mind of the reader the contrast between the two chief elements out of which mediæval and modern Europe has been compounded. The book is accompanied by two maps, representing Europe at the beginning and near the close of the period selected, and also by an engraving of a shield in the museum at Madrid, depicting Theodosius and his sons in that semi-barbaric splendor which was characteristic of the Lower Empire.

THE fourteenth and concluding volume of the *Encyclopædic Dictionary* has just been published by Messrs. Cassell & Company. This work, which has been in preparation for nearly seventeen years, will contain about 50,000 more words than any other existing dictionary. While Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* fills

1538 pages, and the *Imperial Dictionary* 2922, the *Encyclopædic Dictionary* extends to no less than 5629 pages.

MR. B. F. STEVENS, of Trafalgar Square, London, has been for some years at work on indexes to the manuscripts relating to American affairs between 1763 and 1783 preserved in European archives. The United States Government urged the purchase of these indexes, and also the obtaining of transcripts of the documents themselves. Congress has, however, made no grant for the purpose, and despairing of obtaining State aid, Mr. Stevens boldly proposes to publish photographic facsimiles of the documents, provided he can obtain a hundred subscribers to begin with. Each document will be accompanied by a statement of its *provenance* and of any variations to be found in other copies, if such exist; and a translation will be added when the original is not in English. Mr. Stevens calculates that when he has once fairly started he will be able to publish monthly two volumes of some five hundred pages each, and he asks one hundred dollars for every five volumes. A copious index will be published to every twenty-four volumes, and the price of it will be twenty dollars. Mr. Stevens thinks that this valuable series of facsimiles will ultimately fill one hundred volumes.

A SYSTEM something like our Chautauqua educational plan appears to have been adopted in England. The Local Examinations Syndicate at Cambridge has published the regulations of the new scheme for the promotion of home study. An ordinary student is to pay 10s. for one course and 19s. for two courses, while four courses (covering a year) will cost £1 7s. By the formation of students' associations the expense will be reduced. No doubt this new scheme will give a decided impulse to education among the working classes.

THE Republic of Ecuador is distinguished among South American States for having the smallest amount of interest to pay on its national debt, and for being the most in arrear. It has lately been thinking of taking its place among solvent nations and paying its creditors what is due to them, but has deferred any immediate step toward remitting cash. As a preliminary, possibly, and an earnest of its national progress, the republic has decided on establishing three academies, one at Quito, one at Cuenca, and one at Guayaquil. The treasury is to bear the cost of publishing the writings of the members. It is to be hoped each academy will fur-

nish memoirs devoted to the inculcation of sound financial and economical principles.

THE new work on "Darwinism," by Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, which Messrs. Macmillan & Company have in the press, aims at establishing the theory of natural selection on a firmer basis, and also deals with the various supplementary theories which have been put forth since the publication of the sixth edition of "The Origin of Species."

THE dinner given at Cambridge to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was well attended, and was in every way a success. Mr. Black made an excellent speech, and the contributors were properly horrified when they heard how much trouble their corrections had caused, and properly pleased when they were told of a sale of fifty thousand copies. "Dr. M. Foster's jokes came off as well as usual; but by his grace of form and excellence of matter, M. Yriarte showed us," says the *Athenæum*, "how much better French after-dinner oratory is than our own."

SIR MONIER WILLIAMS expects that his work on Buddhism will be ready for publication shortly. It will deal with Buddhism in all its developments throughout various countries, from its origin to the present time, and will be illustrated by numerous engravings.

DR. PANDER, Professor of Political Economy and Lecturer on the German and Russian Languages in the Imperial College at Peking, has just returned to Europe, after a seven years' residence in the Chinese capital. During that period he made a fine collection of two hundred objects relating to the Buddhist religion, and of one thousand books and manuscripts in the Tibetan language. This collection is now deposited in the Ethnographical Museum at Berlin.

MR. W. C. FORD writes from Washington, United States, to the London *Athenæum*:

"I am engaged in making a new collection of the letters and other writings of George Washington, and ask your assistance in making known my work in England, where there must be many letters of Washington in private hands. Not only did he correspond with his kinsman Richard Washington and other merchants in London, Liverpool, and Bristol, but with some personal friends, like Mrs. Fairfax, or with persons who had been known to him in America, like Burnaby, the traveller; Dr. Jonathan Boucher, the Royalist preacher; and

one Kirkpatrick, a Scotchman, who served with him in the French and Indian War. I should be pleased to receive copies of any such letters, or to be informed where the manuscripts are held. To secure this knowledge I know of no better channel than the columns of your paper. Of course, due acknowledgment will be made in every case. As an earnest of my honesty of purpose, I would refer you to the publishers of the proposed collection, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons."

AT a recent sale of autographs at Berlin, a musical manuscript of Mozart, dating from 1782, was sold for 555 marks; and a letter from Lessing, apparently written during the Seven Years' War, fetched 500 marks.

THE authorities of the British Museum are preparing a "Stuart exhibition" of MSS., seals, and books.

A "THE Hon. Jonathan Chace, of the United States Senate," says an American correspondent, "recently told me that he has very little doubt of being able to carry his international copyright bill through both Houses of the next Congress."

DR. SMILES, who discovered Robert Dick and Thomas Edward, two Scottish geniuses in humble life, and made their merits known to the public, has found a man of lowly birth in Germany whose life he is now engaged in writing, and will probably have ready for publication next year.

WE understand that the appeal recently issued by Lord Coleridge on behalf of the widow and daughter of Matthew Arnold has already resulted in the receipt of subscriptions amounting to about £7000.

UNDER the title of "English Men of Action," Messrs. Macmillan & Company are about to publish a series of biographies. It will be confined to Britons who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous by their public services. The series will begin in February next, and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be General Gordon, by Colonel Sir William Butler, and the following are in course of preparation: Sir John Hawkwood, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; Henry V., by Rev. A. J. Church; Warwick, the King-maker, by Mr. C. V. Oman; Drake, by Mr. J. A. Froude; Raleigh, by Mr. W. Stebbing; Strafford, by Mr. H. D. Traill; Montrose, by F. Mowbray Morris; Monk, by Mr. Julien Corbett; Dampier, by Mr. W. Clark Russell; Captain Cook, by Mr.

Walter Besant ; Clive, by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson ; Warren Hastings, by Sir Alfred Lyall ; Sir John Moore, by Colonel Maurice ; Wellington, by Mr. George Hooper ; Livingstone, by Mr. Thomas Hughes ; and Lord Lawrence, by Sir Richard Temple. The price of each volume will be half a crown.

MISCELLANY.

MADAME NILSSON AND THE SHAH.—The following amusing story is from "Mapleson's Memoirs" (Remington & Co.): "Madame Nilsson had ordered, at considerable expense, one of the most sumptuous dresses I have ever seen, from Worth, in Paris, in order to portray Violetta in the most appropriate style. On the evening of the performance, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived punctually at half-past eight to assist in receiving the Shah, who did not put in an appearance ; and it was ten minutes to nine when Sir Michael Costa led off the opera. I shall never forget the look the fair Swede cast upon the empty Royal box, and it was not until half-past nine, when the act of 'La Favorita' had commenced, that his Majesty arrived. He was particularly pleased with the ballet I had introduced in the 'Favorita.' The Prince of Wales, with his usual consideration and foresight, suggested to me that it might smooth over the difficulty in which he saw clearly I should be placed on the morrow in connection with Madame Nilsson, if she were presented to the Shah prior to his departure. I therefore crossed the stage and went to Madame Nilsson's room, informing her of this. She at once objected, having already removed her magnificent 'Traviata' toilet and altered herself for the character of Mignon, which consists of a torn old dress almost in rags, with hair hanging dishevelled down her back, and naked feet. After explaining that it was a command with which she must comply, I persuaded her to put a bold face on the matter and follow me. I accompanied her to the ante-room of the Royal box, and before I could notify her arrival to his Royal Highness, to the astonishment of all she had walked straight to the farther end of the room, where his Majesty was then busily employed eating peaches out of the palms of his hands. The look of astonishment on every Eastern face was worthy of the now well-known picture on the Nabob pickles. Without a moment's delay Madame Nilsson made straight for his

Majesty, saying : ' Vous êtes un très-mauvais Shah,' gesticulating with her right hand. ' Tout à l'heure j'étais très riche, avec des costumes superbes, exprès pour votre Majesté ; à présent je me trouve très pauvre et sans souliers,' at the same time raising her right foot within half an inch of his Majesty's nose, who, with his spectacles, was looking to see what she was pointing to. He was so struck with the originality of the fair *prima donna*, that he at once notified his attendants that he would not go to the Goldsmiths' Ball for the present, but would remain to see this extraordinary woman. His Majesty did not consequently reach the Goldsmiths' Hall until past midnight. The Lord Mayor, the Prime Warden, the authorities, and the guards of honor had all been waiting since half-past nine."

THE FALLACY OF THE EQUALITY OF WOMAN.—As to the statement that "ignorance of the standards and modes of thought accepted in the learned world" has "made women diffident"—what man has not been both amused and astounded at hearing opinions boldly ventured by would-be advanced women on subjects with regard to which the more scientific the culture of a man the more diffident would certainly be the expression of his opinion ? Mrs. M'Laren speaks of "the unworthy jealousy with which they [men] have too often greeted feminine achievements." But it is, I think, on the contrary, the *pretension* to talent or genius so often met with nowadays that cultivated men naturally resent. And, so far as my experience goes, and that, I believe, of most literary women, men not only aid women in every sort of way, without a particle of unworthy jealousy, but, as is instanced by Abelard and Héloïse in past, and by John Stuart Mill and his wife in our own times, men are only too generously appreciative in their estimate of women's work. For how often are we called upon to read, in magazines and newspapers, articles—poor in substance and weak in construction—which, did they bear a man's instead of a woman's name, would undoubtedly have been "returned with thanks" or consigned to the waste-paper basket ! "It is acknowledged," says Mrs. M'Laren, "that women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men." But she does not tell us by whom this is acknowledged, nor how it could be acknowledged, seeing that in no branch of modern literature, save novel-writing, could a single woman be instanced as standing in the first rank.—*Woman's World*.

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.—The room was full of shadows! Visions of his past life rose before him! He saw his boyhood, which as he glanced at the MS. on his desk, gave such an excellent scope for illustration. Could he not picture to himself the arrival of the old-fashioned mail coach in the Midlands; and had not this been actually done by one of the artistic staff attached to the periodical for which he was working? Was not the proof actually before him? Did he not see the cheery coachman, and the red-coated guard? And beside this picture was there not lying a weird representation of some dark arches?

"What does it mean?" he murmured for the third time as he placed the drawing well under the lamp that was standing on his writing-table—"what does it mean?"

He was a desperate man, and he felt that something must be done with it. It could not be wasted! No, it could not be wasted! It had come to him from across the sea—from an artist who had sought relief from pressing pecuniary embarrassment in the soft air of Spain. But it had to be introduced—it had to be written in.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at length, "I have it. This is a drawing of the Adelphi Arches. Mary must dream that therein she meets the slimy villain of my simple tale, Dr. Uttercadson, he of the two portly presence and the flowing mustache. The Adelphi Arches will be just the spot to meet him face to face and denounce him." And the plodding author continued his weary toil, sending away slip after slip of paper upward. And now and again would he glance at a pile of engravings and smile sadly as one by one he knocked them off.

"Come!" he said, speaking to himself—it was a favorite habit—"I am doing famously. I have worked in 'The Wreck off Boulogne Harbor,' and 'The Grand Stand at Sandown.' For a moment a duel to the death between two gentlemen in the costume of Charles II. perplexed me—I confess it—perplexed me! But I have surmounted the difficulty by bringing it in under the title of 'the verdict is hotly discussed after the *Bal Masqué*,' and writing up to it! But I must not pause! What have we here? A Child playing with a White Vulture and the Emperor of Germany opening in state the Reichstag. Well, I must introduce both subjects into my weird tale—and what is this? Two men descending in a balloon at midnight in a forest? Hem! What shall I do? Ah, I have it! I can write up to that block, so that it may bear the appropriate label, 'The

Lunacy Commissioners visit the grounds of Colney Hatch by Moonlight unexpectedly.' Still, I must confess that the subjects of the pictures handed out to me, although varied, are certainly confusing. I wish my task were done!"

And again he returned to his pen, ink, and paper. The room grew darker and darker, and nought was heard save the constant scratching of the pen and the occasional footsteps of the lad who carried away the sheets of paper. It grew darker and darker, and gloomier and gloomier. Suddenly there was the sound of a deep grave voice:

"Pause! Write no more!"

The author looked up angrily, and then nearly swooned with terror; his hair stood on end, and his white lips trembled. There was a figure in white standing before him! A figure, a gruesome figure, with bare arms and dishevelled locks.

But the author was a man of business, and, although every nerve in his body was quivering with emotion, he confronted the spectre, and gasped out, "Write no more! Why not?"

Then came the answer. It sounded like the knell of doom! The author knew it was all over, and that his occupation was gone—if not forever, for a long, long year!

"Why must you write no more?" said the spectral figure, explanatorily; 'because we are full up; and because the rest of the space in the number will be required for advertisements!'

And trying to read over what he had already written, the author fell into a deep, deep slumber!—*Punch*.

THE PARADOXES OF SCIENCE.—The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea, without any appreciable effect. The water

which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow ; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives " prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water ; when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.—An eminent surgeon writes to us : The crimes which have lately been committed in Whitechapel have given rise to many theories and speculations, prompted rather by a desire to account for them—that is to say, to find some motive for them—than by any knowledge of the subject. Most of those who have written to medical or daily papers have treated these occurrences as though they were unprecedented in the annals of crime. Therefore, however revolting be the subject, it seems desirable to point out that such is by no means the case ; but that a certain horrible perversion of the sexual instinct is the one motive and cause of such apparently aimless acts, and that the criminal is neither insane nor prompted by pseudo-religious rancor against an unfortunate class of women. The most exhaustive and judicial treatise on this subject divides this form of neurosis into three divisions : local, spinal, and cerebral ; but the individual may be affected simultaneously by more than one of these forms. The cerebral neuroses fall naturally into four sub-classes : 1. Paradoxia, that is, untimely desire (in regard to age). 2. Anæsthesia, absence. 3. Hyperæsthesia, excess. 4. Paræsthesia, perversion of desire ; among these last are cruelty and murder. He says (omitting certain parts) : " These cerebral anomalies lie in the province of psycho-pathology. They occur, as a rule, in persons mentally sound, in a variety of combinations, and in them originate many sexual misdemeanors. They are worthy of study by the medical jurist, because they so frequently produce perverse and even criminal acts." Krafft-Ebing then goes on to give, in sufficient detail, accounts of five trials with conviction for the murder of women (sometimes of children) and mutilation of their bodies, and he refers to three other such convictions, naming the authorities. Of

these criminals, one Verzenteli, condemned in January, 1872, had murdered and mutilated three women, and had attacked five others with murderous intent. The escape of his last victim led to his detection. One of Lombroso's cases is a certain Gruyo, who thus slew and mutilated five women, and was discovered on the murder of a sixth after ten years of immunity. Several of the condemned persons confessed the disgusting motive of the crime, and not one of them was found to be insane. These acts are not committed by women (save in one exceptional case), nor is it likely that any woman would have the nerve, bodily strength, and audacity to carry out two murders, at an interval of only a few minutes, as was done in October.—*British Medical Journal*.

OF PERSONAL ADVANTAGE.—Lord Bacon, in his essays, remarks that men are often incited to effort to attain mental superiority by the sense of defect in physical gifts. The motive may not be of the highest ; but doubtless the result is good. Men are impelled to seek their ends by many means ; and motives are, for the most part, mixed in determining human beings to any fixed course of action which implies steady application and self-denial. Pope, too, was fond of dwelling on the same idea, and no doubt felt that he was, in himself, a very apt illustration of the principle. Imagination, also, comes in with kindest aid to those who view their defects philosophically. It is, indeed, a kind of Aladdin's lamp to those who will look on the bright side of things. And just as imagination, under morbid stimulus, is apt to magnify and exaggerate to one's disadvantage, so it may be wisely made to minister to self-satisfaction by using the sense of contrast in its service. It is only imaginative troubles that grow by being dwelt on ; and a very excellent recipe for not having a desired object is to believe we have it, or have an excellent substitute or compensatory advantages for it. Napoleon was morbidly vain and sensitive on the subject of his low stature ; and, no doubt, would have suffered far more than he did if he had not been able to make historical comparisons favorable to himself, which, as we read, he was wont to do. In contemplating, on one occasion, a portrait of Alexander the Great, he remarked more than once, with an air of self-congratulation, " Alexander the Great was shorter than I am, much shorter." Doubtless there was consolation to him in the thought. Some readers may perhaps remem-

ber the anecdote of the philosopher who turned his shirt and observed, "What a comfort there is in clean linen." Men's riches lie rather in what they are, in what they feel and believe, than in what they have; and Thoreau was certainly right, from his own point of view, when he declared that men were the slaves of their own baggage. This was his way of cheerily translating his own disadvantages into advantages; and his example forms a kind of bracing advertisement of cheerful stoicism, which may well, to some extent, be imitated. Life's bitters give zest to the pleasures that succeed, and, if it is better to realize that Tom or Dick or Harry have from nature the advantage of us in height, or proportion, or eyes, or hair, it is our best cue to strive to surpass them in the more lasting endowments of brain and concentrated purpose, industry, and application. Thackeray, whom no English writer has surpassed in delicate observation and apt illustration of these more subtle relationships of life, has, in one of his works, the following passage: "My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, while Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night, console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you now do at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach-and-six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom, and cobwebs within your once splendid saloons, with placards in your sad windows—gaunt, lonely, and to let! You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy." There is wisdom of the most practical and suggestive kind in this. It is a homily of contentment, a rubric of light-heartedness and self-satisfaction. If not calculated to inspire poetic dreams and visions, it is certain, if appropriated and acted on, to aid peaceful self-possession, composure, and that gentle patience and toleration which are admitted to do so much to preserve freshness and placid enjoyment.—*Argosy*.

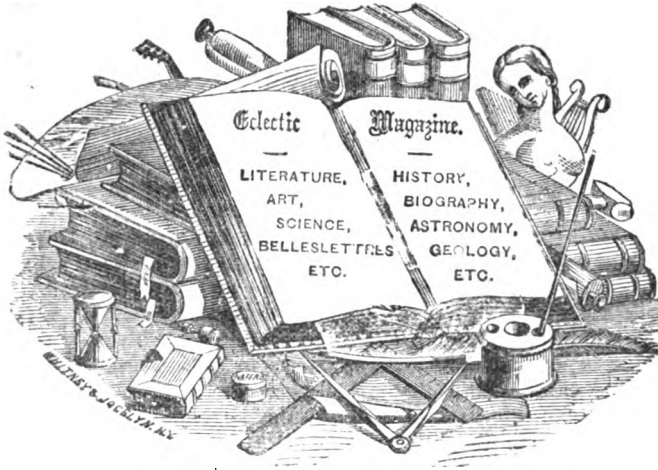
FANATICISM IN THE SOLDIER.—Wherever you come upon the Mohammedan negro, even

though few know much about their prophet or his teaching, he is a better fighting man than the idolater, or than the men of most of the tribes who have no religion at all. No enemy is so dreaded by even the very best soldiers as the Indian Ghazi or the Arab dervish.

It is only the man who has seen the dervishes charge, or who has gone to meet the Ghazi hand to hand, who can fully realize the position. This duel *à mort* with one who will not even pause to parry your cuts or thrusts in his eagerness to have your life's blood is a trying sensation to the stoutest heart. Pride of race, patriotism, fervid loyalty, intense love of liberty, in fact, all the noblest and strongest feelings of the civilized European are weak and poor when compared with the religious frenzy which can convert the peaceful Arab camel-driver near Suakim into the most terrible and most dreaded of foes.

In one of our Indian battles I remember seeing a party of two or three hundred Mohammedan fanatics who showed desperate valor. Our native cavalry would not tackle them, there were no infantry of any sort near at hand, and they were only disposed of at last by being charged through and through several times by a squadron of the Seventh Hussars, led by one of the bravest of men, now General Charles Fraser, V.C. Not one of them would surrender; they stood grimly dealing out death to all within their reach, and were cut down to a man.

The negro soldiery whom we encountered on the Upper Nile are very low in the order of humanity, but they fight with extreme fierceness, and many of them, even at long distances, are very fair shots. Treat them, however, as we have done the Fantis or the soldiers of the West India regiments, and you will very soon change them into lazy, good-for-nothing creatures. This quality of imitation in the negro and of taking up a courage not his own showed itself in our own black regiments in the Egyptian army, which are certainly the best fighting bodies in that army. Curiously enough also, even in the old Egyptian army which fought against us at Tel-el-Kebir, the black regiments were certainly the most plucky. One battalion of these quietly awaited the attack of our Highland regiments and charged them at a disadvantage, even for the time driving them back from the rampart. This seems to prove that when once the negro has been raised by discipline into a soldier, he is able to retain his fighting quality for many years.—*Lord Wolseley in Fortnightly*.



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A COMPARISON OF ELIZABETHAN WITH VICTORIAN POETRY.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

I.

ENGLISH literature, under the Tudors and the first king of the house of Stuart, owed much of its unexampled richness to a felicitous combination of circumstances. Feudalism had received a mortal wound in the Wars of the Roses, and was dying. The people came to knowledge of itself, and acquired solidity during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. Englishmen were brought into the comity of European nations through Wolsey's audacious diplomacy. They began to feel their force as an important factor, which had henceforth to be reckoned with in peace or war. Grave perils attended the formation of Great Britain into a separate and self-sustaining integer of Europe; nor was it until the Protectorate that these islands made their full

weight recognized. None of the perils, however, which shook England during the period of consolidation, sufficed to disturb the equilibrium of government and social order. On the other hand, they stimulated patriotism, and braced the nation with a sense of its own dignity. Our final rupture with Rome, after the trials of Queen Mary's reign were over, satisfied the opinion of a large majority. Our collision with Spain, in the crisis marked by the Armada, took a turn which filled the population with reverent and religious enthusiasm. These two decisive passages in English history promoted the pride of the race, and inspired it with serious ardor. Instead of weakening the Crown or the Church, they had the effect of rendering both necessary to the nation. Then, when Scotland was united to England and Ireland, at the accession

of James, a disciplined and nobly expansive people thought themselves for a moment on the pinnacle of felicity.

While the English were thus becoming a powerful and self-conscious nation, those intellectual changes which divided the mediæval from the modern period, and which we know by the names of Renaissance and Reformation, took place. It is a peculiarity of this transition time in our islands, that what used to be called "the new learning," with its new theories of education, its new way of regarding nature, and its new conceptions of human life, was introduced simultaneously with the Reformation. Italy had accomplished the Revival of Learning; Germany had revolted against Catholicism. France had felt both movements unequally and partially, amid the confusion of civil wars and the clash of contending sects. Italy, after the Tridentine Council, was relapsing into reactionary dulness. Germany was dismembered by strifes and schisms. France underwent the throes of a passionate struggle, which subordinated the intellectual aspects of both Renaissance and Reformation to political interest. England alone, meanwhile, enjoyed the privilege of receiving that twofold influx of the modern spirit without an overwhelming strain upon her vital forces. The Marian persecution was severe enough to test the bias of the people, and to remind them of the serious points at issue, without rendering society to its foundations. Humanism reached our shores when its first enthusiasms—enthusiasms which seemed in Italy to have brought again the gods and vices of the pagan past—had tempered their delirium. We have only to compare men like More, Ascham, Colet, Buchanan, Camden, Cheke, the pioneers of our Renaissance, with Filelfo, Poggio, Poliziano, Pontano, in order to perceive how far more sober and healthy was the tone of the new learning in Great Britain than in Italy.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that humanism, before it moulded the mind of the English, had already permeated Italian and French literature. Classical erudition had been adapted to the needs of modern thought. Antique authors had been collected, printed, annotated, and translated. They were

fairly mastered in the south, and assimilated to the style of the vernacular. By these means much of the learning popularized by our poets, essayists, and dramatists came to us at second-hand, and bore the stamp of contemporary genius. In like manner, the best works of Italian, French, Spanish, and German literature were introduced into Great Britain together with the classics. The age favored translation, and English readers, before the close of the sixteenth century, were in possession of a cosmopolitan library in their mother tongue, including choice specimens of ancient and modern masterpieces.

These circumstances sufficiently account for the richness and variety of Elizabethan literature. They also help to explain two points which must strike every student of that literature—its native freshness, and its marked unity of style.

Elizabethan literature was fresh and native, because it was the utterance of a youthful race, aroused to vigorous self-consciousness under conditions which did not depress or exhaust its energies. The English opened frank eyes upon the discovery of the world and man, which had been effected by the Renaissance. They were not wearied with collecting, collating, correcting, transmitting to the press. All the hard work of assimilating the humanities had been done for them. They had only to survey and to enjoy, to feel and to express, to lay themselves open to delightful influences, to con the noble lessons of the past, to thrill beneath the beauty and the awe of an authentic revelation. Criticism had not laid its cold, dry finger on the blossoms of the fancy. The new learning was still young enough to be a thing of wonder and entrancing joy. To absorb it sufficed. Like the blood made in the veins of a growing man by strong meat and sound wine, it coursed to the brain and created a fine frenzy. That was a period of bright ideas, stimulating creative faculty, animating the people with hope and expectation, undimmed, untarnished by the corrosion of the analytic reason. "Nobly wild, not mad," the adolescent giants of that age, Marlowe and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakespeare, broke into spontaneous numbers, charged with the

wisdom and the passion of the ages fused in a divine clairvoyance.

Elizabethan literature has a marked unity of style. We notice a strong generic similarity in those poets which veils their specific differences. This is perhaps the first and most salient point of contrast between Elizabethan and Victorian literature. It makes a cautious critic pause. After the lapse of two centuries, he asks himself, will Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Campbell, William Morris, Rogers, Swinburne, Clough, Rossetti, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the rest of them, seem singing to one dominant tune, in spite of their so obvious differences? Will our posterity discern in them the note in common which we find in Sidney, Herrick, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Marlowe, Jonson, Barnfield, Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Raleigh, Drayton, Drummond, Webster, and the rest of those great predecessors? The question has to be asked; but the answer is not easily given. We can neither reject ourselves into the past, nor project ourselves into the future, with certainty sufficient to decide whether what looks like similarity in the Elizabethan poets, and what looks like diversity in the Victorian poets, are illusions of the present.

Yet something can be attempted in explanation of the apparent puzzle. The circumstances of the Elizabethan age favored unity of style. The language, to begin with, had recently been remade under the influence of new ideals and new educational systems. Far more than lapse of years and wastes of desolating warfare separated sixteenth-century English from the speech of Chaucer. The spirit itself, which shapes language to the use of mind, had changed through the action of quickening conceptions and powerfully excited energies. And to this change in the spirit the race was eagerly responsive. In a certain way all writers felt the Bible, Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Germany; all strove to be in tune with the new learning. At the same time, criticism was hardly in its cradle; you find a trace of it in Jonson, Bacon, Selden, Camden; but it does not touch the general. The people were anything but analytical, and

poetry issued from the very people's heart, as melody from the strings of the violoncello. The spontaneity which we have already noted as a main mark of Elizabethan utterance, led thus to unity of style. The way in which classical masterpieces were then studied, conducted to the same result. Those perennial sources of style were enjoyed in their entirety, absorbed, assimilated, reproduced with freedom. They were not closely scrutinized, examined with the microscope, studied with the view of emphasizing this or that peculiarity a single critic found in them. And the same holds good about contemporary foreign literatures. Everything which these literatures contained was grist for the English mill: not models to be copied, but stuff to be used.

Now compare the intellectual conditions of the Victorian age. Take language first. Instead of having no literary past, except Chaucer, Skelton, the English Bible, and Sir Thomas Mallory behind our backs, we have the long self-conscious period between Dryden and Byron, during which our mother tongue was carefully elaborated upon a definite system. Victorian poetry has to reckon with Elizabethan poetry and the poetry of Queen Anne—for English people call their epochs by the names of queens. This constitutes at the outset a great difference, making for diversity in style. A writer has more models to choose from, more openings for the exercise of his personal predilections. And the mental attitude has altered also. We are highly conscious of our aims, profoundly analytical. All study of literature has become critical and comparative. The scientific spirit makes itself powerfully felt in the domain of art. It is impossible for people of the present to be as fresh and native as the Elizabethans were. Such a mighty stream, *novies Styx interfusa*, in the shape of accumulated erudition, grave national experiences, spirit-quelling doubts, insurgent philosophies, and all too aching pressing facts and fears, divides the men of this time from the men of that. It is enough now to have indicated these points. The argument will return to some of them in detail. For the moment we may safely assert that a prominent note of Elizabethan as distin-

guished from Victorian literature is unity of tone, due to the felicitous circumstances of the nation in that earlier period.

II.

What then is the characteristic of Elizabethan poetry? I think the answer to this question lies in the words—freedom, adolescence, spontaneity; mainly freedom. The writers of that age were free from the bondage to great names, Virgil or Cicero or Seneca. They owed no allegiance to great languages, like the Latin; to famous canons of taste, like the Aristotelian unities; to scholastic authority and academical prescription. They were politically and socially free, adoring the majesty of England in the person of their sovereign, and flattering a national ideal when they burned poetic incense to Elizabeth. That strain of servility which jars upon our finer sense in the romantic epics of Ariosto and Tasso, is wholly absent from *The Faery Queen*. They were notably free in all that appertains to religion. Where but in England could a playwright have used words at once so just and so bold as these of Dekker?

“The best of men
That e’er wore earth about him, was a sufferer—

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”

A delicate taste can hardly be offended by this reference to Christ, and yet we feel that it could not have been made except in an age of exceptional liberty. Their freedom was the freedom of young strength, untrammelled energies, with El Dorado in the western main, and boundless regions for the mind to traverse. This makes their touch on truth and good and beauty so right, so natural, so unerring. They have the justice of perception, the clarity of vision, the cleanliness of feeling which belong to generous and healthy manhood in its earliest prime. The consequence of this freedom was that each man in that age wrote what he thought best, wrote out of himself, and sang spontaneously. He had no fear of academies, of censorship, of critical coteries, of ecclesiastical censure, before his eyes. How different in this respect was the liberty of Shakespeare from the servitude of Tasso. At

the same time, as we have already seen, this spontaneity was controlled by a strong sense of national unity. The English were possessed with an ideal, which tuned their impassioned utterances to one key-note. The spirit of the people was patriotic, highly moralized, intensely human, animated by a robust belief in reality; martial, yet jealous of domestic peace; assiduous in toil, yet quick to overleap material obstacles and revel in the dreams of the imagination; manly but delicate; injured to hardship, but not quelled as yet by disappointment and the disillusion of experience. In a word, Elizabethan poetry is the utterance of “a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks . . . like an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.”

Freedom being thus the dominant note of Elizabethan poetry, it follows that the genius of the race will return to it with love and admiration at epochs marked by the resurgent spirit of liberty. This is why the literature of the Victorian age has been so powerfully influenced by that of Elizabeth. The French Revolution shook Europe to the centre, and opened illimitable vistas at the commencement of the century. In 1815 England, after her long struggle with Napoleon, stood crowned with naval and military laurels, in possession of a hardly-earned peace. It is not to be wondered that critics like Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, editors like Gifford, historians like Collier, should have ransacked the forgotten treasures of the Shakespearian drama at this moment. Poetry aimed at Elizabethan phraseology and used Elizabethan metres. Byron adapted the Spenserian and octave stanzas to his purposes of satire and description; Keats and Shelley treated the heroic couplet with Elizabethan laxity of structure and variety of cadence; Wordsworth and Coleridge revived the Elizabethan rhythms of blank verse. The sonnet was cultivated, and lyrical measures assumed bewildering forms of richness. At the same time, a revolt began against those canons of taste which have prevailed in the last century. Wordsworth denounced conventional

poetic diction ; it savored of literary treason to profess a particular partiality for Pope ; fancy was preferred to sense, exuberance of imagery to chastened style, audacity of invention to logic and correctness.

This return to Elizabethanism has marked the whole course of Victorian poetry. But times are changed, and we ourselves are changed in them. The men of this century have never recaptured "the first fine careless rapture" of the sixteenth century. What were dreams then have become sober expectations. Instead of El Dorado we have conquered California, the gold-fields of Australia, the diamond mines of South Africa. Between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries North America was won and lost ; East India was gained by heroism and adventure worthy of a Drake and Raleigh ; and now the crown of that vast empire on the forehead of our Queen weighs heavy with the sense of serious responsibilities. The English race is no longer adolescent ; we cannot model our national genius like a beautiful young hero rejoicing in his naked strength and scattering armies by his shout : the sculptor who did so would forget the years which have ploughed wrinkles on that hero's forehead, the steam engines which are his chariot, the ironclad navies which waft him over ocean, the electricity which plays like lightning in his eyes. Victorian poets cannot be spontaneous in the same sense as our ancestors were. Like Iago, they are nothing if not critical. Science has imposed on them her burden of analysis, and though science reveals horizons far beyond the dreams of Bacon, it fills the soul with something well-nigh kin to hopelessness. Man shrinks before the Universe. We have lived through so much ; we have seen so many futile philosophies rise like mushrooms and perish ; we have tried so many political experiments, and listened to so many demagogues of various complexions, that a world-fatigue has penetrated deep into our spirit. The masterpiece of the century is Goethe's *Faust*, and its hero suffers from the *welt-schmerz*. A simple faith in God and the Bible yields to critical inquiry, comparative theology, doubts and difficulties of all kinds. Religious liberty in this age consists more

in the right to disbelieve as we think best than to believe according to our conscience. Pessimism, already strong in Byron, has grown and gathered strength with introspection until we find it lurking in nearly all the sincerest utterances of the present. We are oppressed with social problems which admit of no solution, due to the vast increase of our population, to the industrial changes which have turned England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, to the unequal distribution of wealth, the development of huge, hideous towns, the seething multitudes of vicious and miserable paupers which they harbor. We watch the gathering of revolutionary storm-clouds, hear the grumbling of thunder in the distance, and can only sit meanwhile in darkness—so gigantic and unmanageable are the forces now in labor for some mighty birth of time. Who can be optimistic under these conditions ? "Merry England" sounds like a mockery now. Instead of merry England the Victorian poet has awful, earnest, grimly menacing London to sing in. These things were not felt so much at the beginning of the century ; they are bringing it to a close in sadness and strong searchings of soul.

III.

Elizabethan genius found its main expression in the drama. No epic worthy of the name was produced in the sixteenth century, for Spenser's *Faery Queen* has not the right to be so styled. But every great national epoch which attains to utterance through art has a specific clairvoyance, and England in the age we call Elizabethan was clairvoyant for the drama ; that is to say, men wrought with an unerring instinct in this field, and the lesser talents were lifted into the sphere of the greater when they entered it. After the drama, and closely associated with it, came those songs for music in which the English of the sixteenth century excelled. The lyric rapture, that which has been called the lyric cry, penetrates all verbal music of that period. We find it modulating blank verse and controlling the rhythms of the couplet and the stanza. The best subsidiary work of the age consisted of translations,

adaptations, and free handlings of antique themes in narrative verse. Chapman's *Homer*, Fairfax's *Tasso*, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, rank among the masterpieces of Elizabethan poetry. But drama and song, when all accounts are settled, remain the crowning glories of that literature.

The Victorian age can boast no national drama. Poetical plays have indeed been produced which do credit to the talents of their authors.* Yet the century has not expressed its real stuff, nor shown its actual clairvoyance in that line. We cannot point to a Victorian drama as we do to an Elizabethan drama, and challenge the world to match it. This is due perhaps in part to those incalculable changes which have substituted the novel for the drama. The public of the present time is a public of readers rather than of hearers, and the muster-roll of brilliant novelists, from Scott and Jane Austen, through Thackeray and Dickens, down to George Eliot and George Meredith, can be written off against the playwrights of the sixteenth century. Poetry, surveyed from a sufficient altitude, claims these imaginative makers, though they used the vehicle of prose. Even less than the sixteenth has the nineteenth produced an epic, and for similar reasons. Tennyson chose the right name for his Arthurian string of studies when he called them *Idylls of the King*. To claim for them epical coherence was only a brilliant afterthought. It is not given to any race under the conditions of conscious culture to create a genuine epic. That rare flower of art puts forth its bloom in the first dawn of national existence. If we except the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* how few real epics does the human race possess! The German *Nibelungen Lied* is a late *rifacimento* of Scandinavian sagas. Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, our nearest approach to a true epic, is the digest of a score of previous romances. The *Song of Roland* is an epical lyric. We call the *Æneid* an epic because it throbs with the sense of

Rome. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. We call the *Divine Comedy* an epic because it embalms the spirit of the Middle Ages at their close; we call *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* epics because they carry such a weight of meaning and are so monumentally constructed. But the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and Milton's *Paradise* are not epics in the proper sense of the word; they are the products of reflection and individual genius, not the self-expression of a nation in its youth. And just as the novel has absorbed our forces for the drama, so has it satisfied our thirst for epical narration. In that hybrid form where poetry assumes the garb of prose, both drama and epic for the modern world lie embedded.

What, then, are the specific channels of Victorian utterance in verse? To define them is difficult, because they are so subtly varied and so inextricably interwoven. Yet I think they may be superficially described as the idyll and the lyric. Under the idyll I should class all narrative and descriptive poetry, of which this age has been extraordinarily prolific; sometimes assuming the form of minstrelsy, as in the lays of Scott; sometimes approaching to the classic style, as in the Hellenics of Landor; sometimes rivalling the novelette, as in the work of Tennyson; sometimes aiming at psychological analysis, as in the portraits drawn by Robert Browning; sometimes confining art to bare history, as in Crabbe; sometimes indulging flights of pure artistic fancy, as in Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia*. Under its many metamorphoses the narrative and descriptive poetry of our century bears the stamp of the idyll, because it is fragmentary and because it results in a picture. Here it inclines to the drama, here it borrows tone from the epic; in one place it is lyrical, in another it is didactic; fancy has presided over the birth of this piece, reflection has attended the production of that. But in each case the artist has seen his subject within narrow compass, treated that as a complete whole, and given to the world a poem in the narrative and descriptive style, reminding us of the epic in its general form, of the drama or the lyric in its particular treatment. Those who have read the technical lessons

* Darley, Landor, Beddoes, Horne, Procter, Shelley, Browning, Taylor, Swinburne, and possibly Tennyson, demand commemoration in a footnote.

which the idylls of Theocritus convey, will understand why I classify this exuberant jungle of Victorian poetry under the common title of idyll.

No literature and no age has been more fertile of lyric poetry than English literature in the age of Victoria. The fact is apparent. I should superfluously burden my readers if I were to prove the point by reference to Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Clough, Swinburne, Arnold, Tennyson, and I do not know how many of less illustrious but splendid names, in detail. The causes are not far to seek. Without a comprehensive vehicle like the epic, which belongs to the first period of national life, or the drama, which belongs to its secondary period, our poets of a later day have had to sing from their inner selves, subjectively, introspectively, obeying impulses from nature and the world, which touched them not as they were Englishmen, but as they were this man or that woman. They had no main current of literature wherein to plunge themselves, and cry : "Ma naufragar m' è dolce in questo mar." * They could not forego what made them individuals ; tyrannous circumstances of thought and experience rendered their sense of personality too acute. When they sang, they sang with their particular voice ; and the lyric is the natural channel for such song. But what a complex thing is this Victorian lyric ! It includes Wordsworth's sonnets and Rossetti's ballads, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and Keats's odes, Clough's "Easter Day" and Tennyson's "Maud," Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise" and Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" and Mary Robinson's "Handful of Honeysuckles," Andrew Lang's Ballads and Sharp's "Weird of Michael Scot," Dobson's dealings with the eighteenth century and Noel's "Child's Garland," Barnes's Dorsetshire Poems and Buchanan's London Lyrics, the songs from Empedocles on Etna and Ebenezer Jones's "Pagan's Drinking Chant," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" and Mrs. Browning's "Pan is Dead," Newman's hymns and Gosse's

Chant Royal. The kaleidoscope presented by this lyric is so inexhaustible that any man with the fragment of a memory might pair off scores of poems by admired authors, and yet not fall upon the same parallels as those which I have made.

The genius of our century, debarred from epic, debarred from drama, falls back upon idyllic and lyrical expression. In the idyll it satisfies its objective craving after art. In the lyric it pours forth personality. It would be wrong, however, to limit the wealth of our poetry to these two branches. Such poems as Wordsworth's "Excursion," Byron's "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Clough's "Amours de Voyage," are not to be classified in either species. They are partly autobiographical, and in part the influence of the tale makes itself distinctly felt in them. Nor again can we omit the translations, of which so many have been made ; some of them real masterpieces and additions to our literature. Cary's Dante, Rossetti's versions from the early Tuscan lyrists, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, are eminent examples. But the list might be largely extended. Then again Morris's "Song of Sigurd," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," E. Arnold's "Light of Asia," deserve a place apart, as epical rehandlings of memorable themes.

IV.

In all this Victorian poetry we find the limitations of our epoch, together with its eminent qualities. Criticism and contemplation have penetrated literature with a deeper and more pervasive thoughtfulness. Our poets have lost spontaneity and joyful utterance. But they have acquired a keener sense of the problems which perplex humanity. The author of "In Memoriam" struck a false note when he exclaimed—

"I sing but as the linnet sings."

Nothing can be more unlike a linnet's song than the metaphysical numbers of that justly valued threnody. Clough came closer to the truth when he hinted at the poet's problem in this age as thus :—

* "To drown in this great tide is sweet for me."

"To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe."

The most characteristic work of the century has a double object, artistic and philosophical. Poetry is used to express some theory of life. In Byron the world-philosophy is cynical or pessimistic. Shelley interweaves his pantheism with visions of human perfectibility. Wordsworth proclaims an esoteric cult of nature. Swinburne at one time rails against the tyrant gods, at another preaches the gospel of republican revolt. Matthew Arnold embodies a system of ethical and æsthetic criticism in his verse. Clough expresses the changes which the Christian faith has undergone and the perplexities of conduct. Thomson indulges the blackest pessimism, a pessimism more dolorous than Leopardi's. Browning is animated by a robust optimism, turning fearless somersaults upon the brink of the abyss. Mrs. Browning condenses speculations upon social and political problems. Roden Noel, too little appreciated to be rightly understood, attempts a world-embracing metaphysic of mysticism. Even those poets who do not yield so marked a residuum of philosophy are touched to sadness and gravity by the intellectual atmosphere in which they work. Virgil's great line—

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt"—

might be chosen as a motto for the *corpus poetarum* of our epoch. In reading what the age has produced, certain phrases linger in our memory—

"Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

"The still, sad music of humanity."

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair."

"Seek, seeker, in thyself, submit to find
In the stones bread and life in the blank mind."

These haunt us like leading-phrases, the master notes of the whole music.

Starting with enthusiasm at the commencement of the century, our poets have gradually lost such glow of hope as inspired them with spontaneous numbers in its earlier decades. The wide

survey of elder and contemporary literatures submitted to their gaze has rendered them more assimilative, reproductive, imitative, reminiscent than spontaneous. When Matthew Arnold defined poetry in general to be a "criticism of life," he uttered a curious and pregnant paradox. It would be hardly a paradox to assert that Victorian poetry is in large measure the criticism of all existing literatures. More and more we have dedicated our powers to the study of technicalities, to the cultivation of the graces, to the elaboration of ornament, and to the acclimatization upon English soil of flowers borrowed from alien gardens of the Muses. We have forgotten what George Sand said to Flaubert about style: "Tu la considères comme un but, elle n'est qu'un effet." The result is a polychromatic abundance of what may be called cultured poetry, which does not reach the heart of the people, and does not express its spirit. That is due no doubt in part to the fact that there is less of aspiration than of meditation to deal with now, less of an actual joy in eventful living than a serious reflection upon the meanings and the purposes of life. Yet this poetry is true to the spirit of a critical and cultured age; and when the time comes to gather up the jewels of Victorian literature, it will be discovered how faithfully the poets have uttered the thoughts of the educated minority.

A comprehensive survey of our poetry is rendered difficult by the fact that no one type, like the drama of the sixteenth century, has controlled its movement. We cannot regard it as a totality composed of many parts, progressing through several stages of development. In this respect, again, it obeys the intellectual conditions of the century. Its inner unity will eventually be found, not in the powerful projection of a nation's soul, but in the careful analysis and subtle delineation of thoughts and feelings which agitated society during one of the most highly self-conscious and speculative periods which the world has passed through. The genius of the age is scientific, not artistic. In such an age poetry must perforce be auxiliary to science, showing how individual minds have been touched to fine issues of

rhythmic utterance by the revolutions in thought which history, philosophy and criticism are effecting.

V.

Passing from these general reflections to points of comparison in detail, we must remember that Victorian poetry started with a return to Elizabethan, and that this motive impulse has never wholly been lost sight of. The two periods may be fitly compared in that which both possess in common, a copious and splendid lyric. Our means of studying Elizabethan lyric poetry have been largely increased in the past years by the labors of Mr. Thomas Oliphant, Professor Arber, Mr. W. J. Linton, and Mr. A. H. Bullen. To the last-named of these gentlemen we owe three volumes of lyrics culled from Elizabethan song-books, which are a perfect mine of hitherto neglected treasures.* Taken in connection with the songs from the dramatists and the collected lyrics of men like Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Herrick, these books furnish us with a tolerably complete body of poems in this species.

What strikes us in the whole of this great mass of lyric poetry, is its perfect adaptation to music, its limpidity and directness of utterance. Like Shelley's skylark, the poet has been—

"Pouring his full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Each composition is meant to be sung, and can be sung, because the poet's soul was singing when he made it. They are not all of one kind or of equal simplicity. The lyrics from the song-books, for example, have not the intensity of some songs introduced into the dramas of that period, "in which," as Mr. Pater once observed while speaking of the verses sung by Mariana's page in *Measure for Measure*, "the kindling power and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music." They are rarely so high-strung and weighty with meaning as Webster's dirges, or as Ford's

and Shirley's solemn descants on the transitoriness of earthly love and glory. Nor, again, do we often welcome in them that fulness of romantic color which makes the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher so resplendent. This is perhaps because their melodies are not the outgrowth of dramatic situations, but have their life and being in the aerial element of musical sound. For the purposes of singing they are exactly adequate, being substantial enough to sustain and animate the notes, and yet so slight as not to overburden these with too much meditation and emotion. We feel that they have arisen from the natural marrying of musical words to musical phrases in the minds which made them. They are the right verbal counterpart to vocal and instrumental melody, never perplexing and surcharging the tones which need language for a vehicle with complexities of fancy, involutions of ideas, or the disturbing tyranny of vehement passions. And this right quality of song, the presence of which indicates widespread familiarity with musical requirements in England of the sixteenth century, may be likewise found in the more deliberate lyrics of dramatic or literary poets—in Jonson's and Shakespeare's stanzas, in the lofty odes of Spenser and the jewelled workmanship of Herrick.

We discover but little of this quality in the lyrics of the Victorian age. It is noticeable that those poets upon whom we are apt to set the least store now, as Byron, Scott, Hood, Campbell, Moore, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, possessed it in greater perfection than their more illustrious contemporaries.

I once asked an eminent musician, the late Madame Goldschmidt, why Shelley's lyrics were ill-adapted to music. She made me read aloud to her the "Song of Pan" and those lovely lines "To the Night," "Swiftly walk o'er the western wave, Spirit of Night!" Then she pointed out how the verbal melody seemed intended to be self-sufficient in these lyrics, how full of complicated thoughts and changeful images the verse is, how packed with consonants the words are, how the tone of emotion alters, and how no one melodic phrase could be found to fit the dædal woof of the poetic emotion.

* They are published by Mr. J. C. Nimmo, the last of them called *Love Poems from the Song-books of the Seventeenth Century*, being privately printed.

"Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out—"

"How different that is," said Madame Goldschmidt, "from the *largo* of your Milton—

"Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow!"

"How different it is from Heine's simplicity—

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
Herz liebchen trag' ich dich fort."

"I can sing *them*," and she did sing them then and there, much to my delight; "and I can sing Dryden, but I could not sing your Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats; no, and not much of your Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid, sharp words, and put them together; music cannot come between." This was long ago, and it gave me many things to think over, until I could comprehend to what extent the best lyrics of the Victorian age are not made to be sung.

Madame Goldschmidt's remarks were only partially true perhaps. There is no reason, if we possessed a Schubert, why Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" should not be set to music; and Handel could surely have written alternate choruses and solos for a considerable part of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." Yet the fact remains that Victorian lyrics are not so singable as Elizabethan lyrics; and the reason is that they are far more complex, not in their verbal structure merely, but in the thoughts, images, emotions which have prompted them. The words carry too many, too various, too contemplative suggestions. Nothing can be lyrically more lovely than—

"Charmed magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Or than—

"Fair are others: none beholds thee:
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!"

Or than—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

But Wordsworth in the last of these examples is meditative, reflective, questioning; his stanza will not suit the directness of musical melody. But the finest phrases in the specimens from Keats and Shelley, "charmed magic casements," "perilous seas," "that liquid splendor," perplex and impede the movement of song.

It is not precisely in poignancy or depth or gravity of thought that the Victorian differ from the Elizabethan lyrists. What can be more poignant than—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."

What can be deeper than—

"Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping;
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror."

What can be graver than—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

For pure poignancy, profundity, and weight, Elizabethan lyrics will compare not unfavorably with Victorian. The difference does not consist in the ore worked by the lyrists, but in their way of handling it. In this later age a poet allows himself far wider scope of treatment when he writes a song. He does not think of the music of voice or viol, but of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of the soul. The result is a wealthier and fuller symphony, reaching the imaginative sense not upon the path of musical sound, but appealing to the mental ear and also to that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." The Victorian lyric, superior in its range, suggestiveness, variety and richness, inferior in its spontaneity and birdlike intonation, corresponds to the highly-strung and panharmonic instrument of the poet's spirit which produced

it, and to the manifold sympathies of the reader's mind for which it was intended. It is iridescent with the intermingled hues of fancy, contemplation, gnomic wisdom, personal passion, discursive rhetoric, idyllic picture-painting. Modes of complicated expression, involving serried reasoning, audacious metaphors, elliptical imagery, and rapid modulations from one key of feeling to another, which a playwright like Shakespeare employed only in his dramatic dialogue, find themselves at home in the lyrical poetry of our age.

VI.

For another point of comparison, let us take some of those "lyrical inter-breathings" in Elizabethan dramatic dialogue, which are surcharged with sweetness, and contrast these with the sweetness of Victorian verse. I might select Shakespeare's lines upon the flowers scattered by Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*. But I prefer to choose my examples from less illustrious sources. Here, then, is the sweetness of Fletcher :—

"I do her wrong, much wrong ; she's young
and blessed,
Fair as the spring, and as his blossoms
tender ;
But I, a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles : are the souls
so too,
When they depart hence—lame, and old, and
loveless ?
Ah, no ! 'tis ever youth there : age and death
Follow our flesh no more ; and that forced
opinion,
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not."

Here is the sweetness of Ford :—

"For he is like to something I remember,
A great while since, a long, long time ago."

Here is the sweetness of Dekker :—

"No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her
eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the
altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in
heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company."

Here is the sweetness of Massinger :—

"This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate in-
cense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could
tell me,
And in the broken sighs my sick heart leant
me,
I sued and served."

The sweetness of these passages, none of which are singular or such as may not easily be matched with scores of equal passages from the same and other playwrights, is like the sweetness of honey distilling from the honeycomb. It falls unsought and unpremeditated with the perfume of wilding flowers. Nay more, like honey from the jaws of Samson's lion, we feel it to be *ex forti dulcedo*, the sweetness of strength.

When we turn to the sweetness of Victorian poetry, we rarely find exactly the same quality. In Keats it is overloaded ; in Coleridge it is sultry ; in William Morris it is cloying ; in Swinburne it is inebriating ; in Shelley it is volatilized ; in Wordsworth it is somewhat thin and arid ; in Tennyson it is sumptuous ; in Rossetti it is powerfully perfumed. We have exchanged the hedgerow flowers for heavy-headed double roses, and instead of honey we are not unfrequently reminded—pardon the expression—of jam. Poets, who by happy accident or deliberate enthusiasm have at some moment come nearest to the Elizabethan simplicity and liquidity of utterance, catch this honeyed sweetness best. We feel that Browning caught it when he wrote :—

"A footfall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half-germinating spices ; mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

Tennyson produced something different when he wrote that musical idyll—
"Come down, O maid, from yonder
mountain height," which closes upon two incomparable lines of linked melody long drawn out :—

"The moan of doves from immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Here, as in the former instance of lyric verse, it would be unreasonable to contend that Elizabethan poets surpassed the Victorian. On the contrary, the latter know more distinctly what they are about, and sustain the sweetness of their style at a more equal level. They

are capable of a more perfectly even flow of sugared verse. What we have to notice is that the quality has altered, and that the change is due to the more involved, more concentrated intellectual conditions of the later age. Poets are no longer contented with impulsive expression. And as I said before, they cannot "recapture the first fine careless rapture" of their adolescent masters in the art of song. The wayward breezes and the breath of wild flowers in that earlier sweetness escape them.

VII.

The freedom and spontaneity of the Elizabethan age had attendant drawbacks. Owing to the absence of reflection and self-criticism, poets fell into the vices of extravagance and exaggeration, bombast and euphuism. In their use of language, the indulgence of their fancy, the expression of sentiment and the choice of imagery, they sought after emphasis, and displayed but little feeling for the virtue of reserve. All the playwrights, without even the exception of Shakespeare, are tainted with these blemishes. Jonson, who was an excellent critic when he dictated mature opinions in prose, showed a lack of taste and selection in his dramas. There is a carelessness, a want of balance, a defect of judgment in the choice of materials and their management, a slovenliness of execution, throughout the work of that period. Superfluities of every kind abound, and at the same time we are distressed by singular baldness in details. What can be poorer, for example, than Jonson's translations from Virgil and Catullus, more clumsy and superfluous than his translations from Sallust and Tacitus? Poets seem to have been satisfied with saying "This will do," instead of laboring till the thing was as it had to be. They tossed their beauties like foam upon the tide of tumultuous and energetic inspiration. Yet even in this carelessness and unconsidered fecundity, we recognize some of the noblest qualities of the Elizabethan genius. There is nothing small or mean or compassed in that art. Its vices are the vices of the prodigal, not of the miser; of the genial spendthrift, whose imprudence lies nearer to generosity than to wanton waste. We pardon many faults

for the abounding vigor which marks these poets; for their wealth of suggestive ideas, their true sympathy with nature, their insight into the workings of the human heart, their profuse stream of fresh and healthy feeling.

When the Elizabethan spirit declined in England it was the business of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to impose limits on all this "unchartered freedom" of the intellect. Then the good and bad effects of critical canons and academical authority came to light. We had our Dryden and our Pope, our Goldsmith and Swift, our Addison and Steele, our Fielding and Johnson. But we had also a deplorable lack of real poetry in comparison with the foison of Elizabethan harvests. If not miserly, the English genius, so far as fancy and imagination are concerned, became thrifty. It erred by caution rather than by carelessness. It doled its treasures out like one who has a well-filled purse indeed, but who is not hopeful of turning all he touches into gold like Midas.

At the beginning of the Victorian age one sign of the return to Elizabethanism was the license which poets allowed themselves in matters pertaining to their art. Keats, in *Endymion*, Shelley, in *The Revolt of Islam*, Byron, in nearly every portion of his work, displayed Elizabethan faults of emphasis, unpruned luxuriance, defective balance. It was impossible, however, for the nineteenth century to be as euphuistic or as chaotic as the sixteenth. Taste, trained by critical education, and moulded by the writers of Queen Anne's reign, might rebel against rules, but could not help regarding them. In spite of these restraints, however, poets who almost exactly reproduced the Elizabethans in their blemishes and virtues, like Wells and Beddoes, poets who caricatured them with a pathetic touch of difference, like Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith, appeared about the middle of the century. And then Browning loomed on the horizon, surely the brawniest neo-Elizabethan Titan whom our age has seen, and whom it has latterly chosen to adore. As years advanced, mere haphazard fluency grew to be less and less admired; and while keeping still within the sphere of romantic as opposed to classical art, the English poets aimed

at chastened diction, correct form, polished versification. Tennyson, who represents the height of the Victorian period, brought poetic style again to the Miltonic or Virgilian point of finish. In him a just conception of the work as a whole, a consciousness of his aims and how to attain them, together with a high standard of verbal execution, are combined with richness of fancy and sensuous magnificence worthy of an Elizabethan poet in all his glory.

When, therefore, we compare the two epochs upon this point of taste and style, we are able to award the palm of excellence to the latter. Having lost much, we have gained at least what is implied in artistic self-control, without relapsing into the rigidity of the last century.

VIII.

The freedom, of which I have said so much, as forming the main note of Elizabethan poetry, accounts for the boldness with which men of letters treated moral topics, and for their clear-sighted outlook over a vast sphere of ethical casuistry. Not to the spirit of that age, but to the genius of our nation, I ascribe the manly instinct which guided these pioneers of exploration and experience through many a hazardous passage. The touch of the Elizabethan poets in such matters was almost uniformly right. They may show themselves gross, plain-spoken, voluptuous. We should not tolerate Jonson's *Crispinus*, or Shakespeare's *Mercutio*, or Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* at the present day. But they were not prurient or wilfully provocative. It is impossible to imagine an Elizabethan Zola, or an Elizabethan Paul Bourget—writers, that is to say, who deliberately attempt to interest those who read their works in moral garbage. Of garbage there is enough in that literature, and more than enough; but only in the same sense as there were open drains and kennels in the streets of London, by the brink of which high-tempered gentlemen walked, and duels were fought, while dreams of love warmed young imaginations, and wise debates on statecraft or the destinies of empires were held by graybeards. Of such kind is the rivulet of filth in Elizabethan

poetry, coursing, as the sewer then coursed, along the paths of men, dividing human habitations.

We have forced the sewage, which is inseparable from humanity, to run underneath our streets and houses. We have prohibited the entrance of unsavory topics into our literature. If Marston were born again among us we should stop our noses, and bid the fellow stand aloof. Even Thomas Carlyle has been christened by even Mr. Swinburne, Coprostomos, or some such Byzantine title, indicating intolerable coarseness.* This shows how resolute we are to root out physical noisomeness, and with what sincerity we prefer typhoid poison to the plague accompanied by evil odors. It does not prove that we are spiritually cleaner than our ancestors. The right deduction is that the race has preserved its wholesomeness under conditions altered by a change of manners. Neither then nor now, in the age of Elizabeth or in the age of Victoria, has the English race devoted its deliberate attention to nastiness.

In breadth of view, variety of subject, our Victorian poets rival the Elizabethan. Life has been touched again at all points and under every aspect with equal boldness and with almost equal manliness. But since the drama has ceased to be the leading form of literature, the treatment of moral topics has of necessity become more analytical and reflective. If space allowed, this opinion might be supported by a comparison of the two epochs with regard to philosophic poetry. In sententious maxims, apophthegms on human fate, pithy saws, and proverbial hints for conduct, Elizabethan literature abounds. But we do not here meet with poems steeped in a pervading tone of thought—thought issuing from the writer's self, shaping his judgments, controlling his sensations, modelling his language, forcing the reader to sojourn for a season in the brain-wrought palace of his mood. For instance, Shakespeare uttered the surest word of imaginative doubt, of that scepticism which makes man question his own substantiality, when Prospero exclaimed—

* I am not sure of the epithet, and have none of Swinburne's diatribes against Carlyle to refer to.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Marston in one phrase expressed man's desire to escape from self, that impossible desire which underlies all reaction against the facts of personal existence :—

"Can man by no means creep out of himself,
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?"

Webster reiterated a dark conviction of man's impotence in lines like these—

"We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck
and banded
Which way pleases them."

Yet neither these nor any other Elizabethan poets elaborated their far-reaching views on life into schemes of versified philosophy. We do not find among them a Shelley or a Thomson. Pungent as the gnomic sentences of that age may be, they have relief and background in a large sane sympathy with man's variety of vital functions. The rapier of penetrative scrutiny is plunged and replunged into the deepest and most sensitive recesses of our being. But the thinker speedily withdraws his weapon, and suffers imagination to play with equal curiosity upon the stuff of action, passion, diurnal interests, the woof of sentient self-satisfied existence. Regarding human nature as a complex whole, those poets seized on its generic aspects and touched each aspect with brief incisive precision. Our poets are apt to concentrate their mind upon one aspect, and to sublimate this into an all-engrossing element, which gives a certain sustained color to their work. Less rich in gnomic wisdom, they are more potent in the communication of settled moods—more "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." It follows that while the Elizabethans had nothing of what Goethe called "lazaretto poetry," we have much. The affectations of our age do not run toward verbal euphuism, but toward sickness of sentiment and a simulated discontent with the world around us. A man of Mr. Mallock's calibre would not have set society in the sixteenth century at work upon the problem, "Is life worth living?" Schopenhauer and Hartmann could hardly have existed then, and they assuredly would

not have found disciples. But in an age which produces essayists and philosophers of this sort, poetry cannot fail to be introspective and tinged with morbidity. Fortunately, though this is so, few verses have been written by Englishmen during the nineteenth century of which their authors need repent upon the death-bed.

IX.

The Elizabethan poets, far more truly than their Italian predecessors, if we except Dante, and more truly than any of their contemporaries in other countries, loved external nature for its own sake. There is hardly any aspect of the visible world, from the flowers of the field to the storm-clouds of the zenith, from the stars in their courses to the moonlight sleeping on a bank, from the embossed foam covering the sea-verge to the topless Apennines, which was not seized with fine objective sensibility and illustrated with apt imagery by Shakespeare and his comrades. Yet, keenly appreciative of nature as these poets were, nature remained a background to humanity in all their pictures. Her wonders were treated as adjuncts to man, who moved across the earth and viewed its miracles upon his passage. Therefore, although imaginatively and sympathetically handled, these things were lightly and casually sketched.

The case is different with the literature of this century, for reasons which can be stated. In the first place our poets have mostly been men leading a solitary life, in close connection with nature, withdrawn from the busy hum of populous cities. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rossetti; it is clear, by only mentioning the leading poets of our age, that this is the fact; and to enlarge the list would be to prove the point superfluously. Unlike the writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne's reign, Victorian poets have not breathed the atmosphere of society, the town, the coffee-house. Even if they lived in London, the town, the coffee-house, society had ceased to exist for them. Unlike the writers of Elizabeth's and James's reigns, they have not had the theatre, with its paramount interest in human action and passion, its vast and varied

audience, to concentrate their gaze on man. And while circumstance divided them in this way from what Pope called "the proper study of mankind," the special forms of poetry they cultivated—idyllic and contemplative verse, lyric in its extended sense, descriptive and reflective—led them perforce to nature as a source of inspiration. They worked, moreover, through a period in which the sister art of painting devoted herself continually more and more to the delineation of the outer world in landscape. And this brings us to the decisive difference, the deep and underlying reason why external nature has exercised so powerful and penetrative an influence over contemporary poetry. What we call science, that main energy of the age, which has sapped old systems of thought, and is creating a new basis for religion, forces man to regard himself as part and parcel of the universe. He is no longer merely *in* it, moving through it, viewing it and turning it round, as Sir Thomas Browne delightfully said, for his recreation. He knows himself to be, in a deep and serious sense, *of* it, obedient to the elements, owing allegiance to the sun.

Even the poets of the beginning of the century, who resented the impact of science most—even Keats, who cried—

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?"

bowed to the dominant spirit of the nineteenth century. Keats, "the Elizabethan born out of due time," as he has been called, kept himself indeed unspotted from the contagion of science. Yet his passion for nature, moving though it did on lines traced by Spenser, has a far greater intensity, a far more fiery self-abandonment to the intoxication of earth, than would have been possible in the sixteenth century. Professor Conington used to formulate Keats's craving after nature in a somewhat ribald epigram: "Would thou wert a lollipop, then I could suck thee." The modern spirit took this form of sensuous imaginative subjectivity in Keats. In Byron it became a kind of lust, burning but disembodied, an escapement of the defrauded and disillusioned soul into communings with forces blindly felt to be in better and more natural tune with him than men were.

Shelley's metaphysical mind was touched by nature to utterances of rapt philosophy, which may some day form the sacred songs of universal religion. *Prometheus Unbound* and the peroration of *Adonais* enclose in liquid numbers that sense of spirituality permeating the material world upon which our future hopes are founded. Wordsworth, working apart from his contemporaries, expressed man's affinity to nature and man's dependence on the cosmic order with greater reserve. Still, it is difficult to go farther in nature-worship than Wordsworth did in those sublimely pathetic lines written at Tintern Abbey; and nothing indicates the difference between the Victorian and the Elizabethan touch on the world better than his blank verse fragment describing a pedestrian journey through the Simplan Pass.

In the course of the nineteenth century it might seem as though this passion for nature—the passion of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—had declined. To assume this would, however, be a great mistake. What has steadily declined is the Elizabethan strain, the way of looking upon nature from outside. The modern strain, the way of looking upon nature as congenial to man, has strengthened, but with fear and rending of the heart, and doubt. The time is not yet ripe for poetry to resume the results of science with imaginative grasp. What has been called the cosmic enthusiasm is too undefined as yet, too unmanageable, too pregnant with anxious and agitating surmise, to find free utterance in emotional literature. In our days science is more vitally poetical than art; it opens wider horizons and excites the spirit more than verse can do. Where are the fictions of the fancy compared with the vistas revealed by astronomers, biologists, physicists, geologists? Yet signs are not wanting—I see them in some of the shorter poems of Lord Tennyson, I see them in the great neglected work of Roden Noel, I see them in the fugitive attempts of many lesser men than these—which justify a sober critic in predicting that our century's enthusiasm for nature is but the prelude to a more majestic poetry, combining truth with faith and fact with imagination, than the world has ever known.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS WORK.

BY W. T. KNIGHT.

"THE bitter regret caused by the disappearance of him who has just left us is softened by the consoling thought that he has accomplished his task, and at the same time has smoothed for us the path that we have to traverse. Fortified by this thought let each of us resume our labor and continue our work, inspired by the example that he has given us, remembering that he who is no more was just, devoted, hardworking up to the last hour, and that to be worthy of him it suffices to exert all our efforts to try to imitate him."

Such were the words lately spoken over the open grave of one whom we have styled a Practical Philanthropist, and of whose life and labors we propose to give a brief account.

Jean Baptist André Godin was born at Esquéhéries in the Department of l'Aisne, France, on January 26th, 1817. He was the son of a locksmith, and lived with his father until it became necessary for him to earn his own living, with a view to which he was presently apprenticed to the higher branches of the metal-trade. Life in a little country village was naturally uneventful, but M. Godin has himself left records by which we see that the youth amid his humble associations and arduous employments was imbued with the loftiest aspirations and ambitions.

In due course he made the usual tour through the workshops of France, and was, as he tells us, much struck by the want of social harmony which prevailed, by the manifest injustice and inequalities of the wage-system, and by many other practical difficulties which throw themselves in the path of most thinkers.

In spite of the exhaustive hours of labor which usually fell to his lot—often from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.—he found time to examine all the popular theories of social development, but could never obtain thorough satisfaction till he investigated those of Saint-Simon and Fourier. He remained an ardent disciple of Fourier to the last, although matured experience led him to modify to a very great extent many of the prin-

ciples imbibed in early youth from that writer.

In 1837 he returned to his father's house, where he worked until 1840, when he married and set up an establishment of his own. On commencing a new industry, namely the manufacture of stoves from iron castings instead of from sheet iron, he removed to Guise, where he established a small factory. This was in 1846, and we find him then in a position to give employment to about thirty workmen. Having previously examined the great social questions from the worker's standpoint, he was now able to consider them from the point of view of the capitalist.

By continued inventions and incessant care he greatly developed his business, and devoted a large proportion of his profits to the amelioration of the condition of his workmen. This he attempted by gradual improvements, such as lessening the hours of labor, and encouraging the establishment of a provident society against cases of sickness, to which he subscribed nearly as much as the whole of the workmen combined, while he left the management under their own control. He divided his men into sections, and paid them on different days, thereby abolishing the system of fortnightly orgies which formerly took place on pay-days.

His liberal good sense, love of fairness, and true human sympathy, however, told him that the natural feeling of antagonism between labor and capital cannot be abolished by temporary concessions, but by making the sons of toil see that their employers are actuated in all things by the sentiment of justice. His ideal was that of Louis Blanc: "Work according to ability, compensation according to need." The ideal is doubtless a grand one, but Godin recognized that the imperfection of human nature is such that it can never reach that ideal, since so inviting a field for laziness is opened by the latter clause. He firmly believed, however, in the Saint-Simonian theory, "Every one should live by his labor," and acted up

to the Saint-Simonian formula, "To each one according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its productions." Communism, as he imagined it, was Socialism matured, not Socialism run mad.

Matters continued to prosper with Godin until the revolution of 1848, and the accession to power of Louis Napoleon. Godin escaped the tribulation which then overtook the Socialistic thinkers of France, but many of his fellow-laborers were forced to fly the country. Some of them established a colony in Texas, to which he subscribed a third of his whole capital. The scheme collapsed, and Godin lost his money; but, instead of being disheartened and discouraged, he set himself to work harder than ever to make up for his loss. New inventions and improvements resulted from his efforts; he took out no less than fourteen new patents, increased his factory at Guise, and established a branch at Laeken, near Brussels.

The great dream of his life was to combine an Industrial Partnership with an Associated Home, and after years of patient study and thought he developed and perfected a scheme by which he was able to solve completely the problems which had baffled the aspirations of all the social thinkers before his day.

He did not consider that there was anything benevolent about industrial partnerships; as Mr. Holyoake afterward observed, they were to him nothing but better business arrangements. After the employer had valued his whole capital and plant, and set aside a certain percentage of profit as their just recompense, the remainder was to be equitably distributed among all, according to their abilities and performances. In ordinary business arrangements the tie between employer and employed is made binding or otherwise only by slavish or selfish considerations, such as the fear of losing a situation, or the hope of obtaining a better one. Industrial partnership which, as Jevons remarks, is only a form of payment by results, appeals directly to the strongest motive for human action, self-interest; besides strengthening and confirming that good will which must exist between employer and employed, if their mutual relation is to be anything more than a sordid

bargain on both sides. Lord Derby in a speech made at Liverpool in 1869, said: "It is a natural and not unreasonable wish for every man to form that he should have some interest in and some control over the work on which he is employed. It is human nature, I think, that a man should like to feel that he is a gainer by any extra industry that he may put forth, and that he should like to have some sense of proprietorship in the shop, or mill, or whatever it may be, in which he passes his days." Godin thought all this and more, and acted accordingly. He was at first prevented by law from making the concern a real association such as he desired, but was obliged to remain at the head of the business; hence arose his great anxiety as to what would be the result at his death. He knew that human institutions are liable to so many contingencies, and he also knew by bitter experience that a man's foes are often those of his own household: he was therefore exceedingly careful in all his arrangements, and made his plans so well that his spirit permeates the whole establishment, and there is every reason to believe that his institution will remain as a permanent monument to his name. Zeal is rewarded and the lack of it punished, so that each member of the partnership is kept continually alive to the fact that his duty and interest are one.

The laws promulgated by the founder open with a declaration of principles, of which the fundamental one is: "It is the essential duty of society and of every individual so to regulate their conduct as to produce the greatest possible benefits to humanity, and to make this the constant object of all their thoughts, words and actions."

The part of his scheme which lay nearest to his heart was the Associated Home, to which he gave the names of Familistère and Social Palace, both of which it fully deserves. He held that intellectual and moral life is bound up with material life, and that life is imperfect and incomplete unless man possesses all that is necessary for the wants of the body, as only then can he exist in the fulness of his faculties and being. Many millions of our fellow-creatures have never known what it is to sleep in decently ventilated or appointed rooms,

to eat properly cooked food, to enjoy cheerful, social intercourse, and we cannot wonder that the miserable character of their physical life causes the deterioration of their moral nature. Just as isolated savage hordes have become united by the drawing together of social relations and the sentiment of national sympathy, so he proposed joining together segregated dwellings into one vast association. The Social Palace was to be not only a better shelter for the workman than the isolated home; it was also to be an instrument for his well-being, his individual dignity and progress. Not an improved tenement house, not a group of small workmen's houses, not a show place to blazon forth the benevolence of the founder; but a real, true, united home, where sociality could be obtained without the loss of privacy.

In 1859, when the foundation of the east wing of the building was laid, the scheme was an experiment, and the capital available was only sufficient to carry out a portion of the plan; but year by year additions were made, until in 1879 the whole structure, capable of accommodating about eighteen hundred persons, and so arranged that it can be easily enlarged, was completed at a total cost of something like sixty thousand pounds.

The Familistère, with the foundries, workshops, and all the accompanying buildings, occupies a space of about fifteen acres on both sides of the Oise. The dwelling-houses, three in number, are in the form of hollow parallelograms, in the midst of each of which is a large, glass-roofed court. Each building consists of four stories, and they are all connected on each story. Under the whole structure are cellars, subdivided so as to be used as storehouses, and passages for the purpose of ventilation. All the division walls, which are built at distances of ten *mètres* apart, run from roof to foundation, as a protection in case of fire. The entrance doors, which turn easily on pivots in the middle and close with springs, are put up in the winter and removed in the summer. The stairs are semi-circular, so that the children may ascend easily on the broad portions, while adults can take the inside or narrow parts. On

each story, round the central courts, are galleries, protected by balustrades so close that children cannot put their heads through, and so high as to prohibit climbing over.

In choosing a home the first consideration with a laboring man is that of price, so the rooms are arranged in such a manner that a single man or a family may hire one, two, or any number, according to means, merely paying for the number of square feet occupied. Two rooms and a closet occupying a little more than two hundred square feet may be had at prices varying from about 6s. 7d. to 8s. 7d. a month. To show that the plan was not meant as benevolence, M. Godin himself occupied apartments in the Familistère, as do all the heads of departments.

There are ten different entrances to the building, so that as much privacy in coming and going can be obtained as in a town, far more than in a village. The halls are lighted all night, presenting the appearance of well-lit streets. There are schools and a nursery, baths and wash-houses, a theatre, a library, groves and gardens, shops for all sorts of commodities, choral societies, bands, and provision for all kinds of rational enjoyment and improvement both physical and mental. The public portions of the buildings are kept scrupulously neat and clean; tenants of apartments please themselves as to the order in which they are kept, but it is significant to note that after removing to the Familistère families nearly always buy a stock of new furniture. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. The central halls are kept constantly supplied with fresh air, and in hot weather the courts are watered. Huge reservoirs on the top of the building feed fountains on each landing, and the supply of water is so ample that its consumption averages five gallons a head daily. The dust-holes are emptied daily and the closets cleaned three times a day. Invalids and children are allowed the gratuitous use of hot and cold baths.

The whole structure represents Fourier's phalanx in most respects, but differs from it in two important particulars: (1) The power of the head, which Godin could not help; (2) The absence of agriculture, which he greatly re-

gretted. The industries are iron, copper, sugar, and chiccorry factories.

Next to his belief in the dignity of labor, the strongest feeling in Godin's mind was probably his love of children. The provisions made for their comfort and training are perfect. His loving care for them commenced at their birth. There is at the Familistère a nursery where the little ones are attended to by carefully selected nurses who do their duty so well that visitors declare there is absolutely no crying! The good health and consequent vitality produced by the careful regard for their welfare are such that the little ones seem constantly happy and contented. They are taught to wait without crying when awake till their turn comes for attention; to eat in their turn; to stand up and walk about in a little gallery; to obey the nurses; to go to sleep without crying. Rocking is completely abolished, and their comfort is greatly enhanced by beds of dried bran, which are renewed as occasion demands. At about two years of age they are removed to the first Mother's School or Pouponnat. There they are taught cleanliness, to sing and march, to sing the alphabet and numbers up to one hundred, to draw on slates, and to play in the gardens without damaging the flowers or shrubs. The next stage is the second Mother's School or Bambinat, where simple object lessons are given, the suggestions for which are taken mostly from the systems of Froebel and Madame Pape-Carpentier. At the age of six they are generally ready for the Primary Schools, of which there are three, and where they are educated until they reach the age of thirteen. Afterward those who are considered likely to reap benefit therefrom are put into the Supplementary School, or Upper Course.

That the education provided is considerably above the average of that usually received by the children of workmen will appear from the following statement. In 1886, one hundred and thirty-one candidates from the Canton of Guise were publicly examined for the "Certificate of Study" of whom twenty-one were from the Familistère. The total number of certificates gained was one hundred and five, twenty of which fell to the Familistère candidates. Thus

out of a population of about twenty thousand the whole of the canton received one hundred and five certificates, while the Familistère with one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight inhabitants obtained twenty. The percentage is more than double, and it must be recollected that this only shows the result of the education in the Primary Schools.

In summer the children receive practical instruction in gardening and botany, and at all times are allowed free access to portions of the gardens. Education is free but compulsory, and parents whose children are kept from school are fined for each day of non-attendance. The children are early taught the use of the franchise; they elect by vote from among themselves a council whose duty it is to maintain order out of school. Two festivals are held yearly at the Familistère, that of Labor in May, that of Childhood in September. At the former, rewards are given for special industry and improvement; at the latter, prizes for progress are awarded, and specimens of the children's work exhibited. Thus among seniors and juniors emulation is kept constantly at work with most beneficial results.

At the end of their school-life boys are apprenticed gratuitously, and paid for all work done. Orphans are adopted, and maintained free as long as necessary. The numbers of the school in 1885 were five hundred and fifty-five.

The Association was not properly registered until 1880, although shares had been previously put to the credit of workers. Before the legal constitution of the Association the whole construction might have collapsed in the event of Godin's death. Now his heirs receive half the income secured to the capital held by him when he died, all the rest of the profits go to raise the position of the workmen. The statutes of the Association consist of (1) A statement of principles. (2) Laws regulating mutual relations and interests. (3) Special Rules relating to mutual assurances. (4) Internal Regulations; the whole forming, in Godin's words, "a true code of labor."

The total amount of capital put into the Association was 184,000*l.*, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum.

The share of profit accruing to the members is not payable in cash; it goes toward paying out the founder, and placing the workers, year by year, more and more in his place. He anticipated that in less than twenty years the whole of the works and buildings would be the property of the workmen, and it will presently be seen that he was below the mark in his estimate of the probable benefits to them. His own salary as Administrator-General was originally twelve per cent. of the net profits, but he stated his intention of accepting less, as men capable of assuming posts of responsibility came to the front. He kept his word, and in the last year of his life his salary was four per cent. of the profits.

In order to encourage industry, thrift, and zeal, a system of promotions to worthy members was established. After three years' membership a man, if resident in the Familistère, is eligible to become a Sociétaire with extra privileges. After five years' service, and an accumulation of 20*l.* capital, he may be an Associé with the right to receive double bonus. If he prove a man of exceptional capacity, he has a chance of becoming one of the Committee of Management, to whom is reserved an extra bonus of from nine to twelve per cent. on the net profit. A comparison of the number of profit-sharers in 1882 and 1887 will show the working of this admirable arrangement.

	1882.	1887.
Full Members (Associés) . . .	3	93
2d Class (Sociétaires) . . .	0	209
3d " (Participants) . . .	571	491
4th " (Intéressés) . . .	153	234

It would be tedious to trace the financial progress up to the present time; but a few extracts from the last Balance Sheet of the Association (September, 1887) will give a fair notion of the results attained.

The accumulated Assurance Fund amounts to 34,275*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, and during the year 5,475*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* was spent in pensions to aged, assistance to sick, temporary assistance to families, and education. From these figures Godin concludes that "it would be much more easy for our governors (if only they were so disposed) to efface misery in France,

than it has been for me to efface it from your ranks."

The gross proceeds during the year were :

	£	s.	d.
Sales at Guise and Laeken . . .	148,657	3	5
Rent of Familistère . . .	4,094	4	3
Sales in Stores . . .	18,136	11	8
	£170,887	19	4

The net profit was 31,230*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, from which the following deductions had to be made :

	£	s.	d.
Depreciations . . .	10,120	4	9
Education . . .	1,181	16	3
Wages of Capital . . .	9,200	0	0
Cost of Direction at Laeken . .	167	4	10
Profits among purchases at Stores	829	14	7
	£21,499	0	5

The net divisible balance was therefore 9,731*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, of which M. Godin took four per cent., one per cent. was paid for the maintenance of scholars in State Schools, two per cent. as rewards for useful inventions, and the whole of the remainder distributed among the members as accumulation of share-capital. The total amount repaid to M. Godin by accumulation of shares has been 110,140*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, more than five-ninths of the whole share-capital.

No wonder that Godin felt proud of his work. In 1886 a writer in the "Spectator" having said that Godin had not touched the fringe of the social problem, he replied, in a letter to the "London Courier:" "I believe that when a chief of industry has by association bestowed on a working population of about two thousand persons ease, well-being, and relative comfort; when by this association he has extended the benefits of mutuality, care and assistance during sickness, and pensions for old age to all the workers who are auxiliaries of the establishment; when he has suppressed misery around himself; I believe that he has taken a great step toward the solution of the social problem, by furnishing an example which it is sufficient to imitate and generalize."

The organization of Industrial Interests in the Association is chiefly vested in the Committee of Management, or Administrative Council, which is chosen by universal suffrage. This Council meets twice a week; once for consulta-

tions on business connected with the Industrial Partnership, and questions relating to the work in the factories; and once to discuss any points which may call for attention in the Associated Home, such as food supply. Sub-committees are appointed to oversee the various departments, and the stores are under the control of an officer called the *Econome*. All the shops deal wholesale through him, and each presents to him its separate account of receipts and expenditure, which is carefully checked and balanced every week. Various societies, each having its own committee and rules, and each quite independent of the Administrative Council, have charge of different parts of the social economy such as education, sanitation, music, and the clubs and library.

There is a Council of Criticism elected by the members, whose duty is to discover and prevent breaches of discipline and order. On the commission of the first offence, a notice signed by this Council is either sent to the offender's lodging, or posted publicly without the culprit's name. On the second offence the offender is mulcted in a fine which goes to the general fund, and the notice, now bearing his name, is posted for a time varying with the gravity of the crime. In the event of a third offence, the Council have power to inflict further punishment, or even to dismiss the offender from the Association. This power never needs to be exerted, as the shame of public exposure is a sufficient deterrent: since the opening of the *Familistère* there has not been a single police case!

Mr. E. O. Greening, who visited Guise in 1884, gives details showing that up to that time each man had on an average gained 100% by five years of work, besides having received his regular wages all the time. He also submits examples of cases in which those who had received rewards for exceptional services, or who had been elected as members of the Administrative Council, had saved far greater sums.

It needs no second glance to see that the workers in M. Godin's factories enjoy what to most mechanics would seem a paradise on earth. By the careful provision for orphans, invalids, and the aged, all anxiety for the future is re-

moved, and that cruel pinching which goes by the name of prudential foresight is rendered unnecessary. Instead of being spread over a space of two or three square miles, their habitations are so placed that an immense gain is made both in time and convenience: they can live, work, visit each other, attend to domestic affairs, do their shopping, and perform all the ordinary avocations of life in all weathers without going from under cover. Since their shops retail the goods at such a price as barely to pay expenses, there is as much facility for the poor as for the rich to lay out their money to good advantage. Their children are well educated without cost, never neglected, always well dressed and neat. Everything in connection with the establishment tends to give honor and dignity to work, and to emancipate the worker.

Arduous as were M. Godin's daily labors, and incessant as were his cares for the welfare of those around him, he found time to interest himself in national politics, and was elected a Member of the General Council of his Department. He was Mayor of Guise during the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1871 was elected Deputy to the National Assembly. He wrote several books on social questions, and in 1878 established a journal, "*Le Devoir*," which he conducted till his death.

Having seen the desires of his heart fulfilled at Guise, he had just made up his mind to introduce the same blessings elsewhere, and had announced his intention to found a *Familistère* at Laeken, when illness seized him, and he expired quite unexpectedly, January 16th, 1888. On the 22d, the whole population of the Social Palace, about eighteen hundred persons, bathed in tears, followed to the tomb the body of their benefactor and friend.

The Articles of Association gave him the power to name his successor, but he had not done so, preferring to leave everything to the good sense of those whom he had elevated: it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that these almost unanimously elected his widow, who is now Administrator-General of the Association.

"The seed of the ideas so profusely scattered from his rich intelligence has

not been lost, but has already fructified in men's hearts and consciences." So says "Le Devoir" in announcing the death and funeral of this truly great man, and that it may be so, all who

have studied his work will unite in hopefully breathing.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE GROWTH AND DECAY OF CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

THE passionate belief in equality, always cherished by the truest hearts, far from ever having been warranted by the facts of life, has remained a dream to which the very nature of things seemed destined to deny fulfilment. And though time may yet prove the dream to have been prophetic, we must admit that there is little in the present social outlook to justify the hope. Yet upon this hope, and the energy with which men work to realize it, depends the fate of class distinctions, for it is only as real equality grows that social barriers can possibly disappear. Unequally favoring conditions of life will always produce unequally favored classes, the distinction between whom can never become a distinction without a difference, but must continue as a great gulf fixed which not all the generous souls in the world will suffice to bridge; and it is by helping or hindering equality of circumstances that we determine the fusion or differentiation of classes.

Inequality is indeed the mainspring of evolution. Natural selection decrees that the race shall be to the swift and the battle to the strong; that the weak shall be swept from the course as soon as their breath gives out. More than half of life's runners are handicapped from the start and doomed to fall short of the goal. So clearly has science proclaimed this truth, that sentiment can no longer ignore it. Inequality, moreover, is found to be not the result of a lapse from an angelic stock, but of the slow ascent from a less illustrious ancestry, to be removed, if removed at all, not by miraculous aid, but by the gradual working of natural law. The new saying may be a hard one, but this advantage it has over the old, that, whereas formerly all might be hoped but nothing assured, now, upon the basis of consistent law, we know what may be hoped

from what has been assured. Thus if, from a survey of the past history of the world, we perceive in evolution a tendency to cast down the mighty from their seats and to exalt them of low degree, we may trust to the future for a continuance in the same lines, and for an evil present may draw consolation from a worse past.

To trace the growth of existing class distinctions, we will begin at that point in our genealogical tree where animal development results in man. At this stage, the acts of each organism have become too numerous to leave any longer, by frequency of repetition, that impression on the brain which the young inherit as instinct. The infant mind is more and more a *tabula rasa* to be filled up by experience under the supervision of parental care; and the growth of family life which this prolongation of childhood fosters, teaching, as it does, the social lessons of mutual help and concession, gives rise to widening political organizations. When the individual began to recognize that a certain curtailment of liberty, voluntarily submitted to on his part, was more than made good by the increased scope which the similar concessions of others gave to his personality, the first faint gleam of enlightenment fell athwart the motive-power of self-interest, and the foundations of that morality were laid whose code was slowly to grow from "Thou shalt not kill," to "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That the dawn was very gradual, we who watch the tardy step of modern progress cannot doubt. The mercy of the strong to the weak was probably at first no more than just enough to incline the balance in favor of social over solitary life. The greater blessedness of giving than of receiving must have been even more obscure then than now; yet, all the same, the golden rule was laid down in rudi-

ment, and the wholesome fear of repayment in the coin tendered helped doubtless to keep up the standard of the currency.

Possession of land and its produce is the primary source of wealth. Monopoly of land would be monopoly of life, for, without land, life is impossible; but such monopoly on a large scale was of course never entire, and transformed itself in all cases into the establishment, by those who owned it, of a right to the surplus agricultural proceeds of the labor of others. The landowner could not fail to see his advantage in exchanging for the service and skill of those weaker than himself the ground, of whose produce he could, single-handed, have enjoyed but a small fraction. We have, then, natural inequality resulting in the unequal distribution of land, and this unequal distribution, persisted in, perpetuating and intensifying the original divergence.

In Europe during the Middle Ages the strong disposed of their surplus by means of the feudal system. The king was nominal lord of the entire land; this he bartered wholesale with his nobles for their military support, then the *sine quâ non* of royalty; the nobles in their turn retailed it in lessening quantities through the thanes and churls to the serfs, who, absorbing it all in the absolute necessities of life, brought the dealings to a close. On this basis the various European nations continued the effort after stability which the Romans had attempted on too large a scale, and in which they had therefore failed. Unity, to be real, must be a growth from within outward, and cannot be prematurely imposed, and though for centuries still all roads led to Rome, it was to the Rome of the Vatican and not of the Capitol.

Confining our attention to England, and starting with the Norman Conquest, we find the victorious foreigners monopolists of the land, and maintaining on it the conquered Saxons under well-nigh unendurable conditions. Yet in vain do the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the liberty of any people. Those who sow must in the end reap, and slowly through the Middle Ages the gulf between lord and serf is filled by freed-

man and churl. A century or two and the artisans who have plied their crafts in fear and trembling under the gloomy frown of the baronial keep walk at large within their own town walls and, with plethoric purses, buy the favor of kings. Those who, with bent backs, have borne the burden and heat of the day for less than the scriptural penny, and have choked over the bitter bread of dependence, now look out across their fields with satisfied smile, for the golden grain there ripening will, they know, not only pay their rent, but leave a surplus large enough for ease and honor to themselves and to their children. The attempt made by the aristocracy after the Black Death of 1348 to push back the rising classes to the menial posts left vacant by the plague only speeded the upward tide, and in the speech of John Ball, one of the leaders of revolt, we have a curious anticipation of the democratic rhetoric of to-day. "Good people," he cried, "things will never go well in England as long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oat-cake and straw and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields; and yet it is of us and our toil that these men hold their state." The feeling is strong, the antithesis forcible, and the facts patent beyond dispute.

The feudal system, which had long shown signs of decay, was, under Tudor rule, replaced by social conditions more like our own. Monarchy revived its old pretensions indeed, but the nation would none of them, and the doctrine of divine right perished finally in the Revolution of 1688. In his *Treatises on Government*, John Locke preached its funeral sermon, and never again has the ghost even risen to trouble us.

The decree of civilization, also, that bread alone shall not suffice for man, but that his own ingenuity shall provide him with increasing comforts and means of progress, by giving to the possessors of skill a monopoly second only to that of land, has contributed largely toward equalization. When, instead of exporting its raw material and importing manufactured goods, England reversed the process, skill and mercantile enterprise started on their neck-or-nothing race with land monopoly. Land began to yield less and less exclusively what the nation required for life, and when importation of food itself at last commenced, land's halcyon days were numbered. The shears are already at the locks of the aristocratic Samson, and the British Philistine has no cause to love him. His hair will have to grow again in some nobler form of strength ere the might return to his arm. By a revival of the old power founded on the old basis of selfishness, high-handed disregard of crying social wrongs, blind folly of the eviction and coercion type, the great may indeed be revenged on those who torment their ease. They may stretch their hands to the pillars and cause the house to fall, but they themselves will be the first to perish in the ruins.

To the middle class, meanwhile, a gigantic impulse has been given by the invention of machinery and the modern banking system, and commercial capitalists are now outstripping aristocratic landowners in magnitude of surplus wealth. The capitalist has replaced the feudal lord, and, in lessening amounts and growing hardness of conditions, his surplus descends through the middle class until it reaches the lower, where we find indeed the veritable Atlas, bearing the whole world on his back. Time and again, goaded to madness, has this poor Atlas, by the futile struggles of anarchy and rebellion, tried to cast off his burden; but they that were against him have always been more than they that were for him, and his latter state has seemed worse than his first. It is not by shifting but by sharing the load that we can ever hope to make it tolerable. And toward a perception of this truth Society seems at last to be tending. The working-man begins to see for him-

self that there is no short cut to salvation, but that through abstinence and energy lies the only path to a better lot. With the mass of rhetorical rubbish conveyed to him by the Press are mixed from time to time sound grains of economic sense and of that honest speculative thought which, "kindled by the fire of living thought," has always been the great consumer of sophistry. Want of capital is the working-man's jailer. The savings of his most strenuous thrift will never enable him, he knows, to carry on production on a scale large enough to cope with the middle-class capitalist. But in co-operation he has found the first letters for an "open sesame" to well-being. The system of the proportional division of profits between capitalist and laborer, introduced in the first instance by a few capitalists themselves in order to enlist on their side the self-interest of the employed, will probably, in time, be adopted by all; and when applied, as there is little doubt it will ultimately be, to land affairs, so that landlord and tenant share profits in proportion to what each contributes, the heaven will be fairly at work in the social dough. Some form of Communism may afford the final solution of social problems, but it is through the amelioration of the private-property system that Society must meanwhile advance.

Nor is co-operation the only power at work for equality: political representation is lending its hand. One of the first directions of wealth is toward legislative prominence. In politics, as in other things, *Gelt regiert die Welt*. Timocracy, more or less disguised, is the constitution of every land. Of the *Great Leviathan* of Hobbes, "called the Commonwealth or State, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than the natural man, for whose protection and defence it was intended," all seen at first is the royal head. Soon a nobility, gathering round, forms the shoulders; the middle class next thrusts itself up as the trunk, and only when the working-man is at last represented—not misrepresented—in Parliament, as well as—dare we say it?—that small and insignificant portion of humanity sometimes heard of as women, does the State finish its growth and

stand erect, *mens sana in corpore sano*. And the State once visible as one body, it will become a clear fact of physiology that injury or benefit to one part must in the end affect the whole; and if any limb shows signs of disease or threatens the health of the organism, be it even a House of Lords, it may be wise surgery to get rid of it. As the nation recognizes a common interest the folly must grow plain of starving one end to stuff the other.

Another help to equalization is man's changed outlook on Nature—his desire for proof of the premises from which he draws his conclusions. Aristotle seems sure of his ground, though he has certainly not taken possession of it by right of argument, when he asks, "For what purpose barbarians were created except to be slaves, or wild beasts except to be hunted?" Or tells us that, "To suffice the wants of the community there must be instruments, but as instruments will not work at the word of command, so there is absolute need of living instruments. The poor man has only his ox, but Nature has provided slaves—that is, men who are naturally not their own property." All this is really very considerate of Nature, but it is doubtful whether the barbarians and wild beasts, the slaves and the oxen, will thank her. When, without regret, he says that, "The State consists of freemen at leisure, and only through slave labor is that leisure to be obtained," either entire leisure must then have been something better than our aristocracy have proved it to be now, or slaves must have seemed to him less than human. Both suppositions may be right. Leisure was really employed among the Greeks in seeking after a fair though imperfect ideal, and when we learn from our sage that "women and slaves are only so far natural beings as to understand reason without possessing it," his contempt for the masses is explained. Only one may, perhaps, be allowed to ask in passing, whether, if this was the popular style of reason, women and slaves were not as well without it?

Turning from Greece to Rome, our wrath is kindled anew when we find a writer advising that "slaves should be incited to quarrel among themselves lest they should conspire against their mas-

ter," and considering it to be "cheaper to work them to death than to let them grow old and useless;" and to ascribe such a sentiment to Cato seems well-nigh absurd.

Our age may have fallen off in some things, but it has certainly grown in sympathy and science. And, after all, it is from this sympathy that equalization gets its strongest impulse. The divergence between the very lowest and the very highest forms of life may—indeed must—continue to increase, since, while the bottom remains stationary, the top advances; but within the moral kingdom, of which man is the founder, the tendency to diverge becomes neutralized by that altruism which impels men, just as they are high, to draw the low up to them; and an important factor of altruism is imagination, forcing, as it does, one to realize the lot of another, and thus share his suffering. Who knows but that some day this faculty may have attained such inconvenient development as to make it impossible for us, draw the blinds and curtains as we will, to sit down to dinner while one hungry wretch remains unfed!

The times, then, seem to be for equality and the consequent decrease of class distinctions. It remains for us to examine these distinctions as they exist, and to guard or get rid of them according as they speed or oppose civilization.

Taking civilization to mean the development of man, the process by which his chief end is attained, and allowing his chief end to be happiness, we venture to define happiness as "the full satisfaction of the instinct of self-preservation." This may raise a cry from any who regard self-preservation as identical with selfishness: identical they once were, but, fortunately for us, that was very long ago; with ascending life they have differed more and more until, from working together, they have grown to "clenched antagonisms." As long as self meant an amoeba, all that self-preservation implied was the securing of a modicum of heat and moisture; but now that self is a man—a man of Aryan race, a man of the nineteenth century, a man of a nation like ours—so multiplied are its necessities, that those of the higher sort, classed in a category by themselves, are spoken of as the soul;

and so valid has this distinction appeared that, though by human experience still unproved, it has led to the assignment to this spiritual part of man of a separate world and existence after death. It is, moreover, this division which explains such a paradox as—"he that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

In the preservation of this higher self, the self with which future evolution will be specially concerned, two of the largest factors have been labor and love: labor, the school in which each faculty is developed; and love, which, by prompting to the self-sacrifice of the individual, has elevated the race. Sacrifice to the family, the state, humanity, these have been the stepping-stones of progress, and all who disdain to use them must expect to slip and fall. Again, as the earth can only supply a certain amount of life, the best quality obtainable at the least expense should be the end proposed, and Wordsworth's ideal of "plain living and high thinking" be accepted as the true one. Whatever diet, for instance—be it vegetable, meat, or a combination of the two—results in the best quality of life with the least tax on the resources of the earth is the *régime* of the future; and any food, such as alcoholic drinks, which diverts the produce of the land into a worse than useless channel, needs no Sir Wilfrid Lawson to prophesy its doom.

Whatever social arrangement, therefore, most fosters love, labor, and economy, is clearly in the right lines of evolution, and may trust to the future for its establishment. How does our present system of class division stand the test? One sees at a glance that the aristocracy, whatever their merits, sin through idleness and extravagance, by inspiring in the middle classes the false ambition of material wealth, and by dwarfing the environment of the poor through taking up more than their share of the world's room and produce. Once upon a time, indeed, our aristocracy labored. It is not by slothful ease that possessions won by the sword are guarded, and the armor donned for attack was often slept in for defence. Though feudalism had its dark side of oppression, it had its bright one of

valor; though the knight inflicted more human wrongs than he redressed, he knew it not, and glowed throughout the havoc with the fire of a lofty aim. And when the trade of war grew slack, and the land settled down in spite of them, they bore, not unworthily, a growing share of governmental duties. In the face of the royal frown, they dared to speak up for liberty. It is only now, thrown out of work by the decrease of war and the encroachment of the middle classes on the legislative province, and tempted by their wealth to the fatal post of sinecurists, that their real deterioration has begun, and that their "big, manly voice, turned again to a childish treble, pipes and whistles in its sound." By idleness, self-seeking, and extravagance, they have run counter to the three great forces of civilization—love, labor and economy—and cannot escape defeat. Punishment has already commenced in the form of spiritual atrophy and consequent materialization. One form of this atrophy is that inability to receive new ideas of which Matthew Arnold accuses them, and which Parliamentary reports certainly do little to disprove. Those who toil not, neither spin, may be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but it is a glory as fatal to the higher life as was the poisoned robe of Deianira to Hercules. Human nature grows by what it feeds upon, and if the material side be overfed it will expand at the expense of the spiritual. And their picture of barbaric display is hateful from its very brilliance, spoiling the national eye for the true coloring of a sober and industrious life. One talent they still possess, but this their pride of caste would bury in a napkin. The stately homes of England are the strongholds of civility, and have garnered for us traditions of good manners, "the fruit of loyal natures and of noble minds," which a busy world might have kicked aside to rot. But *le défaut de la qualité* is what they teach their pupils. Ease in the presence of upstarts becomes contemptuous, dignity stiffens to disdain, impassivity replaces self-control, and this quite naturally, for nothing so sets the teeth on edge as discordant social tone, and the first impulse is to avoid it. Yet, by refusing the sacrifice, the aristocracy but give to Time one

more excuse for issuing the fatal order : "Cut them down, why cumber they the ground?" Howells, in one of his novels, says : "It is certain that our manners and customs go for more in life than our qualities. The price that we pay for civilization is the fine but impassable differentiation of these. Perhaps we pay too much, but it will not be possible to persuade those who have the balance in their favor that this is so." This may be true, but if they are not persuaded the difference may soon not be for but against them. Manners and qualities cannot long be divorced. Manners may indeed be stolen from the wearers who have moulded them, and be worn as a mask for a time ; but the features of the thief must in the end show through and impart their own depraved impression.

But while deploring the enormous surplus wealth of this class as baneful to themselves and others, all that is really refined and elevating in their environment we would retain, and this could not be done were their wealth reduced below a certain point. The "three acres and a cow" system might keep the nation alive, but hardly in such life as would be worth living. We have got to a stage when a primitive environment would mean retrogression. Tennysons and Brownings are not the product of three acres, nor Darwins of one cow ; but we doubt whether our country would have produced one great mind the less had Lord Clanricarde's 50,000 Irish acres been decimated three times over, or had it been the custom to ostracize, as dangerous to the State, every merchant who became a millionaire. In inveighing against idleness, moreover, we did not condemn leisure, nor deny that to not a few of those who are fortunate enough to possess it, it means the highest and most generous work.

That leisure is not only helpful but necessary to development we learn on turning to the middle class. The vulgarity associated with this class results far less than Matthew Arnold supposes from the gulf between it and the aristocracy. The want of fusion certainly accounts for much, and it is natural that, shut off from the lessons of breeding, and seeking to mimic only the material display of their aristocratic model, Brit-

ish Philistines miss the redeeming atmosphere of refinement and achieve that caricature which we call vulgarity ; but the cause lies deeper in the false ideals fostered by their habits of life. It is not in labor that they fail ; they are a working class, true to the traditions of a laborious past ; in the monotony and excess of labor lurks the vulgarizing leaven. Often only one set of faculties is used, and that seldom the highest. Their education confines itself too much to *Butter brod Wissenschaften*—bread-and-butter knowledge—which, although in accordance with the Latin proverb, *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari*, it should be enough to insure easy self-support, ought not to engross time to the exclusion of culture. True labor is other than they interpret it, and ought particularly to concern itself with the doing, knowing, and understanding of art, science, and philosophy. When these are neglected, the view becomes so narrowed that objects lose perspective, and money, the means of life, is mistaken for happiness, the end. The only remedy for this seems to be, as Mr. Goschen lately pointed out in his Aberdeen rectorial address, in a longer and more liberal education ; and if such education gives men a distaste for the daily nine hours of an office stool, so much the better. They may win less wealth, but what they have will yield fruit more abundantly.

Narrowing work by teaching patience may be good as a tonic, but it is not fit for the whole food of life. Of all callings, perhaps, those are the worst which exact constant attention and little thought. Dog-in-the-manger-like, unable to employ the mind themselves, they let nothing else do it. The cobbler may poetize about his shoe, and the hind court the Muses at his plough, but the "entries" of the clerk admit of no such rivalry, and keep a dozen faculties on the premises to do the work of one. Some middle-class occupations, on the other hand, though they leave even a smaller margin of leisure, cultivate from their nature a set of faculties which are an end in themselves. The conditions which result in our broad-browed scientists and professional men cannot be very unhealthy, but even here the sons of commercial sires are narrowing suc-

cess to mean money, and, through lack of time, are neglecting the culture needful for development. Every calling seems to sin in engrossing too much of the day. All work and no play makes the middle-class Jack a very dull boy; with mahogany sideboards his desire is satisfied, and in the wine-cellar his wishes cease; he may have gained the whole world, but has he not lost his own soul?

And the play, when there is any, is apt to be as material as the work which it follows. In the case of young men, the physical energy left is largely devoted to the ball-room, and this is an excellent safety-valve. But when the bloom of enchantment has faded, and tender speeches become a tale considerably more than twice told, and time bears the once enthusiastic dancer to the doorway and the supper-room, would it not have been well to cultivate some little taste or faculty which might have mitigated the dreariness of the "settling down," now resorted to as a *pis-aller*—some resource to lighten the sentence of lifelong *ennui*, if not for himself, at least for his companion in misfortune, and to stave off the evil days which are sure to come, when, as a gouty Conservative, he shall say: "I have no pleasure in them."

To the third and lowest class we now turn, perhaps, with idyllic prepossessions, for the humble joys of the poor man are much dwelt upon—by the rich. But the harsh reality at once asserts itself. The overwork which we found as an evil in the middle class descends through the masses on an intensifying scale until we reach a level at which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and indeed almost ceases to be human. The word of fate to the working-man is too often

" Dans le sueur de ton front
Tu gagneras ta pauvre vie,
Après long travail et usage
Voilà la mort qui te convie."

Where the conditions are those of brute life, war for the bare necessities, a brute organism results. When hunger comes in at the door more than love flies out at the window. As erst, from Pandora's box, blessing after blessing of the gods takes wing, until the lid is shut at last, not on hope, but on despair. Whoever

knows the slums knows the hang-dog dejection, the asinine folly, the wolfish famine that haunt them. The area of depression grows as we survey it. Each day brings its complement of new lives, born surely to a temptation greater than ever was Job's to "curse God and die." The fault is their own, as every one knows, or as every one says. If population will continually outrun the means of subsistence, the pinch must come somewhere. But not until there is some degree of equality will people see for themselves where over-population begins. With the enormous surplus of the rich before their eyes the poor will be hard to convince but that there is enough and to spare for all, could it only be reached.

If we admit then that the inequality of environment which determines class distinctions does not result in the best of all possible worlds—is hurtful to the rich, hideous for the poor, and hampering to the development of the mass of men who, in order to attain to the material goal of the rich, take upon them of their own free will that yoke of excessive labor which is the curse of the poor—our desire must surely be to help on the work of equalization by all legitimate means. We cannot ignore class distinctions as long as they are real. Social barter of thought and affection is difficult for people with different rates of exchange. Not equality, but inequality is monotonous. We have only to ask whose society charms us most, to acknowledge that similarity of environment, of education, and of interest is what lends variety to intercourse. Unlike traditions have taught unlike tongues, and the social instinct will always attract us to those who best understand what we say.

Equality of environment does not, of course, mean sameness, but that all shall be in conditions equally favorable to growth. The greater the scope for development, the greater the differentiation. Given two Cabinet Ministers and two colliers, and the chances are that the former will differ from one another more than the latter. A George Eliot and a Charlotte Brontë are more unlike than their respective housemaids. The flora of lands where sun and soil are kind is more varied than in regions of

rock and snow. Each class finds the other a weariness, because of the centripetal tendency of each toward a local centre. The printing-press and the steam-engine have done much to widen these; education improved and diffused will do more; and true and generous feeling will do most of all, by urging us to strive after gentleness, justice, love, and sympathy, and the many touches of Nature that make the whole world kin, and show each to the other inclosed in one vast circle by the bounding line of a common destiny. When the stream of life has shrunk to the shallows of routine, such distinctions may affect its course, but when, with some noble purpose, it is flowing deep and strong, are they not borne away? When sorrow tears from life the mask of daily custom, and we behold ourselves all alike sad

seekers after light among the shadows, does not soul cling to soul irrespective of the garb of circumstance? Sympathy, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. Where the difference is in our favor, it is better to ignore than to accentuate it. Nothing worth having is lost in the sharing. Some manners there are which evil communications cannot corrupt. These we ought to try for and teach. And always it should be our task to preserve what is best in civilization until every one can reach it; to aim earnestly at true ideals of life, and, by means of example, pulpit, school, and college, sow them broadcast through the land; and when others use copper to give of our silver until the pure gold of perfection passes current everywhere.—*Westminster Review*.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK FOR 1889.

IF by the flight of birds, or the entreaties of kine, it were possible to divine whether the Year 1889—a Centenary of ominous association—will witness the outbreak of the Great War to which the European Powers and the imagination of mankind have long been looking forward with dread and fascination, we should all turn augurs. But the old methods of divination are out of date; and we consult, instead, the oracular discourses of Emperors and Statesmen, and the ambiguous and often contradictory telegrams of the daily papers. At the end of the scrutiny, all we feel is a vague terror of something appalling that is coming nearer, nearer, and that apparently cannot be diverted from its course. All round the horizon, there are intermittent flashes, and ever and anon a murmur of unfinished thunder. When will the gathering storm roll up and occupy the sky, and burst in torrents of blood over our heads? Will it be this year? or the next? or when?

No man knows. Or, if there be one man who knows, he perforce keeps his own counsel. People have acquired the habit of regarding Prince Bismarck not only as a man of colossal will and almost infinite resource, but as the Arbiter of the European Situation. He himself

nourishes no such illusion. The day was, perhaps, when he might have been correctly described in those terms; but it has passed away. There is something stronger even than Prince Bismarck; and that is Time, which persons with classic habits of speech would perhaps call Fate. That mighty factor once worked on his side. During the last few years, and during the last twelve-month especially, it has worked against him. Men may yet say of Prince Bismarck, as was said of the once confident and exultant but finally overwhelmed Œdipus, "Call no man happy till he dies." If any one wants to write a pertinent political homily, he might take for his text the embarrassments of Prince Bismarck. He himself well knows that he has waited too long. Shall he wait still longer? A more perplexing question was never propounded for the decision of a great Statesman.

For the most striking and important phenomenon in the European Situation is the revival of military strength and military confidence in the French people. Persons accustomed to live from hand to mouth in the formation of their political judgments—and it is difficult for the readers of daily telegrams to live in any other fashion—have fixed their

attention so closely and so continuously on what is called, by a somewhat exclusive use of language, the internal condition of France, and are regaled so regularly with "scenes in the Chamber," and the unseemly conflict of French Parties, that they forget there is a France which works, thinks, projects, grows rich, and grows strong. Yet, if any one, leaving his daily papers behind him, will only cross the Channel in an observant and dispassionate frame of mind, and look round at what is going on, and has for some time been going on, in France, he will be lost in admiration at the capacity of that country for recovering, in an amazingly brief space of time, from disasters that would have crushed the heart out of almost any other people, and would assuredly have disabled them for great external enterprises for half a century. Seventeen years ago, German soldiers still stood on French soil; for the Indemnity of Five Millions had not yet been fully paid. At the present moment France has an army vastly larger and stronger than that with which she rashly began the War of 1870, an army better disciplined, better armed and equipped, and animated by a far truer military spirit. If anybody thinks this language exaggerated, let him go to Berlin and inquire, or let him ask of the German Military *attaché* in Paris. Most Englishmen are in the habit of talking of France as if it were crushed beneath a load of debt and taxation; and, no doubt, the Republic has lavished money, in every direction, with unparalleled prodigality. But debt and taxation are relative, like most other things; and France is amply rich enough, after having paid the German Indemnity, and after expending almost incalculable sums on providing itself with an Army and Navy, both of the first class, to spend as much again in the pursuit of its desires.

But how, it will be said, about the political and party divisions of the French people? How as to the contingency of civil strife? How about General Boulanger and the instability of the Republic? We are so accustomed, in England, to prophesy evil things for our neighbors, and the French people have so repeatedly justified the gloomiest predictions, that it is not

wonderful most of us should lay stress on these impending dangers, should greatly exaggerate them, and should end by losing sight of everything that tends to avert or diminish their advent. It remains to be seen whether the Republic will or will not be overthrown. But, if it be, the main motive for its overthrow will be the national desire that France should be more united, more homogeneous, in other words more strong; and, in all probability, its overthrow would produce that result, as Prince Bismarck well knows.

On either supposition, France must now be regarded as once more a Great Military Power. What is more, the French people know it, and with this knowledge has come a revived sense of dignity and confidence. On more than one occasion during the last twelve years, Prince Bismarck has acted as though he wanted to taunt, goad, or lure France into war with Germany. All his expedients and provocations were in vain, for France was not ready, even for self-defence. If he wants war with France now, he can have his way when he likes. The era of arrogance on one side, and of humility on the other is over.

Our sympathies with Italy, as indeed with Germany, are of the warmest. But our anxiety for Italy is not slight. Earthenware vessels that are perpetually going to the well with metal ones are employed in a dangerous operation; and that is Italy's normal employment. The sacrifices made by the Italians in order that their country may seem to be a Great Power, and that they may really possess a large army and a powerful navy, must excite the admiration of all who honor patriotism. But the Italian Army and the Italian Navy would fare badly in a struggle with the French Army and the French Navy; and their destruction, or even their discomfiture, would dispose of Italy's pretension to be a Great European Power.

But, in any conflict that might occur between France and Italy, Italy would not be alone. But would France be alone? Unquestionably not. If War were to break out during the present year, between France on one side and Germany and Italy on the other, Russia would not remain quiescent. Widely

as France and Russia may be divided by political ideas and systems of government, they are united by the strongest of all ties,

The study of revenge, immortal hate.

That bond over-rides, or at the critical moment would over-ride, all conflicting notions concerning Divine Autocracy and the Principles of the French Revolution. The embarrassment of Prince Bismarck cannot be fully appreciated, unless we ponder as deeply on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of Russia as on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of France. Unresting, unhasting, Russia, like France, is preparing for a supreme struggle for mastery and domination in Europe ; and, when the hour strikes for the struggle actively to begin, France and Russia will join hands and do their utmost to strangle Germany in their embrace.

Let it not be supposed we write this wishing it to be. On the contrary, we should regard such an issue as unspeakably deplorable ; injurious to Europe, detrimental to civilization, most perplexing and perilous to England. But we would fain draw people's attention to facts they persist in ignoring, and compel them to look a contingency in the face, which they can scarce be got to glance at. It is in human nature not only to worship success, but to believe in the successful. Eighteen years ago, Germany succeeded supremely ; and, ever since, Englishmen have regarded Germany as invincible. One year previously, did not most of them think precisely the same of France ?

But if France would have an ally in Russia, and Russia an ally in France, would Germany have no allies ? Assuredly she would ; and who they would be is well known. Austria and Italy would be at Germany's side. Of Italy we have already spoken, but only in part, and Italy is an ally not to be despised. But it has lately been pointed out to the Italian War Office by the German Head-Quarters Staff, what we should have thought any intelligent civilian who has travelled in Italy might have discerned for himself, that the condition of the Italian Railways is such

as to render prompt or even slow concentration of troops at a given point impossible. Accordingly, Italy, poor, over-taxed, sorely burdened Italy, is going to spend Three Millions in making the railways in the northern part of the Peninsula really available for rapid mobilization and concentration, as those words are understood in modern military parlance. We know of no circumstance more instructive or ominous than this. It was reported in small type in a *Reuter* telegram ; but is of immeasurably more consequence than all the displayed telegrams from all the "Special Correspondents," during the last three months.

In Austria, Germany possesses an Ally of ancient renown, steadfast traditions, and proud military temper. Like the Italians, the Austrians have generally been worsted in fair fight ; but no amount of defeats have availed to deprive the Austrian army of its dignity and its credit. Efforts great and continuous have been made by the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, during the past eighteen months, to render its military forces equal to the demands of a prompt and vigorous campaign ; and there can be no question that everything has now been prepared for the calls of a great war. How long can Austria bear the burden and the strain of this costly preparedness ? The question bears directly on the European Outlook for the Year. If Time be running against Germany, and in favor of France and Russia, it is running likewise against Austria, Germany's ally. Moreover, Austria cannot hope to see its troublesome little neighbors grow less troublesome with the lapse of time. The precarious position of affairs in Serbia, the condition of prolonged uncertainty in Bulgaria, the indecision of the Roumanians, the aspirations of the Hellenic Kingdom, the seething unrest in Macedonia, and the sickness almost unto death of Turkey ; these dangerous circumstances are not likely to undergo any change for the better, as far as Austria is concerned.

Thus while two members of the Triple League of Peace, Germany and Austria, have different but equally cogent reasons for not postponing a struggle which they well know cannot be indefinitely ad-

journed, the third member, Italy, is doing its utmost to be prepared for the early outbreak of war. On their side, if they conduct their affairs with ordinary ability—and in Prince Bismarck we have a guarantee that they will be conducted with extraordinary ability—Turkey, Bulgaria, and Roumania would be found actively co-operating; and Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, if disposed to take part with Russia, could be paralyzed or crushed.

Thus, as matters stand at present, the preponderance of fighting force would seem to be on the side of the Triple Alliance; and since it is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow, that France and Russia will some day or other strive to settle their account with Germany and Austria-Hungary, the temptation to Prince Bismarck to have the account settled at an early date would seem to be overpowering. The only inducements we can think of to make him favor a little more delay, are the wish of the German War Office to have a better rifle, and the necessity of giving Italy sufficient time to improve its railway communications. But these motives scarcely seem to counterbalance the consciousness that Russia too stands in need of more time in order to complete that slow and continuous mobilization of which we spoke, and that France, already extraordinarily strong in a military sense, grows stronger in that sense every week that passes. Moreover, unless all that we have said on that subject be erroneous, Prince Bismarck must abandon the hope of seeing France reduced to impotence by civil war; since any internal political change that takes place will make France not weaker, but stronger still.

Such is the situation on the European Continent. England, happily, is severed from it by the "bastions of the brine." But what part, if any, will England play in the event of the outbreak of a War such as we, in common with all men, are contemplating? If Peace has been preserved so long, the fact is due in no small measure to the resolutely pacific policy of this country; and never has its policy been more resolutely pacific than under the guidance of Lord Salisbury. When the diplomatic history of

the last few years comes to be written, few things recorded by it will be more interesting than the ingenious, indefatigable, but futile efforts of Prince Bismarck to compel or cajole England into assuming an attitude of active opposition to Russia in the East of Europe, and into pledging itself to become a fourth member of the League of Peace. Against these solicitations and pitfalls, the great Statesman who at present, happily, presides over our affairs has shown himself patiently but pertinaciously impregnable, while not surrendering one tittle of the traditional claim and hereditary duty of England to withstand certain well-known pretensions of the Court of Saint Petersburg, and to manifest cordial sympathy with the aspiration of young and growing communities for enlarged freedom and increased civilization. Almost equally interesting will be the disclosure of the endeavors, equally persistent and equally vain, made by Prince Bismarck to divert the ambition of Russia wholly from Europe to Central Asia. Whether it would have been wise, had it been possible, to enter into an explicit Alliance with Germany, Austria, and Italy, whereby, thanks to the assistance promised by us to them in Europe, we should have obtained an engagement from them to co-operate with us in the event of our being assailed by Russia in Asia, is an interesting but a disputable matter. But our Constitution practically precludes the Government from signing any such agreement.

But the nature and force of things is more valuable, more cogent, and more valid than any written Treaty; and no man who understands the situation can doubt on which side the sympathies and the sword of England would perforce be, in the event of Russia seeking to make good its claims in the Balkan Peninsula, or of France attempting to expunge Italy from the list of Mediterranean Powers. The strengthening of our own Navy is a circumstance not to be lost sight of by those who wish to complete for themselves the survey we have attempted to make.

To predict the advent of War this year would be gratuitous folly. Not to contemplate it as a possibility, and a not unlikely possibility, would be equally

fatuous. What an unspeakable comfort it is, in such anxious circumstances, to know that our affairs are in the hands, not of cosmopolitan sentimentalists; but

of Statesmen who are, at one and the same time, practical men and patriots.
—*National Review*.

THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALISM.*

BY H. H. JOHNSTON.

To the dim, confused "conscience" of earliest man the murder of his fellow-man was no more a shock than the attacking and devouring of a wounded wolf would be to his hungry fellow-wolves. No doubt, long before man was quite determined as a species or a genus, there existed among his progenitors the same vaguely defined "tribal" idea which is so marked in the baboons, and which to a certain extent influences the condition of most species of apes and monkeys. The advantages and duties of combination must have been even more evident and understood by him—by his very *raison d'être*—than they are by the intelligent African baboons who in their little tribal communities protect and assist one another, though they may attack and kill strangers from other alien families or tribes. Early man, compelled for purposes of self defence and effectual attack to subordinate individual rivalry to a combination of his brothers and sisters and cousins against the attacks of wild beasts or of hostile fellow-men, or to carry out a successful raid on a coveted feeding-ground, or to pursue and do to death some elephant or wild bull, would soon acquire the conviction that it was inexpedient—and consequently wrong—to gratuitously murder a fellow tribesman, unless under overpowering individual provocation—such as the attempt on the part of an uncle to share a hoard of oysters, or the too marked attentions of a cousin to one's courted bride. Consequently a social condition would be reached similar to that of most existing savage races, wherein there is normally peace and security among the members of a tribe, but where no obligations to humanity in general, to extra tribal man-

kind, are recognized. It therefore follows that in this stage of morality it is not wrong to kill a fellow human if he does not belong to your community. Nay, more, it is meritorious; for pristine man and the existing savage was and is penetrated by a vague understanding of this terrible struggle for existence in which we are involved, and so far from framing such a proverb as "The more, the merrier," he would find satisfaction in killing a stranger by the feeling that it meant one more rival out of the way—one more competitor for food and space and the right to reproduce got rid of. Once you have killed your man, reasons the modern savage, and no doubt reflected primeval humanity, once the initial crime, if crime, is committed, why neglect such good food, why not eat your slain enemy? These low human types would be as little influenced by sentimental considerations at first as a hungry lion or a half-starved hyæna. Man's flesh, to them, would be as other flesh; perhaps, however, more nourishing, tender, and savory. Beginning accidentally as occasional cannibals, without the deliberate correlation of the killing and eating, these savages would soon become so enamored of this food-supply—a meat so easily obtained as contrasted with the wearisome and precarious chase of wild animals—that they would eventually deliberately hunt and kill their fellow-men who were strangers to their tribe or community, for the sole purpose of feasting on their flesh. And there is no question that to their thinking, man's meat must be supremely delicious, or else why do so many African tribes undertake regular cannibalistic raids when their country is bountifully provided by Nature with easily-obtained food, such as edible roots, berries, nuts, all manner of game in the forests and fish in the rivers? Captain Coquilhat, an official

* A portion of this article has been omitted.
—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

of the Congo Free State, who resided for one or two years among the Bangala of the Upper Congo, and effected such wonders in gaining their friendship and confidence, and in winning them over to military service under the Free State Government, gives in his recent book graphic descriptions of the frequent warlike expeditions undertaken by one section of the Bangala against other kindred and adjoining tribes, seemingly for the sole object of obtaining human flesh to eat. And yet, as he points out, their country is well provided with a variety of vegetable food and domestic animals, such as fowls, dogs, goats, and sheep, to say nothing of an incredible abundance of fish in their land of lakes and rivers. The same observation holds good about the Monbuttu on the Upper Welle, of whom we have had such vivid descriptions from Dr. Schweinfurth and Emin Pasha. In this pleasant land of gentle-mannered, sunny-tempered people, where the loveliness of surrounding nature seems to impart a joyance to the native life and a keen appreciation of beauty, which provokes a decided æsthetic development of decorative art; in this country of stately forests, where the vivid scarlet of a parrot's tail-feathers, or the blue-green and purple harmony of the plantain-eater's plumage, or the cream-white flower-bracts of a *mussenda*, and the graceful poise of a swaying oil-palm, appear to excite a keen sense of pleasure in the native mind—in this land of beauty and abundance, cannibalism is as established, practical, and ordinary a custom as our eating beef, mutton, and pork in England. In Monbuttuland droves of slaves and captives are herded and fatted like cattle against killing-day. So is it to a great extent among the Manyema people, whose occasional relapses into anthropophagy, even while serving as porters in explorers' caravans on the Upper Congo, have excited somewhat exaggerated horror among the Europeans who reported the news. I say "exaggerated," because the Europeans in question dated their reports from the Bangala district, almost in sight of cannibal repasts which took place from time to time without exciting much comment. This phase of cannibalism is, in fact, one of sheer *gourmandise*, and is chiefly confined to

the savages of Africa, whose lands are well supplied with food, and it scarcely applies to the more sombre eating of man's flesh which takes place in Polynesia and Australia, and arises rather from deficient food or meat-supply, or from religious motives, than from a depraved liking for this particular kind of flesh. Acts of cannibalism, it would appear, often occur among the Australian savages which are prompted by principles of economy and thrift, and are in no way inspired by sentimental considerations nor by a spirit of boastful savagery, such as that which occasionally incites the Chinese, or the North American Indians, or the Arabized East Africans, to devour the hearts or livers of their slain enemies. That very interesting compilation, *The Races of Australia*, edited by Mr. E. M. Curr, gives us a vivid impression of the severely practical, the brutally materialistic nature of the native Australian. In the hard life he has to lead—or *had* to lead, in the days when his tribal laws and regulations were framed—in a semi-desert, poor, unproductive country (as Nature made it), he has been obliged to turn to account every source of food supply which is naturally provided, for he is too brutish to have practised agriculture, and having never risen above the hunter stage—the lowest of all human conditions, the most purely animal—he has scarcely attempted to exercise that deliberate interference with the natural conditions of his environment which elsewhere has so vastly modified human surroundings, and has enabled the superior races of mankind to supplement with art what is lacking in nature. The dearth of food with which the Australian is always threatened urges him not to repudiate any form of flesh which may come in his way, and consequently the bodies of those who may be accidentally killed would, in most cases, be devoured by their hungry friends or fellow-tribesmen. It is naïvely remarked in the work I have referred to—*The Races of Australia*—that "if a fat man fell from a tree and broke his neck, he would certainly be eaten." So also, among certain tribes, who in addition to taking the most stringent measures to limit the privilege of procreation to a few males in the community, allow the fathers and

mothers to kill off such of their children as seem unfit or unnecessary. The bodies of the children so killed are eaten by the father or male relatives. The mother does not abstain from sentiment, but because she is not allowed by the men to share such toothsome viands; for, strange to say, both in Africa and Australia women are often precluded from eating human flesh because their selfish, overbearing mates think it too good to be lavished on the weaker sex.

The native races of Australia are so low in the scale, so brute-like in their unreclaimed condition, that it is hardly more reasonable to blame them for their utilitarian cannibalism than it would be to animadvert severely on the immorality of monkeys or the ferocity of wolves. But the African—a vigorous race of men, more rational, more susceptible to improvement, and remarkable for the facility with which he can assimilate the civilization that is thrust on him—deserves rigorous punishment when he persists in eating the flesh of his own species notwithstanding the bountiful supplies of other food his continent supplies. I never so thoroughly appreciated the “unnecessary” character of this African anthropophagy as during an exploration of the Upper Cross River* in the early part of the present year. My canoe had been stopped, and I had been “captured” and carried on shore by a noisy, boisterous band of natives. They meant me no harm, but objected to my visiting the tribe beyond them, with whom they were at war. Their country bore a singularly prosperous appearance, with its tidy plantations of yams, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, colocasia arums, manioc, Indian corn, and bananas; and the large herds of sleek cattle and the numerous sheep, goats, fowls, and Muscovy ducks. So abundant was food, and so exceptional were these Africans in their hospitality, that in the course of two days they had filled my canoes with twelve hundred yams,† a number of corn-cobs,

fowls, ducks, sheep, and goats, until I had to cry, “Hold! enough,” because the canoes were dangerously overloaded. Moreover, they presented a large bullock to my Krubois. Any one who knows Africa and the natural stinginess of the Negro will realize how abundant must have been the local food-supply to account for such easy generosity as this! Yet in this land of plenty the people craved for human flesh, to obtain which they were constantly fighting with their neighbors. But a little while before my arrival a successful “bag” of captives had been made, a feast had taken place, and, as a relic of the abundance, there was a smoke-dried human leg hanging from the rafters in the chief’s hut where I sat and parleyed, which swayed to and fro over the smoking brands on the clay hearth. Lower down the Cross River, in the district of Enyofi (part of the Ibo country), about the most cold-blooded cannibalism is reported to exist which I have ever heard of. Youths are purchased at the interior slave-markets, and are dealt with as we deal with the young sheep and oxen which we turn into wethers and bullocks—are deliberately unsexed so that they may fatten quicker, and are then fed upon yams and nourishing food till they are ready for the feast. Horrible and incredible as this statement may appear, it is one that I make on good authority; and this phase of cannibalism has also, I believe, come under the notice of certain traders and missionaries of Old Calabar who have visited the district I speak of.

There is little doubt that the abrupt cessation of the exportation of slaves, which was brought about on the west coast of Africa by British intervention, temporarily increased the prevalence of cannibalism in the Oil Rivers and Niger delta.* Having no longer a profitable market for their war-captives and criminals, the natives have found it more convenient to consume them than to let them eat the bread of idleness and cumber the ground; for the domestic slaves in these parts seemingly will *not* work for their living; they oppose to all

* The Cross River is an important stream which rises in the plateau south of the River Benue, and enters the Gulf of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa.

† These yams are so large that one and a half forms a sufficient daily ration even for a hungry Kruboy.

* This much must be said in palliation of the Mohammedan slave-raiders, that they often break up communities of inveterate cannibals, and that once Mohammedanized the negro regards cannibalism with horror.

threats and coercion a dogged resistance of stubborn idleness that nothing can overcome. Slave labor in Africa is a broken reed to rely on. We want the vigorous, cheerful work of free, willing men, like Krubois and Zanzibaris.

For the cannibalism of the epicure, of the kind I have just described, no shadow of an excuse can be found in our view of morality. Indeed, all forms of cannibalism wherein the victim is killed to be eaten are inadmissible in a state of civilization based on our code of laws, and sharing our conception of right and wrong, from the fact that they involve a preliminary crime. Human life, in the dominant form of civilization, and in the most advanced public opinion of the present day, is becoming increasingly sacred and precious—so much so that we can hardly realize that it is not a hundred years since our cruel ancestors hanged men and women for small robberies, forgeries, and uttering false coin, and it is with difficulty, and only by the necessity of self-preservation that we can sanction the destruction of our enemies in warfare or the execution of a murderer—one who has rightly forfeited his life by depriving another of the inestimable privilege of living. But in Africa, many parts of Asia, in Polynesia and Australia, much less importance is attached to the value of human life, and the murder of a stranger, an outsider to the tribe, is rather a matter for glorification. I blame these cannibals less for the eating of the flesh of their own species, which from their point of view is utilizing good food, than for the initial and unpardonable crime of murder. In my own case I know I should bitterly resent being killed, but once dead it would not only be a matter of indifference to me, but it would be a source of actual satisfaction to know that my earthly tenement had found sepulture in the bodily systems of my fellow-humans—that my component atoms, or a good proportion of them, had re-entered on active work in society, so to speak, with such a pleasant abruptness, instead of being doomed to absorption by a mixed myriad of lower forms of life. How much more agreeable the prospect of having one's mortal remains consumed by a restless, enterprising hyæna or a soaring vulture (the beautiful *Parsi* no-

tion) than to languish in the inactive forms of cemetery flowers and evergreen shrubs! It is this consideration which leads me to mention a beautiful and sentimental form of cannibalism now almost extinct, but which prevailed originally in parts of Asia, America, and Africa, where, as anciently among the Issedones of Central Asia (*teste* Herodotus) and the Tibetans some six centuries ago, the bodies of those who died were reverently reduced to an edible paste and consumed by their relatives and friends. This practice may not be consonant with our ideas and scruples, but no one can refuse to admit its exquisite pathos and susceptibility for poetic treatment. The loving absorb all that is mortal of the loved one, and the latter in dying has the happy assurance that his or her dissolving molecules will not be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but will acquire new being in the old haunts and amid the attendant circumstances of their former activity. This conception must have proved strangely attractive to the metempsychotic mind of savage and semi-civilized man; but in some countries, and under ruder conditions of life, it lost much of its poetry and assumed a more brutal and practical form. "If," argued primitive and savage humanity, somewhat put to it to find sufficient subsistence, "If it is right and proper and economical to consume the bodies of the deceased, why wait till they die naturally? Why not forestall the inevitable, put them painlessly out of their misery, and reabsorb them into the bosom of the family?" So it resulted in a curious phase of social economy, which prevails and prevailed in parts of Africa, Australia, and Polynesia (more especially in districts where food was scarce), where no old people were seen by the inquiring traveller, who learnt that as soon as they arrived at decrepitude they were painlessly killed and found a ready tomb in the maws of the young and middle-aged members of the tribe.* As the weakly children were also consumed by their parents, the community must have seemed always in a state of vigor, with a society forever in the prime of life.

* *Vide* Monteiro's *Angola and the River Congo*, *The Races of Australia*, and most writers on the Pacific islands and New Guinea.

Although they are never accused of superadding cannibalism to "senicide," still the ancient Sardi of Sardinia regarded it as a sacred and solemn duty for the young to kill their old relations when they were verging on dotage ; and several classical authors give us a graphic and in some instances a pathetic description of the old mother knowing that her time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparations for her burial, and when all was ready, the grave dug, the funeral feast prepared, summoning her friends and relatives, and exhorting her weeping son to be of good courage, to strike hard and surely with the sacrificial club, and not to wince because the deed was painful to his filial feelings. Despite the tribal instinct which among many of the more highly developed birds and mammals prompts a spirit of *camaraderie* and mutual help among the fellow-members of each community, and which intensifies the beautiful unselfish love of parents toward their offspring, we see but little respect or sympathy shown toward the aged and effete, who are either killed and eaten, or cast out of the tribe and left to starve. In very early human society there was probably no deliberate, organized slaying and consuming of the older, weaker members of the community, but such deeds were sporadic, so to speak, and what the French would call "regrettable incidents." British Protanthropos, perhaps, has been ranging the wintry woods all day in vain quest of game, and returns to the tribal cave, vaguely cross, in a dull, unreasoning way, and keenly hungry. By the smouldering fire lies a still uncracked marrow-bone remaining from the last repast, and this he is about to greedily seize, perhaps, when to his anger and disappointment it is snatched from his extended hand by an old, lean aunt. An angry dispute takes place, for the aunt will not forego her hold on the bone, and much-provoked and hungry Protanthropos yields to brute rage and cracks her skull with a stone axe or fells her with a firebrand. Then follows an indistinct remorse, and a dull consciousness that he has done wrong. There is a clamor of shrieking female relatives and a growling protest among the men ; but after a while the outcry ceases, and

Protanthropos recovers his spirits. It is agreed that the deed is irregular—a sin against the community ; but there, it is done, and the aunt lies dead. "What shall we do with her body?" asks some one. "Eat it," boldly suggests her hungry nephew, and without much more ado the slain aunt is hastily broiled and her bones are amicably picked in the family circle. This is a fatal precedent. When next the horde is hungry a quarrel is fixed on an old uncle, and he is killed and consumed ; then grandfather and grandmother severally meet with "accidents," and are likewise absorbed, until at length it passes into a rule that all the elders of the tribe, when they become toothless or tiresome, when they lose their cunning in the chase or are slow at kindling fires and preparing food, shall be slain and eaten by their relatives.

Cruel as this practice is, and opposed as it may be to the principles which guide our social morality, it is interesting from a philosophical point of view to reflect on the effect it would have on the dispositions of the older members of our civilized communities. If, like certain tribes in West and Southwest Africa, or in Australia, it was our custom to immolate and reduce to a kind of sublime Liebig's extract all the aged folk who showed unmistakable signs of failing powers, how preternaturally quickened would become the faculties of our elderly relatives ! How they would wax in amiability as they waned in strength ! What pathetic anxiety they would display to make clear to their critical kinsfolk how spry and active, how cheerful, willing, and attentive they remained, despite the failing sight, the whitening hair, the stiffened gait ! In humble circles Mrs. Gumidge would cease all reference to the "Old 'un," and though her gayety might be a little forced, still her unceasing industry and unvarying amiability would long stave off her inevitable doom. And when we ourselves, as our years increased and middle-age lay behind us, felt the first warnings of approaching decrepitude, should we not hasten to repair the breaches of time, to foster and retain as long as possible our vigorous juvenility of mind and body ? Should we not tend to become Liberal rather than Conservative in our

old age, and so increase in sweetness of disposition and broad-minded charity toward all men that when the inevitable day came when our failing powers could hold out no longer, and a doctor's certificate compelled our reluctant relatives to do their duty, it would be with a feeling of sincere regret that they put an end to our individual existence and ingested the essential extract of our mortal remains? Perhaps in a more advanced intellectual state than that we are in at present, we might view such a fate, such a culmination to our life and labors with resignation, caring less for individual than collective existence, and, with a rare unselfishness that at present we can only dimly appreciate, sinking our personal interests in the advancement of communal welfare. In a condition of thought like this a conscientious person who felt himself effete would offer himself up for reabsorption by those around him who had not spent their energies. Thus the pension-list would be greatly reduced and the community kept at a certain level of vigor. But I confess, being myself still unregenerate, still selfishly attached to all that I call my own, my *ego*, incomplete and unsatisfactory though it be, I am thankful to think that our moral code is based on different lines to those which guide sections of African and Australian society, and which with little doubt were religiously followed by the communities of earliest man. I find comfort in looking forward to an old age of rest and leisure and undisturbed tranquillity: a quiet fading away into an unconscious senility which shall lessen the terror of dissolution, even though in my lingering I cumber the ground and serve no useful purpose.

With a growing belief in a soul, in a vital principle animating the body which can be disconnected from the visible substance, the practice of cannibalism is diversely affected. On the one hand, the increased sanctity of man's body brought about by the conception of its spiritual tenant has tended to abolish anthropophagy as an unpardonable insult to the body, which the soul would remember and revenge; on the other hand, it has incited several varieties of sacred, symbolic cannibalism, which are based on a belief in the immortality of man. One view taken is a curiously

negative one—it is thought that by eating a man you consume his soul *utterly*, and so finish him now and hereafter, and that, therefore, such a consummation is the most awful revenge you can inflict on your enemy. So when, three or four years ago, there was a tribal conflict at Brass, in the Niger delta, some of the attacked, who were nominal Christians, ate portions of the bodies of those whom they had slain, thinking thus to deprive them of the boon of future existence.* This, no doubt, was also the motive that prompted the recent cannibal outbreak at Okrika, when the Okrikans devoured over a hundred of their enemies belonging to the adjoining Ogoni tribe. Thus, where the cannibalism takes the form of sacrifices offered to gods, it was believed—as recently in Fiji and anciently in Mexico—that if the priests ate the visible human body, the gods, by analogy, consumed the intangible soul. Indeed, many systems of human sacrifice in different parts of the world have been based on anthropophagic principles, though no actual eating of the victim's flesh may have taken place, because gentler manners and intellectual refinement have etherealized the idea. Thus it has often occurred in the past history of Europe and Asia, and in modern Africa, that whereas theoretically a human being is sacrificed to the ogre-god or goddess, the victim is really represented by an animal—a camel, horse, ox, sheep, goat, or fowl—a descending scale that typifies a waning faith in the efficacy of the sacrifice. During some recent work in West Africa a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading districts which he desired to remain unknown. Finding verbal dissuasion unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried, as a last and somewhat despairing resort, to place

* When this incident was first brought to our notice many unjust animadversions were made on the work of missionaries in those regions because some of these native Christians turned cannibals. It was not borne in mind that "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh;" that you cannot turn wolves into sheep-dogs in one generation; and that whereas these so-called Christians ate those whom they had killed in self-defence, they would, before they came under missionary influence, have attacked and killed for the purpose of eating.

supernatural obstacles in my way ; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently I was frequently surprised and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality posted at different points of my journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowl-fetich had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journeys as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju;" a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white boy (Albino Negro), spitted on a stake to bar the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of wold and stream to intervene ; but a white fowl ! *O tempora ! O mores !*

In its mystic character cannibalism forms a part, either actually or theoretically, of the initiative ceremonies or sacred rites of African freemasonry and secret societies. The partaking of human flesh, generally prepared in a kind of paste mixed with condiments and kept in a quaintly-carved wooden box, and eaten with round spoons of human bone, constitutes a bond of union between the confederates, and is also employed as a pledge of friendship between

suspicious strangers or whilom enemies, or accompanies the making of a solemn declaration or the taking of the oath. But although these gruesome rites still linger in the holes and corners of unexplored savagery, they are fast disappearing or softening into a metaphorical celebration.

The eating of man's flesh, which was, no doubt, once more or less prevalent among all savage races, from motives of hunger or Malthusian principles, and which existed as an emblematic rite in religions of the past and low-grade beliefs of the present day, is now confined in its endemic form to limited areas in Western Central Africa, uncolonized Australia, parts of Polynesia, New Guinea, Sumatra, and possibly the heart of the Malay peninsula and Formosa, and also to the Tierra del Fuegians and a few wild Indian tribes in Bolivia, the Amazons Valley, and the back of Venezuela, in South America.

Before many years are past, however, cannibalism will cease to exist anywhere, extirpated unhesitatingly by our disgusted civilization. Whether it will ever be revived is fortunately a question rather to be considered a thousand years hence than now, when and if the population of the earth shall have so increased at its present ratio that the statesmen of the period may find themselves confronted by the problem of organizing state-aided emigration to the other planets of the solar system, or sanctioning a certain limited consumption of the effete and unfit by the young and vigorous members of the commonwealth.--*Fortnightly Review*.

IN DREAMS.

BY E. LEE-HAMILTON.

THINK not I lie upon this couch of pain
Eternally, and motionless as clay--
Summer and winter, night as well as day--
Appealing to the heartless years in vain :

For now and then the Dreams unchain
My stiffened limbs, and lift the links that weigh
As iron never weighed, and let me stray
Free as the wind that ripples through the grain.

Then can I walk once more, yea, run and leap ;
 Tread Autumn's rustling leaves or Spring's young grass ;
 Or stand and pant upon some bracing steep ;
 Or, rod in hand, across the wet stones pass
 Some summer brook ; or on the firm skate sweep
 In ceaseless circles Winter's fields of glass.

—*Academy.*

THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF OPTIMISM.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

IN many ways public attention in England has lately been called afresh to the great and universal question of what our modern science, if fatal to miraculous Christianity, will itself put, or allow to be put, in place of it. Only a few months since, in the pages of this Review, a new manifesto was issued by one of our best-known Positivists, which purported to describe the exact religious position taken up by the infant Church of Humanity. Mr. John Morley has republished in ten volumes what is, under one of its aspects, neither more nor less than an anti-Christian creed, embedded in a series of criticisms. Other eminent writers equally anti-Christian have been again exhibiting their opinions to the gaze of the pitiable millions, who still sit hugging the broken fetters of theology. Indeed, we may say that during the past two years, each of the principal sects into which the Protestantism of science has split itself has appealed to us afresh, through the mouth of some qualified minister ; while the hold which such questions have on the public mind, whenever they are put in a way which the public can comprehend, has been curiously illustrated by the eagerness of even frivolous people, in devouring a recent novel, which on ordinary grounds would be unreadable, and whose sole interest consisted in its treatment of Christianity.

Stimulated by the example of our scientific instructors, I propose to follow, as faithfully as I am able, in their footsteps. There are certain canons of criticism and there is a certain sceptical temper, which they have applied to Christianity, and which they say has destroyed it. The same canons and temper I now propose to apply to the princi-

pal doctrine which they offer to the world as a substitute.

Of course it will be said that thinkers who call themselves scientific offer us doctrines of widely different kinds. No doubt this is true. Among men of science as doctrinaires, there are as many sects as there are among theological Protestants ; nor was it without meaning, as I shall show by-and-by, that I spoke of their creeds collectively, under the name of Scientific Protestantism. But though, like theological Protestants, they differ among themselves, and even quarrel among themselves, like theological Protestants also, they have fundamental points of agreement ; and it is solely with these last that I now propose to concern myself. Let us take first a hasty glance at their differences ; and it will be presently plain enough what the points of agreement are.

Putting aside, then, all minor questions, Scientific Protestantism may be said, with substantial accuracy, to be composed at the present moment of five principal sects, which differ from one another mainly in the following ways. One of them, while denying, as they all do, both miracles and a future life, believes in a personal God, not unlike the Father of the Gospels. Indeed, it adopts most of what the Gospels say of Him. It accepts their statements ; it only denies their authority. There is a second sect which retains a God also, but a God, as it fancies, of a much sublimer kind. He is far above any relationship so definite as that of a father ; indeed, we gather that he would think even personality vulgar. If we ask what he is, we receive a double answer. He is a metaphysical necessity ; he is also an object of sentiment ; and he is appre-

hended alternately in a vague sigh and a syllogism. He is, in fact, a God of the very kind that Faust described so finely when engaged in seducing Margaret. Neither of these two sects is greatly admired by a third, which regards the God of the first as a mutilated relic of Christianity, and the God of the second as an idle, maundering fancy. It has, however, an object of adoration of its own, which it declares, like St. Paul, as the reality ignorantly worshipped by the others. Its declaration, however, unlike St. Paul's, is necessarily of extreme brevity, for this Unknown God is nothing else than the Unknowable. It is the philosopher's *substance* of the universe underlying phenomena; and it raises our lives somehow by making us feel our ignorance of it. These three sects we may call Unitarians, Deists, and Pantheists. There is a fourth which considers them all three ridiculous; but the third, with its Unknowable, the most ridiculous of all. This fourth sect has also its God, which is best described by saying that it differs from the Unknowable in being known in one particular way. It is revealed in a general tendency, discoverable in human affairs, which, taking one thousand years with another, is alleged on the whole to make for righteousness or for progress. The individual man is not made in God's image; but the fortunes or the misfortunes of a sufficient number of men are something still better—they are the manifestations of God himself. Lastly, we have a fifth sect, nearest akin to the fourth, but differing from it and from all the others in one important particular. It rids itself of any idea of God altogether, as a complete superfluity. An object of adoration, like all the others, it has; and, like the fourth, it finds this object in the tendencies of human history. But why, it asks, should we call them the manifestations of God? Why wander off to anything so completely beside the point? They are not the manifestations of God. It is obvious what they are; they are the manifestations of Humanity. We have here, under our noses, in a visible and tangible form, the true object of all these sublime emotions, those hours of comforting contemplation, which men have been offering in vain to the acceptance

of all the infinities in rotation. The object which we have scoured the universe and ransacked our fancies to find, has all the while been actually in contact with ourselves, and we ourselves have been actually integral parts of it.

Here, then, classified with sufficient accuracy, are the principal forms of religion, which those who reject Christianity are now offering the world, in the name of science, as substitutes. Now the great fact which I wish to point out is this: however much the four first differ from one another and from the last, yet the main tenets of the last form an integral part of all. The worshippers of Humanity base their worship of it on certain beliefs as to evolution and progress, which give to human events some collective and coherent meaning. Every one of the other sects, let it worship what it will, bases its worship on precisely the same foundation. The Scientific Theists, denying both a future life and a revelation, and yet maintaining that God has moral relations with man, and that a man's personal pleasure is the least thing a man lives for, can explain such a doctrine only by affirming a social progress which enlarges the purposes of the individual and exhibits the purpose of God. The religion of the Unknowable is obviously but the religion of Humanity, with the Unknowable placed under it, like the body of a violoncello, in the hope of producing a deeper moral vibration; and of every form of scientific theism we may say the same with equal even if not with such obvious truth. I do not suppose that anybody will dispute this, otherwise I should dwell on it longer, so as to place it beyond a doubt. I will take it then for admitted that in all scientific religions, in all our modern religions that deny a future life and a revelation, the religion of Humanity is an essential, is indeed the main ingredient. Let us now consider with a little more exactness what, as a series of propositions, this religion of Humanity is.

Every religious doctrine has some idea at the bottom of it far simpler than the propositions in which alone it can be stated logically. Let us see what is the idea at the bottom of the religious doctrine of Humanity. It appeals to us most forcibly perhaps under its negative

aspect. Under that aspect we may seize it completely, thus. Let us take Shakespeare's lines—

"Life is a tale,
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Let us realize fully all that these lines mean. The idea in question is a protest against that meaning.

In this form, however, there is nothing scientific about it. It is merely the protest of an individual based on his own emotions, and any other individual may with equal force contradict it. To make it scientific it must be transferred to a different basis—from the subjective experience of the individual to the objective history of the race. The value to each man of his own personal lot depends entirely on what each man thinks it is. No one else can observe it; therefore no one else can dispute about it. But the lot of the race at large is open to the observation of all. It is obvious to all that this lot is always changing, and the nature of these changes, whether they have any meaning in them or none, is not a matter of opinion, but of facts and inductions from facts. The religious doctrine of Humanity asserts that they have a meaning. It asserts that they follow a certain rational order, and that whether or no they are related to the purposes of any God, they have a constant and a definite relation to ourselves. It asserts that, taken as a whole, they have been, are, and will be, always working together—though it may be very slowly—to improve the kind of happiness possible for the human being, and to increase the numbers by whom such happiness will be enjoyed.

Here, put in its logical and categorical form, is the primary doctrine common to all our scientific religions. The instant, however, it is thus expressed, another proposition, through a process of logical chemistry, adheres to it and becomes part of its structure. This proposition relates not to the tendencies of the race, but to the constitution of the average individual character. It asserts, and very truly, that a natural element in that character is sympathy; but it asserts more than this. It asserts that sympathy, even as it exists now, is a feeling far stronger and wider than has

usually been supposed; that it is capable, even now, when once the idea of progress has been apprehended, of making the fortunes of the race a part of the fortunes of the individual, and inspiring the individual to work for the progress in which he shares; and it asserts that, strong as sympathy is now, it will acquire, as time goes on, a strength incalculably greater.

These two propositions united may be summed up thus. The Human Race as a whole is a progressive and improving organism; and the conscience, on the part of the individual that such is the case, will be the principal cause of its continued progress in the future, and will make the individual a devoted and happy partaker of it.

Here is the religion of Humanity reduced to its simplest elements. I have called it the religion of Humanity because the name is now familiar, and may help to show the reader what it is I am talking about. But having used it thus far, I shall now beg leave to change it, and instead of the religion of Humanity I shall speak of the creed of Optimism. For my present purpose it is a great deal clearer. A religion is a creed touched with emotion; a creed is nothing but a dry series of propositions. My present purpose is simply to examine two dry propositions, and I will put all questions of emotion as far as possible into the background. I am aware that the word Optimism is sometimes used with a meaning which many devotees of the religion of Humanity would repudiate. George Eliot, for instance, declared she was not an Optimist. Things were not for the best, she said; but they were always tending to get better. She accordingly said that she would sooner describe herself as a Meliorist. Nobody again lays greater or more solemn weight on the doctrine of progress than does Mr. John Morley; and yet nobody would more bitterly ridicule the doctrines of Dr. Pangloss. But in spite of the sober and even sombre view which such thinkers take of the human lot, they still believe that it holds some distinct and august meaning, that the tides of affairs, however troubled, do not eddy aimlessly, and do not flow toward the darkness, but keep due on toward the light, however distant. They believe, in short,

that the human lot has something in it, which makes it, in the eyes of all who can see clearly, a thing to be acquiesced in not merely with resignation, but devoutness. The soberest adherents of the religion of Humanity admit as much as this ; and no violence is done to the meaning, or even to the associations of the word, if all who admit thus much, from the most to the least sanguine, are classed together under the common name of Optimists.

And now having seen what Optimism is, let us before going farther, make ourselves quite clear as to what results on life its exponents claim for it. They do not claim for it, as has been sometimes claimed for Christianity, that it is the foundation of the moral code. Our modern Optimists, without a single exception, hold the foundations of the moral code to be social. According to their theory, all its cardinal precepts have been the results not of belief, but of experience, and simply represent the conditions essential to social union. Belief, in certain important ways, may modify them ; but it neither created them nor can substantially change them. Christianity, for instance, has put chastity on a pedestal, but it was not Christianity that made adultery a crime, nor would the completest atheism enable us to construct a society which could live and thrive without some sexual discipline. This is the view taken by modern science, and we may all accept it, as far as it goes, for true. Since then the propositions which compose the creed of Optimism are not propositions from which the moral code is deduced, what moral result is supposed to spring from an assent to them ? The result is supposed to be this—not any new assent to the reasonableness of that code, but a new heart in obeying it. In other words, the end of moral conduct being the welfare of society, our assent to the creed of Optimism makes that welfare incalculably nearer and dearer to us than it would be otherwise, and converts a mere avoidance of such overt acts as would injure it into a willing, a constant, an eager effort to promote it. This is what Optimism, when assented to, and acting on the emotions, claims to do for conduct ; and indeed it is no slight thing. It is a thing that makes

all the difference between the life of a race of brutes, and the life of a race with something which we have hitherto called divine in it. For those who deny any other life but the present, what Optimism announces is practically the re-creation of the soul, and our redemption from the death of an existence merely selfish and animal. Optimism announces this, and of all scientific creeds it alone pretends to do so ; and if its propositions are true, there are plausible grounds for arguing that a genuine religion of the kind described will result from it.

And now we come to the question which I propose to ask—*Are* its propositions true ? Or are we certain that they are true ? And if we are certain, on what kinds of evidence do we base our certainty ? We have already got them into condition to be submitted to this inquiry. We have stripped them, so to speak, for the operation. There they stand, two naked propositions, whose sole claim to our acceptance is that they are scientific truths, that they are genuine inductions from carefully observed facts, that they have been reached legitimately by the daylight of reason, that prejudice and emotion have had nothing to do with the matter ; that they stand, in short, on precisely the same footing as any accepted generalization of physics or physiology. One of them, as we have seen, is a proposition relating to the changes of human history ; the other is a proposition relating to the sympathetic capacity of the individual.

I propose to show that the first is not as yet a legitimate generalization at all ; that the facts of the case as at present known, not only are insufficient, but point in two opposite ways, that the certainty with which the proposition is held by our scientific instructors is demonstrably due to some source quite other than scientific evidence, and finally, that even if, in any sense, the proposition should be found true, the truth would be found inadequate to the expectations based on it.

This is what I propose to show with regard to the proposition asserting progress. With regard to the proposition that deals with human sympathy, I propose to show that it is less scientific still

that while here and there an isolated fact, imperfectly apprehended, may suggest it, the great mass of facts absolutely and hopelessly contradict it, and furthermore, that even granting its truth, its truth would cut both ways, and annihilate the conclusions it supported.

This last proposition we will consider first. Let us repeat it in set terms. It asserts that the sympathetic feelings of the average man are sufficiently strong and comprehensive to make the alleged progress of the human race a source of appreciable and constant satisfaction to himself. And the satisfaction in question is no mere pensive sentiment, no occasional sunbeam gilding an hour of idleness; but it is a feeling so robust and strong that it cannot only hold its own among our ordinary joys and sorrows, but actually impart its own color to both. It will also, as progress continues, increase in strength and in importance.

Now in considering if this is true, let us grant all that can be granted; let us grant, for argument's sake, that progress is an acknowledged reality—that human history, if regarded in a way sufficiently comprehensive, shows us, written across it in gigantic characters, some record of general and still continuing improvement. Are our characters such that the knowledge of this fact will really cause us any flow of spirits sufficiently vivid to take rank among our personal joys, and to buoy us up in personal despondency and sorrow? Or again, are they such that this general improvement of the race will be an object nearer our hearts than our own private prosperity, and will really incite us to sacrifice our strength and our pleasures to its promotion? To these questions there are two answers, which I shall give separately.

The first answer is, that from one point of view they are simply questions of degree. For instance, supposing it were suddenly made known to all of us, that some extraordinary amelioration in the human lot would, owing to certain causes, accomplish itself during the next ten days, the whole race would probably experience a sense of overmastering joy, through which ordinary sorrows and annoyances would hardly make themselves felt. Or again, should it be known that this glorious piece of progress were con-

tingent on every one making some specified effort, we may safely say that for the time very few men would be idle. And again, should it be known that by indulgence in personal passion the results of this progress would be grievously and visibly diminished, for ten days, doubtless, self-restraint would be general. But in proportion as we suppose the rate of the progress to be slower, and the importance to the result of each separate act to be less, our satisfaction in the one and our anxiety about the other would dwindle, till the former would be perceptible only in the hush of all other emotions; and the latter, as affecting action, would cease to be perceptible at all.

To convince ourselves that such is the law which this feeling would follow, we have only to look at the commonest experiences of life; for the sympathy with general progress of which we are alleged to be capable, is not supposed to have anything miraculous about it, but to be simply a particular application of a faculty in daily exercise. Now an ordinary man is delighted if some great good fortune happens to some other who is very near and dear to him—if his son or his daughter or his brother, for instance, marries well and happily; but if the same good fortune happens to some unknown connection, his delight is at best of a very lukewarm kind; while if he hears of a happy marriage in Germany, it is nonsense to pretend that he is really delighted at all. Again, if he reads in the *Times* of an accident to a train in America, he says it is shocking, and goes on with his breakfast; but if a telegram comes to inform him that his son was among the passengers, he at once is in torture till he learns if his son is safe. So too with regard to conduct, the consequences to be expected from any given act will influence his choice or his avoidance of it in proportion to their nearness or their remoteness, to their certainty or their uncertainty, to the clearness with which he is able to grasp them, and also to their objective magnitude relative to the amount of effort required from himself in doing the act or in abstaining from it. This is evident in cases where the consequences are consequences to the doer. A reward to be given in ten years time stimulates no one as much

as a reward to be given to-morrow ; nor does a fit of the gout hovering dimly in the future keep the hand from the bottle like a twinge already threatening. Again, if the ill-consequences of an act otherwise pleasant have in them the smallest uncertainty, a numerous class is always ready to risk them ; and as the uncertainty becomes greater, this class increases. All intemperance, all gambling, all extravagance, all sports such as cricket and hunting, and the very possibility of a soldier's life as a profession, depend on this fact. Few men would enlist if they knew that they would be shot in a twelvemonth ; few men would go hunting if they knew they would come home on a stretcher. And what is true of men's acts regarded as affecting themselves, is equally true of them regarded as affecting others. Sympathy follows the same laws as selfishness. Supposing a young man knew that if he did a certain action his mother would instantly hear of it and die of grief in consequence, he would be a young man of very exceptional badness if this knowledge were not a violent check on him. But suppose the act were only one of a series, making his general conduct only a little worse, and suppose that the chance of his mother's hearing of it were slight, and that it would, if she did hear of it, cost her only one extra sigh, the check so strong in the first case would in this be extremely feeble. Here again is a point more important still. In the case of any act, regarded as affecting others, which involves effort or sacrifice, the motive to perform it depends for its strength or weakness on the proportion between the amount of the sacrifice and the amount of good to be achieved by it. A man may be willing to die to save his wife's honor, but he will hardly be willing to do so to save her new ball-dress, even though she herself thinks the latter of most value. A man would deny himself one truffle to keep a hundred men from starving, but he would not himself starve to give a hundred men one truffle. The effort is immense on one side, the result infinitesimal on the other, and sympathy does nothing to alter the unequal balance. Lastly, results to others, as apprehended by sympathy, even when not small themselves, are made small by distance. No

man thinks so much of what will happen to his great-grandchildren as he does of what will happen to his children ; nor would it be easy to raise money for building a hospital which would not be finished for fifteen hundred years. Sympathy then with other people, or with any cause or any object affecting them, influences our actions in proportion as the people are near to us, or as the objects are large, distinct, or important ; whence it follows that to produce a given strength of motive, the more distant an object is the larger and more distinct it must be.

And now let us turn again to the progress of the human race ; and supposing it to be a fact, and accepting it as described by its prophets, let us consider how far our sympathies are really likely to be affected by it. Is it quick enough ? Is it distinct enough ? Is there a reasonable proportion between the efforts demanded from us on its behalf, and the results to be anticipated from these efforts ? And how far, in each individual case, are the results certain or doubtful ?

Now one of the first things which our scientific Optimists impress on us is, that this progress is extremely slow. Before it has brought the general lot to a condition which in itself is even approximately satisfactory, "immeasurable geologic periods of time," Mr. Morley tells us, will have to intervene ; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in this Review, a month or two since, warned us not to be in a hurry. He is far more sanguine indeed than Mr. Morley ; but even he thinks that we must wait for three thousand years, before the results of Progress begin to be worth talking about. Now, "to a practical man," says Mr. Harrison, "three thousand years is an eternity." I quite agree with him ; to a practical man it is ; and thus, whether his calculations are accepted, or Mr. Morley's, our own efforts on behalf of the general welfare are divided by a practical eternity from their first appreciable fruits. Now since Mr. Harrison refers us to practical men, let us try to imagine, guided by our common experience, how the knowledge that this kind of progress was a reality, would be likely to affect the practical men we know. Let us first think how it would

affect their feelings; and then how, through their feelings, it would affect their actions. The two questions are separate, and involve different sets of considerations.

To begin then with the question of mere feeling. If we wish to form some conjecture as to how men are likely to feel about the things of the remote future, we cannot do better than resort to a test which is suggested to us by the Optimists themselves, and consider how men feel about the things of the remote past. Of course, as we may see in the case of a man's own life, the feelings excited by the past differ in kind from those excited by the future; but the intensity of the one, we may say with confidence, is a fair measure of the intensity of the other. If a man who has caused himself suffering by his own acts, forgets that suffering the first moment it is over, he is not likely to trouble himself about the possibility of its repetition. And the same thing will hold good as to our feeling for past and future generations. Events that are going to happen three thousand years hence will hardly be more to us than events which happened three thousand years ago. Now what man in any practical sense cares anything about what happened three thousand years ago? To re-people the cities and temples of the past—Memphis, and Thebes, and Babylon—to see at the call of the imagination the earth give up her dead, and buried generations come and go before us, is no doubt an occupation that many of us find fascinating. But the pleasure of watching these *ἀμνηστὰ κάρηνα* has nothing akin to any personal interest in them. Neither, again, has the interest taken in them by the historian. Were we to learn to-day for the first time that all the plagues of Egypt had been repeated ten times over, or that a million slaves had been tortured by Pharaoh Necho, nobody's spirits would be in the least damped by the intelligence. The strongest feelings producible by the longest contemplation of the greatest triumphs and the greatest misfortunes of antiquity are mere phantoms, mere wraiths, mere reflections of the reflections of shadows, when compared with the annoyance producible by a smoky chimney. Supposing we were to dis-

cover that three thousand years ago there was a perfectly happy and a perfectly civilized society, the conditions of which were still perfectly plain to us, the discovery no doubt would be intensely interesting if it afforded us any model that we could ourselves imitate. But our interest would be centred in the thought not that other people had been happy, but that we, or that our children, were going to be. The two feelings are totally different. Supposing we were to discover on some Egyptian papyrus a receipt for making a certain delicious tart, the pleasure we might take in eating the tart ourselves would have nothing to do with any gratification at the pleasure it gave Sesostris. The conclusion, then, that we may draw from our obvious apathy as to the happiness of our remote ancestors is that we are really equally apathetic as to the happiness of our remote descendants. As the past ceases to be remote—as it becomes more and more recent, some faint pulsations of sympathy begin to stir in us; when we get to the lives of our grandfathers the feeling may be quite recognizable; when we get to the lives of our fathers, it may be strong. This is true; and the same thing holds good as to the future. We may feel strongly about the lives of our children, more weakly about the lives of our grandchildren, and then presently we cease to have any feeling at all. Were we promised that progress in the future would be quicker than progress in the past, the case would change in proportion to this promised quickness; but this is precisely what we are not promised.

I said that this appeal to the past was suggested by the Optimists themselves. The feelings indeed which they dwell upon as producible are somewhat different from those on which I have just commented. But they are less to the point as indicating the possibility of any sympathy with the future, and are seen when analyzed to be even more fantastic. What the Optimist tells us that we ought to feel, can feel, and if we do but think over things, must feel, is not so much gladness or sorrow at our ancestors having been happy or unhappy, as gratitude toward them, for the happiness that their efforts have secured for us. Now the efforts of our ancestors

have secured us a great number of things ; if they have secured us our happiness they have secured us also our afflictions. If we owe to them our present medical skill, we also owe to them consumption, and gout, and scrofula. Our gratitude therefore is to be of a somewhat eclectic character. Its object is not the whole of our ancestors, but only that proportion of them whose lives have been beneficial to us. But we can never know accurately what that proportion is. It is an undistinguished part of a dimly apprehended whole. How are we to be grateful to a shadowy abstraction like this? Mr. Harrison might tell us, and he actually does tell us, that we know our ancestral benefactors through certain illustrious specimens of them—"poets, artists, thinkers, teachers, rulers, discoverers;" indeed, he says that the worshipping gratitude in question "is felt in its most definite mode when we enter into communion" with such great men as these. This no doubt makes the idea clearer; but it only does so to make its absurdity clearer also. Some great men have done good to posterity—good which we feel now; but many have done evil; and there are wide differences of opinion as to which of them has done what. Is Frederick the Great, for instance, to be the object of worshipping gratitude, or of aversion? Are we to enter into communion with him, or avoid him? Or supposing all such doubts as these to be settled, and the calendar of the saints of progress to be edited to the satisfaction of us all, there are difficulties still greater behind. Many men whose actions have been undoubtedly beneficial, have been personally of exceedingly doubtful character; the good they have done to posterity has been in many cases unforeseen and unintended by themselves; or even if they have foreseen it, love of posterity has not been their motive in doing it. Who, for instance, feels any worshipping gratitude to Lord Bacon? We may admire his genius, or may recognize his services; but benefit to us was not his object in producing them, and therefore our gratitude is not their recompense. It is as irrational to be grateful for an unintended benefit, as it is to be angry for an unintended injury. Of course we have some feeling about such great

men. It is shown in its strongest form in the people we call hero-worshippers. But the feeling of the hero-worshipper is the very reverse of the vicarious feeling for humanity postulated by our Optimists. The hero-worshipper admires his heroes because they differ from the rest of mankind, not because they resemble and represent them. Even could we imagine that one or two great men actually foresaw our existence, and toiled for us with a prophetic love, we cannot imagine this of the great masses of our predecessors. So far as they are concerned, we are the accidental inheritors of goods which they laid up for themselves; and if there is any reason to praise them for what they have done well, there is equal reason to grumble at them for not having done it better.

If these reflections do not appear conclusive, let us turn from our ancestral benefactors, to our remote contemporary benefactors. Our attitude toward them will enlighten us somewhat further. To some of the remotest of our contemporaries we owe some of our homeliest comforts. To take one instance out of many, we owe tea to the Chinese. Now does any English tea-drinker feel any worshipping gratitude toward the Chinese? We care for them as little as they care for us; and if we learned to-morrow that the whole Chinese race was a myth, it is doubtful if one of us would eat a worse dinner for the news. If we feel so little about remote benefactors who are living, we shall hardly feel more about remote benefactors who are dead; and we shall feel less about remote recipients of benefits, who will not be born for an eternity.

To sum up, then, what experience teaches us as the extent to which an idea like that of human progress, moving imperceptibly to a goal incalculably distant, is able to affect the feelings of the ordinary individual, we must say that there is no evidence of any sort or kind that for practical purposes it is able to affect them at all.

And now let us pass on from this consideration to another. The emotions required by the Optimist we have shown to be not possible. Let us now consider how, supposing they were possible, they would be likely to influence action. We shall see that their influence, at the best,

would be necessarily very feeble ; and that it would be enfeebled by the very conditions which we mainly counted on to strengthen it. Supposing the human race could last only another two years, even Mr. Harrison would admit that we might well be indifferent about improving it, and feel sad rather than elated at its destiny. As it is, Mr. Harrison, though he cannot say that it is eternal, yet promises it a duration which is an eternity for all practical purposes ; and he conceives that in doing this he is investing it with interest and with dignity. He thinks that, within limits, the longer the race lasts, the more worthy of our service it will seem to our enlightened reason. One of the most solemn reflections which he presses on our hearts is this, that the consequences of each one of our lives will continue *ad infinitum*.

Now, from one point of view Mr. Harrison is perfectly right. Granting that we believe in progress, and that our feelings are naturally affected by it, among the chief elements in it which cause it thus to affect them will be its practical eternity—its august magnitude. But the moment we put these feelings, as it were, into harness, and ask them to produce for us action and self-sacrifice, we shall find that the very elements which have excited the wish to act have an equal tendency to enervate the will. We shall find that, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, they are "equivocators." They "provoke the desire, but take away the performance." For the longer the period we assign to the duration of the human race and of progress, the mightier the proportions of the cause we are asked to work for, the smaller will be the result of our efforts in proportion to the great whole ; less and less would each additional effort be missed. If the consequences of our lives ceased two years after our death, the power of these consequences, it is admitted, would be slight either as a deterrent or a stimulant. Mr. Harrison thinks that they will gain force, through our knowledge that they will last *ad infinitum*. But he quite forgets the other side of the question, that the longer they last they are a constantly diminishing quantity, ever less and less appreciable by any single human being, and that we can only think

of them as infinite at the expense of thinking of them as infinitesimal.

Now, as I pointed out before, it is a rule of human conduct that there must to produce an act be some equality between the effort and the expected result ; but in the case of any effort expended for the sake of general progress there is no equality at all. And not only is there no equality, but there is no certain connection. The best-meant efforts may do harm instead of good ; and if good will be really done by them, it is impossible to realize what good. How many workmen of the present day would refuse an annuity of two hundred a year, on the chance that by doing so they might raise the rate of wages 1 per cent. in the course of three thousand years ? But why talk of three thousand years ? Our care, as a matter of fact, does not extend three hundred. Do we any of us deny ourselves a single scuttle of coals, so as to make our coal-fields last for one more unknown generation ? It is perfectly plain we do not. The utter inefficacy of the motives supplied by devotion to progress, for its own sake, may at once be realized by comparing them with the motives supplied by devotion to it for the sake of Christianity. The least thing that the Christian does to others he does to Christ. However slight the result, Christ judges it by the effort and the intention ; a single mite may be valued by him as much as a thousand pounds ; and however far away from us may be the human beings we benefit, Christ, who is served through them, is near. But the naked doctrine of progress has no idea in it at all analogous to this idea of Christ. Compared with Christianity it is like an optical instrument with some essential lens wanting. Christianity made our infinitesimal influence infinite ; scientific Optimism makes our infinite influence infinitesimal.

But perhaps it will be said that the idea of general progress is not supposed to move and stimulate us directly, but is embodied for each one of us in some homely and definite service which we can do to those about us ; and that we do not do such service for the love of the race in general, but rise to the general love through doing the particular services. The answer to this is obvious.

If this is all that is claimed for the idea of progress, all claim for it that it influences action is abandoned. It does not tend to make men energetic, philanthropic, and useful who are not so naturally. Such men it leaves exactly as it finds them—the selfish, selfish still, and the filthy, filthy still. It affects those only who act well independently of it; and all that it can be supposed to do for these is not to make them choose a particular line of conduct, but to give them a new excuse for being pleased with themselves at having chosen it. This brings us back to the question of mere feeling; and the feeling supposed to be produced by the idea of progress, we have already seen to be a mere fancy and illusion. As I have taken special care to point out, nobody claims for Optimism that it supplies us with a rule of right. That is supplied by social science and experience. What is claimed for it is, that it gives us new motives for obeying this rule, and a feeling of blessedness in the thought that it is being obeyed. We have now seen that in no appreciable way has it any tendency to give us either.

All this while we have been supposing that progress *was* a reality, and inquiring if it will excite certain feelings. Let us now reverse our suppositions. Let us suppose the admittedly real thing to be our capacity for the feelings, and inquire what grounds there are for believing in the progress which is to excite them. Of course the question is not one which can be argued out in a page or two; but we can take stock in a general way of what the arguments are. The first feature that strikes us in human history is change. Do these changes follow any intelligible order? If so, to what extent do they follow it? And is it an order which can afford us any rational satisfaction? Now that they follow some intelligible order to some extent is perfectly undeniable. The advance of certain races from savagery to civilization, and from a civilization that is simple to a civilization that is complex, is a fact staring all of us in the face; and with regard to certain stages of this advance, few people will seriously deny that it has been satisfactory. It is true that, putting aside all theological views of man, certain races of savages have in

all probability been the happiest human animals that ever existed; still if we consider the earliest condition of the races that have become civilized, we may no doubt say that up to a certain point the advance of civilization made life a better thing for them. But is it equally plain that after a certain point has been past, the continuance of the advance has had the same sort of result? The inhabitants of France under Henri IV. may have been a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Clovis; but were its inhabitants under Louis XVI. a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Henri IV.? Again, if civilizations rise, civilizations also fall. Is it certain that the new civilizations which in time succeed the old bring the human lot to a veritably higher level? To answer these questions, or even to realize what these questions are, we must brand into our consciousness many considerations which, though when we think of them they are truisms, we too often forget to think of. To begin, then: Progress for those who deny a God and a future life, means nothing, and can mean nothing but such changes as may make men happier; and this meaning again further unfolds itself into a reference first to the intensity of the happiness; secondly, to the numbers who partake in it. Thus, what is commonly called a superior civilization need not, after a certain step, indicate any real progress. It may even be a disguise of retrogression. It seems, for instance, hardly doubtful that in England the condition of the masses some fifty years ago was worse than it had been a hundred years before. The factory system during its earlier stages of development, though a main element in the most rapid advances of civilization ever known to the world, did certainly not add for the time to the sum total of happiness. The mere fact that it did not do so for the time is in itself no proof that it may not have done so since; but it is a proof that the most startling advances in science, and the mastery over nature that has come of them, need not necessarily be things which in their immediate results can give any satisfaction to the well-wishers of the race at large. But we may say more than this. Not only need material civilization indicate no progress in the

lot of the race at large, but it may well be doubted if it really adds to the happiness of that part of the race who receive the fullest fruits of it. It is difficult in one sense to deny that express trains and Cunard steamships are improvements on mail coaches or wretched little sailing boats like the *Mayflower*. But are the public in trains happier than the public who went in coaches? Is there more peace or hope in the hearts of the men who go from New York to Liverpool in six days than there was in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers? No doubt we who have been brought up among modern appliances should be made miserable for the time if they were suddenly taken away from us. But to say this is a very different thing from saying that we are happier with them than we should have been if we had never had them. A man would be miserable who, being fat and fifty, had to button himself into the waistcoat which he wore when he had a waist and was nineteen. But this does not prove that a large-sized waistcoat makes his middle age a happier time than his youth. Advancing civilization creates wants, and it supplies wants; it creates habits and it ministers to habits; but it is not always exhilarating us with fresh surprises of pleasure. Suppose, however, we grant that up to a certain point the increase of material wants, together with the means of meeting them, does add to happiness, it is perfectly evident that there is a point where this result ceases. A workman who dines daily off beef-steak and beer may be happier than one whose dinner is water and black bread; but a man whose dinner is ten different dishes need not be happier than the man who puts up with four. There is a certain point, therefore, not an absolute point, but a relative point, beyond which advances in material civilization are not progress any longer—not even supposing all classes to have a proportionate share in it. Accordingly the fact that inventions multiply, that commerce extends, that distances are annihilated, that country gentlemen have big battues, that farmers keep fine hunters, that their daughters despise butter-making, and that even agricultural laborers have pink window-blinds, is not in itself any proof of general progress. Progress is a ten-

dency not to an extreme, but to a mean.

Let us now pass to another class of facts, generally held to show that progress is a reality, namely the great men that civilization has produced. Let us, for instance, take a Shakespeare, or a Newton, or a Goethe, and compare them with the Britons and the Germans of the time of Tacitus. Do we not see an image of progress there? To this argument there is more than one answer. It is an argument that points to something, but does not point to so much as those who use it might suppose. No doubt a man like Newton would be an impossibility in an age of barbarism; we may give to civilization the whole credit of producing him, and admit that he is an incalculable advance on the shrewdest of unlettered savages. But though we find that civilizations produce greater men than barbarism we do not find that the modern civilizations produce greater men than the ancient. Were they all to meet in the Elysian Fields Newton would probably not find Euclid his inferior, nor would Thucydides show like a dwarf by Professor Freeman. Further, not only do the limits of exceptional greatness show no tendency to expand, but the existence, at any point, of exceptionally great men is no sure indication of any answering elevation among the masses, any more than the existence of exceptionally rich men is a sure indication that the masses are not poor. The intellectual superiority of Columbus to the American savages was, unfortunately, no sign that his followers were not in many ways inferior to them.

What, then, is the evidence that progress, in the sense of an increasing happiness for an increasing number, is really a continuous movement running through all the changes of history? It cannot be said that there are no facts which suggest such a conclusion, but they are absurdly insufficient in number, and they are balanced by others equally weighty, and of quite an opposite character. Isolated periods, isolated institutions, do indeed very strikingly exhibit the movement in question. One of the most remarkable instances of it is the development of the Church of Rome, looked at from the Catholic stand-point. Again, we constantly find periods in a

nation's history during which the national happiness has demonstrably moved onward. Few of the phenomena on which the faith in progress rests have given to that faith such a violent stimulus as the rapid movement observable in such periods. A case in point is the immense and undoubted improvement which during the past forty years has taken place in the condition of the working classes in England; and no doubt, in spite of the ruinous price paid for it, France purchased by the Revolution an improvement not dissimilar. But these movements are capable of an interpretation very different from that which our sanguine Optimists put on them. They resemble a cure from an exceptional disease rather than any strengthening of the normal health. The French Revolution has been thought by many to have been a chopping up of society and a boiling of it in Medea's caldron, from whence it should issue forth born into a new existence. In reality it resembled an ill-performed surgical operation, which may possibly have saved the nation's life, but has shattered its nerves and disfigured it till this day. While as for ordinary democratic reforms—and this is plainest with regard to those which have been most really needed—their utmost effect has been to cure a temporary pain, not to add a permanent pleasure. They have been pills, they have not been elixirs.*

The most authenticated cases, then, which we have of any genuine progress are to all appearance mere accidents and episodes. They are not analogous to a man progressing, but to a tethered animal which has slipped getting up on its legs again. As to the larger movements which form the main features of history, such as the rise of the Roman Empire, these movements, like waves, are always observed to spend themselves; and it is impossible to prove, without some aid from theology, that the new waves which have shaped themselves out of the sub-

sided waters, are larger, higher, or more important than the last. This is true even of the parts of such movements as history principally records; but of the part, which for our modern Optimists is the most important—which is, indeed, the only important part for them, history can hardly be said to have left any general record at all. The important part of such movements is their relation to the happiness of the masses. Does any one pretend that we have any materials for tracing through the historic ages the fluctuations in the lot of the unnamed multitudes? Here and there some riot, some servile war, or some Jacquerie, shows us that at a certain period the masses in some special district were miserable, and we can trace through other periods some legal amelioration of their lot. But taking the historic periods of the world as a whole, the history of the happiness or the misery of the majority is a book of which everything has perished except some scattered fragments, the gaps between which can be only filled up by conjecture, in many cases not even by that; which fail to suggest in any serious way that the happiness of the multitudes concerned has followed any intelligible order, and which certainly negatives the supposition that there has been any continuous advance in it. Mr. Harrison says that in three thousand years progress should at least be appreciable to the naked eye. Will Mr. Harrison, or any one else, maintain as scientifically demonstrated, that the children whipped to their work in our earlier English factories were happier than the Egyptian brick-makers among the melons and the flesh-pots?

There is, however, another hypothesis possible, which may give the doctrine of progress a more scientific character. It may be said that though the changes of history hitherto have been seemingly vague and meaningless, they have been really preparatory for a movement which is about to begin now. Telegraphs, ocean steamers, express trains, and printing-presses have, it may be admitted, done little for the general happiness as yet; their importance may have been slight if we regard them as mere luxuries; but all this while they have been knitting the races of men together; they

* The causes of material or national advance will be probably recognized in time as being mainly, though not entirely, due to the personal ambitions of a gifted and vigorous minority; and the processes which are now regarded as signs of a universal progress, are constant cures, or attempts at cures of the evils or maladjustments, which are at first incident to any important change.

have been making the oneness of Humanity a visible and accomplished fact ; and very soon we shall all of us start in company on a march toward the higher things that the future has in store for us. What shall we say to some idea of this sort—that progress is a certainty henceforward, though it may have been doubtful hitherto ? The idea is a pleasant one for the fancy to dwell upon, and it is easy to see how it may have been suggested by facts. But facts certainly give us no assurance that it is true ; they do but suggest it, as a cloud may suggest a whale. It is no doubt easier to conceive the possibility of a general onward movement in the future than it is to conceive that of it as a reality in the past. Indeed no one can demonstrate that it will not actually take place. All I wish to point out is that there is no certainty that it will ; and not only no certainty, but no balance of probability. The existing civilization, which some think so stable, and which seems, as I have said, to be uniting us into one community, contains in itself many elements of decay or of self-destruction. In spite of the way in which the Western races seem to have covered the globe with the network of their power and commerce, they are outnumbered at this day in a proportion of more than two to one, by the vast nations who are utterly impervious to their influence—impervious to their ideas, and indifferent to their aspirations. What scientific estimate then can be made of the influence on the future of the Mohammedan and Buddhist populations, to say nothing of the others equally alien to our civilization, who alone outnumber the entire brotherhood of the West ? Who can forecast—to take a single instance—the part which may in the future be played by China ? And again, who can forecast the effects of over-population ? And who can fail to foresee that they may be far-reaching and terrible ? How, in the face of disturbing elements like these, can the future of progress be anything more than a guess, a hope, an opinion, a poetic fancy ? At all events, whatever it is, it is certainly not science.

Let us, however, suppose that it is science. Let us suppose that we have full and sufficient evidence to convince us of the reality and continuance of a move-

ment, slow indeed as its exponents admit it to be, but evidently in the direction of some happy consummation in the future. Now what, let us ask, will this consummation be ? It is put before us by the creed of Optimism as the ultimate justification of all our hope and enthusiasm, and, as Mr. Morley says, of our "provisional acquiescence" in the existing sorrows of the world. Does any one, then, profess to be able to describe it exactly to us ? To ask this is no idle question. Its importance can be proved by reference to Mr. Harrison himself. He says that if a consummation in heaven is to have the least real influence over us, it is "not enough to talk of it in general terms." "The all-important point," he proceeds, "is what kind of heaven ? Is it a heaven of seraphic beatitude and unending hallelujahs as imagined by Dante and Milton, or a life of active exertion ? And if of active exertion (and what can life mean without exertion ?) of what kind of exertion ?" Now with regard to heaven it would be perfectly easy to show that this demand for exact knowledge is unreasonable and unnecessary ; for part of the attraction of the alleged beatitude of heaven consists in the belief that it passes our finite understanding, that we can only dimly augur it, and that we shall be changed before we are admitted to it. But with regard to any blessed consummation on the earth, such details as Mr. Harrison asks for are absolutely indispensable. Our Optimists tell us that, on the expiration of a practical eternity, there will be the beginnings at any rate of a blessed and glorious change in the human lot. In Mr. Harrison's words, I say, What kind of change ? Will it be a change tending to make life a round of idle luxury, or a course of active exertion ? And if of active exertion, of what kind of exertion ? Will it be practical or speculative ? Will it be discovering new stars, or making new dyes out of coal tar ? No one can tell us.

On one point no doubt we should find a consensus of opinion ; but this point would be negative, not positive. We should be told that poverty, overwork, most forms of sickness, and acute pain would be absent ; and surely it may be said that this is a consummation fit to be striven for. No doubt it is ; but from

the Optimist's point of view, this admission does absolutely nothing to help us. The problem is to construct a life of superlative happiness ; and to eliminate physical suffering is merely to place us on the naked threshold of our enterprise. Suppose I see in the street one day some poor orphan girl, utterly desolate, and crying as if her heart would break. That girl is certainly not happy. Let us suppose I see the same girl next day, equally desolate, but distracted by an excruciating toothache. I could not restore her parents to her, but I can, we will say, cure her toothache, and I do. I ease her of a terrible pain. I cause her unutterable relief ; and no doubt in doing so I myself feel happy ; but as to the orphan all I do is this—I restore her to her original misery. And so far as the mere process of stamping out pain is concerned, there is nothing to show that it might not leave life in no better position than that of an orphan cured of a toothache. Indeed, if we may trust the suggestion thrown out by optimistic writers, it would not, even so far as it went, be an unmixed good. These writers have often hinted that pain and trouble probably deepen our pleasures ; so if pain and trouble were ever done away with, the positive blessings of life might, on their own showing, be not heightened but degraded.

Again, let us approach the question from another side ; and instead of regarding progress as an extinction of pain, let us regard it as the equitable distribution of material comforts among all. No one would wish to speak flipantly—or at all events no sane man can think lightly—of the importance of giving to all a sufficiency of daily bread. But however we realize that privation and starvation are miseries, it does not follow—indeed we know it not to be true—that a light heart goes with a full stomach. Or suppose us to conceive that in the future it would come to do so, and that men would be completely happy when they all had enough to eat, would this be a consummation calculated to raise our enthusiasm, or move our souls with a solemn zeal to work for it ? Would any human being who was ever capable of anything that has ever been called a high conception of life, feel any pleasure in the thought of a Humanity,

“ shut up in infinite content,” when once it had secured itself three meals a day, and smiling every morning a satisfied smile at the universe, its huge lips shining with fried eggs and bacon ?

I am not for an instant saying that mere physical well-being is the only sort of happiness to which Optimists look forward. But it is the only sort of happiness about which their ideas are at all definite ; and I have alluded to it as I have done, merely to point out that their only definite ideas are ridiculously insufficient ideas. I do not doubt for a moment that thinkers like Mr. Harrison anticipate for transfigured Humanity pleasures which to them seem nobler than the noblest we can enjoy now ; but about these pleasures I say there is no consensus of opinion ; what opinion there is, is quite indefinite, and there is nothing to show that these pleasures will ever be realized, and judging from the hints we have of them, there is much to show that they would be impossible. To sum up then, the altered Humanity of the future, even granting that we are advancing toward it, may be compared to an image of which one part only is definite. It is not like an image with feet of clay and with a head of gold, but like an image with a stomach of clay, and everything else of cloud.

We have now examined the creed of Optimism from two points of view, assuming in turn the truth of each one of its two propositions, and inquiring into the truth of the other. We first assumed the reality of progress, and asked how far our sympathy was capable of being stimulated by it ; we next assumed the alleged capacities of our sympathy, and asked what grounds there were for any belief in a progress by which sympathy of the assumed kind could be roused. And we have seen that, so far as scientific evidence is concerned, both the propositions in question are unsupported and fanciful.

There remains for us yet a third test to submit it to, and this will be found to be the most fatal of all. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that both the propositions are true ; and we shall see that they contain in themselves elements by which their supposed meaning is annihilated. Let us assume, then, that progress will, in process of time, pro-

duce a state of society which we should all regard as satisfactory ; and let us assume that our sympathies are of such a strength and delicacy that the far-off good in store for our remote descendants will be a source of real comfort to our hearts and a real stimulus to our actions—that it will fill life, in fact, with moral meanings and motives. It will only require a very little reflection to show us that if sympathy is really strong enough to accomplish this work, it will inevitably be strong enough to destroy the work which it has accomplished. If we are, or if we should come to be, so astonishingly sensitive that the remote happiness of posterity will cause us any real pleasure, the incalculable amount of pain that will admittedly have preceded such happiness, that has been suffered during the countless years of the past, and will have to be suffered during the countless intervening years of the future, must necessarily convert such pleasure into agony. It is impossible to conceive, unless we throw reality overboard altogether, and decamp frankly into dreamland—it is impossible to conceive our sympathy being made more sensitive to the happiness of others, without its being made also more sensitive to their misery. One might as well suppose our powers of sight increased, but increased only so as to show us agreeable objects ; or our powers of hearing increased, but increased only so as to convey to us our own praises.

Can any one for an instant doubt that this is a fact ? Can he trick himself in any way into any, even the slightest, evasion of it ? Can he imagine himself, for instance, having a sudden interest roused in him, from whatever cause, in the fortunes of some young man, and yet not feeling a corresponding shock if the young man should chance to be hanged for murder ? The idea is ridiculous. The truth of the matter is, that unless our sympathies had a certain obtuseness and narrowness in them, we should be too tender to endure a day of life. The rose-leaves might give a keener pleasure ; but we should be unable to think of it, because our skins would be lacerated with thorns. What would happen to us if, retaining the fastidiousness of man, we suddenly found that our nostrils were as keen as those of dogs ?

We should be sick every time we walked through a crowded street. Were our sympathies intensified in a similar way, we should pass through life not sick, but broken-hearted. The whole creation would seem to be groaning and travailing together ; and the laughter and rejoicing of posterity would be drowned by the intervening sounds, or else would seem a ghastly mockery.

But suppose—we have been waiving objections, and we will now waive them again—suppose that the intervening pain does somehow not inconvenience us ; and that our sympathies, “ on this bank and shoal of time, jump it,” and bring us safely to the joy and prosperity beyond. Now this jump, on Mr. Harrison’s own showing, will carry us across an eternity. It will annihilate the distance between our own imperfect condition and our posterity’s perfect condition. But how does Mr. Harrison imagine that it will stop there ? He admits that all human existence will come to an end some day, but the end, he thinks, does not matter because it is so far off. But if sympathy acquires this power of jumping across eternities, the end ceases to be far off any longer. The same power that takes us from the beginnings of progress to the consummation of progress, will take us from the consummation of progress to its horrible and sure destruction—to its death by inches, as the icy period comes, turning the whole earth into a torture-chamber, and effacing forever the happiness and the triumph of man in a hideous and meaningless end. Knowing that the drama is thus really a tragedy, how shall we be able to pretend to ourselves that it is a divine comedy ? It is true that death waits for all and each of us ; and yet we continue to eat, drink, and be merry : but that is precisely because our sympathies have not those powers which Mr. Harrison asserts they have, because instead of connecting us with what will happen to others in three thousand years, it connects us only slightly with what will happen to ourselves in thirty.

We thus see that the creed of Optimism is composed of ideas that do not even agree with each other. They might do that, however, and yet be entirely false. The great question is, do they

agree with facts? and not only that, but are they forced on us by facts? Do facts leave us no room for rationally contradicting or doubting them? In a word, have they any basis even approximately similar to what would be required to support a theory of light, or heat, or electricity, of the geologic history of the earth, or of the evolution of species? Is the evidence for their truth as overwhelming and as unanimous as the evidence Professor Huxley would require to make him believe in a miracle? Or have they ever been submitted to the same eager and searching scepticism which has sought for and weighed every fact, sentence, and syllable that might tend to make incredible our traditional conception of the Bible? They certainly have not. The treatment they have met with has been not only not this, but the precise opposite. Men who claim to have destroyed Christianity in the name of science justify their belief in Optimism by every method that their science stigmatizes as most immoral. Mr. Harrison admits, with relation to Christianity, that the Redemption became incredible with the destruction of the geocentric theory, because the world became a speck in the universe, infinitely too little for so vast a drama. But when he comes to defending his own religion of Optimism he says, "the infinite littleness of the world" is a thought we "will put away from us" as an "unmanly and unhealthy musing." Similarly Mr. John Morley, who admits with great candor that many facts exist which suggest doubts of progress, instead of examining these doubts and giving their full weight to them, tells us that we ought to set them aside as "unworthy." Was ever such language heard in the mouths of scientific men about any of those subjects which have formed their proper studies? It is rather a parody of the language of such men as Mr. Keble, who declared that religious sceptics were too wicked to be reasoned with, and who incurred, for this reason more than any other, the indignant scorn of all our scientific critics. Which of such critics was ever heard to defend a theory of the authorship of Job or of the Pentateuch by declaring that any doubts of their doubts were "unmanly" or "unhealthy?" Who would answer an at-

tack on the Darwinian theory of coral-reefs by calling it "unworthy?" or meet admitted difficulties in the way of a theory of light by following Mr. Harrison's example, and saying "we will put them aside?"

Let the reader consider another statement explicitly made by Mr. John Morley relative to this very question of Optimism. He quotes the following passage from Diderot:—"Does the narrative present me with some fact that dishonors humanity? Then I examine it with the most rigorous severity. Whatever sagacity I may be able to command I employ in detecting contradictions that throw suspicion on the story. It is not so when the action is beautiful, lofty, noble." "*Diderot's way*," says Mr. Morley, "*of reading history is not unworthy of imitation*." Is it necessary to quote more? This astonishing sentence—not astonishing for the fact it admits, but for the naïve candor of the admission—describes in a nutshell the method which men of science, who have attacked Christianity in the name of the divine duty of scepticism, and of a conscience which forbids them to believe anything not fully proved—this sentence describes the method which such men consider scientific when establishing a religion of their own. Let us swallow whatever suits us; whatever goes against us let us examine with the most rigorous severity.

No feature in the history of modern thought is more instructive than the contrast I have just indicated—the contrast between the scepticism, and the exactingness of science, in its attack on Christianity, and its abject credulity in constructing a futile substitute. That there is no universal, no continuous meaning in the changes of human history, that progress of some sort may not be a reality, I am not for a moment arguing. All I have urged hitherto is, that there is no evidence, such as would be accepted either in physical or philosophical science, to prove there is. The facts, no doubt, suggest any number of meanings, but they support none; and if Professor Huxley is right in saying that it is very immoral in us to believe in such doubtful books as the Gospels, it must be far more immoral in him to believe in the meaning of human existence.

What the spectacle of the world's history would really suggest to an impartial scientific observer, who had no religion and who had not contracted to construct one, is a conclusion eminently in harmony with the drift of scientific speculation generally. The doctrines of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, imply on the part of nature a vast number of failures—failures complete or partial. The same idea may be applicable to worlds, as to species in this world. If we conceive, as we have every warrant for conceiving, an incalculable number of inhabited planets, the history of their crowning races will, according to all analogy, be various. Some will arrive at great and general happiness, some at happiness partial and less complete, some may very likely, as long as their inhabitants last, be hells of struggle and wretchedness. Now what to an impartial observer the history of the earth would suggest, would be that it occupied some intermediate position between the completest successes and the absolutely horrible failures—a position probably at the lower end of the scale, though many degrees above the bottom of it. Considered in this light its history becomes intelligible, because we cease to treat as hieroglyphs full of meaning a series of marks which have really no meaning at all. We shall see constant attempts at progress, we shall see progress realized in certain places up to a certain point; but we shall see that after a certain point, the castle of cards or sand falls to pieces again; and that others attempt to rise, perhaps even less successfully. We still see numberless words shaping themselves, but never any complete sentence. Taken as a whole, we shall be reminded of certain lines, which I have already alluded to, referring to an "idiot's tale." The destinies of humanity need not be all sound and fury; but certainly regarding them as a whole, we shall have to say of them, that they are a tale without plot, without coherence, without interest—in a word, that they signify nothing.

I do not say for a moment that this is the truth about Humanity; but that this is the kind of conclusion which we should probably arrive at if we trusted to purely scientific observation, with no preconceived idea that life must have a

meaning, and no interest in giving it one. No doubt such a view, if true, would be completely fatal to everything which to men, in what hitherto we have called their higher moments, has made life dignified, serious, or even tolerable. Hitherto in those higher moments they have risen, like the philosophers out of Plato's cavern, from their narrow selfish interests, into the light of a larger outlook, and seen that life is full of august meanings. But that light has not been the light of science. Science will give men a larger outlook also; but it will raise them above their narrower interests, not to show them wider ones, but to show them none at all. If then the light that is in us is darkness, we may well say, how great is that darkness! It is from this darkness that religion comes to deliver us, not by destroying what science has taught us, but by adding to it something that it has not taught us.

Whether we can believe in this added something or not is a point I have in no way argued. I have not sought to prove that life has no meaning, but merely that it has none discoverable by the methods of modern science. I will not even say that men of science themselves are not certain of its existence, and may not live by this certainty; but only that, if so, they are unaware whence this certainty comes, and that though their inner convictions may claim our most sincere respect, their own analysis of them deserves our most contemptuous ridicule.

If there is a soul in man, and if there is a God who has given this soul, the instinct of religion can never die; but if there is any authentic explanation of the relations between the soul and God, and for some reason or other men in any way cease to accept this, their own explanations may well, by a gradual process, resolve themselves into a denial of the theory they seek to explain. And such, according to our men of science themselves, has been the case with the orthodox Christian faith, when once it began to be disintegrated by the solvent of Protestantism. The process is forcibly alluded to by Mr. Harrison. Traditional Protestantism dissolved into the nebulous tenets of the Broad Churchmen; the tenets of the Broad Church-

men dissolved into Deism, Deism into Pantheism and the cultus of the Unknowable, and the last into Optimism. Mr. Harrison fails to read the lesson of history farther, and to see that Optimism in its turn must yield to the solvent of criticism, and leave the religious instinct, or what is the same thing, a sense of a meaning in life, as a forlorn and bewildered emotion without any explanation of itself at all. What Optimism is at present must be abundantly evident. It is the last attempt to discover a peg on which to hang the fallen clothes of Christianity. As Mr. Harrison tells us, most of our scientific Optimists have been brought up with all the emotions of that faith. They have got rid of the faith, but the emotions have been left on their hands. They long for some object on which to lavish them, just as Don Quixote longed to find a lady-love; and if we may judge from certain phrases of Mr. Harrison, they have modestly contented themselves with asking not that the object should be a truth, but merely that it should not, on the face of it, be a falsehood. He does not ask how well Humanity deserves to be thought of, but how well he and his friends will be able to think of it. Once more let us say that this emotion which they call the love of Humanity is not an emotion I would ridicule. I only ridicule their bestowal of it. The love of Humanity, with no faith to enlighten it, and nothing to justify it beyond what science can show, is as absurd as the love of Titania lavished on Bottom; and the high priests of Humanity, with

their solemn and pompous gravity, are like nothing so much as the Bumbles of a squabbling parish. We all know what Hobbes said of Catholicism, that it was the ghost of the dead Roman Empire, sitting enthroned on the ashes of it. Optimism, in the same way, is the ghost of Protestantism sitting on its ashes, not enthroned but gibbering.

I hope that before long I may again return to this subject, to touch on many points which I have been unable to glance at now. On former occasions I have been asked by certain critics what possible use, even suppose life is not worth much, I could hope to find in laying the fact bare. To the Optimists as men of science no explanation is needed. Every attempt to establish any truth, or even to establish any doubt, according to their principles is not only justifiable, but is a duty. To others, an explanation will not be very far to seek. If there is a meaning in life, we shall never understand it rightly, till we have ceased to amuse ourselves with understanding it wrongly. Humanity, if there is any salvation for it, will never be saved till it sees that it cannot save itself, and asks in humility, seeking some greater power, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But as matters stand, it will never see this or ask this, till it has seen face to face the whole of its own ghastly helplessness, and tasted—at least intellectually—the dregs of its degradation. When we have filled our bellies with the husks that the swine eat, it may be that we shall arise and go. —*Fortnightly Review*.

LOVE'S UNITY.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

How shall I tell thee when I love thee best?
 In rapture, or repose? How shall I say?
 I only know I love thee every way,
 Nor more when restlessly than when at rest.
 See! What is day except the night refreshed,
 And what the night except the tired-out day?
 And 'tis love's difference, not love's decay,
 If now I dawn, now fade upon thy breast.
 Self-torturing sweet! is't not the selfsame sun
 Wanes in the west that flameth in the east,
 His fervor nowise altered nor decreased?
 So rounds my love, returning where begun,
 And still beginning, never most nor least,
 But fixedly various, all love's parts in one.

—*Athenæum*

TRIVIAL INCIDENTS.

WHAT may be deemed a trivial incident? What is an occurrence of serious importance? Those who have observed life most closely will probably be the least able to furnish to these queries replies altogether satisfactory. The choice of a boy's school, a young man's start in a profession, marriage, serious injuries, illness, sudden wealth or poverty, would probably be included in the latter; while meeting an acquaintance in the street, forgetting to post a letter, accepting an invitation to a particular party, the expression of a random opinion, missing a railway-train, are likely to be relegated to the former category. Yet an unbiassed analysis of the experiences of the majority of mankind would, in our opinion, show that what is variously termed by different orders of persons, "Providence," "Chance," or the "Chapter of Accidents," acting extremely often through the agency of the slightest imaginable circumstances, plays a most important, not unfrequently an overwhelming part, in the drama of human affairs. The result of a fall from a horse depends much less on the speed of the horse, or the constitution and equestrian ability of the precipitated rider, than on the precise manner in which his body reaches the ground, and this, despite all theories as to learning how to fall, will probably never be twice exactly the same, however often the mischance may occur. To take another instance, the impression made by one personality on another, leaving out of reckoning the element of beauty, is well known to defy all forecast, because we kindle sympathy and excite distaste at points the most unexpected and unaccountable. Most of us have had occasion to test the working of this subtle attraction and repulsion when we have endeavored to make one of our friends take kindly to the conversation and companionship of another intimate acquaintance. Yet upon the outcome of these perpetually recurring combinations depends the issue of a vast number of our undertakings. The arising of a certain idea at a given propitious moment is another most weighty factor in life. It may be replied that Newton's apple or Watt's tea-kettle only brought to a defi-

nite expression reflections which had long been working in the philosopher's brain; but there can be no question that many thoughts productive of momentous consequences flash on the mind suddenly by what can only be termed an inspiration. Then, again, as to a particular line of conduct and its results. The novice is taught, and rightly taught, that the good apprentice succeeds, and comes in his special sphere to honor and credit. But we could name an eminent public character who owes his brilliant career entirely to crass neglect of his duty as a railway booking-clerk; and also an idle dunce at school, held predestined to the workhouse, who retired from business about the time his contemporaries were taking their degrees, on a fortune acquired through a timely developed genius for blending and tasting tea. We know of a young Austrian to whom vast wealth was bequeathed by an aged gentleman whom the lucky youngster met in a railway-train returning from his only son's funeral, because the bereaved parent was touched by the close resemblance of the stranger's features to those of his departed boy. Similarly, we are acquainted with a person who distinctly traces his entry on a distinguished professional life to the selection one day of a certain thoroughfare in a large city, where several ways met. Above all, to mention the most critical of steps, the origin of very many marriages would disclose this woof of destiny crossing, modifying, and not seldom cancelling the operation of the warp of law generally controlling events.

To borrow an illustration from a different department of human activity, a happy literary fluke, where a careful printer would have spoiled all, gave Malherbe, and after him the world, one of the loveliest lines in all lyric verse. The poem in question was written on the lamented death of a friend's daughter named Roselle; but by a benignant blunder, the conventional

"Roselle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,"
became

"Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin,"

owing to the compositor's oversight its nameless charm and unchallenged immortality. Countless other examples of the trivial proving the grave and pregnant facts of life will present themselves to us all as we pass in review the events of every day, such as the casual acquisition of information, the chance word interchanged with an unknown person in a drawing-room, the fortuitous observation of a footprint, the sudden awakening of conscience in the mind of a would-be criminal, all of which are constantly developing consequences which outwit the wisdom of the wise, and contribute to hold over the future, however apparently certain, an impenetrable veil. Even more startling are often the effects of incidents to all seeming immaterial and trifling, when we forsake the by-paths of private life for the great highway of history. A striking case in point is dwelt on by Sir Francis Palgrave in his "History of Normandy and England," showing us the obscure and unheeded origin of our very existence as a nation. He well remarks that England owes its place in the world to Duke Robert of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, seeing Arletta, daughter of a tanner of Falaise, washing her linen in a rivulet near that town. "Arletta's pretty feet twinkling in the brook made her the mother of William the Conqueror. But for the tanner of Falaise, her father, Harold would not have fallen at Hastings, no Anglo-Norman dynasty would have arisen, no British Empire." To no sphere of energy does this sudden, overmastering interference of the unforeseen apply more forcibly than to war. Blücher's arrival half-an-hour later on the field of Waterloo might not possibly have changed the history of the world; and the cackling of some geese was once highly useful,—examples of the manner in which the fate of armies and citadels, and with them the destiny of nations, tremble at certain moments in the balance, to be swayed hither and thither by agencies apparently slight, but drawing boundless significance from the accidents, if there be such a thing as accident, of time and place.

On the other hand, the great salient changes and events of life, from which mighty innovations are expected, not

unfrequently leave no impression behind them; and though they may be in a sense important, have little or no influence on the character or future of the individual they befall. Striking occurrences, foreshadowing serious consequences, have often absolutely no sequel, so that it passes the sagacity of the shrewdest to predict whether a given acorn, so to speak, shall perish unnoticed, or develop into a majestic oak. This strand of caprice, these inexplicable, surprising results from commonplace facts, while they render life less logical and prevent the calmest lot from being mapped out entirely by rule and compass, undeniably supply most of the romance and excitement falling to the share of mortals, and though the medal has its dark and distressing side, there can be no doubt that existence without an occasional impromptu in the shape of the sudden and unexpected, to relieve the even tenor of plans calculated and prearranged, would be scarce endurable. Not only can we but rough-hew our ends, our most careful endeavors lead not unfrequently to a termination the very reverse from what might reasonably have been anticipated. We can call to mind the case of a lady who directed her solicitor to invest a large sum of money in shares of the City of Glasgow Bank some months prior to its collapse. Imagining that her instructions had been carried out, she heard the news of the closure of the bank's doors with unqualified dismay, as the claim of the creditors would have entailed her total ruin. The subsequent discovery of her agent's embezzlement revealed likewise the groundlessness of her apprehensions, her loss being limited to the amount entrusted to her dishonest representative. On the other hand, the unlucky recipient of a single City of Glasgow Bank share as a wedding present should for once have looked a gift horse in the mouth, and had no reason to congratulate himself on his father-in-law's liberality, involving as it did the loss of all he possessed. The procrastination of MacIvan of Glencoe had dire results; but the well-known happy failure of a belated traveller to catch the ill-starred Tay Bridge train in December, 1879, could hardly serve to point a moral in a lecture to young men on the advantages of punctuality, nor

the authenticated fact of an intoxicated person falling unscathed two hundred feet from the Dean Bridge in Edinburgh, where a sober one would certainly have been killed, be felicitously quoted at a Blue-Ribbon Army meeting. An apparently indifferent custom may strike deep into the working of human society, as Lord Bacon points out in the matter of square and round tables :—"A long table and a square table seem things of form, but are things of substance, for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business, but in the other form there is more use of the counsellors' opinion that sit lower." Again, it might moderate the vindictiveness of the most inveterate black-baller in London to remember how a candi-

date's enemy elected him by adding a black but twentieth ball to nineteen white ones, a score of members at least being required to vote.

Still, after observing in its myriad shapes the apparently capricious interference of good and evil fate in the lot of many, the igneous rocks, as it were, forcing their wayward passage through the methodically ordered strata of life, most impartial minds will be the more convinced that the former are the exceptions, the more impressed with the certain eventual triumph of law, the more confident that, although "Fortune brings in some boats which are not steered," all "Chance" is yet "direction which we cannot see."—*Spectator*.

THE GROCER'S WAR.

ONE of the most extraordinary, characteristic, and instructive episodes of that great period of upheaval and transformation, the sixteenth century, the epoch of the Reformation and the Renaissance, of the press giving promise of becoming a power, and of Roman law subverting national codes, is the war, formally proclaimed, and carried on single-handed for between five and six years, between one bankrupt grocer of a suburb of Berlin and the Elector of Saxony, perhaps the most powerful prince of Northern Germany.

It was a war proclaimed and waged according to the rules of warfare as then accepted; and for how much longer it would have drawn on cannot be told, had not the grocer ventured, likewise, to proclaim war against his own sovereign, the Elector of Brandenburg.

The story is extraordinary, for it seems impossible that one man should be able to keep the country in terror and apprehension for so many years, and defy the power of the Elector; it is characteristic, for it could have occurred at no other epoch of modern history; and it is instructive, for it shows us how, under the influence of resentment, a God-fearing, honorable, and sober man may degenerate into a criminal.

The story was so strange and tragic, that one cannot be surprised at fiction

laying hold of it and transforming it. Kleist, the tragedian, in 1805 wrote a novel which he pretended to found on this story, but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the facts, and trusted to his imagination more than to history. It was not till 1864 that the whole story was told, as it had really occurred, by the Keeper of the Archives at Weimar, from an examination of the documents under his charge.

On October 1, 1532, as evening set in, a traveller riding a good horse, well equipped, and leading another—a chestnut—by the rein, drew up at the door of a village inn at Wellauna, on the high road between Berlin and Leipzig. The traveller called for a drink.

In the inn sat, at the time, a number of peasants drinking, and they turned out to see the stranger. He was a man of about thirty, with keen gray eyes and a firm mouth. He was dressed in sober garments, but had his horse caparisoned in a manner hardly consistent with his own attire. He was well armed, with pistols and short sword. On the back of the chestnut was a sack of oats. The day was declining. The host of the inn advised the traveller not to proceed further that night, as the way, though a high road, was bad, and also because there were rumors of bandits being about. The stranger shrugged his shoulders,

and declined to accept the invitation within.

Then one of the peasants ventured on the remark that no man of honesty would ride abroad at night alone, and asked the traveller his name. He replied curtly, "that was no concern of theirs," and spurred his horse to go forward.

Then one of the peasants put his hand on the bridle, arrested the horse, and said that the lord of the village, the Squire of Zaschwitz, had given orders for the detention of every suspicious character who passed that way till he could give a satisfactory account of himself. The traveller was furious. He raised his whip and lashed at the fellow who had touched his bridle. With one voice the peasants charged him with being a highwayman, and with having stolen the horse he rode. They fell upon him; he drew his dagger and defended himself, but was thrown from his saddle. As the horse plunged and kicked, a space was cleared, and the stranger, clearing a way with dagger and pistol—or holster gun—broke through the peasants and escaped on foot, leaving his horses in their hands. The men, certain that they had done a good deed, at once led the horses to the house of the village magistrate, and gave him an account of their proceedings.

The traveller was Hans Kohlhasse, a grocer, living at Colln, then a village on the Spree, now a suburb of Berlin. He was a man of the highest character for integrity, and was known to his own sovereign, the Elector of Brandenburg, whom he supplied with bacon, honey, and herrings, when the Court was at Berlin. He was also a man somewhat above his station in attainments; he was a bit of a scholar, could read a Latin author, and he passed as a zealous adherent of Luther and the Reformation.

It was the time of the great Leipzig fair, and Kohlhasse had sent forward a great consignment of wares to the fair. He was following his wagons at an interval of a few days when the untoward event occurred at Wellauna.

Obliged to pursue his journey on foot, Kohlhasse did not reach Leipzig till the fair was nearly over. The consequence was that he was obliged to dispose of his goods at a figure below their cost to re-

lieve himself of the expense and trouble of conveying them back to Berlin.

Misfortunes never come singly. On his return he found that a creditor demanded immediate payment for a sum of money he was unable to raise. He fell into difficulties and became bankrupt.

That the affair at Wellauna was the sole cause of his ruin is improbable, but he believed it to be so. If his horses had not been arrested, he would have reached Leipzig in time to sell his goods to a profit, and then he could have satisfied his creditor, and having tided over this difficulty, would have got on. He regarded the Squire of Zaschwitz as the sole origin of his ruin, and gave way to bitter and furious hatred accordingly. He appeared before his sovereign, the Elector Joachim I. of Brandenburg, and laid his complaint before him. He was bidden appear before the Court at Döben on May 13, 1533, and the Squire of Zaschwitz was likewise summoned to appear. Before the Court Kohlhasse demanded the restoration of his horses, and the payment of 150 florins damages. This the Squire refused to pay. He, on his side, demanded twelve florins per half-year for the keep of the horses, and declined to surrender them till this was paid. The horses had, however, been so starved, that the day after the chestnut died.

In July the grocer appealed to the Elector of Saxony, in whose territory Wellauna was, and was referred to his courts of justice. The Squire of Zaschwitz refused all compromise, even though, at the advice of the judge, Kohlhasse lowered his demand for compensation from 150 florins to four florins.

The case dragged on; again the grocer appeared before the Court at Wittenberg, and again the Squire refused all compromise. The Court was inert, and would not enforce payment.

Then the wrath of the grocer flamed up, not now so much against the Squire as against the Elector of Saxony, because his courts of justice failed to do justice to him.

One morning, a few days later, a placard was found affixed to the doors of the electoral palace at Wittenberg and to the town gates, in which the grocer declared at length his case against the

Squire ; and then he went on to say that because the courts of, and the Elector of, Saxony had neglected to do their duty and enforce justice, therefore he, Hans Kohlhasse, declared war against Saxony. Here are the words with which this remarkable declaration of war concludes : " As I have nothing left me but my life to risk, I will defend my honor and my right to the best of my ability, and with every means at my disposal, and with persistence. I declare that I will respect and honor God and all the world, saving and excepting only Squire Gunther of Zaschwitz and the *whole land of Saxony*, and that to the aforesaid realm of Saxony and Gunther of Zaschwitz I shall be declared enemy, to rob, to burn, to maim in hand and foot, to carry off hostages and hold to ransom all such places and such persons wherever I shall come, till such time as Gunther of Zaschwitz shall indemnify me for the losses and wrongs that I have endured at his hands."

To understand this extraordinary document, it is necessary to know something of the rights of warfare as then understood in the Holy Roman Empire.

It was the understood and acknowledged right of such nobles, princes, and free cities as could not obtain redress for wrongs committed by means of the courts, to have recourse to arms to enforce their rights. But such a recourse must be preceded by a formal declaration of war, and such a war could only be undertaken under certain limitations. No act of violence might be undertaken until three days had elapsed since the declaration of war. None might be committed on four days in the week, from Wednesday evening to Monday morning early, which constituted the Truce of God. Also none might be committed against clergy, the sick, merchants with their wagons of goods, pilgrims, laborers in the field, against churches and churchyards. This right of private war had, indeed, been forbidden by the Diet of Worms in 1495, under pain of death, throughout the entire empire; but at the time of which we write every decree of a Diet must be renewed and accepted by the several princes, and carried out energetically, or it fell into disregard. What was remarkable about this declaration of war was, that it was

not proclaimed by one prince, or even by one baron against another, but by a penniless grocer against a very powerful prince and a populous country. What is not less remarkable is that the proclamation, so far from provoking laughter, occasioned general consternation. So far from the Elector of the Saxons generally regarding this as an empty threat, immediate precautions were taken for protection before the three days of grace elapsed.

The news spread like wild fire through Saxony. Double guards were set at the gates of the Saxon towns ; no stranger was suffered to enter without credentials. Patrols well armed watched the frontiers and guarded the highways. A courier was despatched in all haste from Wittenberg to the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg to inform him of the declaration of war, and to request him to stay the proceedings of Kohlhasse, with a promise that the courts should reconsider the case of the grocer, and do him justice.

In the mean time, with curious chivalry, Kohlhasse had thrown up his rights of citizenship under the Elector of Brandenburg, so as not in any way to involve his sovereign in the consequences of his proceedings. Joachim accordingly, after keeping the messenger waiting five days, replied that he could do nothing, because Kohlhasse had ceased to be his subject ; at the same time he allowed himself to remark, that " the matter really stands as Kohlhasse has complained. Through neglect of the Saxon courts to do justice to the man, he has been ruined."

Joachim was a firm and energetic prince, who with iron hand had put down all freebooting and private hostilities between the barons in his territories, and could hardly have been suspected of willingness to shut one eye at such a daring proceeding of a man who lived almost at his doors. But there are wheels within wheels, and Joachim bore a grudge against John Frederick of Saxony. Joachim was a zealous Catholic, and John Frederick was a protector of Luther ; but then the grocer was also a favorer of the new light. There were other matters which had caused friction between the two princes, into which we need not enter. Suffice it to say that

Joachim was not sorry to see a thorn in his brother Elector's flesh.

On the night of April 9, 1534, the town of Wittenberg, the residential city of the Elector of Saxony, was in flames, set on fire in two opposite directions. The flames were extinguished with difficulty, but on the following night they broke out again in another quarter. Not only so, but the same night the village of Schutzenberg, not far from Wittenberg, was also in flames. The alarm became general.

The Elector John Frederick had undertaken to have the case retried in his courts, but the grocer refused to appear at Wittenberg unless the Elector would grant him a safe-conduct. This the Elector refused to do—he was so angry at the audacity of his petty enemy, and at the damage done to the town, which he and every one else attributed to Kohlase. Moreover, the Elector despised his enemy, and did not doubt that in a few days he would have him by the heels. Time passed, and Kohlase was not caught. At length the Elector reluctantly granted the letter of safe-conduct, and the court was to meet and rehear his case on December 6, 1534, at Jutterbog; but only under condition that Kohlase purged himself by oath of having set fire to the capital.

On the day before the court was to assemble, the Sheriff of Wittenberg and the judges appointed to hear the case entered Jutterbog. The Squire of Zaschwitz was in the mean time dead; his widow and children appeared by representatives.

The court opened in the Town Hall; the square before it, the hall itself, were crowded. Every one wanted to see the daring grocer who had defied their sovereign, and every one was anxious as to the result of the trial.

Before the court would proceed with the case the grocer was required to clear himself by oath of having set fire to Wittenberg. With firm step he advanced to the bar, raised his right hand to heaven, and said, "I, Hans Kohlase, swear by God and the holy Gospel that I am innocent of the charge of having set fire to Wittenberg, either by my own hand or by those of intermediaries. So help me God!"

Then the case was opened. Kohl-

ase demanded indemnification for his losses to the amount of 1,200 florins. The defendants offered 300 florins. Finally an agreement was arrived at that the amount should be 600 florins, of which half should be paid by the widow and half by the children of the deceased Squire, and that the whole should be paid on January 1 ensuing.

Thus all seemed settled, and the grocer rode home content. But it was otherwise with the widow. When she heard of the compromise she was angry, and appealed to the Elector against it. He, on his side, wounded in his pride, chafing at having been foiled in his attempts to capture Kohlase, disbelieving his oath that he had not set fire to his capital, interfered, forbade the payment of the sum, and declared that the judges had exceeded their authority in sanctioning a compromise. It fell to the duty of the Sheriff of Wittenberg to announce the decision of John Frederick to the grocer. He rode with an escort to Berlin on December 26, drew rein before the house of Kohlase, and informed him that the Elector of Saxony refused to countenance the compromise. The grocer listened with calm, cold demeanor, and answered, "Tell your master that I understand the message." That Kohlase had not expected good results from the trial at Jutterbog may be judged from the fact that *before* it he wrote to Luther, asking his opinion whether, in the case of justice being denied him, he had a right to carry on war with a sovereign and his land. Unfortunately the grocer's letter has not been preserved, but the Reformer's answer is printed among his letters. It is sensible and just. He told Kohlase that he had no right to take the law into his own hands. This letter is dated December 3, 1534.

When it became known that the settlement of Jutterbog was disturbed, alarm became general in Saxony. A price was set on Kohlase's head, and the frontiers were watched.

But Kohlase remained for some time without taking action, following his business. Every act of violence committed in Saxony that could not be brought home to any one was by the common voice attributed to Kohlase; but when examined into, it proved that there were

no grounds for surmising that he was implicated.

Suddenly, one day in the ensuing March, when a party of Wittenberg merchants were refreshing themselves in an inn not far from Jutterbog, the house was entered by four armed men, of whom one was Kohlhasse, and the merchants were detained there for several days, and dismissed with a letter of warning written by Kohlhasse on a playing-card (still preserved at Weimar), addressed to the Burgomaster of Wittenberg, to announce that hostilities were about to recommence.

Not long after, a mill near Gommig, on Saxon territory, was attacked, the miller half killed, and the place plundered and set on fire.

Kohlhasse henceforth carried on his war in an ingenious manner. He never kept an organized body of men under his command, but called together one for each several enterprise he undertook, and as soon as that was over dismissed the band. He fell suddenly on a village in the night, plundered it, set it on fire, or forced it to pay an indemnity; sometimes carried away prisoners, whom he held to ransom.

Thus he took a Wittenberg wealthy citizen, called Reiche, captive, along with his wife, and carried them into the Bohemian Forest. He conveyed them finally to an island in a little lake. There his presence was betrayed, and a large body of Saxon guards and peasants attempted to surround and capture the band. Kohlhasse escaped in a boat, Reiche was taken and placed in the monastery of Birkholz close by, and one of the grocer's servants was captured, and, as the scene of the conflict took place within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lebus, was handed over to him to be tried and punished. Then ensued a curious circumstance. Reiche had been sent to the monastery of Birkholz, but the brothers there refused to release him, because, they said, he was a prisoner of war taken in legitimate war, and that they were not, accordingly, justified in releasing him. Moreover, they feared the consequences for themselves should they deliver up the captive of Hans Kohlhasse.

The Saxon Government now demanded of the Bishop of Lebus that he should

have the servant of Kohlhasse examined by torture, to discover the names of accomplices. This the bishop refused to do. The man was, however, tried and executed.

At the head of thirty-five men Kohlhasse entered the village of Marzalina, a few miles from Wittenberg. Every house was invaded, those who resisted were cut down. Kohlhasse had the pastor brought before him, and announced to him, that unless a certain sum he specified were forthcoming, the village should be destroyed with fire. The money was found, but Kohlhasse carried off the pastor and some of the principal inhabitants. On their way back into Brandenburg territory they set fire to the village of Schmogelsdorf. Wherever they passed they called out the peasants, and made them destroy the bridges in their rear. The pastor and the other captives were finally released on condition of their appearing before Kohlhasse with a ransom on a named day. In the event of their not appearing they were threatened with death. The Abbot of Zinna, near this scene of operations, managed to take some of those who had formed Kohlhasse's band, and speedily tried, sentenced, and executed them. The bodies were placed on wheels erected on the hill above Zinna, on top of poles. In the night Kohlhasse and his band came, removed the bodies, fastened a strip of parchment to the wheels with the sentence on them, "Judge righteously, O ye sons of men!" and rolled the wheels down the hill upon Zinna. For every life taken of one of his band he exacted another life, or took some other signal vengeance. The whole country was in alarm; the patrols were powerless. Kohlhasse appeared suddenly at one spot, executed some deed of violence, disappeared to re-emerge in some other quarter where least expected.

The Elector of Saxony appealed again to the Elector of Brandenburg. Joachim I. was dead; his son, Joachim II., was inclined to favor the Reform, and a few years later abjured Catholicism. John Frederick hoped that he would assist him to get rid of Kohlhasse. To him, also, Kohlhasse had declared his independence, so that his new sovereign might not be involved in responsibility

for the acts of his subject. Joachim II. weakly allowed the Saxon Elector to send his judges into Brandenburg to try, condemn, and execute the culprits within the territories of Brandenburg.

John Frederick was not slow to use this liberty accorded him. His judges passed from village to town, hearing, condemning, 'executing—they had brought their own Saxon executioner with them. They were accused of condemning on the slenderest evidence. The natives of these parts of the Marches would give no evidence against their fellow-countrymen. The country was roused against them. Kohlhasse made no attempts to fly; he walked about in Berlin and elsewhere without disguise; popular sympathy was with him, and popular detestation was roused against the butcher-assizes of the Saxon judges.

The judges, unable to obtain incriminating evidence from the reluctant Brandenburgers, put their victims to the torture, wrung from them confession and the names of confederates, and then executed them. Among those who were accused was one Pfaff, the brother of the nurse of the Electress of Brandenburg. The Electress interceded in his behalf. John Frederick was furious; this was evidence that the Court of Brandenburg favored the marauders. The mob rose and threatened the lives of the judges, and to release Pfaff from their hands the Saxon judges therefore carried him away into Saxony, and there executed him. How many were thus put to death is not known, but the number was considerable. In June 1539 the wife of Kohlhasse sent an appeal to John Frederick of Saxony to let bygones be bygones, to pardon what her husband had done; and she promised that if he would do this, her husband would proclaim peace. The Elector rejected the petition.

In the mean time Kohlhasse had not been idle; every execution of one of his adherents was revenged in Saxon territory by fire or murder. It was said that some of the patrols sent against him deserted to his side. Certainly every effort to prevent his crossing the frontier failed.

Now ensued one of the most striking episodes of the whole war.

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It must be borne in mind that according to the rights of war, as then understood, it was justifiable for one who was at war with another to put to death, rob, and burn on his territories, injuring innocent people, whose only fault lay in being subjects of the prince warred against. Though this was generally acknowledged, yet Kohlhasse's conscience seems not to have been easy concerning the blood that had been shed and the ruin wrought by him; and once more he resolved to appeal to Luther, not this time by letter, but face to face. One night, attended by a single servant, Kohlhasse appeared in Wittenberg—the capital of his enemy's territory—before Luther's house, and requested an interview. When asked his name he refused to give it, but demanded that the interview should be strictly private.

Luther consented to receive him. No sooner were they alone together than Luther said, "You are Kohlhasse." "I am, Doctor." Then Luther introduced other theologians, among them probably Melancthon, and the question of the justice of the war waged by the grocer, and his responsibility before his Maker for the blood and misery that resulted from his war, were discussed. He left the house before dawn, with bowed head, and with his hands nervously twitching. He had passed his solemn word to Luther not to attempt anything more against the land of Saxony. Before he left, Luther gave him the sacrament.

The Elector of Brandenburg now demanded that the names of those incriminated should be sent to him; a list of 115 was at once forwarded. Among these eleven were executed solely for complicity in the affair of Marzalina.

Kohlhasse kept his word to Luther; with rage gnawing at his heart he heard of these new executions, and resented his inability to revenge them. He regretted his promise, and cast about how he might evade its obligation.

Unfortunately for him, a friend suggested the means. His own sovereign, Joachim II. of Brandenburg, had not used his proper influence to exact from the Elector of Saxony that justice which was due to the rights of his case in the matter of the horses at Wellauna. The only way in which he could force this

prince into taking up and interesting himself in his case would be to declare war against him !

Incredible as it may seem, Kohlhasse agreed to this, and issued his proclamation of war against the Elector of Brandenburg ; then waited the legitimate number of days, and proceeded to carry his threat into execution.

A treasure in silver was being conveyed to Berlin from the Mansfeld mines to be minted. Kohlhasse intercepted the convoy, and carried off the silver.

This act of violence against his own sovereign completely turned the current of public sympathy from him ; and it was not difficult for the Elector to obtain possession of his person. He was taken, along with a confederate, and both were condemned to be broken alive on the wheel. With them were sen-

tenced a citizen and his wife, in whose house this confederate had taken refuge, though ignorant who he was, and what crime he had committed. At the last moment the woman received pardon, but she refused to accept it, preferring to die with her husband. Kohlhasse was brought forth to execution with his companion on March 22, 1540. As he stood on the scaffold he was informed that his sovereign had commuted his mode of death to execution with the sword ; but he refused the concession, because it was not extended to his comrade. With bold front, repeating the words " Never saw I the righteous forsaken," he presented himself to the executioner, and without a cry endured the protracted agonies of death on the wheel.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DE MORTUIS.

THE dead of the winter brings death-warrants to many. Bitter frosts and the state of the atmosphere are registered not only by thermometers and barometers, but by the lengthening columns of deaths in the morning papers, and the frequency of those unsatisfactory obituary notices which summarily condense so many busy lifetimes. The multitude dies and few people are missed much, though there are sorrows and regrets in family circles. Acquaintances think a kindly thought or say a friendly thing, and there is an end of the defunct, so far as this world is concerned. If a man be useless, he is well out of the way ; if he has been doing good work, nevertheless there are a score of jostling candidates eager to slip into his place, and possibly competent to fill it. The supply is everywhere in excess of the demand ; the labor-market is overcrowded in all its departments ; one individual is nearly as good as any other, and that is the case even where it is a question of talents and brains. There will never be a lack of legal ability, and we suspect that clientless solicitors and briefless counsel would willingly hazard the chances of an epidemic if it breached the barriers and made a clearance on the course. The practice of medicine,

with the system of running after the physicians in vogue, seems so much a matter of happy-go-lucky empiricizing, that, if you lose the favorite doctor who " knows your constitution," it is likely, to say the least of it, that it may be a blessing in disguise. The perennial flow of pulpit oratory is never sensibly dammed back by a single decease. And, fortunately or unfortunately, it is scarcely once in a couple of generations that the demise of the most distinguished statesman is a national calamity. It is not only the eminent leader of the opposite party, paying a graceful tribute to departed greatness, who thinks that the defunct is well out of the way. Colleagues and subordinates who have been overshadowed or thrust aside, in their hearts are much of the same opinion, while the nation puts easy-going faith in the Providence that from time immemorial has been driving the machine. So we might go on and multiply examples indefinitely, from the philanthropic employer of labor whose son steps into his shoes to the money-hoarding capitalist whose hoards are distributed at last to the benefit of society and the satisfaction of his heirs.

Yet there are men who are very generally missed, and who in some cases

are sincerely and deservedly mourned. As to the latter, if what happened after death were matter of much consideration to them, we should say that was one of the rare privileges of intellectual industry and distinction. "Lost treasures" is the epitaph that naturally suggests itself when we hear of the death of one of the few men who have been educating, enlightening, and entertaining their contemporaries. Take a Macaulay, for example. Here is a writer and a thinker who, notwithstanding his prejudices and prepossessions, or perhaps partly on account of them, has gained the ear of the world and has been wielding enormous influence. On the whole, he has been exercising it beneficially; and it is well, for hundreds of thousands have been thinking his thoughts and acting upon the opinions he has dictated or insinuated. His power was founded on a rare combination of gifts fructified by that restless industry which is indispensable. A most tenacious memory retained the vast stores of knowledge which had been garnered and assorted by a logical intellect. His picturesque and vivacious style owed much to that retentive memory. For, like the elder Dumas, though with infinitely more accuracy, the fancy flowed and the pen ran on without the necessities for incessant interruptions to look up books of reference. The breath is stopped in that living and exhaustive encyclopædia, and all the treasure is transmuted into the nothingness of withered leaves, like the gold of the magician in the Arabian tale. Or take a Scott, who was in the world of romance more than what Macaulay was as historian and essayist. Possibly we may light upon such another genius, although scarcely in the course of a century or so; but when can you hope for a genius so wonderfully inspired and sympathetically self-trained in all congenial subjects? It was in the fulness of his intellectual stores, as much as in his power of transporting himself to the past, or in the fervor of his imagination, that Scott could dash off a novel in six weeks, a *Waverley* or a *Woodstock*—and such novels as they were. The world goes into mourning, metaphorically speaking, for the Scotts or Macaulays, but the Scotts and Macaulays are phoenixes. As a rule, the men who may

rely on being regretted for a reasonable time must belong to intellectual coteries more or less comprehensive. They have been living personalities to those who have been learning to appreciate them; and, to come down from the abstract to the concrete, they have been well known in intellectual company and combination rooms, and probably conspicuous figures at their Clubs. Thackeray remarks somewhere, with pathetic cynicism, on the requiem chanted by Club members over the loss of a companion. "So poor old Brown is gone," and the familiar chair is vacant; Brown's favorite place knows him no more, and in a day or two he is forgotten. But Thackeray was talking then of the mute and inglorious rank and file; of the worthy veteran whose best ambition was to prolong a life that was no great pleasure to any one. It is a very different thing when you have lost a friend whose friendship has been a privilege you never sufficiently valued; when you are reminded too late of the playful humor, the lively reminiscences, the happy knack of story-telling, the wide social experiences, or the unobtrusive cultivation which turned to profitable account so many an idle hour which would otherwise have been wasted or dragged wearily by. Clubmen and press-writers generally do ample, if tardy, justice to the lights that have gone out, especially if they have been quenched suddenly or prematurely. A selfish sense of the loss may have something to do with it, but undoubtedly *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is generally the *mot d'ordre*. Slight follies or eccentricities are forgotten, as they should be, or only alluded to with respectful affection. They would be pleased to see the intellectual Pendennis back again in the great arm-chair or at the snug corner table, the monopoly of which was so often grudged him. Even if the defunct had the not undeserved character of a cynic, and if he practised a reserve which many people resented, these things turn to his advantage rather than otherwise. We recollect a striking instance of that, *à propos* of a death that occurred a few years ago. An old gentleman had dropped off who knew everybody and had written on a variety of social subjects, infusing a good deal of personal piquancy into the articles. He

was known popularly as a chary sayer of good things ; as a man who had made his way in society by the sneers and sarcasms that came more readily than compliments ; as a grumbler and a growler who, after his long experiences, was inclined to think the worst of human nature. He died one day, and his death left a blank, though he had been withdrawing himself from the world he still loved so well. Immediately, and as a matter of course, many tongues and pens were busy about him. It is true that due notice was taken of the faults he had almost ostentatiously and aggressively paraded. Seeking the materials for an effective, not to say a faithful, portrait, these could not be overlooked or neglected. But it is remarkable that his memorialists, whether in print or *viva voce*, laid themselves out, almost with one consent, to praise him for his better qualities. With ingenuity and indefatigable research worthy of professional commentators on Shakspeare, they hunted up all the good actions he had done, the seasonable assistance he had extended to the friendless, and all the kindly things he had ever said. The best of it was that, as we have reason to believe, all the things said in his favor were generally true, though doubtless bright coloring was laid on pretty freely. But the upshot was that almost excessive honor was paid to his memory, and that, as Dugald Dalgetty remarked to the Marquess of Argyll, in the dungeon at Inverary, no one had ever heard half so much good of him before, although he had not survived to blow his own trumpet.

And if that was so with a man who certainly did not cultivate geniality, and who had lent himself more or less to malevolent interpretation, how much more must it be the case with some of the members the literary Clubs have lost this season ? A great writer may be a great public loss, but a great traveller and quick-sighted observer who has the genius of drawing vividly on all he has seen is far more genuinely regretted by his familiars. Sighing over the pleasures of the past, you feel in despondency that you never can look on his like again. It is not only that while you

have been lounging or laboring at home he has been touring everywhere between the Poles and the Equator. It is not only that he has been correcting crude theories by shrewd observations all the world over, and that he has been evolving the lessons of world-wisdom which give a flavor to his least formal talk. But he has been the spectator of scenes in the world's history which henceforth you can only read of in books, and he is rich in the reminiscences of the men who have been writing the history of which you read, and with whom he has long been living in acquaintance or intimacy. Then there is the easy talker who, without having been much out of England, is almost as instructive and entertaining within narrower limits. He has never set down his reminiscences in print, or, if he has done so, he has been fettered by discretion and the proprieties, and has consequently omitted much that was most pungent. Yet what a store of ready anecdote he had about those who came to the front of the stage in their lives, but have long since been gathered to their fathers ! He may have mixed with statesmen and have memories of the Duke and Peel, of Lord John meditating measures of reform, and Palmerston at the Foreign Office, or Lord Beaconsfield after the Congress of Berlin. Or he may have been living with the men of literature all his life, and have any amount of "the curiosities of literature" at his fingers' ends. Or he may have been a patron of the drama and a frequenter of the green-rooms from time ; practically immemorial, and no *causeurs* can make more agreeable talk than those who have cultivated the society of great actors. It matters very little what line his tastes took so long as he had some speciality in which he was strong—so long, above all, as his nature was warm and sympathetic, and so long as he had been stealing on your heart while you knew he was dazzling your intelligence. Dismissing idle regrets while doing tardy justice to the departed, we may strive for our own sakes to feel more generously than we have hitherto felt to the agreeable friends that are happily spared to us.—*Saturday Review*.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WE were seated in a corner of the smoking-room of the good ship *Etruria*, bound from New York to Liverpool. It was in the month of May, and there was barely sufficient breeze to scatter the smoke of our cigars as it floated out through the open doors and windows. As is usual on these voyages, our little knot of talkers was made up of very varied types : a veteran New York journalist coming over to England to report the approaching Jubilee ; a young English doctor returning from a trip to the United States, undertaken for the purpose of studying the American systems of treating lunatics and criminals ; two or three merchants of different nationalities, and two or three other travellers, including the writer, of no particular profession or calling.

The conversation, which began with the usual remarks concerning the prospects of fair weather, the number of knots run by our ship and her merits as compared with other ocean-liners, gradually assumed a more earnest character. A chance allusion to the probable insanity of a notorious criminal drew out the doctor, whose account of some of his recent observations soon involved us in a discussion as to the difficulty of drawing any hard-and-fast line between sane criminals and criminal lunatics.

Dr. Hudson thought that, under the influence of a mental shock, occasioned by the sudden destruction of some long-cherished plan or ideal, a man of generous nature and superior intellect might be led momentarily to discard all the principles which had previously guided him. During the time he was thus influenced, it would be unfair to hold him accountable for his actions.

Several passengers at once assailed the speaker, whose views, they asserted, were full of danger to society. It was impossible to believe in the reality of such a sudden and temporary transformation as Dr. Hudson had described ; if he were right, who was to be trusted ? Here the correspondent, who had hitherto seemed absorbed in the enjoyment of his cigar, for the first time broke silence.

"I agree with the doctor," he said, in clear if somewhat drawling tones. "I once knew a man whose talents and acquirements I have never seen equalled, and whose whole life was devoted to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Nevertheless, the last deeds of that man were in direct contradiction with the whole of his previous career."

He was about to enter into details when he was interrupted by the sound of a bell, which led to the immediate dispersion of the company in the direction of the dining-saloon.

When we met again after dinner, it was easy to perceive that but few of the smokers were in a mood to pursue the discussion that had preceded our meal. For my part, however, I have always felt a deep interest in the fate of those exceptional beings upon whom the rarest gifts seem only to have been lavished to lead to their ultimate misfortune and ruin. I therefore begged the correspondent, whose name I had learned was Hastings, to tell us something more about the man he had referred to. The result of my request was that some few of those present withdrew to a distant corner, but it was so warmly supported by others, that Mr. Hastings expressed his readiness to comply with our wishes ; and after waiting until we were supplied with our favorite drinks, he began as follows :

HASTINGS'S STORY.

"Before some of you were born, far back in the fifties, I was sent over to San Francisco by the managers of a leading New York journal, who were anxious to obtain trustworthy information concerning the organization and proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, whose vigorous action in putting down disorder in the capital of the gold districts was exciting much interest in the Eastern States. The story of the foundation of this Committee, and the measures by which they succeeded in re-establishing peace and order in San Francisco, has been too often told for me to repeat it now. When I reached my

destination the excitement was at its height ; two or three of the boldest assassins had already been arrested and hanged, but the rowdy element was still sufficiently strong to give life in San Francisco an ample spice of the sensational. To take a mild average, not a day passed without one or two murders, followed by a vigorous pursuit of the criminals and a desperate struggle between their chums and the Vigilants, which invariably ended in the defeat of the former and the execution of the murderers. The disorderly section of the population, although, in reality, only a very small minority, was still, however, sufficiently strong to give a general tone of recklessness to the course of events in the Golden City. One morning, for instance, a band of disappointed diggers would enter the town disguised as Indians, and commit every kind of excess, until shot down or put to flight by the respectable inhabitants, who, on the alarm-bell at the fire-station being rung, would come rushing out of their dwellings, armed every man with his bowie-knife and pistols, the latter of which were freely discharged in the supposed direction of the enemy, without over-much consideration as to whether the bullets found the right or the wrong billets. Later on, the same bell perhaps would ring a furious alarm of fire ; and scarcely had the firemen collected, when they would have to exchange shots with a band of maddened broken gamblers, who were determined to burn down the 'gold hell' in which they had been ruined, without the least regard for the fact that its destruction by fire would probably involve that of about half the town. The frequent occurrence of incidents of this nature, and the serious personal risk I had run as a spectator, soon so completely took the edge off my curiosity, that I scarcely cared to go farther than the post office, unless I had received positive information that something unusually interesting was on the cards.

"I was engaged one hot summer's day in drawing up a detailed account of the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, from such notes as my position as a representative of a leading Eastern paper had enabled me to collect, when I was interrupted by the noise made by

a number of shots, following one another in such rapid succession as to sound almost like volleys of musketry. The sounds proceeded from the opposite side of the small square in which my hotel was situated. From the window close to my writing-table I could see a strong and apparently disciplined body of men, flanked by a disorderly mob, furiously attacking a small two-storeyed log-house. The defenders kept up a steady fire from the windows, with fatal effect upon their regular assailants and the crowd of volunteers. Among the latter I could readily distinguish the types of a great variety of races. Citizens of the Eastern and Southern states of the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, Spaniards and Germans, a band of Indians in their war-paint, and on the skirts of the mob some Chinamen as spectators. Conspicuous as being mounted, while every one else was on foot, was a little knot of Mexicans, with their richly braided jackets, broad-brimmed *sombreros*, high-peaked saddles, and shovel stirrups. Those horsemen seemed to take no part in the attack, but sat calmly smoking their cigarettes, with the exaggeration of elegant listlessness they love to assume when anything is going on which is exciting to look at, but in no way concerns their personal interests. They were armed in the fashion of their country, with *lazos* and long *machetes* or swords.

"Presently, from a window not far from the one out of which I was gazing, I heard the order given to open ranks, disperse, and re-form behind the hotel. The men who constituted the disciplined nucleus of the assailants of the opposite house at once dropped back among the crowd, and in a few minutes I saw them fall in again beneath my back windows. They numbered about one hundred in all, of whom fifty, in obedience to an order from the same man who had recalled them from the attack, prepared to form a battering column. For this purpose two huge pine-logs, about thirty feet in length, were brought from a pile of lumber in the neighborhood and raised upon the shoulders of the men, carefully selected in pairs ; the remainder of the little body was directed to advance in skirmishing order, keeping up a hot fire upon the house.

"While these arrangements were being made in the empty space behind the hotel, the mob had been passing the time in discharging their pistols at the massive logs which formed the outer walls of the beleaguered house. The enjoyment derived from this harmless exercise lost none of its zest from the fact that the garrison thought fit to reserve their fire for worthier foes. The ball-practice was soon interrupted by a characteristic incident which appears to me worth noticing. One of the crowd, who had worked himself into a state of exasperation owing to his six-shooter having got hampered and no longer discharging its six shots in as many seconds, raised a sudden cry of 'Burn him out !' and was preparing to carry out his idea by setting fire to a heap of chips and shavings piled up against one of the walls of the house. At the critical moment a fellow-rowdy stepped up to him and shot him through the head, shouting out, by way of explanation, 'The powder-magazine !' such a building being in fact only separated from the log-house by a few yards of waste ground. Several other gentlemen then came forward and expressed their approval of the presence of mind displayed by emptying their six-shooters into the dead body, an operation which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the men with the battering-rams.

"The storming-party consisted of two bands of twenty men each, bearing the pine-logs on their shoulders. At the word 'Charge !' the first log was carried forward at a run, with the intention of driving in the entrance door of the house attacked ; but scarcely had half the necessary ground been covered, when six shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the six front supporters of the log fell wounded to the ground, immediately followed by the majority of their unwounded comrades, and by the ponderous mass itself. The ground was rapidly cleared of dead and dying, and at the word 'Charge !' the second log was borne forward toward the door, though perhaps at a somewhat slower pace than the first. Again the shots rang out from the house, and again the log fell to the ground.

"Great was the exasperation of the crowd, and as various as wild the

schemes proposed by amateur generals who formed part of it. Some were for setting fire to the house and letting the powder 'rip' if it chose ; others for removing it from the magazine and then burning down the house. Whosoever had a proposal to make began by shouting it out at the top of his voice, and a second later he would be engaged in furious altercation with the nearest of those who had any objection to his plan. The dispute generally closed by the discharge of a few pistol-shots, which caused much scattering of the crowd, but did little harm to the combatants. The rough black house stood its ground, grim and impassive, as if in contempt of the futile schemes suggested for its destruction.

"Meanwhile the leader of the Vigilants, who constituted the main body of the assailants, seeing the uselessness of a direct attack upon the wooden ramparts opposed to him, determined to resort to a blockade, and a cordon was formed round the house. Few of the mob had any ammunition left, and most of them were thinking of dinner, and gradually moving away from the scene of action, when suddenly the door of the invested house was thrown open, and into the very midst of the guards leaped an herculean figure in a red shirt, with flowing grizzly beard, and hair reaching down to his shoulders. In his right hand he carried an axe of unusual size, while his left brandished a broad bowie-knife. Close behind him ran two tall and slender boys, the one a mulatto, the other a fair-haired English-looking youth : they were both armed with long Indian lances and light hunting-knives.

"For a moment there appeared to be a fair chance that the daring assailants would succeed in cutting their way through the guards, who had evidently received orders not to use their firearms. As to what remained of the crowd, there was scarcely a man whose revolver was loaded, and there was certainly not one disposed to engage in hand-to-hand conflict with the formidable athlete in the red shirt. The three fugitives were already fast approaching the hotel, when the voice that had directed the attacks on the log-house was again heard, 'Now, Señores Mexicanos,' whereupon the little knot of horsemen dashed with light-

ning speed to the front, and instantly lassoed and threw to the ground the three men, who were promptly secured by the Vigilants, who had followed close upon their tracks.

"The cry 'Bully for the Vigilance!' was now raised by the crowd, who, to my astonishment, fell back and made way for the removal of the prisoners, without any great show of reluctance. Some few followed, shouting 'Lynch them!' but the majority repaired to the now defenceless house, evidently with no friendly intentions. There again, however, they were stopped by another body of men belonging to the ubiquitous committee, before whom the crowd fell back, growling but unresisting, like a dog whose bone has been taken from him by his master.

"The drama on the square had now come to an end, and I hastened to seek for some explanation of the strange incidents of which I had been an eyewitness. In the same hotel as myself lived one of the leading lawyers of San Francisco, who was generally believed to exert no slight influence over the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee. As the voice that had directed the assault on the house came from the window of one of his rooms, I felt justified in inferring that he would give me some information as to what had occurred.

"In reply to my questions, Mr. Russell, as I may as well call him, told me that the house attacked was the dwelling of a man known as Nat Turner, who had been at San Francisco for some little time, and who was supposed to be a 'Britisher' by birth. Shortly after his arrival he had taken the house in question, partly furnished, and had stored in it the contents of a number of cases which had arrived by sea. He was accompanied by two youths, the one a white, the other a mulatto, who were popularly supposed to be his own sons. The fact of his receiving no visitors, and never being seen in a drinking-saloon, had excited considerable curiosity, which his invariable refusal to allow any one to cross his threshold had not tended to allay. The two boys had been stopped and questioned to no purpose, and two or three of the leading citizens who had tried to draw Turner into conversing about himself, had been repulsed

in a somewhat abrupt manner. The result was, that before a month had elapsed he had become unpopular with all classes of society, and it was generally expected that he would soon find the place too hot to hold him. When the rowdies became aware that the new-comer would receive but scant support from the respectable portion of the community, two or three of the boldest made up their minds to try his mettle. Consequently one day, when on his road to the post-office, where he was wont to repair almost daily for books and newspapers, of which he received a large supply, he was stopped by three of the most notorious bullies of the town, one of whom took him by the arm, and endeavored, with the assistance of the other two, but with a show of playful violence, to force him into the nearest drinking-shop. Nat allowed himself to be hustled along as far as the corner of the street, where a pile of refuse of the most unsavory description was rotting in the sun. Stopping suddenly, he swung the man who held his arm head over heels into the midst of the garbage, and with a strength and agility far surpassing all that they had hitherto experienced, gripped the other two rowdies by the collar, kicked their legs from under them, and deposited them on the top of their sprawling comrade. Before they had time to recover, Nat Turner had disappeared into the post-office. As might have been expected, when he came out half an hour later, he was assailed by the three bullies, cheered on by a crowd of their admirers. Each of them held in his hand a six-shooter, which he pointed at Turner's head. 'Now then, you English skunk! let's see what you look like when you've got to go under,' said the foremost, taking deliberate aim. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the revolver was wrenched from his hand, he himself was sent spinning into the gutter by a splendidly delivered left-hander, and before the other two had made up their minds to shoot they both rolled over, shot through the right shoulder by their crony's revolver. Turner having thus rapidly got rid of his principal opponents, turned upon the crowd with so fierce a look that the nearest recoiled upon those behind them to make room for him. Seeing that no

one appeared inclined for a trial of skill with him, he pushed straight on toward his house, not only without further molestation, but accompanied by more than one shout of 'Well done, Britisher!' from the faithless crowd. The reckless daring of the man who, single-handed and unarmed, had encountered and utterly discomfited the three leading champions of the disorderly classes, had the desired effect, and he was thenceforth left to pursue his own course until an opportunity should offer for paying him off without too much personal risk. About a year had elapsed since the encounter had taken place, Turner's three adversaries had gone off to the diggings, and his peculiarities were in a fair way of being forgotten, when the whole town was thrown into a state of excitement by the disappearance of a young Frenchman named St. Valentin, who had powerful friends among the Southerners. After a prolonged inquiry, it was ascertained that he had last been seen near Turner's house; and on the matter being laid before the newly established Vigilance Committee, it was decided that his house should be searched. The two men who volunteered for the duty had been refused admittance; and on their attempting to effect an entry by force, they had been shot down just outside the doorway. Thence the attack on the house which I had witnessed.

"If, added my informant, I felt any desire to be present at the examination of the house, which had been intrusted to him, he would willingly incur the responsibility of allowing me to accompany him. I at once closed with this offer, and soon afterward we entered the mysterious building together.

"It was, as I have said, a small two-storeyed building of massive logs. It consisted of six rooms, besides an underground kitchen and store-rooms. There was but little furniture beyond the three beds and a few chairs and tables; but the walls were covered with carefully executed and well-framed drawings, designed to illustrate the effect of every conceivable torture on the countenance of human beings. Side by side with these hung other drawings, labelled 'probable effect of operation A, B, etc.,' the meaning of which we could not make out, though the placid faces of the per-

sons represented certainly stood out in striking contrast to those of the victims in the adjacent frames, and to those of the plaster models in the corners of the room, which represented the sufferings of the human frame when racked by painful diseases. Farther on were numerous drawings, plaster casts, and wax models, reproducing anatomical preparations of portions of the body in a pathological condition. I noticed likewise a number of portraits, bearing names more or less familiar, such as Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Cagliostro, Harvey, Hunter, Claude Bernard, and Magendie, and many others which I have forgotten. One whole room was given up to a collection of arms of a very complete character. Each description of weapon was arranged in a series, ranging, for instance, from the prehistoric flint knife to the modern bowie-knife,—and so on in each class. Another room was devoted to the illustration of experiments in vivisection. I noticed in particular a small oven, out of which projected the head of a stuffed lapdog, labelled 'King Charles, used by Claude Bernard in his celebrated experiments; lethal heat in this case, 112° centigrade.' I would rather not describe other still more horrible models in illustration of the experiments on living criminals, of Falopius, Vesalius, and others; indeed I think that I have said enough to convince you that the contents of Turner's house were such as would furnish a very complete museum of horrors. One peculiarity of this museum, from my point of view, was the strange impression of familiarity it produced upon me. Although the objects of which it was composed were evidently all originals of rare individual merit, and such as could only have been brought together by a highly trained if somewhat morbid intellect, I felt convinced that I had seen most of them before under totally different circumstances; the pitifully distorted head of the lapdog, among others, appeared to recall to me a familiar sensation of horror connected with bygone days.

"I was cudgelling my brains to discover where and when I had become acquainted with mimic horrors resembling the objects in Turner's museum, when I was reminded of the motive of our visit by the shouts of those who had

gone straight to the basement. After breaking open several doors strongly secured by lock and bolt, the searchers had come upon a kind of tank filled with quicklime. The result of a closer examination was the discovery of the remains of two men—the one of singularly powerful frame and large stature, the other a slender youth—and of an unusually large dog. The features of the larger corpse were no longer recognizable; but the lawyer who had accompanied me felt confident that the body would be identified as that of Teddy O'Brien, an Irish prize-fighter, whom Turner had rescued when drunk from the bowie-knife of a rowdy who had an old score to pay off, and who in return had attached himself to Turner, being in fact the only outsider who ever crossed his threshold. As to the slenderer corpse, it was evidently that of St. Valentin; if any doubt could have existed, it would at once have been dispelled by the presence of the dog, an animal that followed that interesting youth everywhere, and who displayed the most devoted affection for him. The doctor who was called in to express an opinion as to the mode of death manifested intense surprise, not unmixed with admiration, when he had examined a large wound on St. Valentin's head; but he refused to explain, on the plea that his opinion must be reserved for the official report. Indeed, even if Turner could have been completely exonerated from all responsibility for the death of the two men whose bodies had been found in his house, he had unquestionably killed a large number of men, and nothing could save him from the last penalty of the law. 'As a matter of sentiment,' said my lawyer friend, 'I am glad to believe that Turner was not a cold-blooded assassin; we did what we could for him, but he wouldn't listen to reason.'

There being now no motive for prolonging our stay in this ill-fated house, I returned to the hotel to take notes of what I had seen. A few hours later I received a message to the effect that the prisoner Turner would be deeply grateful if I would visit him in his prison, as he wished to speak to me on business of vital importance.

"I must admit that this communica-

tion aroused feelings of a very mixed character. In the interests of my employers, and for the sake of my own reputation as a 'cute correspondent, nothing more fortunate could have occurred; but at the same time I felt a decided repugnance to the idea of making capital out of the last moments of a man in whom I felt an involuntary interest. As I approached the prison, which was situated at a considerable distance from my hotel, a thousand well-nigh forgotten associations arose in my mind, and pleaded with me in favor of the man who now lay helpless and hopeless in the town jail. The glimpse I had caught of Turner, as he broke through the Vigilance guards, had recalled to me the image of a hero of my younger days. When I was a law student at Dublin, the leading spirit of the university was Fitzgerald, known among us as 'Madcap Harry,' or the 'Admirable Crichton,' according to the mood in which we found him. He was unquestionably superior to the majority of his fellow-students, in athletic exercises as well as in intellectual gifts. Beyond the precincts of the university very little was known of his life. From the reckless way in which he spent and lent money, without ever being troubled by duns, we assumed that he was rich, an impression which was confirmed by the lavish manner in which he had filled his rooms with everything connected with his varied pursuits. Fitzgerald, who had been two years at Dublin when I joined the law classes, was a medical student, and was fond of taking us over his very original collection of anatomical specimens and models. Yes; there could no longer be any doubt about it, that was where I had seen the model of Claude Bernard's oven. I remembered that during one long vacation, Fitzgerald had gone over to Paris to attend a course of lectures given by the distinguished physiologist, and had brought back with him the model in question. The stuffed dog was, he said, the one hundred and fiftieth animal of that species which had been experimented on. The prisoner under sentence of death in the San Francisco jail, and my old comrade Fitzgerald, were one and the same person!

"After exhibiting my permit, I was

shown into the room where Turner was confined. I found him quietly smoking a short pipe, and apparently waiting my arrival. By his side stood a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper closely written over.

"Will you forgive me for troubling you?" he said. "I had accidentally heard of the presence here of a correspondent of one of the leading New York journals, and I would rather trust a man fresh from the East than any resident of this town. But surely," he added, as I took the chair he had offered me, "your name must be Hastings. If so, you are not the man to be ashamed to recognize Fitzgerald, your old college chum. A law student who has knocked about the world well-nigh a score of years, is likely to understand that a man may be a dangerous criminal in the eyes of the law, and yet a well-meaning enough sort of fellow in reality."

"Even my remembrance of the proverbial coolness of my old friend had not prepared me for this address. I had expected a certain amount of embarrassment, perhaps some hesitation or doubt, as to whether he should make himself known to me, lest I should repudiate all previous acquaintance with him. His attitude was not in the least that of a man who feels that he owes apologies, or at all events explanations, to his old friends, before he can meet them on equal terms.

"I was too deeply impressed by the horror of his position not to do my best to conquer any feeling of repulsion I may have felt. I could think of nothing better than to catch hold of his hand and give it a friendly grasp.

"I had hoped to meet you under happier circumstances," I said, huskily.

"I have quite made up my mind as to what has to follow," he answered calmly; "but I can't help feeling a certain amount of bitterness when I think that the prize I have been striving to reach during long years of toil will, owing to my death, be withheld from the world for an indefinite time longer. But there is little to be gained by dwelling on my feelings. To judge by the howling of those white savages outside, I shan't be allowed to be many minutes longer with you, and there are one or two things I want you to do for the sake

of old times. Those papers on the table contain a short account of my life, which I think will explain how I have come to my present position. When Mr. X——, the leader of the Vigilant party who attacked my house, has read these lines, I think, from what I know of him, that for the benefit of science and in the interests of the world at large, he will not allow my collection to be scattered. Will you place this manuscript in his own hands after you have read it? and if you please, take a copy of it yourself. I am sure I need not ask you to do what you can to prevent the utter waste of a whole life's work. Poor boys!" he continued, pointing to the youths I have already mentioned, who were lying side by side fast asleep on a mattress in a corner of the room—"poor boys! I might have made something of them but for this unlucky ending of all my schemes. So good-by, old fellow! God bless you! I die with the consciousness of having striven hard to do good to the world. I must pay for a moment of madness with my life, and, harder by far, with that of those poor boys." With a last shake of the hand I left him, taking with me the manuscript, and returned to my hotel, somewhat dejected by this meeting with an old college friend on the eve of his execution. I had not a sufficient sense of my duty to my employers to attend on the occasion; but I heard later that the three culprits had met death with a coolness worthy of their reputation for fearlessness."

"Is that all?" I cried, in accents of ill-suppressed indignation, as Hastings quietly lit a cigar and commenced smoking, without any sign of an intention to vouchsafe us a more satisfactory ending than the foregoing; "and have you kept us all day listening to an unsolved riddle? We want to know how Fitzgerald could be innocent of the four murders committed before his house was attacked, and what was the mysterious object he was pursuing for the benefit of humanity?"

"Well, gentlemen," returned Hastings, quietly, "I can give you no explanations. If you won't make too much row, however, to-morrow, if we all feel inclined, I will read you the

manuscript, of which I have a copy by me. It will tell you all about the murders ; but without the collection and its explanatory catalogues, I am afraid you won't be much the wiser as to Fitzgerald's philanthropical aims."

Next day after lunch Hastings took up his usual position, and proceeded to read the following pages :—

FITZGERALD'S MANUSCRIPT.

"My parents died when I was still a very small child, and I have no distinct recollection of them. I was taken charge of by my father's younger brother, who enjoyed some reputation as a physiologist, and who certainly did his best to train me for taking my place among the votaries of his pet science. For this purpose he early initiated me into the mysteries of the dissecting-room, and when he deemed my nerves sufficiently hardened, he revealed to me in due course all the secrets of the laboratory of a devoted vivisectionist. Before I was eighteen, I could approach a painful experiment in vivisection with the delight experienced by the skilful surgeon in performing a difficult operation from which he anticipates extraordinary benefit for the patient. I learned never to shrink from the dissection of a living animal, nor to hesitate in inflicting any amount of pain, if I saw the least chance of an approach to some discovery likely to benefit humanity. I had been duly taught that the sufferings of the higher animals, when the cuticle had once been pierced, were scarcely inferior to those of human beings ; but I considered it perfectly justifiable that beasts should be made to suffer for the advancement of a science whose discoveries were calculated to diminish the sufferings of human beings. It was under the empire of this conviction that I approached my work ; and even before I entered upon my regular studies at the Dublin University, I had acquired such skill and strength of nerve, and such indifference to the sufferings of my subjects, that I already was worthy of the proud title of 'a real artist in vivisection,' which was subsequently conferred upon me by one of the great French masters."

Here Hastings stopped for a moment

to explain that he had thought it best to drop certain details given by Fitzgerald in illustration of his proficiency in vivisection. He then continued reading :—

"I had but little opportunity at Dublin itself of adding to my knowledge of this important branch of medical science ; but I took advantage of the vacations to attend lectures wherever an opportunity offered. The death of my uncle, which occurred soon after I had taken my degree, left me in possession of sufficient means to prosecute my experiments in the most satisfactory manner ; and before I was thirty, I was thoroughly acquainted with the labors of the greatest authorities, most of whose experiments I found means of repeating independently. The result of my studies was a conviction that the action of the nerves in mental as well as physical disorders, had been singularly underrated, not to say entirely overlooked, by previous inquirers. By means of a series of careful experiments, I found that the excision of certain important nerves would, according to their position, either stimulate or extirpate such qualities as courage, fidelity, industry, patience, etc., which mankind possesses in much the same degree as the lower animals. The nerves I operated upon with unflinching success exist in man ; and from a careful study of curious medical cases, I thought it highly probable that they might be worked upon with the same useful effects. This fact once satisfactorily established, observations might be made with a view to the discovery of the other nerves capable of exercising an influence on the human character and constitution. If successful, the inquiry might serve a double purpose : it might lead to a new classification of the diseases under the direct influence of the nerves, and, further, result in the discovery of processes by means of which skilful specialists, operating on infants, might eliminate most of the vicious instincts which are a fruitful source of misery in the world. A hereditary tendency to drunkenness, violence, or dishonesty might thus be counteracted, to say nothing of the facility with which more tangible diseases, such as gout and consumption, might be eradicated from the system should they be found, as I fully anticipated, to

depend upon a morbid condition of certain nerve-centres. I refrain from going more deeply into professional details, as the result of all my experiments is set forth at full length in a manuscript, which will be found behind the dog in Claude Bernard's oven. It will therefore be sufficient for me to add, that a long and varied experience in hospitals and on battle-fields has furnished me with ample evidence in support of my theory. I have seen a sober man become an inveterate drunkard on recovering from a fit of insensibility, caused by the fall of a piece of brick on his head from a scaffolding he was passing under. On the other hand, I have come across a dull and stupid fellow who, thanks to a sabre-cut above the brows, which exposed the brain, was eventually converted into a man of delicate wit, fertile imagination, and picturesque narrative powers. The extraordinary development of certain faculties under the influence of mental disease is too well known for me to dwell upon it now. What is wanted is an opportunity of proving by direct experiment that given effects will result from a given operation. In the good old days I might have had an opportunity of experimenting on some of those ruffians who are howling outside ; but nowadays a student of physiology has difficulty enough about puppy dogs and rabbits, to say nothing of men.

"I was led to transfer my laboratory to San Francisco, by the accounts I had read of the disorderly conditions of society here. The number of crimes of violence was extremely great ; and I thought that the make-shift hospitals of a new community might perhaps afford me opportunities of making the desired experiments *in corpore vili*. I was not wrong in my previsions. Some opportunities did offer, of which I took advantage, taking care to select individuals whose death would be a clear gain to the world. I was not very successful ; but of course the chances were strongly against my patients being wounded in the precise manner I required, and I did not feel justified in treating the charges of men whom I temporarily replaced, as freely as I might have done my own.

"I am now coming to the incidents which have led to my being placed in

my present disagreeable predicament. Teddy O'Brien and St. Valentin were, as is well known, two notorious characters in their respective ways : about ten days ago they disappeared from their usual haunts, and were finally traced to my house, where indeed their bodies will be found. The facts of the case are as follows : Poor Teddy, a splendid boxer and a good enough fellow when sober, had been playing cards with St. Valentin in a neighboring drinking-shop. The good stupid fellow had no chance with the professional card-sharper, and was stripped of his last cent. Just, however, as St. Valentin was about to land another large stake on credit, his big dog placed his paw suddenly on his arm, which caused the *left bower* to fall out of his sleeve. Up jumped Teddy, and, vowing that he had been swindled, seized the whole of the money still lying upon the table, and rushed out of the house to avoid St. Valentin's revolver. The little Frenchman followed ; but only caught him up just as he had plunged into the door of my house, which one of the boys had opened on seeing Teddy's danger. The Frenchman entered after him, before the door could be closed, and with him the dog. When Teddy saw a pistol pointed at his head, he threw himself on one side, so that the bullet only grazed his cheek, and struck out violently at his adversary. I was aroused from my studies by the sound of the shot, followed by a groan and a heavy fall. When I arrived on the scene of action, one boy was trying to remove a fallen body, and the other endeavoring vainly to assist poor Teddy, who was struggling for his life with St. Valentin's wolf-hound. Before I could interfere, he staggered and fell backward, dragging the dog with him. Both were dead : the brute had torn out Teddy's windpipe, and the prize-fighter's iron hands, in the convulsions of death, had crushed the dog's throat and neck into a shapeless mass. Seeing that life was extinct in the nobler animals, I turned to St. Valentin. His heart was still beating, and we carried him into a room where Teddy had occasionally slept : he was suffering from a deep wound on the skull, caused, we ascertained, by his head having come into violent contact with the lock of the

front door when he fell beneath Teddy's blow. So far as I could see, it would not be impossible to save St. Valentin's life, although, of course, complications might manifest themselves. I applied the needful bandages, and arranged with the boys to keep watch by turns on him. The following day the patient recovered his speech; but there was an incoherency about his language, and a peculiar indistinctness about his pronunciation, that rendered it evident to me that the blow on the head had produced internal injuries of a serious character. The following morning the symptoms became so marked that I was convinced that a fragment of the skull was pressing on the brain in such a manner as to produce paralysis. My journal contains a full professional account of the symptoms that led me to conclude that the operation of trepanning was absolutely necessary to save the patient. This operation I accordingly performed, with a scrupulous observance of all the precautions prescribed by the greatest authorities who have dealt with the subject since the days of Ambroise Paré. It was so far successful that St. Valentin awoke immediately from the state of coma into which he had fallen soon after he recovered his senses; but, contrary to the results experienced on previous occasions, he appeared to be still so far under the influence of the shock his system had suffered, as to be incapable of understanding or replying to the simplest sentence addressed to him. A few hours of careful attention led me to the conclusion that unless some remedy were found, the quick-witted energetic gambler would remain a hopeless idiot. I felt it my duty to attempt the excision of a particular nerve, which was fortunately easily to be got at through the fissure in the skull. I was not long in arriving at this decision. In spite of the regularity of the features of the man lying before me, it has seldom been my fate to gaze on a lower countenance than his. I had heard of him as a heartless gambler, and I had proofs of his contempt for human life; but whatever may have been the extent of his actual criminality, there was cruel assassin, cowardly perjurer, mean puppy, and contemptible villain clearly legible in the lines of his face. Should

he die under the operation I was about to perform, nothing would be lost to society. I should not perhaps have been justified in attempting the experiment, had I seen the remotest chance of his ever recovering his intellect. As it was, death was far preferable to the existence mapped out for him by fate. If I succeeded, the benefit to the whole human race might be infinite. I should establish the soundness of my theory, that a man born with the vilest hereditary instincts might, by means of a simple operation, be converted into a useful member of society. Once establish my discovery as a recognized fact, and the whole of the criminal classes, now the bane of all civilized societies, might rapidly be replaced by an equal number of persons who, to say the least of it, would not be specially biassed in favor of a life of debauchery and crime. I have said enough to make my motives clear. I performed the operation, and the result exceeded my expectations. Before half an hour had elapsed, St. Valentin had sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke toward nightfall. The moment I had been anxiously awaiting had come at last.

"'You have saved my life,' he said, 'although I have richly deserved death.'

"I would not allow him to continue. I felt that the least excitement might prove fatal. I told him rather sharply to hold his tongue, if he did not wish to make all our efforts useless, and administered a sleeping-draught, which he took with the docility of a trusting child. In a few minutes he sank into a peaceful slumber. Until they closed, his eyes remained fixed upon mine with the absorbed look of a grateful dog. The experiment had been successful beyond my wildest hopes. The few words uttered by St. Valentin, accompanied by that haunting glance, were sufficient to indicate a complete transformation of his nature. It appeared to me, perhaps under the influence of an imagination unduly stimulated by long watching and anxious meditation, as if the creases, in which the misdeeds and evil longings of a short but active life had left their stamp upon his face, were gradually being smoothed out before my very eyes, as if by an invisible hand. I saw greed, low cunning, treachery, and spite falling

off like scales. Beneath the magic wand of science the leopard had been made to change his spots. At first sight it will appear certain that my overwrought fancy had made me the victim of a strange delusion. Even if the inward change had commenced, how could it have become manifest externally with the rapidity I have described? But after all, did not history recall instances of changes from good to evil and from evil to good equally sudden and striking, and equally patent to all beholders? To say nothing of the softening light cast by death on every human countenance not distorted by some atrocious final spasm, why should not a fundamental change in a man's nature be as rapidly mirrored on his face as the mock passions of the stage on that of a trained actor? Nay, more, if that fundamental change had, as I verily believed, indeed taken place, what I now saw was only its natural result.

"Sustained by the conviction that my life's devotion had at length been rewarded by the achievement of a discovery the benefit of which to humanity it was impossible to overrate, I watched contentedly by his bedside until the first gray light of dawn stole through the shutters. My life on the whole has not been an unhappy one, and I suppose it is given but to few to feel the happiness that pervaded my being during those hours. There was still much to be done before the pedantry of science and the dull routine of social government could be overcome to such an extent as to admit of the general application of my process.

"Just as the shivering feeling of depression which, even under the most favorable circumstances, succeeds a sleepless night, began to creep over me, St. Valentin awoke. The first sun-rays lighted up his face, which shone with a more death-like pallor in contrast with the long black locks and mustachio; the bandage about his temples, flecked here and there with clotted blood, added a peculiarly weird look to the long oval of his countenance.

"'What have you done to me?' he said; 'by what superhuman power is my nature so changed and softened that I overflow with intense gratitude to you, mingled with a hideous loathing of myself?'

"'For pity's sake!' I cried desperately, 'think of nothing but getting well; the least excitement may ruin all.'

"'And end in my death,' he retorted, with sudden fierceness. 'Would you wish me to live under the frightful weight of dishonor I now feel for the first time? Indeed, how can I live?' he added, with a bitter laugh; 'the wolf's teeth are drawn; what place is there, left for him in the struggle for existence? I cannot return to my former life, and I am unfitted for any other.'

"I tried a few words of comfort. 'Stop,' said he; 'you mean well, but you have been very cruel in your kindness. It would have been better to toss me out into the street to become the prey of dogs and turkey-buzzards, instead of bringing me back to life to suffer the agony of shame I now endure. For the first time I realize the depth of my degradation. I cannot bear to live, loathing myself body and soul as I now do. The men of my race, with all their faults, have always known how to die. Thanks—farewell!' Before I had time to interpose, he had violently torn the bandage from his brows, and dashed his wounded skull with such strength against the wall that the blood gushed out in streams, and he fell back into my arms with one convulsive shiver—dead! And with him died all my schemes—the fruit of all my labors. I was overwhelmed with despair.

"As I sat gazing at the corpse with purposeless eyes, my brain dizzy and confused by the combined influences of long watching and the frightful disappointment that had ruined all my hopes, I was roused to consciousness by two revolver-shots fired in the direction of the entrance. The combative instinct, which is perhaps the last to die in natures like mine, brought me to my feet in a moment. I rushed toward the sound, snatching up a revolver as I ran. It was too late. The two boys stood gazing, half triumphantly, half regretfully, at the bodies of two men stretched in the mud just outside the hall door. Without a word I approached the wounded men, and after a short examination re-entered the house and closed the door. They were both quite dead.

"Frederick, the white boy, then drew near to me, and laying his hand timidly on my arm, 'They tried to force their

way into the house,' he said, in deprecating tones; 'they swore they would roust out that beggar, St. Valentin, or his carcase, and as we had your orders to admit no one, we told them they could not come in. They drew upon us; but you have trained us to shoot quickly, and they both fell before they could pull the triggers of their revolvers. One fellow is still grasping his, and the other man's is lying there, close to the bottom step.'

"Who sent them?" I asked.

"They spoke of the Vigilance."

"There was nothing more to be said.

Those two rowdies, who belonged to a set I had once got the better of, thought they saw their opportunity for revenge; they were not mistaken, although things had scarcely taken the course they had pictured to themselves. The game was up; before many hours had elapsed, a swarm of men, utterly insensible to all reasoning, would demand admittance to my house. There were the dead men lying before the door. Yes; and there, not one hundred yards off, were a dozen of their comrades coming toward the house. They would force their way in and find poor Ted's body, with St. Valentin's bathed in fresh blood; they would ask no questions; we should be carried off and 'lynched,' while the contents of the house, the results of many years' unceasing labors—my models, my anatomical preparations, even to the manuscript records of my discoveries—would inevitably be destroyed. Should I tamely submit to the utter annihilation of everything I most cared for? The wild blood that runs in every Englishman's veins, beneath the calm and disciplined surface, was now fully aroused. Just at this moment the mulatto, Sam, cried out in excited tones, 'They are coming! what shall we do, master?'

"Stop them!" I said violently; 'bolt and bar the door, and show them what our revolvers can do, if they attempt to break it in.'

"They have got a large white handkerchief on a stick," said Fred; 'that means a flag of truce, doesn't it? One man is coming on quite alone.'

"I will speak to him," I answered, handing my revolver to Sam and opening the door.

"The man drew near—a fine sol-

dierly-looking fellow, a West Point cadet in earlier days, to judge by his way of speaking.

"Do you mean to fight?" he said. 'I am sorry for you, but there is no use in deceiving you: the boys have condemned you already for the sake of the two scoundrels lying there, and we are scarcely strong enough—I mean the Vigilance, in whose name I am here—to get you off, even if you could prove your innocence. Take my advice and run for it. There is an English ship just getting up steam in the port, and the way will be open enough for fellows like you for the next hour or two. It will take us fully that to get our men together and organize the siege.'

"I am grateful to you," I replied, 'for a piece of unlooked-for kindness, and I know that I am condemned beyond hope; but I can't run away just to save my skin, leaving everything I have worked for to perish at the hands of the mob.'

"But think of the boys. I don't know what they are to you; but can you bear to see them hanged before your eyes?'

"The boys are free, and might go if they pleased; but they will stay, and we shall die together. They have no one but me, and I can't live when everything that makes life worth having is torn from me.'

"As you will," rejoined my unexpected friend; 'but you will let us remove this carrion: that was my pretext for approaching you under flag of truce, and those skunks are already getting impatient.'

"I gave him one look of heartfelt gratitude, and re-entered the house to prepare for defence. I soon heard the curses and foul language of the rowdies, as they carried off their dead comrades. I had not misjudged my enemies: they all vowed they would burn my house to the ground, and not leave a vestige of 'his tarnation scientific muck on the face of this continent.'

"I had always been prepared for a sudden assault. The house was only open to attack in front; it was built of massive logs, strongly clamped together, and was perfectly bullet-proof. The aperture at the back was a very narrow one, and so secured as to offer more re-

sistance than the main walls ; the windows on either side of the entrance door were closed with iron shutters, leaving nothing but loopholes to fire through, some ten feet from the ground. On the upper floor a kind of veranda ran round the house : it was protected by a log parapet five feet high, pierced with loopholes, and so constructed as to command all the approaches to the house. They would scarcely use artillery, owing to the risk to the town ; or fire, owing to the close vicinity of a large powder-magazine. I mention these facts, in order to exonerate from blame the commander of the attacking party. I owe him this much, in return for the consideration shown to a man who had no claim upon him beyond that of being a fellow-worker in the field of science. The result is now known to all : we might have held out for months and got good terms, as we had plenty of provisions, and water from a well in the house. But unluckily, through some blunder of poor Teddy's, our stock of ammunition had got wet. If I had managed to reach the hotel, I think the director, who owes me a good turn, would have got the boys smuggled away. The mob would have probably been satisfied with hanging me, and I meant to give myself up without resistance, on condition that my collection was preserved. But I had been much over-worked recently, and the consequence was I forgot the *lassos* of those Mexican cowboys, and we had left our revolvers behind, to avoid carrying unnecessary weight during the rush. Poor boys ! there is no hope for them ; but after all, death is no such misfortune when you have no ties to attach you to life. They are no kin of mine : I picked them out of the Mississippi. A steamer blew up close to our own, and I saw the mulatto swimming pluckily with one hand, while the other supported the body of his

white half-brother, who had been struck on the head by a splinter. That was last year ; since then they have lived with me. The father was a planter, who was moving down the river with all his belongings to a new plantation he had bought. Everything was lost in the wreck. The boys have shown me a grateful attachment, which has prevented me from regretting a departure from my vow never to bind myself by human sympathies until I had worked out the problem I had undertaken to solve. Will that problem ever be solved, and by whom ? My collection contains all the materials for its theoretical solution ; but who will care to resort to practice, at the risk of being treated as a murderer ? I originally formed the collection of horrors in the first rooms to show how little hesitation had been felt in sacrificing human life when the stake at issue was of far less importance.

"I have but one word to add. I freely admit that I had no right to sacrifice a score of lives in defence of my collection ; but my nerves were overstrung by seventy-two hours' watching, and blow after blow had quite upset my judgment. In short, I was a dangerous madman for the time, driven distracted by an agony as fierce as that which gets possession of a poor beast robbed of her young."

"There," said the journalist, "is the end of my holding forth. I am off to see how many knots we ran yesterday. The story is yours, gentlemen ; you may publish it if you please. In the mean time, I think I have furnished you with a very pretty subject for discussion."

And discuss it we did, that day and every day until we separated at Liverpool, with about as much result as is usually derived from such discussions.
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

BY LADY GRANT DUFF.

A REMARKABLE figure has passed from among us. The life of the subject of the present memoir was full of contrasts and contradictions. He had held great

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employments, he had also been a day-laborer and a peddler. Himself a gentleman of good Scottish descent, and finding his natural place in good society, he

had friends alike among princes and beggars. To most people he appeared as a charming element in society, to many as a keen practical man of business, to some as a visionary fanatic, to a select few as an inspired prophet of the Lord, the founder of a new development of Christianity. But in whatever guise he might appear, no one could fail to feel that he was interesting. To him had been given, in unusually full measure, that mysterious indefinable charm, the presence of which condones such serious faults, the absence of which goes so far toward neutralizing even transcendent virtues.

There was a poetic suitability in his early years. Born at the Cape of Good Hope, reared in the old Scotch castle of Condie, he was at about eleven or twelve years of age sent to Ceylon. That exquisite island, whose blue mountain-peaks, green hill-sides, lovely lakes and fairy gardens are a never-ending delight to the traveller wearied with the monotonous voyage across the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal, was a fit starting-place for a life so full of romance. Sir Thomas Wade has kindly furnished me with some particulars of his earliest years. He says :

" I may say that I knew Laurence Oliphant before he was a twelvemonth old. When he was born, in 1829, his father was Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope. Toward the end of that year I accompanied my own father to the colony, and our families became very intimate. I was sent home to school in 1832, and I remember hearing in 1835 that Laurence was passing boys a year or more older than himself in his studies. Both his parents were people of more than ordinary ability. In 1842, being on my way to China, the first person I met on board the steamer at Suez was a schoolfellow, Mr. Gepp. He was on his way to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony Oliphant was Chief Justice, in charge of Laurence, who had been at school in England."

His fate even then gravitated toward adventure. To those accustomed to see their friends run light-heartedly home from India for a three months' furlough, it seems astonishing that in our own day the journey to Ceylon should take two months. In this case it was protracted by the ship running on a coral reef. It then with some difficulty worked its way into Mocha—a place then, as now, but little known except as a name in grocers' advertise-

ments—and the passengers, including young Oliphant, paid their respects to the Shereef, and drank the far-famed coffee on the spot. In the year 1846 the family returned to England, with the intention that Laurence should go up to Cambridge. He, however, preferred foreign travel, and the idea was abandoned. They went to Italy, where he saw the Princess Pamphili Doria forced to light a bonfire for the revolutionary mob, stood on the steps of St. Peter to see Pio Nono bless the Italian volunteers departing to fight the Austrians; and was present when Ferdinand II. swore before the altar on crossed swords to keep the new constitution. After this journey he returned to Ceylon as his father's private secretary, and was called to the Ceylon bar. He succeeded so well there, partly owing to his remarkable knowledge of Cingalese, that, after having been at the age of twenty-two engaged in twenty-three murder cases, he determined to return to England for the purpose of being called to the English bar. Meantime a journey he had taken in Nepaul was published by Murray, with so much success as to decide him on writing another book of travels. In 1852, in company with Mr. Oswald Smith, who remained his intimate friend through life, he started for the White Sea. A Custom-house difficulty occurring which interfered with their sport, they turned southward, extending their journey as far as the Crimea, and returning by the Danube. The book describing this journey appeared just as war was declared by England against Russia, and in consequence of it Laurence Oliphant was sent for to the Horse Guards, early in the year 1854, as one of the few Englishmen who had ever been inside Sebastopol. He was anxious to take part in the Crimean campaign, and while he was waiting for a chance offered by Lord Clarendon, Lord Elgin proposed that he should accompany him on a short mission to Washington, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty which had been hanging on for some seven years, but the completion of which Lord Elgin achieved in a fortnight. They returned *via* Canada to find Sebastopol still holding out, and Oliphant proposed to Lord Clarendon

to undertake a mission to Schamyl. The latter consented, and gave Oliphant a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorizing him to send the bearer to Daghestan, in hopes of compelling Mouravieff to raise the siege of Kars. He stayed at the Embassy with a set of guests, nearly all exceptionally brilliant, and two of whom, then Odo Russell and Percy Smythe, are remembered with peculiar regret.

He left Constantinople in August 1855, visiting the trenches before Sebastopol and meeting General Gordon for the first time. They both forgot this meeting, and both recalled it when, after years of intimacy, they finally parted a month before Gordon left London for Khartoum.

The expedition to Circassia is detailed at length in several places: "Patriots and Filibusters," "The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omar Pacha," and the fifth chapter of "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," all contain accounts of it. The point perhaps of chief modern interest is the theory held by Oliphant that our mistaken policy in not undertaking a Transcaucasian campaign, but permitting the Russians to drive the Circassians out, which led to the final settlement of the latter in Bulgaria, was the direct cause of the Bulgarian atrocities; and further, that wresting the Transcaucasian provinces from Russia would have prevented her later advance toward India.

His next journey was to America in company with Mr. Delane, for whom he had always a great respect and attachment. He visited the Southern States, and at New Orleans fell in with Mr. Soulé, the agent of General Walker, who was then endeavoring to establish himself as President of Nicaragua. He agreed to join the latter, and was in the act of proceeding to do so, when the ship he was on fell in with the British squadron sent to keep the peace, and he was taken possession of as a British subject. The Admiral in command (Admiral Erskine) was afterward member for the county when Oliphant was member for the burghs of Stirling.

His next step in life was to go out to China with Lord Elgin. At Galle they heard of the Indian Mutiny; and when at Singapore the terrible details reached

them, Lord Elgin determined to divert the Chinese force from Hong-Kong to Calcutta. At Singapore they found the 90th Regiment, whose transport had been wrecked off the Straits of Sunda. The junior captain had been distinguished for his activity in getting the men ashore. That young man is now Lord Wolseley. At Calcutta among others was Sir Thomas Wade, who kindly permits me to make use of his memoranda. They were both present at the capture of Canton, and Oliphant was sent to Shanghai with a letter to be transmitted through the high provincial authorities to Peking. To quote Sir Thomas Wade verbally:

"The expedition of these letters involved a visit to Soochow, the capital of the province, not an enterprise of danger, but at the same time one of great difficulty. That it was undertaken was due in great part to Oliphant, who acted on his own responsibility in proceeding to Soochow. . . . In time Lord Elgin having signed his treaty, his brother, Mr. Frederick Bruce, Secretary of Embassy, carried it home, and Lord Elgin bent his steps to Japan. Oliphant replaced Mr. F. Bruce as Secretary of Embassy, and in the negotiation of the treaty, our first with Japan, his knowledge of Dutch, which circumstances made the diplomatic language of the Japanese, necessarily played a great part."

Oliphant figured formally as the ambassador's representative at the conferences on the new tariff—a position somewhat unfairly given him, as Lord Elgin had previously instructed another person to prepare the tariff. Oliphant was extremely distressed that his friend should have been in any way set aside, and most strongly and unselfishly urged his own withdrawal on Lord Elgin, though without effect.

In 1860 he proceeded to Turin to inquire into the question of the union of Nice and Savoy to France, and there made the acquaintance of Cavour and Garibaldi. The latter had an intention of making a raid on Nice for the purpose of destroying the ballot-boxes at the time of the *plébiscite*, but he was summoned to Sicily and the idea was abandoned, much apparently to Oliphant's disappointment, who also regretted not joining the expedition to Sicily. He appears to have gone instead to Montenegro, but he returned to Italy in time to see Victor Emmanuel receive his kingdom from Garibaldi, in

the same square where twelve years before he had been one of the mob on whom Ferdinand had fired.

In 1861 he was appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, in the room of Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was absent on leave; and on the 5th of July the attack on the legation took place, in which he received seven wounds, and which furnishes one of the most vivid chapters in the "Episodes." His after-sufferings were almost intolerable, his arms were pinioned tight to his sides; he was covered with boils and prickly heat, and afflicted with ophthalmia in both eyes. He endeavored to make his sailor servant read Scott's novels to him, but his reading was intolerable. He then told the man to read the novels and tell him the stories of them, which was accomplished, with very astonishing results. He rapidly recovered, however, and went to the island of Tsusima to look up a Russian settlement, said to be established there contrary to treaty.

In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Corfu, and proceeded thence to Albania, returning to Italy by Ancona. In the little town of Salmona he received an ovation as Palmerston's nephew, no effort on his part being strong enough to convince the mayor and the populace that he was unconnected with the dreaded Minister.

On returning from Italy he resigned the diplomatic service, and in 1863 went to Poland to see what he could of the Polish insurrection. He did full justice to that pathetic story, hopeless from the first, and of which the hopelessness lay alike in the Polish character and the failure of the race to produce a great leader. While Oliphant was in Silesia the news arrived of the death of the King of Denmark, and the eldest son of his host, the Duke of Augustenberg, became the consequent heir to the duchies. Mr. Oliphant was one of a very small number of Englishmen who sided with him as against the Danes, or who really understood the vexed and complicated Schleswig-Holstein question. Among that number may be counted the names of Sir Robert Morier, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. A. W. Kinglake, Sir Harry Verney, and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. It is curious that in Oliphant's account of the Schleswig-Holstein cam-

paign, written years afterward, he notes that his then impression of the Austrian as against the Prussian soldiers was to the disadvantage of the latter; in fact he says the one looked like amateurs and the other like professionals. And this only two years before Königgrätz. In the year 1865, "*Piccadilly*," perhaps the best known and cleverest of his works, was published.

In 1865 he was returned for the Stirling Burghs. Parliamentary life, however, can scarcely be taken up as an episode, and his wonted success did not attend his short House of Commons career. About this time, in conjunction with Sir Algernon Borthwick, was published the brilliant little *Owl*, the first of "those dreadful Society papers," which everybody abuses and everybody reads.

He now gave up the Stirling Burghs, and in 1868, handing over his very fair fortune to the head of a small religious community in America, retired thither to work under this man's direction. He was in turn an agricultural laborer, a teamster, and a peddler; but in 1870 he returned to his old pursuits as correspondent of the *Times* in the Franco-German war, where he took part in twelve pitched battles. His views as to the fighting powers of the opposing forces, and his comparison of them with the Northerners and the Southerners in the American war, are interesting and instructive in a world where history has a way of repeating itself.

He had always taken great interest in the Jews, and had much at heart a Jewish colonization of Palestine, having at one time a project for acquiring the Sandjak of Acre and starting a great European settlement there. When the Treaty of Berlin permitted the interposition of the Christian Powers in Turkish affairs, which had been forbidden under the Hatti Humayun of Abdul Medjid, he went on an expedition to the Land of Gilead, on which he afterward wrote a book expressing his opinion that South Gilead and the plain of Moab were eminently fitted for colonization. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that the Turkish Government turned a deaf ear to his requests, as the Jews were unable to colonize, and their settlements, even when kept up by subsidies from Europe,

have but an artificial and sickly existence.

A much more successful class of colonists are the Germans. Some thirty-five years ago there studied at Tübingen a Professor Hoffman, who afterward became a Lutheran pastor. He was strongly opposed to the teachings of Strauss, but at the same time blamed the Lutheran Church for encouraging those teachings, by showing a wide divergence between the lives of its votaries and the doctrines they profess. He further came to the conclusion that the Second Advent was near at hand, and that Christ could only be received by a Church which had attempted to embody His moral teaching in daily life. He was brought into direct collision with the Church to which he belonged, and expelled from it, carrying with him a considerable body of followers. In 1867 a meeting was convened, at which it was held that the Holy Land was the fitting place for the establishment of a Church preparing itself to receive Christ, and that a certain number of the community should proceed thither. This was accordingly done, and three colonies were started there—one near Jerusalem, a second near Jaffa, and a third, in which Mr. Oliphant resided, on the plain between the Turkish town of Haifa and the point where the Monastery of Carmel has been a beacon-light for centuries. The little German village, composed of substantial two-storied houses, runs up from the sea to the foot of the long low mountains. Each house stands detached in its own grounds of four or five acres, and at the evening hour the flocks and herds come down from the mountain, and, each filing off into its own stable, illustrate the ancient text that the "ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

A minute boulevard, planted with mulberry-trees, the resort of the brilliant little goldfinches which are so marked a feature in Palestine, runs up either side of the road, and standing back from this, under the shade of a great almond-tree, is the gabled house where Oliphant spent so much of his time in later years, and which is entered through a conservatory filled with creepers. The principal objects of interest in the house are two portraits of himself

—one as a boy of fifteen, with beautiful dark eyes; the other, a fine dignified picture in a violet morning-gown, by the late lamented Henry Phillips—and a lovely girlish head of the first Mrs. Oliphant, by a French artist. He delighted in the country round; the ruins of Sycaminum with its Roman baths and relics; the still more pathetic ruins of Athlit, with its great mediæval hall, where the Templars held their last muster before they sailed broken-hearted and dispirited for Europe. In that exquisitely clear atmosphere he could see "the summer morning sleep" on the Ladder of Tyre and the white walls of Acre, and no one could enjoy more the ten miles of glorious galloping ground which lay between Haifa and that place, only broken by the historic Kishon.

But still more than Haifa and its environs was he attached to Dalieh, a Druse village, near which he had acquired a small estate which he cultivated with assiduous care, and which furnished employment to the handsome muscular Druse women of the village. The site of Dalieh is interesting. Half an hour's ride from it is the Place of Burning, where the Latin Church has built a chapel commemorative of Elijah's Sacrifice, held sacred by Moslem and Christian alike. From it the traveller looks down on the plateau where the priests of Baal rent their clothes and cut themselves with knives, on the place where Deborah and Barak chased Sisera, across which Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab, on the site of the concluding battle of Armageddon, and across the great plain of Esdraelon to the distant hills on the summit of which gleam the white walls of Nazareth.

His pen was not idle in these last years. In 1882 he wrote "Traits and Travesties," in 1883 "Altiora Peto," in 1886 "Masollam," and in the same year "Episodes in an Eventful Life," perhaps the most generally interesting of his books.

In the spring of 1888, "Scientific Religion" was published, and he went for the last time to America. His health had for some time been doubtful, and on his return to England in August he was taken seriously ill at the house of his friend, Mr. Walker, where he had gone for a short visit. For many weeks

he rallied and sank, and sank and rallied. In the first days of November it was thought that a change might do him good, and he was removed to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's house at Twickenham. A few days after he arrived the doctor pronounced the disease to be cancer of the lungs, but thought he might live four or five months. He grew, however, gradually worse, and died on the 23d of December, at two o'clock P.M.

He was married twice—first, in 1872, to Alice, daughter of the last and sister of the present Mr. L'Estrange, of Hunstanton; and, secondly, in 1888, to Rosamond, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of Lanark. In both cases he found the most perfect sympathy. No one could be nursed with more affectionate devotion than he was by his second wife, assisted by his friend, Mr. Haskett Smith, and his Bulgarian servant Jani.

I turn from the facts of his life to the still more curious and interesting problem of his mental history. He had begun life as a strict Presbyterian and suffered from the not uncommon recoil produced by that faith. Sir Thomas Wade says:

"Laurence Oliphant, like most men who rove much, had acquired a great indifference for forms of any kind, very early in life, for he began to rove early. From forms he went further, and when he arrived in China with Lord Elgin in 1857 he seemed to have persuaded himself that revealed religion was an imposture. As ethics he allowed Christianity a foremost place, but he ridiculed the mass of ill-professing followers, and especially the clergy, for the ease with which they fitted the yoke to their shoulders."

He early took a strong interest in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and so far back as 1865 had come to the conclusion that the miracles of the Bible were falsely so called, and were in reality the result of latent natural law. I remember his pressing this point in a conversation I had with him in that year, the subject being started by the sight of two enormous divining crystal globes, said to be the largest in the world, opposite which we were seated. He did not doubt the reality of the forces which find in Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, an irregular, mischievous, and even dangerous expression, but he

dissuaded people from having anything to do with it. He was fond of saying that he represented these forces to his mind as a great weight of water pressing against a dam, and that spiritualistic manifestations were like the rivulets which trickle through that dam; coming, however, to the conclusion expressed years afterward in "Scientific Religion," that the results obtained by so-called "spirit mediums," honest or dishonest, have rarely proved of any practical value. Toward the end of "Piccadilly," a character appears, obviously intended for Mr. T. L. Harris, who about this time obtained great influence over him. I am permitted to make use of the following extract from a journal written on December 29, 1878:

"I walked up and down the rose terrace with Oliphant. The conversation turning upon his own life, I asked him whether he and his friends considered themselves to be members of a Christian sect? 'By no means,' he said, and then entered into a lengthened series of explanations: which finished, I remarked, 'Then do I understand aright that you are not a sect professing certain definite opinions, but a group of some sixty or seventy people, gathered round a phenomenal person, and engaged in making moral experiments, just as a philosopher may be engaged in making physical experiments in his study?' 'Precisely so,' he replied. 'You put Mr. Harris very high indeed,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered. 'I consider that from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar.' What were his *origines*? I asked. 'He was originally a clergyman—a Baptist, I think,' replied Oliphant, 'and was known in New York as the "boy preacher."'

Under the guidance of this man, whose character has been a familiar one under varying names and guises for many centuries, he left the House of Commons and took up his abode at a remote village not far from Lake Erie. There he led the life of a laborer, and he also did the work of a teamster, and peddled cakes and fruits in American villages. The dirty work, the detestable companionship, the rough horse-play and jeers of more skilful comrades, and the bitter extremes of climate, were detestable to him. The first six months of the year 1878 he spent in absolute solitude and retirement, cooking his own food. His mother, who entered fully into his ideas, lived a similar life, at one

time taking in washing, at another cooking for twenty-five Japanese coolies. He married a lady whose beauty and charm were well known in many a London and Paris drawing-room, and persuaded her, as he termed it, to "live the life."

We may sigh, and many did sigh, that these gifted and noble characters should have fallen under such unworthy guidance; they did not, however, regret it themselves, and those who knew them well will be more inclined to remember that "all things work together for good to them that love Him," than to indulge in unavailing regrets for the past. As time went on, a divergence arose between the views of Oliphant and Mr. Harris, which is more or less indicated in "Masollam," and which ended in the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant and several others from the community.

It is a singular testimony to the amiability and charity which characterized Oliphant that he never spoke unkindly of Harris, or even appeared to regret the fifteen years of painful experience which had been the result of their connection. After establishing himself at Dalieh and Haifa, his mind turned more and more to occult matters, especially in their bearing on social questions, and he had pondered much on that "indiscretion—about which the world is mute, but whose better ordering and governance would give a diviner brightness to the earth." The result was a book called "Sympneumata," through whose obscure and difficult English gleams the central idea that the day may come when earthly passion will be cast out by Divine love. Mrs. Oliphant, whose share in this work was preponderant, died soon after it was written. She is buried in the German cemetery at Haifa, with the words *ΕΥ ΤΟΥΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ* carved on her tombstone.

His grief was profound, but modified by his firm faith in a future life, and his belief in personal communion with the dead. To him his departed wife was a guiding, consoling, and ever-present reality.

In 1888 he published "Scientific Religion," perhaps the least read of his works, though it was the one which he valued himself the most. It contains the history of the opinions he finally reached. The style is difficult and somewhat repellent, and the ideas ex-

tremely hard of comprehension to ordinary readers, while it is difficult to understand the union of belief in the verbal inspiration of the canon, with profound distrust of the Churches which fixed that canon. Still there are passages of great beauty, and in many points the differences between his ideas and those of the Christian Churches are rather matters of phraseology than of dogma. He believed in the Fall, in a current of evil consequently brought into the world, and especially affecting the woman whose share in the Fall had been so considerable; in the miraculous conception of the Virgin, in the divinity of Christ, and the final union of Christ with His Church, as set forth in the Book of Revelation.

But whatever his theories, he was deeply and earnestly convinced of the personal relation of man to our Saviour, and absolutely resigned to the will of God. Sir Thomas Wade, in concluding the short sketch to which I owe so much, says:

"I have nothing to add to the few facts of his life noted above, but I should not like to lay down my pen without a word upon the beauty of his character. His nature, as I have implied, was thoroughly affectionate and loyal. He was ready to make any sacrifice for a friend. I think I may say, in the Christian sense, for a 'neighbor.' His mind was continually running upon schemes for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Like William III. he appeared to delight in danger, but there was no bloodthirstiness in him, and he was as magnanimous as he was courageous and self-sacrificing. I have seen him putting himself to extreme inconvenience rather than that others should suffer, and I have known him put away all feeling of hostility against men with whom he had some title to be offended."

To the above testimony, which will be widely corroborated, I may add that one of his most remarkable qualities was his power of moral stimulus. It was impossible to associate with him without feeling every higher inspiration quickened, without longing to infuse his intense spiritual vitality into the lines of one's own life. His religious feelings were of that exalted kind which rise above all human forms, and in which the truly religious of all ages and sects have seen their external differences melt away. They sustained him through the last weeks of his trying illness, and made his deathbed to those who stood

by a beautiful experience rather than a great sorrow.

"Seeing death has no part in him any more,
no power

Upon his head,
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

"For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found—

For one hour's space ;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold
him crowned,
A deathless face."

—*Contemporary Review.*

SOME TERRIBLE EYES.

BY F. G. WALTERS.

IT is needless to mention the innumerable references in poetry and prose, since the age of writing books began, which have been made to the eyes, or to their original property, long ere history began, of being a language, of which it was unnecessary to learn even the rudiments. More ink has been expended on the subject of the eyes than on any portion of the human face divine, and they may claim to be in this respect the aristocracy of the human features. Yet, for all the very secondary place it takes in literature, the nose might claim some similar homage, for, as a specific test, it may be asked how greatly is the face of a pretty woman made or marred by her nose? Still, if one may be permitted to be frivolous, it must be admitted that, as regards the monopoly of literary attention, the eyes have it.

In this paper it is not our intention to launch out on the boundless ocean of the consideration of eyes in general. Nor do we wish to dilate on such of them as have been famous for fascination, beauty, pathos, or brilliance, so as to secure the homage of a crowd of admirers. But we propose to note some instances of a more grim ocular influence, which has not found so many chroniclers, and to recall to memory some eyes which have been terrorists of the most complete fashion within a wide sphere of operation.

It is not within the scope of the subject necessarily to go very far back into the dim regions of time. One might glance at the historic eyes of Caius Marius glowing from a dark recess on the irresolute assassin, and the famous apostrophe. But it is unnecessary to go so far back.

Start we with a conqueror, whose

gaze was like that of the basilisk, as pictured in legend, but who had none of the physical advantages which such a quality implies. In Tamerlane—who furnished Christopher Marlowe, now just properly recognized as the founder of the English tragic school, with the epithet derived from his successful tragedy, which was his *sobriquet*—there is an instance of every outward deficiency of imposing accessories combining with the faculty of terrorism in the widest degree. The French travellers and quasi envoys, who saw him surrounded by the barbaric pomp of his camp, were impressed by many things, but by none more so than the aspect of the wild conqueror, which had nothing in it of the romantic or dignified. An old man, bowed with the infirmities of age, they saw, and especially noticed the bleared and dim expression of his eyes. But they still more particularly noticed the effect which those dim eyes had when their slow glance fell on the fierce chieftains, each of them a man in himself, a terror to a crowd of followers. Nothing was to be seen in their mien but abject trembling, absolute obedience, and an unvarying relief when Tamerlane turned his purblind gaze away.

In this case the long habitude of command and of victory was blended with the air of unquestioned and constant authority, a cold tranquillity, behind which lay innumerable possibilities of vengeance in the assertion of such authority, making those dim and aged eyes in that weazened face terrible in the extreme. But their effect was objective. The wild leaders, who were the great men of Tamerlane's army, troubled themselves with nothing beyond the fact that from the face of a despot, who went about his work in the rudest

and most summary fashion, there gazed in dull, stern vacuity a pair of eyes which saw nothing to praise, asked no questions, but were inexorable in noting any disobedience to the slightest whim. Now, in the next instances—and chronology is not necessary as a point of order here—the same terror was evoked, but from a more subjective reason. Two men possessed eyes whose cold glance seemed to read the schemes of any opponent from their inception to their completion, and whose recollection haunted those on whom they had been turned for years afterward—as in each case contemporary witnesses have left on record—even when no result of any injurious character followed. One of these was Richelieu. Probably no man ever ruled a kingdom more despotically, yet, on the whole, more successfully, when surrounded from first to last by a multitude of enemies perennially increasing, yet in every case foiled by the Minister's giant intellect. Yet very much of this success was due to the idea that Richelieu knew far more than he actually did of the conspiracies of his foes, and that, therefore, it was useless to plot against him beyond a certain point. Certain it is that when he entered the council-room, and gazed with full, cold, fixed glance on the most astute plotter who was there for examination, the most hardened and ingenious conspirator, for whom the torture-chamber had no terrors, cowered under the silent scrutiny, and ultimately poured forth a full confession, under the idea that great part, if not all, was already known—and did so simply under the mesmeric power of those much-feared eyes of the Cardinal. To have been under the hostile gaze, no word or sign added, of Richelieu, was to secure a memory which for years after gave the possessor of it, however changed the scene and circumstances might be, a thrill of most unpleasant personal fear. And a very analogous case within the memories of our own time can be adduced. It is that of a man who certainly, as far as personal advantages went, was every inch a king. With Herculean frame and inherited beauty of manly features, he had that dignity which, as was noticed by another royal hand, seemed to spring from the sense of unlimited power, which the same observer

mentions as particularly characteristic of the large full eyes. It is of those eyes that we have more to add. Not only did they imply a long experience of unlimited sovereignty, but they spoke in tones of terror to all those on whom they were bent in anger. For those who were intimate with the ways of the Russian Court have unanimously recorded how much of influence in the shape of absolute fear there was in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas. He looked at culprits or suspected culprits with his slow stare of anger, and the unhappy wretches felt, in a very different sense from that in which the phrase was originally used, "under the wand of the enchanter." But, large as were the Czar's eyes—the Romanoff inheritance from their beautiful statuesque German ancestress—there was no brilliant or sparkling glance of ire when they were directed toward an offender. On the contrary, those who have had most experience of them describe them as being dull, cold, almost fish-like, in aspect. Stolid as the gaze was, none recorded in history ever produced more terrorizing effects on its objects. In many cases where there was any real ground of offence the person at whom the Czar in his accustomed silent fashion was looking frequently did not wait to be interrogated, sometimes was hardly suspected, but, like the victims of Richelieu, as just mentioned, poured forth a full confession under the gaze of the phlegmatic sovereign. Thus, in both the case of Richelieu and Nicholas, the influence of fear in their eyes was more subjective than objective, and operated by the potency of strong minds over weak ones—not so much from any active aspect of anger at that particular time.

Of quite a different description was the terror-filled look of another personage, who has left in lurid characters his identity limned for us by many hands, but whose eyes were especially among the most noticeable of his peculiarities. Probably no blacker wretch has ever figured on the world's stage, and furious wrath and revenge seem to have been his chief motive power. Cæsar Borgia had eyes which made most of those who came into contact with him—at any rate if they were, or were with the most re-

mote probability suspected of being, in any way hostile to his incessant nefarious plans—shudder under their baleful light. Here, however, was no overawing dignity, no habitude of command, serenely stern, no deep insight into the minds and plans of those on whom those fierce eyes rested. They simply expressed savage fury—that of a wolf which slays and slays and slays, and which loves the scent of blood. Always ready, even in his moments of revelry, to sparkle with fierce passion, Cæsar Borgia's eyes, say those who knew him most intimately, were always as those of a wild beast, ready at any moment to kill and devour. If, as was generally the case with him, anger inflamed his heart, the fierceness of his demon-heart made his eyes, say the old chroniclers, "gleam like balls of red fire, so that one might have imagined a fierce forest beast was looking out of them, and the bystanders were shuddering with fear." Indeed, it was common in Italy at the time to rank Cæsar Borgia's eyes with the *malocchio*, and for those who had ever seen them in anger to devoutly hope so dreadful an experience would never be repeated. This instance is one of brutal, passionate, rending, tearing, tiger-like hate, infusing the terror into the eyes with a frank, undisguised openness, only possible to the time and the manners. Neither the surroundings of autocracy nor the claims of military chieftainship to implicit obedience had anything whatever to do with the effect produced. Mere social terror was the factor; but it was undisguised and personal.

Here again, with the difference that it was disguised by the social hypocrisy of a later age, and by the cunning nature of the man posing as the mere mouth-piece of a people, we find a parallel centuries later. Of Maximilian Robespierre no one can adequately paint the portrait after Carlyle has limned the sea-green, incorruptible, nor may one try to paint those eyes which the same pencil has sketched in a few lines. But certainly to the list of the most terrible historic eyes must be added those bilious, blood-shot, stealthy orbs which, without any of the tiger fire of Cæsar Borgia's, had a ruthless, shifty, tiger-cat gleam essentially their own. Many have given us

some notion of the effect of that little foppishly-dressed tautological man of blood and proscription—few comparatively have particularly noticed his eyes, simply because the horror of expectant fear which his stealthy glance produced in those toward whom it was directed was so general and widely known that the very fact made any particular allusion unnecessary. Sometimes, however, in the contemporary literature of souvenirs of the Revolution we come across an allusion to the grim-visaged front of Robespierre and the peculiar shiver felt by those at whom the dictator looked with any degree of attention. Such a glance intercepted across the table it was which caused the guest at the famous dinner at the restaurant to go outside and find in the tyrant's coat-pocket the list of the proscribed, which led to Tallien's overthrowing him, setting all on the hazard of the die; for whoever found Robespierre's crafty eyes blinking at him knew well that that glance was the preliminary to the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine.

That personal advantages have no particular necessary connection with the inspiring of fear by the glance is sufficiently proved in the case of Tamerlane. Two more instances there are, both modern, very widely different, but in each case showing the personal influence of the man—in the one case supported by unquestioned power and despotic authority; in the other, which is really the more curious of the two, by personal ascendancy from sheer force of character, not in any way backed up by material force. Of all Eastern potentates, whether ancient or modern, competent judges have united in declaring that none ever made his look more feared than did Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Lahore, whom doubtless many old Indians must remember. Eye-witnesses, European as well as native, declared that among his wild hordes of followers, some of them among the fiercest troopers in the world, Runjeet inspired intense personal fear in all who came near by his look, his eyes being unspeakably dreaded. Yet he was seamed with small-pox, one eye was destroyed by it, his face was wizened, and his voice a shrill and squeaking one. With all these disadvantages the Lion of Lahore's glance

so terrorized his subjects that for a result akin to it we must go to Mahmoud of Ghuzni, whose "dreadful brow" is historic. The other instance in which personal disadvantages have been in inverse ratio to the unquestioned authority exercised is that of a personage much less known, and to whose good qualities justice has not yet been perhaps done. We mean Walker, commonly called the "Filibuster." He was a little, spare, weakly man in aspect—a mere nobody, physically, in the midst of his big, wild Western rangers. But, as an eye-witness has said, "Walker had the eyes of a lion." In this lay the secret of the extraordinary authority which he exercised over so many men of the wildest and most daring character, accustomed to brook no master. The indomitable spirit enthroned in that pigmy body was fitly typified by those lion-like eyes. Nor was it until Walker was roused to anger that the peculiar force of his look was found. In such a case all the intense and vivid energy of the man's heart blazed in his eyes, and then, according to all account, they became terrible. Before their anger the biggest Texan rangers cowered like frightened children. Now, perhaps, this is, of all cases, one of the most noteworthy in the history of terrible eyes, because the man possessing them had no physical advantages, no settled authority and prescription, no army of slaves at his back. On the other hand, those over whom he exercised undisputed sway were a class of men, if ever there were such in the world, who had the most rugged and turbulent independence of word, action, and nature. But the old truth was again realized, and they paid involuntary homage to a born leader of men.

For inspiring sheer personal fear there are a few pairs of eyes in our own history which are prominent in its pages, and legend and tradition, clustering round any peculiarity which excites public terror, are, as a rule, more or less based on actual fact. Thus after seven centuries we can still see the fierce eyes, parti-colored, of the Red King, glaring at the perpetrators of some infraction of the forest laws, ere, with a choice collection of profanest oaths, he orders them incontinently to the hangman. Of Henry VIII. nothing

in his personality is more vivid in memory than the "terrible glance" he threw on the cowering deputation of the Commons "from the gallery at Whitehall" whenever those unfortunate members had to announce that for once the Parliament had ventured to think twice before obeying the King's behests. And, later on, what personal peculiarity of any prominent Englishman is better known than the ferocious glare of Jeffreys' half-maddened eyes as the savage Chief Justice, with thunderous torrents of abuse, "cluttered out of his senses" some unfortunate witness on behalf of a State prisoner? Indeed, this peculiarity led to his discovery when the Lord Chancellor, ignobly disguised as a collier's foremast-hand, strove to leave the country. "Nay," said the man who denounced him, when asked if he was sure of his identity—and who had been tried before him—"I can never forget those eyes anywhere!" But this particular pair of terrible eyes had no dignity of terror in any shape about them; despite the Chief Justiceship, they were simply the exponents of blind, furious, half-insane, vulgar rancor—and in this respect may be considered, differences of time and position being allowed for, as very much akin to Cæsar Borgia's. The only portrait of the Chief Justice, by the way, which is publicly known, does not possess eyes of any particular terror, but rather of placid, dreamy, thoughtful repose—whether owing to the artist's flattery or to the Chief Justice being sober at the time, we cannot decide.

Not only in real life have there been terrible eyes. Some there are in the mimic life of the stage, which gleam for us with thrilling effect through the vista of time and memory. Prominent among them are those of Edmund Kean, probably of all English actors (unless the ancient traditions of Burbage and Betterton be taken as accurate) the most successful in inspiring terror in his great impersonations. Here and there one meets with people old enough to remember him, and their evidences, few and far between as they are, go to confirm all that has been written about what Dr. Doran, himself a witness, calls "those matchless eyes." It is in Othello and the last scene of Richard's fierce career,

as also in Zanga, that all popular consensus goes to establish the terror-inspiring effect of Kean's fiery glances ; but it is probable, though not so well known, that an effect even more appalling was produced by the glare of fury and despair in the final scene of Sir Giles Overreach's defeat. With his may be bracketed the dreadful look of Siddons in the sleep-walking scene, and certainly, to take a more modern instance, which must live in the recollection of all who witnessed them, of the terrible expression of Rachel's eyes in some of her dying scenes. Of the "far-darting eye" of Garrick, Hazlitt has spoken, but in the special phase of terror it does not seem to have equalled Edmund Kean's.

Of more ignoble instances some might be found, but murderers, Lavater to the contrary notwithstanding, do not seem, as a rule, to have possessed particularly murderous-looking orbs. Still to our

own individual notion there is one murderer whose counterfeit presentment possesses a pair of eyes with great facilities for causing a feeling of fear in the beholder. And in life she was credited with a most witch-like brilliance and influence in those large, lustrous, and malignant orbs, so much so that it is said on very good authority that the detective who brought her from Scotland, and so on the first stage which ended on the scaffold, was so overcome by their fascination that he never afterward got over having been the means of putting her neck into the hangman's hands. The reader can judge for himself the next time he visits Madame Tussaud's, and if he agrees with us he will probably concur in thinking, when considering the facts of her history, that those are a pair of terrible eyes which stoutly glare on the spectators from the counterfeit impression of the features of Mrs. Manning.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

SONNET.

FROM THE DUTCH OF P. C. HOOFT (TRANSLATED BY COLLARD J. STOCK).

[Hooft (1581-1647) is one of the most distinguished poets of the brilliant period of the Republic of the Netherlands. Besides his lesser productions he wrote several tragedies, and may be considered the founder of the Dutch stage. He achieved equal celebrity in prose, his "History of the Netherlands" being considered a model of style.]

My hope's guiding stars, ye planets of my youth,
 Eyes that I know are lit from heaven's fire,
 You, when your windows close, from me retire
 My life's support, joys full of tender truth ;
 For you shut in a gladdening power, in sooth,
 And friendly gayety : Love with all its quire,
 Wit, laughter, and each grace therein conspire,
 And all that's in the world of charm and pleasure both.
 Nature, who seems entombed in mists that lour,
 Wanting your brightness, mourns her richest dower,
 That you enshrine in space so narrow made ;
 Yet narrow is it not, as from without it seems,
 But wide and wild enough to hold all dreams,
 Wherein my fickle soul so far has strayed.

THE BISMARCK DYNASTY.

I.

"We shall have no more petticoats meddling in politics now !" Such—ex-

cept that "petticoats" is substituted for a word too coarse to print—was the characteristic exclamation which burst from the exultant lips of Count Herbert

Bismarck on the death of the Emperor Frederic. The remark was as significant as it was characteristic. Alike in form and in meaning it expressed with fidelity the savage contempt for women which forms one of the darkest shadows cast by the reign of Blood and Iron over the German race. Twenty years ago, after Sadowa, but before Sedan, the Great Chancellor, in familiar converse with Bluntschli, expounded his theory of sex in nations. "Among races," he said, "as among human beings, we find the male and the female. The Germans have the force and the virility of man; the Slavs and the Celts the submissiveness and the passivity of woman." In the enthronement of Force as the supreme and only arbiter of human destiny—in the cynical subordination of Right to Might which has accompanied the transformation of Germany—we see the operation of tendencies which are in fierce revolt against the influence of woman in politics. It is part of the reversion to barbarism of our times. Said Prince Bismarck recently: "At bottom you will always in fact find the German such that, were old Barbarossa to emerge to-day from his cave, he would doubt that he had slept seven hundred years." But if a still earlier progenitor were to return, he might even think that the race had retrograded. For among the Teutonic tribes at the dawn of history, woman held a peculiar and a revered position. "She was the companion of the labors and dangers of her husband: her counsel in moments of great peril was looked upon by the tribe as almost inspired: she was often the prophetess of revealed destinies: she encouraged the men in their fiercest battles; and it was said that, to the soldier despairing and dying, her whisper would bring back life and courage, and often arouse him to victory." They have changed all that long since in the Fatherland, and the key-note, the watchword of the *régime* upon which Germany now has entered, is summed up in the exultant and brutal phrase with which Count Herbert Bismarck, round whose person centres the interest of the great European drama, hailed the disappearance into the sombre retirement of widowhood of the daughter of England's Queen, the Empress Victoria.

II.

Count Herbert Bismarck, the pivot of the action of the piece now being played out, scene after scene, by the relentless fates, is the son of his father. That is his only distinction, for his father happens to be Mayor of the Palace in the new German Empire, and Count Herbert is his heir. The desire to secure the succession of the Chancellorship to Count Herbert is the clew to the policy of Prince Bismarck, without which it appears an inexplicable tangle of brutalities, and even of banalities. What we are witnessing in Berlin is a determined attempt on the part of the most powerful statesman of the century to found a Ministerial dynasty. Until a few years ago it was the pride and the glory of Prince Bismarck to hold his high office solely in the interest of the King his master. He was only the first servant of the Hohenzollerns, and he unsparingly condemned all theories of Ministerial responsibility which tended to develop "a Constitutional Major-domo-ship even more powerful than that which existed in the time of the shadowy Carolingian kings." But when the Empire was established, the Imperial Constitution, as Prince Bismarck himself pointed out in the Reichstag (March 5, 1878), altered his status and increased his power. In place of the constant reference to the King, necessitated by the Prussian Constitution, decisive power was now vested in one of his Ministers. "In the Empire a Minister is to the fore who has the right to command." The extreme age of the Emperor William, and the partial abdication of the old Kaiser after the attempt of Nobiling, immensely increased the power of the Reichskanzler. From being Grand Vizier of a hard-riding Sultan, he became a veritable Mayor of the Palace. If no saying is attributed to him like the famous "*L'Etat c'est moi*" of the French monarch, it was simply because he had no need to say it. He acted upon it. He made and unmade alliances. He declared war on the Pope, and he drew up the terms of capitulation by which he made peace. At home as abroad Bismarck decided everything. If in a few trifling matters the old Emperor exacted a punctilious respect for

has own wishes, the exceptions but brought into clearer relief the enormous areas of administration over which Bismarck was supreme. The Hohenzollern was allowed to manage the home farm, but Bismarck, the steward, was supreme over the whole estate. And far be it from us to cavil at this arrangement, by which the Hohenzollern dynasty was able to benefit to the full by the genius and the capacity of the greatest of modern statesmen. But it had its drawbacks, and these drawbacks are beginning to appear.

Prince Bismarck, though supreme in Germany, is not immortal. He is aging, and aging fast. He was born on the 1st of April 1815, and is therefore in his seventy-fourth year. Like many men of strong character, he believes that he has been privileged to know the date of his death. He will not die, he is convinced, until 1890. He will not be living beyond 1894. Whatever ridicule may be thrown upon the notion that even a Reichskanzler can cast his horoscope with such precision as to fix the approximate date of his death in this fashion, the fact is indisputable that Prince Bismarck holds that belief and acts upon it. Life for him is no indefinite vista stretching out into the distant future. He will have done with it for good and all before the end of 1894. Given these two factors—first, the possession of almost absolute power, and secondly, the conviction that he must lay it down in five years at the utmost—it was inevitable that he should cast about for a successor to whom he could hand over the Imperial Major-domo-ship which he has spent his life in creating.

Five years ago the American Minister at Berlin noted with surprise, and with some degree of dismay, that Prince Bismarck seemed blind to this obvious necessity of his unique position. "I think that Bismarck is educating no successor. No man is ready to take his shoes. He is one of those great trees that stunt everything that grows in their shadow. He is intolerant of the idea that any man should share the credit with him of guiding the destinies of Germany, and the result is that the officials under him are more apt to be marionettes than persons of independent action." The

Chancellor, however, suddenly woke up to the danger of the position which he had created, and set about developing an heir.

The task was none too easy. In the hive, if a queen bee dies, the industrious insects have no difficulty in growing another queen from a larva which, but for an unforeseen necessity, would have grown up to be one of the undistinguished swarm of humble workers. The evolution of a statesman from an official has not yet been reduced to system, for human science lags behind the instinct of the bee. Prince Bismarck, however, in his search for a successor, did not go beyond the limits of his own household. Probably he did not consciously propose to himself the founding of a dynasty. Many of our most important acts are unconscious. Consciously or unconsciously, Prince Bismarck followed the example of all men who have founded dynasties since the world began. He selected as his heir his eldest son, and his determination to secure the succession of Count Herbert to the Chancellorship is the secret clue to the recent events which have scandalized Europe. It is a new war of succession that is being waged under a thin veil of constitutional and legal forms, a Bismarckian war for the foundation of a Bismarckian dynasty, in which Otto the First will be succeeded by his son Bismarck the Second. Before Count Herbert was taken up for development he was regarded as a rather disreputable representative of his family. In his hot youth he had got mixed up in some broil about a woman at Bonn, out of which he had to slash his way with a sword, receiving by way of memento an ugly cut across the head in the duel, which fortunately did not end fatally for either party. He was wounded in the thigh in that cavalry fight which the *Kölnische Zeitung* suggests was due to the non-existent telegram that reached Bazaine in roundabout fashion from Sir Robert Morier. He was then serving as a private in the Dragoon Guards, and the wound was caused by a shot which struck him in the upper part of the thigh during a cavalry attack at Mars-la-Tour by the French, who were pushing on to Verdun. He had displayed great bravery and had received no fewer than three

shots—one through the breast of his coat, another on his watch; the third was that in his thigh: the wound was painful but not dangerous. After the war he did nothing to distinguish himself until he figured in a great scandal which serves still further to accentuate his view of woman. Woman, in the eyes of the barbarian, is a combination of a milch cow and a household drudge. Low though this ideal may be, it is higher than that which exists where she is regarded as the mere vehicle for the passion of the adulterer.

After this escapade, Count Herbert was set to work, and in a year or two he developed considerable aptitude for official duties. He travelled a good deal, went to Strasburg, to Paris, and to Vienna, was talked of in 1883 as a possible Minister at Washington, but did not leave Europe. His father put him into the Foreign Office, and, after appointing him Second Director of Foreign Affairs, made him Minister at the Hague. His most notable exploit was his mission to England in the closing years of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1880-5, when he succeeded in inducing Lord Granville to give up all claim to North-Western New Guinea, to recognize the right of Germany to establish her authority over certain groups of islands in the South Seas, and to settle the disputes on the West Coast of Africa. Shortly after that he blossomed forth into the full dignity of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His importance, however, was solely derived from the intimacy of his relations with his father. Except the Mayor of the Palace and his heir, no one counted for anything at Berlin, and the heir only counted because he was at the same time his father's factotum. Such was the position of affairs at the beginning of 1888, when the old Emperor William suddenly failed and died, and the dying Frederic began the three months' reign which is now having so troubled and unworthy a sequel in the proscription of his friends, and the persecution of all who by word or deed supported the third Frederic against the second Bismarck.

III.

When the old Kaiser died, there was for a moment a period of painful sus-

pense and indecision in the mind of the Mayor of the Palace. What should be done? How long would the Emperor Frederic live? Was there any need for there being any Emperor Frederic at all? From the point of view of the Bismarck dynasty it certainly seemed desirable that the succession should pass direct from the grandfather to the grandson. For the young man was reared in the Bismarckian tradition. He was a product of Blood and Iron. With him, unless he is foully belied, the omnipotent Reichskanzler had made sundry important and binding agreements, on the principle of *do ut des*. His father, on the other hand, was not a Bismarckian. He moved in the midst of the Prussian Junkers like a cultured Athenian amid the warlike Spartans. He represented civilization, culture, peace. Above all, he represented the hateful principle of the right of woman to the recognition of her faculties regardless of her sex, and he paid to the genius of his wife the homage to which she was entitled as an intellectual force, without stinting the measure of his devotion because she was "only a woman." Of all subjects of the old Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess probably regarded the coarse brutality of Count Herbert with most aversion. It is easy to imagine the pressure of the temptation suggested by the cancer which was eating into the throat of the invalid at San Remo.

If the Crown Prince never came to the throne Prince Bismarck's great danger would be averted, and if, at the same time that this peril disappeared, the Chancellor were to rivet his claims upon the young Emperor, by placing him at once upon the throne without waiting for his father's decease, a double advantage would be secured. Opponents maddened by hatred accuse Prince Bismarck of meditating the doing to death of the Emperor Frederic in order to gain his end. They assert that when the Imperial Chancellor brought Frederic III. from San Remo to Berlin, in the depth of winter, he calculated that the chapter of accidents might during the journey accelerate the progress of the disease. For what—it is asked by those who think the Chancellor capable of any crime which forwards his cause

—what other conceivable motive could Prince Bismarck have had in declaring that he could not answer for the consequences if the unfortunate Emperor did not cross the Alps in the depths of a severe winter? Of two things, one—either the Emperor would have refused to risk the journey, in which case the Princes might have proclaimed a Regency, or he would, at any risk, proceed to Berlin, in which case he might die *en route*. Either alternative would have suited the Chancellor. As we know, neither alternative occurred. The Emperor stood the journey better than was expected, and Prince Bismarck, after seeing him, went so far as to declare that there never had been any necessity for the journey northward. So easy is it for statesmen to persuade themselves after the event, when their schemes miscarry, that they have been entirely misunderstood.

The supposition is too monstrous to be credited by any but those who are smarting under the sting of the Bismarckian lash. His critics forget that much allowance must be made for Prince Bismarck in the critical moments of the Emperor Frederic's accession. He was in the position of an English Prime Minister who is suddenly confronted with a newly elected House of Commons vehemently hostile to his favorite policy, with this difference, that an English Prime Minister can always dissolve Parliament, or, if that should be impossible, knows precisely the utmost limit of its existence. Prince Bismarck could do neither. The Emperor Frederic was on the throne, and no one could say how long he might remain there. Even now, when all is over, there is no saying how much longer his death might have been averted but for the accident by which the throat of the Imperial patient was torn open by the German operator, whose cannula was the most efficient ally of the cancer. Bad as it was for Prince Bismarck to have Frederic upon the throne under any circumstances, the actual circumstances accentuated every objectionable element in the case. If the Emperor had been hale and well he would at least have been constantly exposed to the influence of his mighty Minister, who could be relied upon to spare no effort to bring the utmost pos-

sible pressure of outside events and the business of State to bear upon the new Sovereign. But with an Emperor whose only throne was his deathbed, and who of necessity spent most of his time in the company of his English wife and his English physician, what could be done? The influence of the Empress Victoria he had always reckoned upon as hostile to all his peculiar ideas. That influence was now paramount, and none could say how long it might last. That a woman, and that woman an Englishwoman, and that Englishwoman a Liberal saturated with progressive ideas, should practically have the Emperor of Germany in her hand, and should control the master of the master of Germany, was enough to give Prince Bismarck the nightmare. Yet, after all, what could he do? His own dynasty was not sufficiently consolidated for him to venture upon the arbitrary deposition of Frederic III. And yet, unless the Emperor died, all hope of the assured accession of Count Herbert must perish. Of this he speedily satisfied himself by practical experiment. He repeatedly sent his son and heir-presumptive to transact business with the Emperor, only to find that Frederic III. refused to deal with any one but the Chancellor himself. If the Emperor lived, therefore, the one dream of the old Chancellor's life would be thwarted. Count Herbert could never be the Chancellor of Frederic III.

This was bad enough, but soon a worse fear arose to haunt the Chancellor's mind. He knew that Frederic III. would have none of his son Herbert. He began to suspect, or rather his suspicions began to deepen into conviction, that if the Emperor lived he might even dispense with the services of Prince Bismarck himself. It is true that in the Manifesto addressed to the German people the new Emperor had expressed, in the highest terms, his confidence in the Chancellor; but no one knew better than Prince Bismarck that the principles upon which the Emperor Frederic would insist on governing would sooner or later compel them to part company. For Frederic, although one of the most amiable and least self-seeking of men, was still a Hohenzollern born and bred, capable of decisive resolution, and never unmindful either of his responsibilities

or his prerogatives. Sooner or later, then, it was certain, if the Emperor lived, Prince Bismarck would have to go, and the probability was that it would be sooner rather than later. Thus it came to pass that, in the Chancellor's mind, there must have been constantly present, however much he repressed it, a haunting temptation to wish that the Emperor might not recover--nay, even that he might die before the inevitable crisis arrived. From Prince Bismarck's point of view this temptation must have seemed so irresistible that it is not surprising that some believe that he succumbed; for the safety and the peace of Germany seemed to him, and not to him only, to depend upon his maintenance in office. A Liberal Emperor would imperil the edifice which he and the old Emperor had laboriously built up through *Sturm und Drang* with blood and iron. And here was this idealogue of a Kaiser, with one foot in the grave, and his will practically controlled by his English wife, presuming to dream of overthrowing the Bismarck dynasty and launching upon all kinds of risky experiments. Who could be surprised if he had wished that the cancer would make haste?

That such evil thoughts may have brooded in the obscure recesses of the great Prussian's mind is certain. Prince Bismarck is a man whose mind, and all that is therein, is continually projected like the picture painted on the slide of a magic-lantern on an immense expanse of blank sheets visible all over Germany. As a combination of the microscope and the magic-lantern enables the operator to horrify a crowd of spectators by the ghastly presentation on the outstretched sheet of the animalculæ writhing and wriggling in every drop of drinking water, so the officious and official Press of Germany help us to see all the germs and spores and unclean things which lurk or are supposed to lurk in the lower regions of Prince Bismarck's mind. The reptile Press is the Chancellor's magic-lantern, of which the successive phases of his thought serve as the slides and are exaggerated by the lens. These papers during the whole of the Emperor Frederic's reign made no secret of their rancorous hostility. Article after article filled with the most malignant slanders

poured out from the Press. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress was spared. It was impossible not to feel that these multiform scribblers believed that some of those at headquarters would gladly have expedited the Emperor's end. The Hon. A. A. Sargent, who was driven from his post at the American legation at Berlin by similar tactics on the part of the Press Bureau, thus describes the experience to which the dying Emperor was subjected:

"Bismarck looks on any opposition as enmity, and, although I simply obeyed my instructions, a fresh attack was made upon me by the organs of the German Government. The howl was kept up, and my position was made about as terrible as it is possible to make a man's position. In Germany everything depends on official smiles. When the papers in the pay of the Government, as these papers practically are, abuse a foreign Minister, who is entitled to the hospitality of the Government, any attack is like the blow of a policeman's club."

These "blows of a policeman's club" rained thick and fast without intermission upon the Emperor Frederic and his wife during the whole of his brief and troubled reign.

It was a horrible spectacle, relieved only by the lofty courage and heroic fortitude of the Imperial sufferer, and the patient endurance and ever-augmenting tenderness of his noble consort. He, fortunately, was unconscious of much of the storm of calumny and of insult which fell with all its force upon the Empress. But they were not sprung from a breed which cowers before opposition and shrinks from duty because of danger. Not even the exhausting ordeal of the chamber of death could blind them to the fact that they owed it to their country that the reign of Frederic III. should be distinguished by at least one signal and unmistakable indication of the Liberal and progressive policy on which the Emperor had set his heart from his youth up. An opportunity soon presented itself. Herr von Puttkammer, Minister of the Interior, had for years used all the authority of the State in order to convert the administration into an electioneering agency for Prince Bismarck. Puttkammer represented the corruption and the coercion by which the Civil Service had been converted into the mere tool of the Chancellor. Puttkammer may be said, if we

borrow a metaphor from the slang of English corruption, to have been Bismarck's Man in the Moon. He managed the elections, coerced the employés of the State, and generally did everything which a Prince, who "honorably declared for Constitutional methods without any reserve," must most utterly detest. It was resolved that Puttkammer must be dismissed.

The Chancellor found himself in a dilemma. The dismissal of Puttkammer would unquestionably be popular. Should he, then, endeavor to gain the kudos of his removal by associating himself conspicuously with the decree of dismissal? But the expediency of such a course turned upon another question—the same old question, to which no answer could be given—How long would the Emperor last? If he were to live for months, or even years, then of course it would be wiser to throw Puttkammer overboard. If, on the other hand, Frederic were to die in a few weeks or even days, no benefit would arise to the Bismarck dynasty from such an act of subserviency. It was a new experience for Bismarck to have to reckon with some one else who had a right to think for Germany besides himself. As a diplomatist said, who had studied him for many years at close quarters: "The main difficulty with Bismarck is that he is trying to do the thinking for all Germany. He considers that his brain is equivalent to the brain of the entire German people, and, feeling this way, he gets very angry at anybody who opposes him." Anger is a poor counsellor, and Prince Bismarck showed unmistakable traces of being in sore straits. He lost his nerve, and the keen decisiveness of judgment which formerly distinguished him seemed to have disappeared. It will probably surprise the German public to know that so much was Prince Bismarck at a loss what to do that the day before the Emperor signed the decree of dismissal the Chancellor advised him to do it, and the day after it appeared he went back on his advice and declared that the Emperor had gone too far. If any one in high places ventures to deny this, there is a simple test of the accuracy of this statement. The Emperor Frederic kept his diary down to within a few days of

his death. In the diary he noted down all the more important events of his life. If the entries are examined before and after the dismissal of Puttkammer, they will furnish ample confirmation of what is here stated as to Prince Bismarck's vacillation and indecision.

Another subject on which Prince Bismarck could not make up his mind was whether or not the necessity of preserving his own position justified his declaring a Regency. In the Emperor's palace, the contingency that they might at any moment be confronted with what would have been practically a decree of deposition, was never out of sight. It was known that the Princes were quite ready to do whatever Prince Bismarck wished. The minor German Sovereigns act more or less implicitly on the advice of their Prime Ministers, and these Ministers all march at the word of command from the Chancellor. At any moment, therefore, if it pleased Prince Bismarck to have the Emperor declared incapable of transacting the business of State, a Regency might be established. The difficulty in his path was the danger that Sir Morell Mackenzie would not certify the incapacity of his patient, and also the probability, which deepened into a certainty after the horrible accident of the cannula, that the Emperor would die too soon to make it worth while to run the risk and to incur the friction of the Regency. So, after much dubitation, occasioning no small addition to the suspense in the Palace, Prince Bismarck ultimately decided to wait for Death, which did not tarry, but made haste.

The only other incident of the reign which ought to be referred to here, as illustrating the methods of the Bismarck dynasty, is the peremptory veto which was placed upon the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. According to the popular belief, the interdict on the marriage was due to Prince Bismarck's reluctance to give any occasion of offence to Russia. When the private history of the three months' reign comes to be written, it will, no doubt, be found that, as often happens in such cases, the ostensible reason was quite different from the real motive. In public and official documents Prince Bismarck talked about reasons of State, the danger of offending

Russia, and so forth. In private he held very different language. The real reason why the Battenberg marriage was forbidden was because the young Crown Prince had stipulated as one of the articles of the agreement by which he bound himself to support Prince Bismarck, that Prince Bismarck should, on his part, prevent the marriage of his sister to Prince Alexander. The origin of this brother's interdict on his sister's marriage is said to have been purely personal. Prince Bismarck stuck to his bargain and forbade the banns. But so strictly conditional was everything upon the health of the Emperor, that it was understood that no difficulty would be made beyond a formal protest if the Emperor lived till the summer, and a private marriage were celebrated at Homburg.

Such at least was the belief of those most concerned, but so inveterate is the suspicion inspired by Prince Bismarck, that it was even thought that he suggested the private marriage in order to provide himself with a pretext for declaring a Regency!

IV.

The end came at last to the sufferings of the Emperor Frederic. After a reign of ninety days the great obstacle, so long and so keenly dreaded by the Chancellor to the realization of his projects, was removed. Death secured him the victory, and when the grave closed over the coffin of Frederic III. the way seemed clear for the attainment of the Bismarckian dream. No more talk now of a Prince "frankly Constitutional." No more petticoat influence in German politics—save of the illegitimate kind. The masculine Teuton was henceforth to have an exclusively masculine ruler. The Fates and Death had fought against the milder influences of the Liberal reign. The brief experiment ceased almost before it had been well begun, and Prince Bismarck was left free to establish his dynasty in peace.

Magnanimity is not a Bismarckian virtue. He had triumphed, but that was not enough to console him for the anxieties of the late reign. It was necessary to punish those who had in any way been associated with the Sovereign who had dared to believe that Germany

might continue to exist even if a Bismarck were no longer Reichskanzler. First and foremost came the unhappy lady who had shared for thirty years the sorrows and the joys of the dead, and who had dared after all these years to remain English at heart. Half German by birth, naturalized German by marriage and residence, the wife of one German Emperor and the mother of another, she had never ceased to cherish with affectionate devotion the memories of the land where the sabre is not perpetually clanking in the street and where there are other ideals of life than that of being a Prussian Grenadier. With all her husband's aspirations she had keenly sympathized, and she had shared also in his antipathies. She had encouraged him to contemplate the emancipation of the Imperial throne from the ever-increasing shadow of the Bismarckian Major-domo. Upon her therefore, widowed and forlorn, fell the first vengeance of the offended Chancellor. To one who had for a twelvemonth nursed her husband at every step in the long stage that led to the grave, nothing could be more tormenting than the accusation that, at some point or another in the treatment of the patient, mistakes had been made but for which his life might have been spared. Hardly had the obsequies ended when there was launched from the Prussian State Printing Press the pamphlet of the German doctors, asserting, with brutal emphasis, that the Emperor had been subjected to a mistaken treatment, which had rendered his recovery impossible. All the blows aimed at Sir Morell Mackenzie fell upon the widowed Empress, who had supported the authority of the English doctor, and who knew that her husband had trusted him and been grateful for his skill and attendance to the very last. Sir Morell Mackenzie replied. His pamphlet on "Frederick the Noble" was promptly interdicted in Germany, while the accusations of his rivals were circulated everywhere.

Meanwhile at Berlin the position of the Empress was so unpleasant that at one time it began to be rumored that she was actually under arrest. The envenomed attacks of the reactionary Press never ceased. She, whose position ought to have commanded universal

sympathy, found herself isolated, denounced, and slighted. Seldom has the doctrine of *Væ victis* been more ruthlessly enforced. The Empress had removed certain MSS. belonging to her husband to the security of a land where domiciliary visits for the seizure of papers are not ordinary incidents of existence. She was compelled under threats of pecuniary pressure to hand them over to the German Government. Why not? To the victors belong the spoils.

The new Emperor, William the Second—a headstrong and energetic man, reared under the magic of the Bismarckian triumph—showed himself no inapt pupil of his master. In his early youth, while still living under the parental roof, he was a docile and affectionate boy. It was not until he went to study at Bonn, when sixteen years old, that the estrangement began which has yielded such bitter fruit. The officers of the garrison at Bonn flattered the lad, filled his foolish young head with dreams of playing the rôle of a second Frederic the Great, and inculcated a spirit of self-regarding ambition, the end of which has not yet been seen. When his parents endeavored to check the working of this moral poison, his comrades encouraged him to defy their warnings. He drew his allowance from his grandfather, not from his father; and the approval of Bismarck was more to him than the love and esteem of his mother. The result was that before he left Bonn he began to regard himself as a personage in the State. He had his friends, his party, and—in the army—his set, whose promotion he pushed, and who in turn were devoted to his interests. The Emperor Frederic never, in the days when he was Crown Prince, made an attempt to push his own personal ambitions, either in the army or in the State. He was no self-seeker. A double measure of this evil spirit seemed to have descended upon his son. Eager for his own advancement, grudging the recognition of others' services, the young Prince, an apt pupil of a cynical master, found no difficulty, moral or sentimental, in treating his mother in a fashion after Herbert Bismarck's own heart. So little did he care for the feelings of others that he treated the Prince

of Wales with such discourtesy as to render it difficult for his Royal Highness again to meet his nephew—a fact of which the public was made aware when the Prince and the Kaiser both visited the Emperor of Austria, but carefully avoided meeting each other in the capital of their host. Count Herbert, out-Heroding Herod in the brusque brutality of his manner, forced the Prince to take the extreme step of breaking off all relations with those who received the Count as a friend. The boycott is said to be complete.

V.

When the personal and social relations between the English and German Courts were in this exceedingly unpleasant position, a mine was suddenly sprung under the feet of the dominant party by the publication in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of extracts from the Diary kept by the Emperor Frederic during the war. The story of its publication is very simple. Dr. Geffcken, who had for thirty years possessed the confidence of the late Emperor, had been invited in February 1873 by the Crown Prince to Wiesbaden, and then his Imperial Highness had lent him his Diary of the War of 1870-71. About three weeks after this he had returned the Diary to the Crown Prince with a letter of thanks. The Diary consisted of about 700 pages, all exclusively in the handwriting of its author; and from this he had made extracts to the extent of about twenty closely written pages, mainly of political import, though the Diary for the most part concerned itself with military matters. After the death of the Emperor Frederic he resolved, in August 1888, to publish his excerpts from the journal, and so he handed the manuscript to the editor of the *Rundschau*. In acting thus, his aim was by no means a political, but an historical one; and in particular he wished to point out, in contradistinction to the widespread opinion that Kaiser Frederic was merely a noble idealogist, the fact of his political importance, and the circumstance that he was a primary force (*treibende Kraft*) in the work of founding the German Empire. The purpose was praiseworthy, and the means were simple and apparently unobjectionable. The extracts from the Diary appeared

in the *Deutsche Rundschau* in September. The moment it appeared a strange commotion was visible in the Bismarckian circle. The *Deutsche Rundschau* was summarily suppressed, and all the machinery of the criminal law was set in motion in order to ascertain who was responsible for the publication of the Diary. Prince Bismarck, in a Report drawn up by command of the Emperor, demanded permission to prosecute the publishers on a criminal charge of high treason. Of all the State papers to which the Chancellor has put his hand this "Representation" is probably the most extraordinary and the most scandalous. Reading it to-day, in the light of the admissions made by the Public Prosecutor in the indictment of Dr. Geffcken, it is difficult to say whether we are more amazed by the colossal effrontery of its author or disgusted by its manifest bad faith. Considering that the *Acte d'Accusation* began by establishing in the most formal fashion the genuineness of the Diary, it is somewhat of a shock to read the opening sentence of Prince Bismarck's Representation—"I consider the Diary in its present form not to be genuine"—and to follow him to the close, where, after an extraordinary specimen of historical criticism, he concludes by asserting that the Diary is "spurious, and that the publication is a forgery," primarily "directed against the Emperor Frederic"! "The memory of the Emperor Frederic," says the Chancellor, "forms a valuable possession of the people and of the dynasty," and it should, therefore, be preserved from the disfiguring tendencies of this calumniating pamphlet. Therefore, by way of vindicating the Emperor's memory, the Chancellor sets forth a series of statements which may be summarized as follows :

1. That in 1870 the Crown Prince was so distrusted by his father that he was kept purposely outside the sphere of political negotiations.

2. That this distrust was due (a) to the indiscreet revelations which the Crown Prince might make to the English Court, "which was full of French sympathies" (!); and (b) to the violent means and ambitious designs recommended to the Crown Prince by political counsellors of doubtful ability.

3. That the Crown Prince, writing at the time and on the spot, made a multitude of mistakes as to time and fact.

4. That the Crown Prince (whose authorship of the Diary is now admitted) entertained ideas of treachery to his allies "equally contemptible from the standpoint of honorable feeling and from that of policy."

5. That the Crown Prince surrounded himself with advisers clumsy, dishonorable, and incapable, and that, in short, the late Emperor Frederic was very much of a fool, if not also something of a knave.

The prosecution was therefore ordered, and the inquisitorial processes of the German law set on foot to unearth and to punish the publisher of this "calumniation of the deceased Prince."

The cause of Prince Bismarck's wrath is not far to seek. Indignation at the alleged libel upon the deceased Prince was the very last motive that really prompted the publication of this disingenuous and thinly veiled cynicism. Not because the Diary discredited Frederic III., but because its publication had inflicted a fatal blow upon the legend of Bismarckian infallibility, on which the Chancellor was attempting to found the Bismarckian dynasty, Dr. Geffcken was prosecuted. Undoubtedly the Diary struck the Chancellor in a sore place. When a statesman seeks to found a dynasty on the prestige of his prescience and courageous initiative, an historical document of the first authority which discredits both is as damaging as the unexpected discovery of proofs of illegitimacy would be to the pretensions of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg. The Diary shook the very foundations on which alone the Chancellor hoped to secure the succession to his son, by proving, by the indisputable testimony of the late Emperor, carefully committed to paper day by day as the events occurred, that in the great crisis of German history it was the Constitutional Prince rather than the arbitrary and absolute Chancellor who divined most clearly the opportunities of the situation, and contributed the driving force that secured the achievement of German unity. It was not the old men, but the young Prince, who had the most ardent faith in the future and the most passionate enthusiasm for the realization of "the long-deferred hopes of our forefathers and the dreams of German poets." As for the old Kaiser William, his attitude is best described in his own words : "My son is devoted to the new state of things

with his whole soul, while I do not care a straw about it, and hold only to Prussia. I say that he and his successors will be called to make the Empire now established a reality." That might have been tolerated, but when Prince Bismarck is introduced, even so late as November 14, 1870, shrugging his shoulders over the idea of a German Empire, and asking whether the Crown Prince would wish to threaten the South Germans into the Imperial fold, it was more than Bismarckian flesh and blood could bear to read the following reply of the Prince: "*Ja wohl*; there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and *you will see I was right in asserting that you have not yet any proper consciousness of your power.*"

The report of that conversation, which closes with a protest against the way in which a world-historic opportunity was being neglected by Bismarck, probably led to the extreme violence with which the prosecution was pressed.

Here was the real gravamen of Dr. Geffcken's offence. He had been the means, as the *Acte d'Accusation* put it, of belittling the services of the Chancellor. As soon as it was discovered that Dr. Geffcken had communicated the Diary to the *Rundschau*, he was arrested and flung into prison, as if he had been an ordinary felon. Bail was denied, and the unfortunate professor was almost done to death in the Moabit prison. His treatment affords a grim illustration of the fact that the methods of this newest dynasty of this nineteenth century in dealing with those guilty of *lèse-majesté* are substantially identical with those by which, in the first century of our era, the Roman tyrants terrorized the world.

If Dr. Geffcken had died in jail, Prince Bismarck would probably have consoled himself by reflecting that the devil had got his due. For, in the inexhaustible repertory of casual gossip, second-hand calumny, and carefully stored up denunciations by the professional dilators of the Press Bureau, which slumber in the archives of the Chancellerie of Espionage at Berlin, it was recorded that "once, about ten years ago, at a social gathering, he delivered himself in the most excited manner as to the merits of Prince Bismarck,

saying that he had not one single noble trait in his character, and was without a trace of kindness or pity." After this, why go further?

To death Dr. Geffcken was very nearly condemned, not judicially, but by the arbitrary decree of the Chancellor whom he had dared to criticise. The sufferings of his long imprisonment, for which there was no warrant save Prince Bismarck's will, left him so weak that when at last he was released by order of the Court which exercised jurisdiction in his case, he could hardly hold a pen. The close confinement, the wearying anxiety, the seclusion from all his friends, the expectation of the severest penalty which arbitrary power could inflict, so broke down the constitution of the prisoner that at Christmas the medical officer of the jail expected that he would die on his hands. A severe attack of diarrhoea reduced him to such a state of exhaustion that they watched through the night of the 22nd-23rd of December, not expecting that he would ever see the light of another day.

Meanwhile, when the unlucky professor was being brought to the door of death in the prison, the Chancellor's police were ransacking his private correspondence in the vain hope of finding anything that would lend a colorable pretext to the criminal charge preferred against him. One of the privileges of German citizenship is that at any moment the authorities can peruse all the private correspondence of a lifetime by the simple process of accusing you, with or without evidence, of any imaginary offence, and then enter your premises and impound your papers. Civilization, it is evident, has still much to do in Central Europe before the rights of the individual against the Administration can be said even to exist. There is, however, an obvious convenience in such a system to the Inquisitors of the Wilhelmstrasse, who have no doubt immensely swelled their records of the sayings and doings of the political opponents of the Chancellor by the simple process of making copious excerpts from the private letters of Dr. Geffcken's friends.

But nothing brought to light by license of Star Chamber Inquisition furnished any evidence justifying Dr. Geffcken's

conviction. The Supreme Court of the Empire, before whom the *Acte d'Accusation* was laid, dismissed the case without even calling upon Dr. Geffcken to be heard in court. The Court, of which Dr. Simson is President, declared that, though the Diary ought not to have been published, there was nothing to show that Dr. Geffcken was conscious of the nature of the offence which he committed in giving it to the world. It therefore ordered the prosecution to be stopped, and the prisoner set at liberty.

Dr. Geffcken was kept in ignorance for the most part of how his case was going. Most of the documents of his process were kept secret from him. On the 4th of January he was forbidden to correspond freely with his counsel, and on the morning of the 5th the inspector of the prison suddenly entered his cell and told him that he was free. Then prison officials rushed in, hastily packed up his clothes, and half an hour later he was being driven to the railway station. It was not until four days afterward that he received the decree of the Supreme Court which ordered his immediate release. He reached Hamburg extremely weak, and in no condition to undertake the journey to the Riviera which was imperatively ordered for the restoration of his health. He was overwhelmed with letters, telegrams, congratulations, and demands for interviews, experiences, articles, photographs, and pamphlets. But until his health is re-established Dr. Geffcken has determined to remain a stranger to the warfare that rages around him in the Press. He has not written or inspired a single line. But as a parting blow, he was, after his return, summoned before the authorities, and cross-examined, in order to show cause why he should not be shut up as a lunatic in an asylum.

Prince Bismarck had lost his prey. But the public had not fathomed the resources at the disposal of a ruthless Chancellor, furious at the thwarting of his will. The old German reverence for judicial forms, the high ideal of the supremacy of law and the integrity of the judicial office which justified the proud boast, "There are judges at Berlin"—and it would seem at Leipsic—did not deter Prince Bismarck from appealing from the Supreme Court of the

Empire to public opinion, by the publication of an *ex parte* statement of the case against Dr. Geffcken, supported by more or less garbled and imperfect versions of the private correspondence seized in Dr. Geffcken's house. This extraordinary and unprecedented step was taken, said the Chancellor, in the interest of his Majesty's administration of justice, and in order to afford the several Governments, no less than public opinion, an opportunity of forming an independent opinion on the subject, "thus bringing the facts to the knowledge of all who are rightly entitled to see the judicial authorities of the Empire always act in a just and matter-of-fact manner," and "to enable the Governments and their subjects to form their own opinion as to the conduct of the Imperial judiciary in the case of Dr. Geffcken."

The immediate result of this affront to the dignity of the Supreme Court of the Empire was the resignation of the Minister of Justice, Dr. von Friedberg. He was an honest man, and a friend of the late Emperor, who selected him as the first person to receive the Order of the Black Eagle at his hands. We have probably not yet seen the ultimate outcome of this extraordinary appeal from the Supreme Judicial Tribunal to the verdict of a public opinion, which is neither competent to demand the production of the necessary evidence nor responsible for the impartial justice of its verdict.

VI.

Nothing seems to be more injurious to the faculties of men than the exercise of uncontrolled and absolute power. Prisoners in jails who have all their wants supplied without the constant pressure of the struggle for existence, gradually sink into a condition of mental torpor. The same law, applied in a different sphere, exacts a similar revenge from those who, in the highest positions, have succeeded in beating down all the rivals or opponents whose competition in the earlier stages of their career supplied indispensable stimulus and not less indispensable experience as to the limits of the possible. Prince Bismarck is now suffering from the fatal results of being too successful. He has emanci-

pated himself from the limitations from which come most of our strength. He has lost his shrewdness, his quick perception of the difference between the possible and the impossible, and his instinctive consciousness of the laws that govern the affairs of men. It is as if he had rid himself of the faculty of feeling pain, a thing which every one would naturally desire, but which, if granted, would destroy our chief security against danger.

The attempt which he is now making to carry out a proscription of all who have ever crossed his path is one of the signs that the hand of the famous Chancellor has lost its cunning, and that in his case is being verified the truth of the saying of the ancients, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Even the worm may turn at last, and the attempt to hunt down all the friends of the Emperor Frederic has already provoked a very healthy reaction against the Chancellor and his promising son. It is in the political relations of nations as it is in schools. No matter how excellent may be the original disposition of the head boy, if there is no one who dare stick up to him, he soon becomes intolerable. Prince Bismarck has so long been the head boy in Dame Europa's school that no one has dared to say him nay. Let him hector and bully as he please, his colleagues and his neighbors have said never a word. Last December, however, he presumed too far on the long-suffering endurance of Europe, and his arrogance provoked a retort which has been hailed with delight throughout the Continent.

Of all the Ambassadors in the British diplomatic service, Sir Robert Morier is the man who has done most to interpret Germany to England. For a good half of his diplomatic career his constant preoccupation was to rouse his countrymen to a sense of the greatness, both moral and material, of the German people. No Englishman probably enjoyed more of the confidence of the late Emperor, and few Englishmen ever sympathized so passionately with German aspirations to liberty and independence. But he shared the views of the late Emperor as to the mischief which Prince Bismarck's unchecked ascendancy was

exercising in all the higher qualities of the German folk. He had been for two years accredited to the little Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the minor principalities which submitted reluctantly to the Prussianization that followed Sadowa. Being in his way quite as independent and passionate as Prince Bismarck himself, there was established between the two men a latent antagonism which gradually hardened into a positive antipathy. Prince Bismarck seems to have kept the *dossier* of Sir Robert Morier, noting down for use when the day of action might arrive every petty story of backstairs scandal, every unguarded expression, and, in short, all the usual stock-in-trade accumulated by private inquiry agents, who are much the same all the world over, whether they are detectives like Meiklejohn in London or decorated officials in the Wilhelmstrasse. As for Sir Robert Morier, he went his way, doing his duty to his country in the various capitals to which he was accredited, without paying much heed to the Chancellor's enmity, until, in due course of diplomatic promotion, he was sent to represent her Majesty at the Court of St. Petersburg. At a preconcerted signal the reptile Press began to unmask their batteries of abuse against the appointment. Their attack was treated with contempt, and it was not followed up—at least, not for a time. Sir Robert Morier, however, soon gave the German Chancellor fresh cause for enmity. The excellent relations which he established between England and Russia weakened the system of alliances by which Prince Bismarck calculated that he could best secure the supremacy of Germany. As long as England and Russia are at cross purposes, Europe disappears; there is only Germany and the Mayor of the Palace at Friedrichsruhe or at Varzin. But with a good understanding between London and St. Petersburg, Germany resumes her natural and proper place as *prima inter pares* among the European Powers. Hence Sir Robert Morier, by the confidence which he was able to establish between England and Russia, directly traversed the main line of Prince Bismarck's policy, which is, as it has always been, to keep up the antagonism between Eng-

land and Russia in order that Germany might be supreme in Europe.

It was therefore necessary to discredit Sir Robert Morier, and, if possible, to remove him from St. Petersburg. The first step was for Count Herbert Bismarck to circulate—privately, of course, but diligently—a curious falsehood told by Marshal Bazaine to a German military attaché in Madrid, concerning news said to have been sent by Sir Robert from Darmstadt to Metz *via* London, which betrayed to the French the movements of the German troops, and enabled him to inflict on them considerable loss. Of this, however, no notice could be taken, beyond obtaining from Marshal Bazaine, in July last, a denial that he had ever made any such statement. Armed with this denial, Sir Robert Morier, who knew the methods of those with whom he had to deal, waited developments. He had not long to wait. Among the private letters seized when Dr. Geffcken's correspondence was carried off to Berlin was one from Baron von Roggenbach, containing the passage, "Morier is coming to-day." The mere mention of the name of Sir Robert Morier in the professor's correspondence sufficed as a pretext for reopening the attack on our Ambassador. On the 16th of December the *Kölnische Zeitung* published a statement, obviously communicated from the Press Bureau, and probably by direct orders of Count Herbert Bismarck, stating that—

"In connection with investigations, which had to be made in the Geffcken case . . . there came to be considered a remark of Marshal Bazaine's, to the effect that in August 1870 he received the first news of the advance of the German armies over the Moselle through a communication, by way of London and Paris, from the then English *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt, Sir Robert Morier."

When this statement reached St. Petersburg, on the 19th of December, Sir Robert Morier at once wrote to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman would write to another, denying the charge in the most explicit terms, enclosing the letter in which Marshal Bazaine had repudiated the remark imputed to him, and asking the Count, as a gentleman and a man of honor, to cause an immediate contradiction of the foul and infamous libel to be inserted in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

To this demand Count Herbert responded by sending to the *Kölnische* the report of the military attaché, Major von Deines, dated Madrid, April 2, 1886, in which the remark of Bazaine was transmitted to the Spy Bureau in Berlin, where it was docketed for use when the time came, and then curtly wrote to Sir Robert Morier, in reply to "your Excellency's letter"—

"I regret that neither its contents nor its tone enable me to comply with your astonishing demand, and to step out of the limits imposed upon me by my official position in regard to the German Press."

The controversy has been carried on ever since in the newspapers, but nothing that has been written has in any way removed the damaging effect of this startling exposure of the methods of the Bismarcks. It may be admitted without reserve that Sir Robert Morier's conduct in addressing himself direct to Count Herbert Bismarck was in direct contravention of all diplomatic precedent. The etiquette of the profession required that he should have forwarded a disclaimer to Lord Salisbury, who would have sent it to Sir Edward Malet, who would have laid it before Count Herbert Bismarck, thus making the question international instead of personal. That Sir Robert avoided by his discreet indiscretion. Writing at once on his own initiative to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman writes to another, he took the simplest and the most direct method of getting a scandalous lie nailed to the counter with the least possible delay. It may also be freely admitted that the terms of the inquiry which he addressed to Bazaine last July do not absolutely cover the points raised by the authentic reports of the conversation reported by Major von Deines in 1886, which Count Herbert never published until January 1889. No one thinks that Major von Deines reported anything but the exact words which were used by Bazaine, nor is it necessary to doubt that Bazaine did make the statement which he subsequently declared to be apocryphal. The importance of that point disappeared when the text of the statement was published. For Bazaine seems to have said that he never knew of the passage of the Moselle on August 14 by the Germans

until he received a telegram from London on August 16 announcing the fact on the authority of Sir Robert, then Mr. Morier. The moment the dates were published the whole story fell to pieces, because the Marshal's own history of the campaign, published long before, proves that the passage of the Moselle was officially reported to him by one of his own officers the day before the despatch of Mr. Morier is said to have reached him. Not only so, but the details of the movement were reported at full length in the English newspapers of August 15, and could therefore have been sent him by telegraph from Paris on the arrival of the *Times*—supposing, of course, that he needed any intelligence from London of the movement of troops whose cannon were actually thundering in his ears—before the alleged telegram was ever despatched. As a simple matter of fact, Sir Robert Morier never had any information as to the movements of the German troops, excepting that which he read in the newspapers, and he never sent any telegram or despatch of any kind to any person giving any military information, for the very simple and sufficient reason that he never had any to send. The whole story, which Bazaine seems to have invented in order to curry favor with the Germans at Madrid, who were much incensed against Sir Robert Morier for his success in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Spain, was a manifest impossibility, and a very gross absurdity to boot. Yet it is this monstrous slander, originally picked up from the lips of a traitor, who, after his escape from jail, lived on private charity in Madrid, that Count Herbert Bismarck and his organs in the Press persist in circulating and refuse to withdraw! No condemnation can be more severe than that which they have placed on record in their own newspapers. The story is complete in all its parts. It is a perfect compendium of the Bismarckian method of enforcing a proscription by the wholesale and systematic circulation of falsehood. To have forced such an exposure as this upon the founders of the new dynasty, and to have branded Count Herbert Bismarck as a convicted libeller, who, when his weapons are shown to be poisoned, persists in their use, are services to civ-

ilization for which Europe, and especially Germany, may well be grateful to Sir Robert Morier.

VII.

From this brief and hurried survey of some among the many indications of the evil change which has come over the mind of the great Chancellor, intensifying his natural defects and obscuring his better qualities, much has necessarily been omitted. The friction between the Emperor Frederic and his Chancellor on the subject of Jew-baiting has not even been mentioned, nor has a word been said concerning the extraordinary censure pronounced upon the Mayor of Berlin by the young Emperor because the newspapers of the capital eulogized his dead father. These are but minor features of the same great campaign relentlessly waged against all the friends of the Sovereign who was no friend to Prince Bismarck's ideas. Every one who showed a loyal devotion to the late Emperor—his widow, his English physician, Professor Gaffcken, Sir Robert Morier, Baron von Roggenbach—are all marked down for pitiless persecution. Their names are in the Black Book of the Proscription, for were they not one and all the friends of Frederic III.?

What will come of the Bismarck dynasty remains in doubt. It is difficult to found a new dynasty in modern times: to found a Ministerial dynasty is almost impossible. There is no proof that the turbulent young Count whom the Chancellor has striven so hard to make his successor has either the prescience or the courage of his sire. To borrow a Johnsonian phrase, he has all the nodosity of the oak without its strength, and all the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration. Nor can it be said that Count Herbert has been trained in a good school. Adversity is the best school for genius, and it was in long years of storm and stress that his father discovered and exercised those marvellous gifts of forethought and sagacity which have made him the foremost Minister of the century. But the very magnitude of his success has deprived his son of all possibility of profiting by the advantages which stood his father in such good stead. Count Herbert Bismarck to-day is powerful, for when he

speaks every one hears the echo of his father's voice. But when six feet two inches of German soil cover all that is mortal of the mighty Reichskanzler, will those who now bow silently before the insolence of his son tolerate the unsupported arrogance of Bismarck II. ? The young Emperor will probably be the first to chafe against Count Herbert's authority, and the wrongs of the mother may yet be avenged by the hand of her son.

The Bismarck dynasty will fall, having done its work. The era of Blood and Iron is not eternal. The generous and beneficent influences which the Empress represents are stronger in the long run than all the legions of the Chancellor. And in the near future her Imperial Majesty may yet achieve a glorious and bloodless revenge. She can no longer fill the throne of Germany. But she has within her grasp the leadership of a cause far more important than that which the valor and sagacity of the Hohenzollerns crowned with victory before the gates of Paris. It is possible for her Imperial Majesty to make her Court a place where the best men and women of the world, all who are striving to bring in the brighter and the nobler day, would find welcome, encouragement, and inspiration. Art, science, letters, philanthropy, and all that ennoble life and tends to lift man nearer to God would find there a natural home, stately and yet simple, Imperial and yet human, the cosmopolitan capital of all

that makes for the betterment of the world. There, as in an ideal world, far removed from the trammels of Court etiquette and the intrigues of Chancellors, the Empress Victoria could re-establish Arthur's Table Round,

"And teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Seated in the centre of the European continent, its influence would be co-extensive with the civilization of which it would be the finest flower. Whether her Imperial Majesty will feel impelled to ascend the loftier throne which now stands empty before her, we do not know. For the moment she is too broken and bowed down with the burden of her woe. But to her we may address the familiar words which the Poet Laureate addressed to our widowed Queen—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure—
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure."

Hers is the unique position, hers the unrivalled opportunity. Others are trammelled by routine and limited by nationality, as indeed she would herself have been had she continued to occupy the throne of Germany. A wider Empire awaits her if she but rises to the height of her responsibilities, and acts as the Imperial head of the womanhood and of the culture of the world.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE TRADE OF AUTHOR.

I.

THE question must doubtless often have obtruded itself upon every reflective and philosophic mind—which is but a gracefully oblique periphrasis for describing the readers of this present article—"How does it happen that the trade of author—a most innocent craft—is so much worse paid and so much more hardly worked than any other respectable calling?" I don't mean, of course, gravely to inquire, in this age of enlightenment, how it comes to pass that the journeyman writer fails to receive the princely remuneration accorded to

great commercial chiefs or financial operators. Naturally, we couldn't expect to be paid on the same proud scale as a sugar-broker or a stock-jobber. We have not so learned political economy in these latter times as not to be well aware of the profound gulf that separates nature's noblemen—the capitalist and the landowner—from the common ruck of mere wage-earning humanity. No; the point I wish to raise here is simply this: How does it arrive that the wage of the average author, usually a person of some little education and some modest intelligence, falls so infinitely below the average wage of the other

learned professions to which in like manner men bring but their brains and the skill of their fingers—so infinitely below the wage of the successful barrister, for example, or of the successful doctor, or of the successful parson, or of the successful artist? Envisaged merely as a problem of social economics, this question surely may give us pause for a few minutes in a world which still, after a non-committing fashion, honors literature almost up to the point of regarding its laborers as worthy of their hire—market price, two guineas per thousand.

Nor am I speaking now of the literary failures. In every profession there are, of course, dullards, idlers, and still more unfortunates, to whom luck never brings the chance of success; and the profession of letters is fuller of these, I imagine, than any other existing profession. Half the ablest writers in England are wasting their energies daily, I do not doubt, on very ill-paid and laborious journalistic handicraft. They are writing paragraphs. But then similar accidents happen elsewhere. Perhaps many a mute inglorious Eldon lingers among the briefless barristers in the classic recesses of Old Square, as able as any of those that wear silk; many a Sydenham loiters late in remote villages, as clever as any of those that draw their thousand guineas a day for inspecting royal and imperial larynxes. Many an actor struts provincial boards as gifted as those who draw down the plaudits of cultivated London at the Savoy or the Lyceum. It is not of these, however, that I now speak, but of the comparatively successful and well-known authors, the mass of the recognized trade of writers, who still toil on, year after year, on a smaller pittance than the country lawyer, with less prospects of success than the country curate, and with far harder hours than the country surgeon.

See, first, how incongruous is this disproportion. If you want to employ a barrister in your case, whose name is known as a special authority only to your solicitor, you will be surprised to find when you come to inquire that his brief is marked a hundred guineas. If you go to the specialist recommended for your complaint by your medical director, you will see that he reckons the

value of his casual conversation at something like twenty-five shillings the minute. If you desire to buy a water-color picture by an obscure member of the Institute or a young exhibitor at the New Gallery, you will have to pay some thirty pounds down for a square of paper twelve inches by twenty. But when you begin to inquire into the income of writers whose works we read, to borrow the famous phrase of a sister in the craft, "from Tobolsk to Tangier," or whose books may be bought in paper covers (probably pirated at Valparaiso and Petropaulovsky, you discover to your astonishment the strange and seemingly inconsistent anomaly, that the man known to half the world in a dozen countries is earning about one-twentieth of the income earned by the man known only to the skilled in a particular profession in the city of London. The American enthusiast, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his most admired and worshipped English author, has been heard to express his keen surprise when he lighted at last on the object of his ardent devotion in an eight-roomed cottage among the remotest recesses of suburban Middlesex, or ran him to earth in a dingy stucco-fronted family residence of the eligible order of architecture, lost among the monotonous and dreary desert of a London back street. How does it come, then, that these things are so? Why in this one particular trade should comparative fame and considerable reputation bring with it so very, very little in the way of substantial and solid reward as pounds sterling?

II.

In the net, viewed as a mere abstract problem of political economy (for I wish to be impartial), the question is this: Why should authors earn so much less than the average wages of like intelligent labor? Why is literature the very worst market now known to humanity into which any man can bring for sale a given finite quantity of brains and of industry?

To these questions, familiar at least to the trade itself, authors as a rule have given a large number of assorted and equally foolish answers. The rapacity of the publisher—the harmless, necessary publisher, that most indispensable

of go-betweens, that most justifiable of middlemen—has oftenest been made the innocent scapegoat of literary economics. American copyright laws, Mr. Mudie, and the penny newspapers, have also borne their fair share of literary objur-gation. To me, however, it seems quite evident that the real reason for the low rate of literary wages is a very different one. Authorship is, in fact, the only trade in which men suffer from the Competition of the Dead. And what is more, and more fatal in its effect, the dead are always at the head of the profession.

This fact implies at once a broad and very painful difference between the position of the author and the position of any other member of an educated profession. The author can hardly, by any possibility, hope to reach the top of the tree or anything like it in his own calling, during his own lifetime. The dead forever block the way against him. If you want to entrust a difficult probate case to competent hands, you can no longer call in the aid of Lord St. Leonards. If you want the best advice on the state of your health, you must consult, not the recently deceased authority, but some living Gull or Jenner. As the elders drop off in each other profession, the younger men necessarily and naturally come to the front and take their places—everywhere but in literature. It doesn't much matter that the public often doesn't know the new men's names: the members of the profession and the people most interested in securing their services know them very well, or get to know them. People must needs rely upon the best of its kind then and there actually forthcoming. In all trades, in short, except literature, a living dog is better than a dead lion.

But in literature alone, owing to the peculiarly permanent and special nature of the work done, and the ease with which it can be copied and diffused *ad infinitum*, the living dog—nay, even for the most part the living lion—is hardly in it. To be sure, there are fortunes made in literature by a lucky few, especially toward the end of their life; but these fortunes are in most cases comparatively small, and they are confined in almost every instance (save those of charlatans) to the very princes and lead-

ers of the profession. I could name if I chose, did not the modesty of English prose forbid, barristers, doctors, architects, painters, hardly known at all outside a narrow professional or critical circle, who are earning three and four times the incomes earned by distinguished men of letters of world-wide reputation. Were a comparative list made of three or four such classes, and reputation pitted against reputation, outsiders would indeed be surprised to learn for what beggarly wages well-known thinkers, poets, or romancers were pouring forth essays, verses, and novels. I know one case, indeed, of a writer almost universally praised and admired over two hemispheres, who told me, long after his best work was done, that he had never yet made in a single year more than £300, all told, by all his writings.

The key to this seeming paradox is not far to seek. By the very nature of the case, the men who write books—books which the printing-press scatters broadcast at once over land and sea; books which are read by hundreds of thousands who never see the author's face—get widely known over every continent. Nobody at San Francisco, probably, is acquainted with the name of a single leading London barrister or architect. But thousands of people, I will venture to lay a modest bet, in the remotest parts of Montana or South Africa, know fairly well the name of almost every literary contributor to the last twelve numbers of this Review. Yet even so, the diffusion is not necessarily very effective, from the author's point of view, at least. It means nothing. A surprisingly small number of copies of a book—in the case of a serious or scientific work how surprisingly few would be almost incredible—suffices to bring it well within reach of pretty nearly everybody who cares to read it. Circulating libraries, the British Museum, Tauchnitz editions, American piracy, do the rest, and the author, poor soul, *laudatur et alget*.

With law, medicine, practical arts, it is all the other way. The names, to be sure, are not known; there is little to diffuse them; but when the particular piece of work wants doing, they get hunted up, and the purchaser must pay

the market price for the very best workman then and there in the market obtainable.

In literature, however, in spite of all this wide diffusibility, effective reputations grow very slowly; and there is no special incentive of private interest to make the general public seek out and employ rising talent. Men read and buy for the most part the books of the people whose names they know, and have long known best; and they know best the names of those who have been the longest before the public. Hence it very rarely happens that an author earns a decent income during his own lifetime; and when he begins to earn one after his death, it is the publisher—that far-sighted mortgagee of his brains—who reaps in the long-run all the benefit.

III.

Art, you say, is in the same category, surely; for there, too, are not the dead always at the head of the profession?

Not quite: the cases are by no means exactly parallel.

It is true that Raphaels, Michelangelos, Leonardos sell to-day at higher prices (though not at very much higher prices) than Leightons, Watts, or Alma Tademas. But there is not anywhere any large stock of Raphaels and Michelangelos now on sale; and the demand for such things far exceeds the effective supply at any given moment. Once more, there's nothing in art which answers at all to the power possessed by the printing-press of indefinitely multiplying in exact fac-simile the masterpieces of literature. "How about engraving?" asks the cheap objector. But engraving doesn't go in the least on all fours with the case of printing. If you buy a *Hamlet*, a *Paradise Lost*, a *Vanity Fair*, a *Pickwick*, you buy the very identical play, or poem, or novel which Shakespeare, or Milton, or Thackeray, or Dickens originally composed. If you buy an engraving of any of the pictures in the Tribuna at the Uffizi, you buy, not a Raphael or a Fra Angelico, but merely a colorless and inferior copy.

The fact is, the artist has two strings to his bow; the author only one. The artist has both original and copyright; while the author has copyright itself

alone. And in the artist's case the original is far the more important of the two, while in the author's case the original manuscript is for all practical purposes mere waste paper.

And here again the difference is fundamental. Art always commands a high price in the market because the artist plays (unwittingly and unwillingly, but still perforce plays) upon one of the meanest and smallest of all human feelings. (I'm not blaming him for it: I merely note the fact as a fact of nature.) He appeals to the hateful monopolist instinct of humanity, especially of rich and ostentatious humanity. He indirectly and unconsciously pampers the vulgar tastes of such people as dukes, and brewers, and cotton-spinners. What these men mainly want when they buy a picture is a means of displaying their own wealth and their own munificence to the remainder of their species. If they could buy the monopoly of a play of Shakespeare's or a novel of Scott's, frame it and glaze it in handsome style, and hang it up as a decoration in their own drawing-rooms—with the right to say to all their acquaintances, in a pompous whisper, "This is the masterpiece of the great So-and-so; I picked it up, dirt cheap, for a hundred thousand pounds in Fleet Street"—then literature, too, would profit by their odious foible. But unfortunately the manuscript of a new novel by Besant is *not* decorative; and nobody would care to read the book (however neatly written) in the author's handwriting. A picture, on the other hand, has immediate interest; and when you buy it and hang it on your wall, you know you have got what nobody else on earth can duplicate. The stock of old masters being necessarily limited, new masters also have their chance of favor. But who will care to buy a new book by a rising author when he can get the pick of Thackeray, and Dickens, and Carlyle, and Macaulay any day for a shilling?

Hence the first great disadvantage under which the trade of writer lies is simply this, that the competition of the dead, here and here only, is overwhelming.

I might add if I liked that this natural tendency to feed the mind mainly upon the literary work of past ages is as bad

for the reader as it is fatal for the writer ; that the best literature for any generation to nourish itself upon is the living, breathing, actual literature of its own contemporaries ; that the cheapening of old books helps not only to stifle new ones, but to retard the intellectual development of the whole community ; that men read old and worn-out thought, thought that has had its day and done its work in the world, when they ought to be taking in the fresh, new ideas, the living leaven of future progress and future evolution. But I refrain from such folly. The wise man never utters one half of what he really thinks. Most of us who scribble have suffered severely enough already in all conscience for expressing a far more modest fraction of our true opinion. So I say no more. Let us not cast our pearls any longer before the faces of the gentlemen who review Reviews in the weekly papers.

IV.

The first great reason, then, why the author should be so badly paid for his toil is the competition of the dead, and the consequent comparatively small demand for living literature. The second, which operates even where a specific piece of work is wanted to order at a fixed price, depends upon the fact that literature is least of all trades a close profession.

The lawyer, be he barrister or solicitor, has to pass many years, and many examinations, in preparation for his future work in life. The physician, the surgeon, the parson, the engineer, all require a special training and special credentials for their particular functions. But any man (or woman) who can hold a pen and spell decently (I am credibly informed even the latter qualification is politely waived in the case of ladies) can become an author at his (or her) own sweet will. It must be so, of course ; a competitive examination for the post of novelist would be too grotesque ; but the inevitable result of this open career upon the wages of the trade, viewed as a trade, is simply that the price of literary labor goes down on the average to the minimum price of unskilled labor of the clerical kind in the general market.

A trade so open to all the world as this is naturally exposed to the incur-

sions of the amateur ; and what is oddest, the amateur in this trade alone stands at no possible disadvantage. Quite the contrary : he carries into the trade his outside reputation. Nobody would entrust the management of his case in the Queen's Bench to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But if a great doctor, a well-known soldier, a popular painter, a familiar singer or actor or beauty writes a book, it sells, not only as well as the average book of the professional author, but a great deal better. The name of a lord, or a Cabinet Minister, or a fashionable preacher, or a momentary lion, the comet of a season, or the cover of this Review itself, draws far more, I venture to guess, than the name of the ablest essayist or the deepest thinker now working regularly on English letters. And apart even from these occasional intrusions of the outside public into the professional preserves, there is the further fact that a vast deal of journeyman literary work is turned out by unprofessional hands, or by people who eke out small incomes, fixed or otherwise, by writing for pleasure in their leisure moments. Such writers can naturally afford to take a smaller price for their occasional services than the professional author ; and their competition tends still further to depress the wages of a trade already more than sufficiently depressed by the unique and abnormal competition of the dead.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand why no man outside the walls of Colney Hatch ever voluntarily and deliberately devotes himself to the trade of authorship. Of course there are people who write books for the love of it—that is quite another thing. Most authors, if they came into ten thousand a year, would doubtless go on writing books themselves—the books they want to write, not the books the public asks of them. But no man, probably, ever became by choice a professional writer, a "bookseiler's hack," as our ancestors bluntly but forcibly phrased it. A trade so ill-paid and so overworked would gain no recruits, except for dire necessity. Men are driven into literature, as they are driven into crime, by hunger alone. The most hateful of professions (as a profession, I mean), it becomes

tolerable only from a sense of duty to wife and family, or the primary instinct of self-preservation. The wages are low ; the prizes are few and often fallacious ; the work is so hard that it kills or disables most men who undertake it before they arrive at middle life ; while above all, to the sensitive mind—and most authors are constitutionally sensitive—there is the annoying liability to censure and criticism which meets your most honest and careful work at every street corner with blunt obtrusiveness.

In most other walks of life men only hear what is said for good about them. People are polite, or at least are reticent. In literature, as in politics, the most modest and thinking of men must perpetually submit to hear his intelligence, his taste, and his personality discussed in public with charming frankness, in plain print, and in every journal. If men think him a fool, they don't disguise the fact ; they tell him so plainly. If they think him a snob, they inform him to his face of that pleasing belief with brutal sincerity. Probably most professional men of letters, if they told the truth, would admit at once they would give their right hands never to be compelled any longer to submit themselves to this painful ordeal of public quizzing.

Why, then, do men write for pay at all ? Well, because they must live somehow. The profession is recruited almost entirely, I believe, from the actual or potential failures of other callings. The man who has knocked in vain at all other doors, or the man who has not capital enough even to approach any other door with the silver key which alone admits to the outer vestibule, takes as a last resource to literature. Some of us are schoolmasters or college tutors ; some of us are doctors who failed to draw patients ; some of us are "stickit ministers" or disrobed parsons ; a vast proportion are briefless barristers. When a man who knows how to put an English sentence grammatically together has no other resource left in life, he sells himself, body and soul, in the last resort to the public press, and produces the fabric they call literature.

Novelists in particular are probably always made, not born ; being in this respect the antipodes of the poet. Di-

vine bards sing because they must ; but I suppose no man ever took by choice to the pursuit of fiction. Fellows drift into it under stress of circumstances, because that is the particular ware most specially required by the market of the moment. Women, it is true, often ardently desire to write a novel ; but that is because they mainly read little else, and literary aspiration in their case, therefore, naturally betakes itself in that particular direction. To be an author and to be a novelist are to them identical. But the literary aspirations of an educated man generally lead quite elsewhere. It is only the stern laws of supply and demand that compel him in the end to turn aside from the Lord's work to serve tables for his daily sustenance.

V.

And this brings me to a further deplorable result of these economic conditions governing the unfortunate trade of authorship—the only trade pursued by educated men which requires neither capital, nor credentials, nor special training—the result, I mean, that the author himself, viewed as an economic unit, must aim, above all things, at suiting his market. This is a truth as clear, from the economic point of view, as the truth that the baker, the grocer, and the producer generally must produce what the public wants to buy, not what he himself thinks would be best for the public. There is no way out of it, work it how you will. He can't possibly force the market. You may not like the conclusion—the conclusions of political economy are usually distasteful ; but, like it or lump it, it is true none the less. We have to deal here with a crowded trade, in which competition is exceptionally and fatally severe—a trade which kills off its workmen faster than any sweating system ever devised by human ingenuity—a trade compared with which (I speak seriously) match-making and silversmithing and house-painting and coal-mining are healthy and congenial light occupations. Paternoster Row (as every passer-by must surely have observed) is white underfoot with the blanched and mouldering skeletons of its victims. The hours are long, the strain is severe, the pace is killing, and the pay is inadequate. In this trade,

therefore, unless a man produces the precise object the public wants, for a public exceptionally fastidious and capricious, he goes to the wall as sure as fate, and the black earth yawns hollow below to receive him.

Of course most men, in spite of the public, have their own fancies and their own likings. The best of us are human. Your native taste may be all in the direction of baa-lambs and buttercups; you may love to babble of green fields and to purl melodiously in limpid prose of purling brooks; but all that is naught. If the public of the moment demands sensation you must throw the White-chapel murders into the shade with your paper atrocities, and revel in human gore with a cheerful face, as though you much preferred that unpleasant medium for your morning tub to any less clammy and sanguine liquid. Or your natural bent may be all for tragedy; you may pant to ennoble the buskined stage, and to purify the souls of Mr. Mudie's subscribers with Aristotelian correctness by fear and pity. But if the public has detected in you some faint undercurrent of amatory vein, you must exhibit Aphrodite, robed round with nothing but the world's desire, on every page of your glowing verse, or must unravel the tangles of Nesæa's hair through three long volumes, till you're sick and tired of it. The people want to be amused, and amused it will be in its own way, in spite of you. Just now that way is hacking dusky South African flesh into small pieces; and all the fiction and imagination of the age must needs warp itself from its predestined path to gratify this jejune recrudescence of barbarism, this morbid taste for blood and thunder in literature.

There's no help for it, no way out of it. As a plain matter of political economy the facts are these: Innumerable workers possess the field. Competition is keen, success is difficult. If you don't supply what the public wants, somebody else will step in and oust you; and the somebody else will survive in the struggle for life, while you go to the wall or into the workhouse. That is the gospel according to Darwin and Malthus applied to art. "Saltavit et placuit" is all the epitaph you can ever hope for; and not to please is simply fatal.

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"But high aims in art, the noble desire to elevate and train the taste of the people—have we not heard that great artists must create the faculty by which they are to be appreciated?" and so forth, and so forth, with variations innumerable. Now, let us be serious. I am speaking here, not about great artists, but about the common and respectable trade of author. There are authors who do not depend upon the trade; those lucky dogs can please themselves if they like in this matter, and I don't doubt that in the end they often succeed in pleasing the public also. Ruskin is a splendid case in point; others occur, but, mindful of the dignity of British prose once more, I refrain from naming them. In such instances the author's subsistence is secured meanwhile, and he can go on writing the way he chooses, and as long as he chooses, till he secures his public as well. But what is the use of waiting for your public, if you die of starvation yourself in the mean time? Moreover, it must be remembered that most authors can't print what they like at their own expense. They haven't the capital. They are dependent upon publishers, editors, booksellers, proprietors, and those sensible people—sound business heads—will only print the sort of stuff they expect to pay them. All this talk about its being the duty of the author to elevate public taste, etc., etc., belongs to a purely ideal world, where political economy and the struggle for life have not yet penetrated. In the actual practical world we all live in, the author must work for his daily wage like any other journeyman laborer. If he pleases his public, he earns his salt; if he doesn't please it—open the doors, and exit. You might as well tell the baker's man, as he goes his round, he should aim at elevating the taste of the back streets by supplying the people with Vienna bread and French rolls of the daintiest pattern. How is he to get the flour and machinery to turn them out? and supposing he does, of what use would it be if the back-street folks have no money to buy them with, or don't want them?

Of course there are always a few authors who insist upon "following the intuitions of their own genius," and who sometimes succeed (with iron constitu-

tions) in pulling through, in spite of everything; but far more often they faint by the way and perish in the attempt, to receive payment thereafter, at the public expense, sumptuous but unsatisfactory marble monuments. These are the martyrs, and martyrdom is always an edifying spectacle; but it isn't practical, and moreover, in most cases, it isn't even right. A man may be ready enough to starve, himself, but the better part of us have given hostages to fortune; and there is more real heroism in toiling on uncomplainingly at distasteful work for those hostages' sakes than in making your wife and children starve with you uncomplainingly because, forsooth, you are a heaven-born genius, and must give free play to the inspiration within you. The first plain duty of most plain men is to discharge their responsibilities to those who are dependent upon them. Martyrdom is a showy and effective business, it brings down the house at the close with a rush; but a modest sum put away in the Three per Cents commends itself rather as an aim in life to what is, after all, the highest morality.

Not that there are not heroic instances on the other side. One there is of a great thinker who resolutely devoted his small capital and the years of his life to the development of a philosophical system, on which at first he wasted himself in vain, with no return and little sympathy, till at last, after many days, the world of a sudden woke up with a start to find him acknowledged as its profoundest teacher. But, then, the great thinker *had* that little capital to start with; he had no family ties; he stood alone in the world, to sink or swim; and he resolutely determined to spend himself in the effort. That was heroism if you like, but heroism possible or praiseworthy only in a few exceptional instances. A trade can't be carried on upon such terms as those; it must keep alive its workmen, and the workmen can only be kept alive by pleasing their public.

It is one of the minor annoyances of an author's life, indeed, that the world at large can never be made to recognize this plain fact, but constantly insists on identifying the writer with his books or his articles. It takes it for granted that

he writes what he likes, and that he chooses his themes because he is personally interested in them. Sometimes it scolds him for his evil selection: "Oh, how can you write such horrid things?" or, "Why do you always make your plots so dreadfully blood-thirsty?"—while he, poor innocent soul, with his finger to his mouth, would probably far prefer to spin out a pretty idyllic story about the domestic loves of two nice young people, who after many vicissitudes were happily married, or to enlighten the world to the best of his ability on the precise relations of the double stars to the unresolved nebulae. They little know that at that very moment a note from an editor, supreme arbiter of fate, lies open upon his table, "Why don't you give us a little more incident? Couldn't you manage, now, to kill off Guy and let Ethel's throat be finally cut after a desperate struggle by the insurgent Zulus?" But oftener still—and this is far more annoying—the world makes little complimentary speeches: "That was a sweet story of yours"—good heavens, the Trial of the Riddigore Mystery! or "How I did laugh over that clever essay on the Ethics of Bores!" pumped up perforce with a nervous headache in response to an urgent demand from an employer for a humorous article. What is worst of all, the world even writes you earnest argumentative letters about the precious subject on which you have last written, as though you cared for it: "Have you seen my pamphlet on the South Australian corn question?" or "Do you know that there exists at Rome a more perfect copy of the Apollo of Lysippus than even the one you praise so highly in your interesting paper on the Development of the Plastic Art in Corinth?" Why, that tedious article was written to order, at so much per column, to accompany plates already engraved, for the editor of a leading art-magazine; and you take about as much personal interest in the plastic art of Corinth or of Corioli, as a shoemaker takes in the metatarsal bones of this, that, or the other particular customer. You mugged it all up as Mr. Potts's young man mugged up the subject of Chinese metaphysics, and as soon as you had delivered your soul, according to contract,

of the five thousand words, neither more nor less, sufficient to imbed those eight interesting engravings in a shallow stratum of insipid letterpress, you dismissed the plastic art of Corinth for good from your mind, with a fervent hope that no malign influence would ever compel you in an evil hour a second time to approach the dry details of Hellenic sculpture.

VI.

Cynicism? Ah, no; despondent realization of economic law. These are the conditions under which alone the author by trade necessarily lives. But do you think he likes them? Incredible! Impossible!

For the author, too, has had his day of illusion, you may be sure. There was once a time, long, long ago, when he thought he might say what lay nearest his own heart; might speak out to the world, for good or for evil, the truth that was in him. Never mind whether the truth was worth speaking or not; to him at least it was all important. Hard experience alone has knocked all that out of him. And to the end, for the most part, he kicks against the pricks. He hates the sordid, squalid necessity for earning his bread by lowering himself to the tastes of the public he must needs serve with its daily literature. Slowly and painfully he learns to take his place beside the maker of hats and the importer of latest Paris fashions, as a unit in a trade, that lives by pleasing. Perhaps pot-boiling is his true function in life, but he at any rate must have other ideals and other interests. For the author has usually aims and aspirations, and theories of his own. The very ability which enables him to spin words into pretty phrases that take the editorial mind by their freshness, implies as a rule tastes, feelings, and sympathies above the common. If he could, he would gladly say what he has deepest and most earnest within him. He would give the people of his best. But when he tries it on, the people too often turn it over listlessly at the railway bookstalls, and say with a yawn, "We prefer his shilling shockers, thank you."

And most of us *have* tried it on, every now and again. We have listened, as advised, to the intuitions of our inspired

genius. The publishers, to be sure, looked askance at our work; they shook their capitalist heads ominously. Never mind; we have a few hundreds of our own laid by—the spoils of the Philistines from those shockers aforesaid: let us publish at our own risk and expense. 'Sdeath, we'll print it. Alas, alas, how flat that work fell, in which we tried to elevate the taste or improve the morals or intellect of the public! The public chose rather to keep its taste and morals at its own dull level. A loss or two of this sort soon taught us wisdom. We accepted our true place in the world. We boiled the pot, if not cheerfully, yet resignedly. We began to feel the pulse of the market. Most of us never quite succeed in catching it, to be sure; that pulse is so capricious—or we ourselves have such insensitive finger-ends—that we fail exactly to synchronize somehow with its erratic movements. But we get near enough to make both ends meet approximately. That modest result amply suffices for the average ruck of a hard-worked but eminently humble and contented profession.

The fact is, as the world is constituted, to say out in full what you actually think about anything is simply fatal. You must write always with one eye askew upon ten thousand foolish popular prejudices. Especially in England, to hold opinions about any really great and important subject—about the relations of man to the Cosmos, for example; to space and time and matter and energy; to earth and ocean and plant and animal; or again, about the relations of man to man, of man to woman, to the child and the family, to the past and the future; to the evolution and ultimate perfection of the race; any question, in short, of politics, or religion, or social science, or sexual morality, in the least degree above the opinions vulgarly held by the bourgeois mass of our Philistine fellow-countrymen, is nothing less than damning. To have ethical theories superior to the morality of the grocer, the baker, and the Baptist minister; to have views of life more comprehensive than the views of blushing sixteen in the rectory drawing-room, is to write yourself anathema. On all these subjects—all the subjects about which it is worth while giving an opinion at all—the world

doesn't want to hear anybody's opinion : it wants to go on uncriticised and unthinking, on its own commonplace banal level.

"But the great geniuses said their say boldly and made their mark, and pleased in spite of it." Of course. What can you not do if you are a great genius? That is small consolation to those hard-working souls who are not geniuses ; and the rank and file of every profession can never hope to be all field-officers. What is the use of telling the corporal who finds military cheer in barracks hard, that at the officers' mess they fare sumptuously every day off champagne and turtle? Yet even among the great geniuses of the world there have been no doubt four classes. The first is the class who could afford to wait and bide their time ; who were not of the trade ; who cared but little what the world thought of them ; who would go their own way and say their own say, and care for no man. The second is the class who perish in the attempt—the Chattertons and Keatses, the Brunos and Dolets—the noble army of martyrs whom few can follow. The third is the class of lucky hits—the men who early take the public fancy, like Dickens or Hugo, and can do thenceforth pretty much as they like. The fourth is the class of those who deliberately set themselves merely to please, and succeed at last by dint of their genius in pleasing royally.

To most journeyman authors, however, literature is simply a hard trade, governed like any other by the cruel laws of supply and demand. The one glorious possibility the craft encloses is the stray chance of a hit—one of those sudden jumps whereby a man's price goes up at a bound from hundreds to thousands, by some inexplicable whim of public fancy. Every workman in the literary trade lives in a perpetual deferred hope of accomplishing some day such a grand revolution. It is this

strange gambling element of the craft that keeps him at times from losing heart entirely when things look blackest. It is this that reconciles him to the homely, slighted shepherd's trade. Every now and then he sees one of his friends burst out in this wise into sudden blaze, often with a work no better than many of his previous good works which the public slighted, sometimes, indeed, by no means with his best one ; and why may not he too in his turn do likewise? To the journeyman author that chance, if ever it comes, means not only a competence, it means also, what is dearer by far to him, emancipation, freedom. For when once an author has attained success, he is free indeed. He may say what he likes. He may tell the truth at last, and no man will curb him. From its favorites the public will suffer anything. Carlyle gave it abuse, Ruskin gives it nonsense, but it smiles benignly. That long self-repression will be all at an end. That drudgery of applying his noblest faculties to work that he hates will all be over. He can bring out after all his great work on the celestial parallax, or can explain his heretical and unpalatable views on the population question. He can even publish his epic poem, or print the tragedy that the management of the Lyceum so unaccountably rejected. So at each fresh book his hopes rise high ; surely the hit is coming now ; he has fetched that thick-skinned ruminant the public, this time ! Alas, the new venture falls flat as all its predecessors at Mudie's, or has that modest bookselling *succès d'estime* that attends all through his best efforts to please the pachydermatous public. He has failed again to find the thin spot in that rhinoceros hide. To work once more, with foolscap in reams ! Surely at last, with all his striving, he must find out exactly what that capricious many-headed beast really wants from him !—*Fortnightly Review*.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY J. ACTON LOMAX.

A LITTLE time ago, owing to a leading article in the *Standard*, a discussion arose on the comparative merits of the English and American girl from a matrimonial point of view. Unfortunately, it did not happen to arise in the "silly season," when the columns of our newspapers are indulgent to the wails of the "British Matron," the "mistress of six servants," and others of her class, and, furthermore, several of the letters ran perilously near the brink of mere abuse; for both these reasons, probably, the discussion was closed somewhat abruptly, before any fair or impartial conclusions were arrived at on either side. The fact remains, notwithstanding, that for some cause or another, American girls are much sought after as wives by Englishmen, and as the reasons seem to be involved in mystery, especially to the women themselves, a brief consideration of them may be deemed worthy of attention.

To begin with, it is necessary to bear in mind that there always exists what may be termed a family jealousy between the Americans and ourselves. We are not the most unprejudiced people in the world—in fact, insularity and a firm belief in the superiority of everything British are reproaches still hurled at our heads even by our own countrymen—and the Americans are in no way behind us in this respect. But neither of us can ever forget that we are the same race, and it is this consciousness of kinship, which it is to be hoped may never cease to exist, that lends acrimony to our bickerings. We never look upon Americans as foreigners; if we discuss some French or German custom, we shrug our shoulders, declare it is a foreign idea and have done with it; but in criticising American customs we behave very much after the fashion of a mother who is unable to comprehend the vagaries of a married daughter, and declares that "nobody thought of acting thus in *her* young days," but who has no right to interfere. We regard them from a kindred and not a foreign point of view, and therefore we think that we

ought to be able to understand them, just as the aforesaid mother would expect to be able to enter into the feelings of her daughter, and we are inclined to feel aggrieved if they do not see things through our, to them, perhaps, grandmotherly, spectacles.

The English and American girl, however, are so far apart in feeling and sympathy that it is almost impossible for either to judge the other with any show of fairness. The former can see nothing but "fastness," freedom, license and vulgarity in her American sister; the latter nothing but dulness, silliness, and qualities of the "tame cat" order in the English girl. Both are equally at fault in their judgment; but it is very seldom that either will take the trouble to trace the difference back to its source and examine it from that standpoint; they prefer to argue merely from the effects they see presented to them without considering the cause, and they forget sometimes that even these effects upon which they base their arguments are drawn from an experience far too limited to be valuable in formulating a general law. In tracing back to its source the difference between the two, it appears almost unquestionably to exist not in essence or constitution but to a large extent in the result of early training.

The ordinary English girl is not allowed very much liberty even in her childhood; to be characterized as a "Tom-boy" is more or less of a reproach to her, and at a very early age she is probably relegated to the care of a somewhat staid governess, who constantly impresses upon her the necessity of decorum, and holds up her hands in horror if Mary tears her frock in climbing trees with her small brothers, or if Ethel, in the same evil company, covers herself with mud on a surreptitious fishing expedition. If the governess system is not available, the child is sent to school, where she never sees anything of the male animal, except perchance in the person of some elderly Professor, whom, no doubt, in obedience to the prompt-

ings of original sin, she generally delights to tease. At any rate, whether the governess or the school is preferred, she is never left to herself, but is always surrounded by safeguards, and tied to feminine apron-strings. Soon, too soon alas ! arrives the eventful time when she "comes out" and makes her entry into society, and here again the same system of constant supervision is observed. She is entirely dominated by the doctrine of "ask Mamma." It is "Mamma" who, if she be calculating, inculcates the idea that the principle of natural selection and freedom of choice is curtailed and does not extend to "detrimentals"; it is "Mamma" who accepts and refuses invitations; "Mamma" who plays chaperon at every ball; "Mamma" who, even if she be unworldly and uncalculating, tries her best to ward off the fascinating but impecunious Lothario, and affords opportunities to the suitor with a large rent-roll. This can hardly be called a highly-colored sketch of the first five-and-twenty years of an ordinary English girl's life.

In America the system is different. Governesses are almost unknown, except in a few of the Southern States, where they are still to be found occasionally, owing to the prevalence of the negro and the scarcity of good private schools. In the Northern States, colleges and seminaries corresponding to our private schools do exist, but their terms are excessively high and beyond the means of any but the wealthy classes. For the average girl the most prevalent means of education is the "public" school, which nearly corresponds to a combination of our "national" and "high" schools, and in many cases, not by any means only among the *bourgeoisie*, but in the higher ranks of society also, for some considerable time the American girl and boy attend the same classes indiscriminately. Another noteworthy point of difference between the American and the English school systems of female education is that the former is, as a rule, more thorough and complete; it tends to develop the thinking capacities more highly, and to individualize rather than to turn out so many replicas of a certain model. When her education is considered complete, the American girl "comes out," very often at an

earlier age than the English girl, but, instead of being constantly watched and treated *en petite fille*, the most entire confidence is placed in her. She is trusted to receive a man who happens to call in the absence of her father and mother; she is allowed to permit him to call if he meets her at a dance, and asks her permission, in which case he virtually calls upon her; she is trusted to go for a walk or a drive with him unchaperoned, though there is a growing disinclination among many American "mamas" to countenance this latter form of amusement. But the understanding which precedes and underlies this freedom is always that the girl is expected to behave herself as decorously as if she were hedged round with chaperons.

Taking, then, these two brief sketches as expressing in outline the difference of education in England and America, the question arises, What are the results consequent upon this difference of training which seem to depreciate the one class, and raise the other in the estimation of many Englishmen of the present day? The English girl, as a natural result of her education, is utterly devoid of independence and initiative, in fact, initiative in a girl is regarded with considerable suspicion, and is liable to be called hard names, such as wilfulness and self-assertion. She is romantic and simple, but indiscriminating; romantic and simple in that she dreams of a Prince Charming, indiscriminating in that almost any man with moderate attractions can by perseverance and opportunity persuade her that he is that visionary hero. She lacks independence and individuality because her actions and even her inclinations, or at any rate the indulgence of them, are to a great extent subject to the control of another. Habit is the most powerful schoolmaster in the world, and it is scarcely surprising that, if the thinking faculties of the cleverest and most original girl are allowed to fall into disuse, they will in time entirely disappear, or fail to take any interest in nine tenths of the questions of the day. And yet her mind, so we are often told, is of no different calibre from that of a man; the difference lies in the training of it. Occasionally she rebels against the control exercised over her, and pleases herself, but it is at the

cost of much discomfort and unhappiness, for she is constantly reminded of her undutifulness, and if, as is more than likely owing to her inexperience, her choice proves disastrous, she is consoled upon the "I told you so" principle, and affords a convenient moral upon which to hang a tale to all the mothers of her acquaintance whose own daughters show any inclination to kick over the traces. As a rule, however, she is too well trained to rebel; having been educated to subservience for some twenty years, her will is a plant of sickly growth. After a time, if she is "nice" (that all-expressive word), and if the course of true love is approved of by mamma, she transfers this subordination of will in a great degree to her husband, not entirely because tradition and custom permit her more freedom as a married woman, but in a degree greater or less according to her faith in her husband's capacity. Even as a wife, however, she retains that terror of Mrs. Grundy which has been inculcated in her from her childhood, and does many things that she sets no store by, simply because the society in which she has been accustomed to move requires them.

Next, let us turn to a consideration of the American girl, and note how her development proceeds from the time she makes her *début* into society. To begin with, "Mamma" is a *quantité négligeable*, that is, from a society point of view, for naturally to the girl herself, who is fond of her mother, a mere expression of a wish is sufficient. But as a chaperon, as a protectress, as a pioneer her duties are practically nil. The "young people" are allowed and trusted to amuse themselves in their own way, and the very fact that it is almost an unheard of thing for a girl to come to any harm under this system proves either that the system is good or else that the ordinary American is a man of higher principle than the Englishman, an admission we should most of us probably be loath to make, though Englishwomen will sometimes agree to it, when hard pressed, in arguing that such a reconstitution of society would be impossible in England. However this may be, in America the young people amuse themselves after their own fashion by themselves; they walk together, ride together,

boat together, skate together, and the man is on his honor to behave toward the girl as he would himself expect another man to behave toward his own sister. Furthermore, if there is the least suspicion that he is *not* behaving as he ought, he is utterly ruined socially; he is cut by his friends both male and female, and such a storm of indignation assails him that from that time forward he leads the life of a dog, for it is very much easier to repair any social *lâche* in England than in America. In England we recognize the merits of the system in many ways, but for some traditional reason we are loath to extend it to social matters. We release a man on parole and expect him not to break his word; we put a schoolboy on his honor, and we know that, as a rule, he will feel more bound thereby than by any threats of punishment, but we are afraid of extending the same confidence to older boys and girls, who, *pari passu*, ought to be more trustworthy instead of less. As a natural consequence of this freedom of intercourse an American girl becomes more discriminating. She sees a great number of men in situations which bring out their character, and is far more able to judge them than if she met them now and again for a few hours when they were on their best behavior, and so she is less likely to be misled when the time comes for her to make her choice. She also gains more insight into a man's nature and understands it better, and therefore the Prince Charming of her dreams is a much more human and practical individual, and she is rarely so bitterly disappointed in the reality as an English girl whose ideal is a modern reincarnation of King Arthur and Sir Launcelot combined. One other point worthy of remark in instituting a comparison remains, viz., that, as the American girl has always been accustomed to be more or less of a law unto herself she has for that reason far less terror of Mrs. Grundy than the English girl, and adapts herself more easily to any alteration in circumstances that her marriage may entail. It is often urged, and with some show of reason, that the average Englishman likes a certain timidity and hesitation in a girl, and therefore that his preference for an American is inexplicable. But if, instead of being

content with the bare fact, we go back a step farther and ask ourselves *why* he likes this modicum of hesitation and reserve, the mystery explains itself at once. He likes this timidity and hesitation and reserve in a girl merely because, in an English girl, it is indicative of a certain temperament, and is the result of a certain bringing-up; it is a criterion of her modesty and refinement. But if in an American girl he finds equal modesty and refinement without this timidity and hesitation, it is quite conceivable that he may prefer her, for he is not in love with these qualities for their own sakes. The same explanation holds good with regard to what is apparently a similar mystery, especially to the fair sex, that he admires in an American girl what he would characterize as fast and vulgar in his own sisters. If, in the present state of English society, his sisters were to assume the freedom of an American girl, their conduct would undoubtedly be considered fast, though if they were nice girls, and if they could do it *à l'Américaine*, it would probably do them no harm. But at present they would be unable to do it in the same way; the very knowledge that they were doing something unusual would rob their motives of that innocence which is the safeguard of the American. It must always be borne in mind, in this connection, that most of our social ideas of modesty, refinement, delicacy, "fastness," and so forth are merely relative. If fifty of our leaders of society were to band themselves together and vote that this system of perpetual chaperonage was ridiculous, and that they would countenance it no longer; or, again, if they were to decree (and act on their decree) that it was modest for a girl to go to a ball in a gown no longer than many fancy dress costumes one sees, or immodest for her to wear a low-necked dress, in five years our ideas on these subjects would be revolutionized and undergo a change which would pervade all grades of society. In such matters it is custom which dictates what is right or wrong, modest or immodest, and a curious proof of this is afforded by the Americans themselves, who, with all their much criticised freedom of manners, are very much more inclined to question the

propriety of a young girl appearing in a low dress than we are, and as a matter of fact actually discountenance it except in their great centres, such as New York, which are more cosmopolitan than distinctively American.

There is another phase of the American girl's character which may or may not be regarded as a result of her education, but which is calculated strongly to attract an educated and clever man, and that is her passion for self-improvement. Speaking generally, it may be said that American women are always educating themselves. They combine, according to age and condition, as married or single, to form innumerable clubs and societies, which are not the dilettante societies of Englishwomen, wherein every member pledges herself to get up at 8 o'clock each morning, or devote half an hour every day to the study of a "stiff" book, and honors the rule more in the breach than the observance; but they are real, honest attempts at self-culture and mutual improvement, inaugurated from no sense of duty, but from a *bonâ fide* love of learning. The results are very apparent in most of the American women who visit the Continent, though it may be remarked, *en passant*, that until we have been in America ourselves or know Americans well, we find it almost impossible to discriminate between the representative American and the comparatively illiterate "Westerner" who has "made his pile." They know beforehand, even before they leave home, in which street they will find a certain gallery, and they have a very good idea of the locality of the street; they know in which portion of the Louvre or the Vatican a certain picture or statue is placed, and they are "up" in the differences and peculiarities of the various schools of art. It is the possession of this previous knowledge, enabling them to see any place without waste of time which has, to a great extent, brought down on their heads the ridicule of English people who hardly know, when they visit a Continental city, what they are going to see. On the Continent, too, their method of spending their time is different from that of their English sisters. If they settle down for a few weeks in Paris, Rome, or Berlin, they at once seek for masters, and apply

themselves seriously for an hour or two a day to the study of French, Italian, or German, as the case may be. As a rule, they are early risers, and very probably before the Englishwoman is out of her bed in the morning, they have had their lesson, and are ready to sally forth and see the sights of the place. But this desire for self-improvement is by no means confined to the study of history, geography, and languages; it is far more catholic in its aims and embraces many branches of art, literature, and science which, on this side of the Atlantic, are confined principally to the other sex. The American girl is in reality a "blue-stocking," without showing it; she has learned the secret of drawing upon her knowledge without obtruding it. With us, it seems almost impossible for a girl to be really well informed without developing a contempt for her sisterhood, and making herself objectionable to her neighbors. She is voted "queer" and "crotchety" (which is the best way of making her so), and consequently she generally grows hard and unwomanly, snaps her fingers at society, and repays scorn with scorn. Not a little amusing is the, to English people, curious reversal of opinion with regard to the opposite sex, which exists in America. In England one is tired of hearing the masculine complaint that a fair partner at a ball, or neighbor at dinner, is "absolutely commonplace," has nothing in her beyond "Yes" and "No," and so forth, and one is inclined very often to lay the blame on an assumption of superiority or a want of sympathy in the man, but in American society it is by no means extraordinary to hear the same complaint from the other side. The girl, by the cultivation of the intellectual as opposed to the mere "business" faculties, occasionally finds herself out of touch with a man in exactly the same way that a clever man in England finds himself *hors de rapport* with the average girl he meets.

The reproach aimed by Americans at the English girl, viz., that she is of the "tame cat" order, and that her husband will trust her with his bills or the darning of his socks, but not with his ideas, is as great a misconception, in many respects, as the English estimate of American women; but, from the American

point of view, it has *some* foundation in fact. We need only look at the life of the ordinary Englishman to discover the foundation upon which this exaggerated inference is based. He always retains a tenderness for his club, where he can ventilate among his fellow-men his ideas political, moral, and social, to which, it is quite true, he does not, as a rule, treat his wife. If he has a male friend he can pass hours upon hours in his company without being bored, which, unfortunately, does not always happen in the case of his wife, and the very fact that women are the first to declare that no wife *wants* her husband *always* with her, is a proof, more or less, of a certain incompatibility of temperament and thought. Probably it is on these and kindred grounds that the American forms her opinion of the average English girl, and, until she gains more experience of English habits, imagines herself strictly correct. On the other hand, for a fair and impartial opinion of the American girl, one must apply rather to an Englishman than an Englishwoman, for he is more on a level with her in thought, and more in touch with her in idea. It is no secret that the unprejudiced, educated Englishman is a general favorite with American women. If he has a particle of discernment, he very soon discovers that American freedom is by no means a synonym for license, and when he has fully assimilated that idea he finds his relations with the "nice" American girl most charming and cordial and fascinating. But in the matter of propriety of behavior he discovers she is inexorable, and that, so far from being permitted more license of speech or action, he in reality enjoys less. This, of course, is comprehensible, for, if the freedom of intercourse between girls and young men is to be kept up, there are many things, perfectly innocent in themselves, which cannot be said or done, because the motives might possibly be questionable. Upon a consideration of the good influence this system might be expected to have on men, it is beyond the limits of the present inquiry to enter, but that it does tend to make them more refined, more considerate, and more polite, there can be little doubt. It is equally outside the question to consider the many points in

which the English girl may be judged to excel the American, though there is one which may be regarded as a result of her education, and therefore claims notice, viz., her domesticity. Herein, to an English mind, she undoubtedly excels the American; indeed, she never shows to greater advantage than in her own house, surrounded by her children, and in that charming aspect she has no equal in the world. In this respect American life is totally different from ours. A dislike for the worries and increased expense of housekeeping, and the consequent living in hotels and boarding-houses, makes even their domestic life more public than ours, and it can hardly be disputed that among American women the feeling of maternity is less strong than with us. It is not that they do not love their children as dearly if they have them, but there is a tendency, a growing tendency, among young married women to look upon children as a nuisance and a tie, and they are beginning to count themselves lucky if they are childless. Americans will probably deny this, but it is true notwithstanding, and has formed the subject of not a few discussions, lectures, and grave warnings from their serious thinkers.

In conclusion, it is necessary to anticipate misconstruction, and to lay an apologetic stress upon the aims of this paper. It pretends solely to examine the reasons for the appreciation of the American girl in England, and though one-sided, it endeavors to be impartial. It is not concerned with a comparison between the English and American girl, in which all the merits and demerits of either are put side by side, and a deduction drawn in favor of the one or the other. A comparison has been instituted, but only on the points in which the latter may be supposed to excel the former, because it is presumably those which account for her supremacy. Doubtless as large a catalogue might also be compiled to support the opposite view, but with this the present inquiry does not deal. It admits the charm of the American girl for many Englishmen who may be supposed to be competent judges of what is delicate, modest, and refined in a woman; it attempts to give a reason for that charm, and to show that the greater liberty of American manners is not incompatible with those qualities which every man, in making his choice, desires, and believes he is obtaining, in a wife.—*National Review*.

THE EFFECT OF MILITARY TRAINING ON CHARACTER.

LORD WOLSELEY, in his excellent speech of Friday week to the Volunteers of Birmingham, made an assertion in defence of military training as a means of education which it is now quite usual to make, and which is well worthy of a moment's discussion. He maintained, as all the great soldiers of the Continent maintain, that universal military training for two or three years is almost an unmixed good, and improves the youth of the nation not only in physique, but even in moral character. As we agree with him that national dangers, or possibly national disasters, will one day force us to adopt, if not a true conscription, at least the Swiss system of universal military training, we have no preconceived desire to dispute that opinion, but we wish its accuracy were made a little more completely clear. Lord Wolseley, for instance, who has such

large experience, and who expresses himself so certain, might have occupied another quarter of an hour in telling Englishmen with some minuteness and care the evidence upon which his assertion rests. It will be denied point-blank by at least one half of the political Englishmen who read the speech, as well as by all that immense number of women with whom it is a tradition—a most injurious tradition, as Lord Wolseley well knows—that life in the barrack is, of all lives that their sons can lead, the most hopelessly demoralizing. It is, therefore, in the highest degree expedient to give us the exact facts, which as yet have neither been collected nor explained with anything like sufficient care. Lord Wolseley, for instance, praises the physical results of barrack-life, and holds not only that it benefits the health of insufficiently fed men taken out of the

slums, but that it benefits everybody, and this to such a degree that the conscripts of the Continent are becoming in every way "physically superior" to the English. Now, is that exactly true, as it ought to be if it is to be accepted as an argument for general training, or is it largely mixed with rhetorical exaggeration? *A priori*, it ought to be true, because regular diet, regular exercise, and healthy lodgings, all enjoyed just when the lad is growing into manhood, ought to benefit everybody, or at least to develop everybody's muscles. We have, for our own parts, no doubt that as regards the lowest classes of the male population of this country it is true, and that the "Queen's salt" does in a year or two develop weedy, rickety, pasty-faced, vicious-looking lads into powerful and well set-up men who can march without slouching, run without shuffling, and, above all, stand still without looking as if their spines would break under the exertion. But we must not forget that the mass of the nation does not belong to this class, that there are other gymnasia besides the drill-yard, and that some of the evidence tells the other way. Young officers are not healthier than young squires. The villager who ploughs or digs, or does steady work of any kind, is as strong as his brother who has been trained in barrack. The foreign navvies, who have all been drilled, even the German navvies, are hopelessly beaten by the English navvies, who have never been trained at all. Contractors, who are the best judges, will give the latter 50 per cent more wages solely for their superior and unequalled strength. That a hundred young soldiers acting together would beat a hundred young London costermongers in a quarrel, may be taken as true without discussion; but if they were separated and paired, the result would, we fancy, show a slight percentage in the costermongers' favor. It is possible to push that argument from health too far, and to forget that as yet the only thing proved is this, that regular food, healthy lodging, and severe work tend in the young to develop muscles and stamina, and this whether the advantages are enjoyed in a barrack or a home. We should say ourselves, having had to observe great masses of hospital statistics, that the average soldier,

while slightly heavier and more muscular than the average civilian not employed in severe labor, possessed something less of vital energy, succumbed to disease more readily, and had lost some spring of vivacious life remaining in the undrilled. We think this is true even of the English soldier, who is a volunteer, and can conceive no other reason for the enormous number of French, Russian, and, we believe, Italian soldiers who go annually into hospital.

Then as to character. Where is the evidence that the character of drilled men is so much finer than that of the undrilled? It may be true; we heartily hope, for the sake of civilized mankind, that it is true; but where is the concrete evidence by which the hope is to be justified? Is it in the character of the officers? Well, we will cordially admit that an officer with a fine character has often virtues in him which the civilian lacks, and is sometimes almost matchless among educated men; but does he not owe his superiority to service rather than to training? We take it that Colonel Newcome or Major Dobbin is made by war, not parade, and that it is the discipline of danger faced and surmounted which has given to him, as the same discipline gives to Arctic voyagers, his special nobility of mind. The average officer who lives at home is not so much the superior of his kinsmen in civil life, while the officer below average, the idle or dissolute or indifferent young subaltern, is a good deal inferior in all respects to his cousins who have preferred the civil professions. Yet the subaltern has had all the training which the barrister or doctor or engineer has lacked. What the officer has gained, we should say, is rather efficiency than moral character, and even in efficiency the civilian, if he has been trained to meet emergencies—as, for example, engineers are trained—is often at least his equal. Or take the soldiers. One would say that the habit of obedience, the cultivation of self-control, and the strong sense of the necessity of comradeship must necessarily improve the character; but still, there is a certain want of concrete evidence. The case for non-commissioned officers can, we believe, be made out almost past dispute, by quoting the aggregate of testimony

given by all employers of labor. They are nearly unanimous in saying that for minor offices of trust, no one approaches a retired sergeant ; and that fact counts directly, and heavily, in favor of Lord Wolseley's argument. But then, do they say this as readily about the common soldiers, the men who have never commanded, though they have been thoroughly trained? Even if they do, there is another proposition to be proved, and on this there must certainly be some exaggeration. If Lord Wolseley is exactly right, the average Frenchman, or German, or Italian ought to be the moral superior of the average Englishman, whether workman or middle-class man ; and we suppose Lord Wolseley would allow that this is not the case. Our people as a whole, test them in any way you like, or by any kind of indubitable evidence, are as good as any, and in some qualities, kindness being one, rank decidedly first. Certainly, if respect for law and order be a virtue, as Lord Wolseley justly and wisely maintains, the undrilled Englishman surpasses in that virtue the drilled Continental. The most furious mobs on earth are those in which nine men out of ten are discharged soldiers, raging at a hated Minister, an unpopular law, or, as just after Sedan and Tonquin, a national disaster. When the crowd breaks loose on the Continent, the last virtue to be expected of it is that self-control which military discipline should, on the hypothesis, have begotten. We suspect, as we read the civil history of the Continent day by day, that military training, if it does develop a capacity of obedience, develops also the barbarian feeling that all resistance is mutiny, and that a mutineer must by the necessity of his situation risk anarchy, and rely on force.

We see no use in exaggeration. We wish all Englishmen to be trained, because the country would then be safe, because discipline is the most rapid and effective education for the uncivilized—that is, for perhaps half our people—and because in almost all men it develops a valuable kind of efficiency ; but we do not expect much effect from that training on national character. There will be some, and it will be for the most part good—though the barrack often acts like the cosmopolitan life in breaking that steady tradition of respectability which with the non-religious is the strongest buttress of character—but it will not be so great as it is usual, perhaps even praiseworthy, to assume. We all, and more especially officers, unconsciously underrate the disciplinary effect of ordinary life, the steady obedience exacted in the workshop, the training which is inherent in daily work, the promptitude which most of the trades instil—you had better be prompt, for instance, if you are a mason or a navy—and, above all, that annealing pressure of poverty, of the hourly chance of losing your bread, which is for the time of training taken off the soldier. He has his own high merits, the highest arising, however, more from his readiness to die on duty than from anything special in his training ; but his is not the only bringing-up which will develop men. The English will have to pass, as we believe, one day through the military mill ; but they will come out of it, as the Continentals do, a very mixed lot, with only this one universal gain, which we admit to be a great one. They will all know, what they seem to be all forgetting, that there are "musts" in the divine arrangement of things,—orders, in fact, which one must obey or suffer.—*Spectator*.

THE FEMALE FRIENDS OF BALZAC.

BY J. W. SHERER.

I.

FRIENDS IN HIS STRUGGLES.

IN the year that has passed, M. Gabriel Ferry published a small volume with Calmann Lévy, entitled "Balzac et ses Amies." It was compiled from articles

supplied to the journal *Gil Blas*, and presents a limited but interesting gallery of women who, by their social intercourse with the great writer, either contributed to the formation of his own character, or supplied him with types after which he created fictitious ones.

Previously, however, to giving some account of these ladies from the book just mentioned and other sources, it is necessary to touch lightly on a subject M. Ferry has thought it well to introduce. There is absolutely no evidence to show that the relations of the novelist to any one of his female companions exceeded the bounds of intimate friendship, till nearly the close of his life, when he married Madame Hanska. It is well known that Balzac was a man of apparently pure social conduct. Théophile Gautier has more than once noticed the fact with some wondering disappointment; and would fain have interpreted a smile on the lips of Madame Surville, the novelist's sister, when the subject was introduced, into an avowal of knowing better. Balzac himself, in a letter to the lady who was ultimately to become his wife, thus touches on the point: "*Les amitiés d'épiderme ne me vont pas; elles me fatiguent et me font sentir plus vivement quels trésors renferment les cœurs qui veulent bien m'abriter. Je ne suis pas Français dans l'acception légère de ce mot.*"

The malicious, and not entertaining, story against the novelist, written, professedly, on hearsay, by the angry publisher Edmond Werdet, and entitled "*Les Amours d'un Lion et d'un Rat*," has never gained credence. Notwithstanding all this, M. Ferry has undertaken, in his capacity of a student of the emotions, to distinguish between the platonic and the non-platonic features of these depicted intimacies; and if he has satisfied himself he has to that extent succeeded. But perhaps it may be permitted to leave this question aside, not, of course, as being of no importance—it is of the deepest—but as not legitimately arising, as being incapable of settlement if it had arisen, and as leading to conjectures unedifying in their nature and unprofitable in their result. If it be simplicity to read letters in the sense in which their author says they were written, and to judge of facts by the light the principal agent has thrown on them, it is a simplicity for which no apology is necessary.

It may be taken for granted that the main incidents of Balzac's life are familiar to the reader, and the briefest recapitulation of the earliest ones will suf-

fice by way of introduction. It will be remembered that Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours in 1799, and came, in later boyhood, to Paris with his family. He was intended for the law, and went through the preliminary instruction. But he conceived himself fitted only for literature. And when, in 1819, reduced circumstances drove his people away from Paris again, he was left behind. His father, with great good sense, consented to his taking a two years' trial of authorship. And Honoré—alone in the vast city—ascended into a garret, in the Rue Lesdiguières, and with extraordinary courage and perseverance set himself down to his chosen career.

The first place, both as regards time and influence, among his female friends, is due to the novelist's sister, Laure, who from his childhood was his adviser and confidante, who thoroughly believed in his genius and future success, and who was quite capable of appreciating good literature, and indeed of herself forming a sound critical opinion. Laure was married in 1821 to M. Surville, and went with him to live at Bayeux; but, though personal intercourse with her brother was thus broken off, her constant correspondence formed one of his chief moral supports; and the mutual affection inspired by companionship, and then kept alive by letters, was to both a source of sustaining joy—and to Balzac a priceless encouragement through years of severe labor. With this "*alma soror*," as he loved to call her, he discussed his projects; and to her he disclosed his ambition, his disappointments, his occasional failures of faith in himself, and again his reviving hope of immortality.

Worn out with fatigue, and harassed by want of money, Balzac would fly to his sister's side, and, while pouring out his despair, would take, perhaps, a bundle of proofs from his pocket. Madame Surville's eye passed over them.

"The struggle is too hard. I shall founder, dear sister."

"A man need never founder who can write what these proofs disclose."

"Say you so? I *will* succeed then. And, were blind hazard alone at work, the chances would be as good for a Balzac as for an imbecile!"

The young aspirant needed every en-

couragement. His first literary effort—his tragedy of *Cromwell*—was a complete failure. And for years he wrote romances under various pseudonyms,* which, when collected as *Œuvres de Jeunesse*, are now neither uninteresting nor devoid of psychological value, but which scarcely predicted the social painter of his age, the author of the *Comédie Humaine*.

The little village of Villeparisis, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, to which the elder Balzacs had withdrawn from Paris, contained some residents who proved very friendly. Among these, Madame de Berny and Madame Carraud were especially conspicuous. The first of these two was a remarkably gentle and sympathetic person. She was some years older than Balzac, and without decided good looks; but possessed one of those interesting faces whose beautiful eyes told, in her case, their story of great sensibility, of a lively imagination, but of sorrow too, having its cause in an uncongenial and morose husband. M. de Berny was a landholder, with farms in more than one department,—bucolic both in tastes and temperament. Advanced in life, half-blind, cross and impatient, he was qualified, fully enough, to make any interior unhappy. But peace was preserved by the matchless tact of the wife. With a great gift of forgiving silence, she lavished on her children and friends the affections which were chilled and stunted in the direction of her husband. When the Balzac family sold their property at Villeparisis the de Bernys also left the place, and took up their residence alternately at Paris and St. Rémy. Circumstances thus threw Balzac and Madame de Berny together, and for twelve years this tender woman displayed the deepest interest in all that concerned the novelist. He especially remembered her solicitude when, through the failure of some commercial schemes, he was in great pecuniary difficulties in the year 1828. "I was foundering," he wrote some years afterward, "when I was but nine-and-twenty, but I had an angel at my side then."

Madame de Berny had always weak

* One of them was English, *Lord R'hoone*, which can scarcely be allowed the merit of verisimilitude.

health, and, after a long decline, she succumbed at last in August, 1836. The novelist felt her loss acutely; and, indeed, the mere mention of her name was, in his later life, scarcely possible without tears. He has affectionately embalmed her memory in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*; but, as he himself declares, in faint colors only, fearing to profane the sanctity of their friendship by too close description. There can, however, be little question that his elaborate portrait of Madame de Morsauf is founded in all essential particulars on his beloved friend.

The other Villeparisis lady—Zulma Carraud—was of a different character. Her maiden name was Tourangin. She had been brought up at the same convent with Laure de Balzac, and was her earliest friend. She married an artillery officer, a man of distinguished scientific acquirements, but without ambition, and quite content with appointments which left him in a settled home, and with a margin of leisure. He was successively director of studies at St. Cyr and inspector of the powder factories at Angoulême. M. Ferry considers that Zulma Carraud supplied the type of the *femme incomprise*, which Balzac introduced with such success to the lovers of romance. Indeed, his great hold on female hearts was due to this conception, in combination with his complimentary belief that forty left a woman much of her beauty and most of her charm. Balzac described with a peculiar zest the feminine nature, full of intelligence, of wit, and, above all, of capacities for passionate affection—and yet placed by circumstance where all these attributes had no opportunity of blossoming, condemned to a restricted routine which stifled aspirations, and relegated to an obscurity which in time weakened the capabilities it overshadowed.

Madame Carraud differed from Madame de Berny in this, that her daily life was not unhappy. Her husband was a man of talent, but devoid of enthusiasm; his tranquil nature failed to discern anything of importance in life, and, though exemplary in conduct, his natural tendency was to pass into the condition of a cultivated vegetable. His absence of aim created around him an

atmosphere of indifference, fatal to spiritual growth. Madame Carraud's friendship with Balzac extended from 1819 to the close of his life; and the whole drama of his rise and progress was enacted before her very eyes. Her position to the novelist was one between that of his sister and that of Madame de Berny. His confidence could not be given quite so freely as to Laure, and, on the other hand, the tenderness inspired by Madame de Berny was wanting. Balzac, however, had the highest opinion of her critical sagacity; thought her opinion of more value at times than that even of Georges Sand; and, in estimating her intellectual worth, exclaimed, "Jamais esprit plus extraordinaire n'a été plus étouffé; elle mourra dans son coin inconnue!" It appears to have been in a measure due to the advice and support of Madame Carraud that Balzac thought of standing for the Chamber. It was a sudden impulse toward public life, similar to that which overtook our own Thackeray. Neither was elected. The lovers of fiction cannot pretend to be sorry.

Two more female friends remain to be mentioned, who seem to belong to the years of only partially successful effort—Madame Junot and Georges Sand. Balzac met the celebrated Duchesse d'Abrantès at the house of Sophie Gay in the time of Louis XVIII. Her high spirits, her knowledge of the world, the strange career she had passed through, rendered her a very interesting object to the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. She had a good figure, a pleasant face, chestnut hair, and the prestige of the Imperial world, of which she had been one of the queens. It is not unlikely that she suggested the glorification of the forties, of which mention has been made; and certainly the vicissitude of her fortune must have supplied to an imaginative mind many sad reflections on the instability of human happiness. When she published her *Mémoires*, Balzac was of great service to her, for he was not a bad hand at driving a literary bargain. But no reinforcement of her finances proved more than temporary. In the golden days of Napoleon she had contracted an extravagance she never could master. Her circumstances went from bad to worse, and at last, in 1838,

the splendid mistress of the most fashionable *salon* of the Empire, after hearing, from her sick-bed, her effects submitted to the hammer, had to be removed to lodgings still more humble, where, in absolute squalor, attended only by her faithful maid, she passed unnoticed from life.

Georges Sand was not introduced to Balzac till 1831. She had then written *Indiana*, and he the *Peau de Chagrin*, so that both were in a sense established literary people. Balzac, however, had still severe struggles before him; for he was slow in establishing supremacy. He had a sincere admiration for Georges Sand's talents, and it is well known that the character of Camille Maupin, in *Beatrice*, was founded on a careful study of the authoress of *Lélia* and the rest. But no friendship existed between the two, beyond frank, literary comradeship. It seems strange to hear that Georges Sand found Balzac undertaking to read Rabelais aloud, altogether too coarse; indeed, she denounced him, "Vous êtes un gros effronté!" Stranger, perhaps, that on one occasion she remonstrated with him on the immorality of an incident in *La Cousine Bette*.

But Georges Sand was doubtless right. The compliance of the Baronne Hulot, on a memorable occasion, is a moral blot. A good motive should not dictate, and cannot excuse, dishonor. It is also an artistic blot, because our respect for Madame la Baronne is lessened, and our sympathies checked.

II.

FRIENDS OF HIS FAME.

In the autumn of 1831 Balzac was paying a visit in Touraine, when he received a letter from Paris, whose general appearance, and the handwriting of the address, were considered to be aristocratic. It announced that the writer had been deeply moved by his romances, but that with some portions of them she was ill-content. Her criticisms were expressed with candor, and without bitterness, and the correspondent concluded by signing herself "A woman who does not wish to disclose her identity." Balzac was pleased with the tone of the letter; answered it; encouraged a continuance of the correspondence,

and ended in finding out that the spiritual Unknown was no less a person than Madame la Duchesse de Castries, by birth a De Maillé, and by marriage a sister-in-law of the Duc de Fitzjames. Balzac had seen the Duchess before at the house of the Princess Bagration, but had never spoken to her. He accepted with pride an invitation to the receptions at the Hôtel de Castries, in the Rue Varenne. The Duchess was at that time about five-and-thirty, and compelled for the most part to retain a recumbent posture in consequence of an accident to her spine in the hunting-field. The face was not free from a look of pain, which gave an additional interest to its delicate beauty. Her head was still crowned with a splendid mass of blonde hair, which Titian would have delighted to portray. She was clever, a good talker, full of bright wit, a subtle flatterer; but she was nothing more than all this.

Vain, heartless—the deeper-rooted sentiments would not grow in a soil so shallow. She was a most interesting study to the novelist, who had never known one of her class so intimately. We might have thought he would have been the first to clearly discern the artificiality, and to gauge her real value, but it was not so. He was not satisfied with her acquaintance, or able to take the notice of a woman of the world for what it was worth. He sought to confide in her; kept up intercourse with great assiduity for two or three years; travelled with herself and her family, and very slowly convinced himself at last that she did not care for him; indeed, that she had no sincere affections to bestow.

In the year 1833 the intimacy was on the decline. Balzac wrote the *Duchesse de Langeais* (in the *Histoire des Treize*), which portrait was a direct transference of his friend to the canvas: and, to ease his conscience of a sense of treachery, he called at the Rue Varenne, and read the unprinted manuscript to Madame de Castries. She preserved perfect calmness, affected to see no application to herself, and praised, without reserve, the artistic creation. But disillusion was stealing on apace. It required, however, as Balzac told the unknown Louise in 1837, five years to wean his

tender regard from a woman who misunderstood him throughout. He described the whole affair as one of the bitterest chagrins of his life. M. Ferry thinks that the acquaintance with Madame de Castries suggested that outbreak of extravagance so familiar to those who have studied the novelist's life. And it seems likely enough that he picked up in the Rue Varenne the sudden change in tastes which led to the jewelled cane, the gold buttons, the horses and carriage, and his apparition among the "dandies" at the Opéra. From this epoch too dates, if not the taste, the indulgence of the taste, for pictures, old furniture, articles of *vertu*, and *bric-à-brac* in general. But the influence of the Duchess is especially seen in the characters Balzac afterward finished, so minutely, of the intellectual, heartless Parisienne of rank: no longer young (this he insisted upon), but seductive, and at once irresistible and not to be relied upon; indeed, to the end, though spiritual and refined, to the end also a traitress and an illusion. The reputation of the great romancist, as it slowly but firmly established itself, naturally brought him into intimate relations with some of the leading female writers. Especially friendly was his intercourse with Delphine Gay, who, brought up, as may be said almost, in a *salon*, that of her mother, Sophie Gay, became, after her marriage in 1831 with Emile de Girardin, the centre of an extremely attractive *salon* of her own. The Girardins occupied at first a small house in the Rue Saint-Georges, where Delphine received her friends in a room hung with pale green satin,—a tint suitable enough to her own blonde beauty, but peculiarly trying to those of darker complexions. The practical Girardin had weaned his wife from poetry, and sought to employ her talents in the more marketable staple of prose. Of all the writers who delighted in her acquaintance she selected Balzac to look over her early compositions; and it was an especial pride to her to consider herself as his pupil. The style of the letters in the *Presse* (founded in 1836), signed *Le Vicomte de Launay*, but known to be from the pen of Delphine, show how apt a scholar she had become. At first the manifold occupations of Balzac made him an un-

frequent visitor at Madame Girardin's ; but as time advanced she became an actively sincere friend. In many emergencies, and notably in the quarrels Balzac had with her husband, Delphine did good service. The editor of the *Presse* reasonably enough at times doubted whether the projector of the *Comédie Humaine* was so well suited for serial writings as other less analytical but more startling novelists—Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié, etc. Madame de Girardin used every exertion to reconcile the haughty independence of the writer with the commercial self-interest of Girardin. She stood courageously by Balzac also in his unsuccessful candidature for the Academy, and in the theatrical failure of *Vautrin* ; while she added to his notoriety by entitling a short romance *La Canne de M. de Balzac*, though the story had little to do with the celebrated equipment. In return, Balzac introduced Delphine to the Duchesse de Castries, that the letters of *De Launay* might be enriched with some real incidents taken at first hand from high life. And, above all, he asked Delphine's confidence on a very important point, and detailed to her fully his opening passion for Madame Hanska. Of this, however, more immediately. The number of female friends attracted by the fame of the novelist would not, however, be complete if the name of *Louise* were omitted. In the first volume of the *Correspondance de H. de Balzac*, published in 1877, will be found a collection of twenty-three letters addressed to an unknown lady, who had first addressed him in 1836 under the name of *Louise*. They form quite a romance in themselves, and are written with great sincerity and earnestness, while at the same time they are quite free from mock sentiment and artificiality. They seem to present a reflex of the varying moods of the artist's mind—of his yearning affections and unsatisfied sympathies. In conversation with Théophile Gautier, Balzac had once said with humorous exaggeration, "In our relations with women we should confine ourselves to writing letters." But in his acquaintance with *Louise* he certainly appeared determined to carry out his maxim. An opportunity occurred of learning the real name

of the lady and her social position, but he did not avail himself of it. And, though he showed his *incognita* very particular attention—such as submitting a manuscript to her, dedicating to her the strange tale of *Facino Cane*, and confiding to her particulars of his private life—he made no attempt to raise her mask. The correspondence died out after two years' existence, and the woman who showed such an interest in the novelist, and drew from him such unmistakable tokens of reciprocal attachment, is consigned to oblivion. *Stat nominis umbra*. The romance remains one of the trifling mysteries of literary history.

III.

MADAME HANSKA.

In September 1833 Balzac visited Switzerland. The pretty town of Neuchâtel overflowed with travellers, tourists, strangers of distinction. One clear morning the novelist was looking down, from his apartment at the hotel, on the lively movements in the court below. Just opposite was a pile of buildings fitted up for guests, and in this a window was opened, and from it thrust out the head of a young lady, aristocratic in appearance, and possessed of a very delicate and sympathetic beauty. The literary journal *Le Livre*, in its number for September 1882, presented its readers with a portrait of this same face. It was that of Madame Hanska, a member of the high Polish family of Rzewuski, and wife of a Russian count, the proprietor of large landed estates at Vierzschovnia, in the province of Kiev. The likeness seems to have been taken when its subject was about forty, and presents well-defined features, a nose large, but of good shape, eyes full of feeling and sentiment, a firm, rather thin-lipped mouth, delicate complexion, and plenty of brown hair, compressed, perhaps after a passing fashion, into divergent rolls. This was the woman to whom the great novelist was attracted at first sight ; admired and cherished for ten years ; whom he loved ardently, when she was left a widow, for seven more years ; and finally married in 1850, a few months before his death.

From the time of his first introduction to Madame Hanska, at Neuchâtel, till

the demise of her husband in 1843, Balzac paid her several visits at different places; but, what was more almost to him than the pleasure of interviews, he was allowed to keep up a constant correspondence. Count Hanska liked the novelist—his genial habits and entertaining conversation—and the first proposal to visit Russia emanated from him, and till his death he was continuously friendly. The Hanskas had one daughter—naturally, as the only child of rich people, the object of every affectionate attention. The Countess was very well educated, took a great interest in art, and was posted in the latest ideas. Before she met the novelist she was acquainted with all his writings, and a great admirer of them. The processes of his mind were, in a measure, familiar to her. Balzac was able, therefore, in his letters, to allude minutely to what he was working at, which it was always a delight to him to be allowed to do. The more lonely the exigencies of his task compelled him to be, the more he valued the privilege of pouring out his hopes and fears, the accessions of his genius, and the failure of spirits, always attending at intervals great intellectual exertions. It is only possible to judge of what Madame Hanska wrote to him by the influence of her letters, shown in his answers. Balzac, as has been mentioned, had confided to Madame de Girardin the story of his new acquaintance—the state of his own feelings, and doubtless what he conceived were those of the Countess. Delphine, a good judge (if no disappointment at the sudden influence of a stranger clouded her keen view), was not disposed to think Madame Hanska much affected by Balzac's devotion, or very reciprocal in expression of sentiment. Conjecture must necessarily enter into any opinion expressed now as to the real state of affairs. But it is safe to say that, to whatever extent tenderness existed, there were other feelings besides at work on both sides. The Countess was flattered that she should be thought sufficiently within reach of intellectual equality to be informed of the novelist's plans and plots, and to be consulted as to the conduct of some of his romances; and, moreover, to be obeyed in various minor suggestions. The bibliophile Jacob

(Lacroix) does not hesitate to call Madame Hanska "La collaboratrice intime de l'illustre romancier, et qui pouvait revendiquer une bonne part d'auteur dans *Seraphilis*, *Modeste Mignon*, et *Les Paysans*."

This is, however, going a little further than the evidence quite warrants.

But there is no question that Balzac had a high opinion of the taste possessed by the Countess, and of her judgment; and she was, at any rate, completely entitled to consider herself his literary confidante. Added to the pride she felt in this distinction was, of course, the pleasure of being admired, and having the admiration expressed in eloquent terms. But there seems perceptible, during the ten years' friendship from 1833 to 1843, some aristocratic distance of tone on the lady's part; just a tinge of the patroness—not, of course, exhibited with the least offensiveness, but implied rather by the reception of homage as natural and appropriate. The feelings were more engaged with Balzac himself. For the gentle sympathetic female character that could understand, appreciate, excuse, and solace had always been an ideal round which his very heartstrings clung; he thought he had found it here, and whatever artificial alloy may have mingled with his admiration arose perhaps from the fact that the pageantry of high life pleased his imagination, and the cordiality of people of good birth tickled his self-love. After the death of the Count in 1843, the correspondence undoubtedly shows an affection which is rapidly absorbing the novelist, while its tone also shows that that affection was returned. It may be thought strange that, if both parties were agreed, and if, as was evident, Balzac's presence was as welcome to Anna Hanska and the gentleman who soon became her husband—the Count de Mnischev—as it was to the mother, there was any necessity for postponement of marriage. A wait of seven years carries us back to patriarchal times, and those symmetrical periods which, with such easy disregard of the shortness of life, were allotted to patient Jacob. The explanation must be sought, apparently, in pecuniary affairs on both sides. That mysterious burden of debt in which Balzac took a whimsical and morbid delight was still

supposed to be ready at any moment to overwhelm him. On the other hand, by the laws of Russia, the Countess could not marry a stranger without the authorization of the Czar, and that consent was withheld; while an abandonment of the Kiev property involved a separation from Anna and Count Mnischev, which Madame Hanska looked upon with dread. Troubled political events also came on ultimately in 1848 in all continental countries; and so the years crept silently on, and the union so earnestly desired by the novelist seemed no nearer. But Balzac worked on without intermission; never had he been so prolific, never so successful. His money affairs took a decided turn for the better, though even the improvement was shrouded in some of the mystery so pleasant to him.

It was in 1847 he bought the picturesque little house in the Rue Fortunée, to which he gradually transferred furniture, pictures, and *bric-à-brac* articles, purchased at different times, but never before collected in one place. But it was not till the spring of 1850 that the Countess, having given up her property to her daughter and son-in-law, on the sole condition of an allowance, made up her mind to unite herself with her friend. They were married on the 14th of March at Berditchef by the Abbé Czarouski—a Polish clergyman of distinction—according to the rites of that Church of which Balzac had always been a warm supporter, and which he had illustrated by delightful characters in his novels.

The married couple arrived in Paris

at the end of May. Still in the prime of his years, and in full possession of his intellectual powers, the novelist—now apparently in easy circumstances, and united to the woman of his heart—seemed to have touched the zenith of happiness. But his labor had been too excessive and too constant; he had sown the seeds of disease, which rapidly bore disastrous fruit. He had found the key of life, so to speak; and it only—to use Young's sad expression—opened for him the gates of death! On August 20, in that same year, 1850, in such a dwelling as he had long dreamed of, and surrounded by the artistic objects of his taste—tended, above all, by his beloved—the great romance writer expired. There had been written over the lintel in the Rue Fortunée the strange word *Linquenda*; but human eyes had not deciphered it.

Looking back on the career of this gifted man, one must pronounce that he was very fortunate in the women with whom he associated. Some illusions, of course, there were: but still the sisterly affection of Laure; the tender solicitude of Madame de Berny; the intellectual attachment of Madame Carraud; the firm, unchanging friendship of Delphine de Girardin; the sweet flatteries of the shrouded Louise; lastly, the appreciation—warming into love, and ending in devotion—of Madame Hanska, were precious possessions. And the man was worthy of them: the student of his work knows what a head he had; the student of his life, what a heart.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PORTFOLIO PAPERS. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the *Portfolio*, author of "Etching and Etchers," "The Graphic Arts," "Landscape," etc. With a portrait of the author sketched from life by Henri Manesse. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Hamerton's name is widely associated with both art work and art criticism. As an artist he is specially known as one of the great masters of modern etching; in literature he has stamped himself on the time as a trenchant, brilliant, and suggestive writer, not only on art and art work, but on those deep-lying so-

cial and intellectual characteristics of different peoples, which mould or modify the peculiar manifestation of the art temperament. In the latter direction he has done much the same for France that Symonds has done for Italy, though, perhaps, less elaborately and satisfactorily. Mr. Hamerton has impressed himself indelibly on the art culture of his times; and, perhaps, he owes this as much to the vigor and charm of his style as a writer, as to his clear, strong convictions and his mastery of his subject. Mr. Hamerton has something of the same sort of cock-sureness in his opinions on

art that characterized Macaulay as an historian and essayist. It is certainly an attraction in discussions of art subjects, where the conditions are so vague and unsettled, to find a guide who seems to know his own ground, and is so absolutely certain of it. That Hamerton does this without sliding over the mere surface or contenting himself with ignoring the more deep and subtle matters involved indicates how thoroughly he has mastered what he discusses.

The collection of essays before us consists of critical sketches of several distinguished painters, English, French, and Spanish, an essay on the principles of æsthetics, which the author modestly calls "notes," and five essays on various matters connected with both the principles and practice of art. Of the biographical sketches, that on Constable, the father of the modern school of French art, though himself an Englishman, will be read with the keenest interest, though the studies of Etty and Goya are only less attractive because their names will have less significance to the general reader. Constable, born in 1776, began to be famous about 1830, though many of his best pictures were painted prior to this period. He only lived seven years after this. Mr. Hamerton does not regard Constable as the greatest of landscape painters, as many critics have done, nor does he rank him nearly as high as Turner. He points out that Constable led the way in the revolt against the conventionalism of the eighteenth century, and took the interpreter of nature directly to nature for his inspiration and teaching, instead of looking at her through spectacles. It is yet singular that this artist should have created a school in French art before his English brethren, much as they may have admired his technical work, should have shown any marked disposition to follow in his footsteps. We cannot do better than to quote Mr. Hamerton's own words in his estimate of Constable and his influence: "Though Turner has been a great deal more engraved than Constable, and much more talked about, and although Turner's life-work contains a thousand times the quantity of suggestive ideas that Constable's does, still it may be found ultimately that Constable has a greater effect on practical landscape-painting. No influence could be healthier than his. He saw the kind of landscape which nature had formed him to appreciate with the originality of conception which belongs to true feeling alone, and he brought the art of painting much more into harmony with certain aspects of landscape art

—common aspects, but not the less worth painting on that account—than it had ever been before his novel and rather perilous experiments. No one who has reflected on the nature of artistic discovery will suspect me of any desire to detract from the honor which is due to Constable, if I venture to express the opinion that the best effects of his innovation have not been displayed so much in his own works as in those of some subsequent artists, who have profited by his originality and courage, and worked out in tranquillity the problems which he suggested. His greatest merit is to have so clearly perceived that landscape was not simple in its texture, like surfaces of ebony or marble, but had a spotted complexity quite peculiar to itself, in which there was an endless variety of color and a moving play of light."

The sketch of William Etty, one of the foremost of English figure painters, is also of much interest to students of art. That of the Spanish painter, Goya, relates the tale of a strange career—a ruffian and scoundrel of genius; a man of boundless perversities and passions, who covered his life with mendacity, dishonor, and almost unmentionable vices, who revelled in the ugly and monstrous as other painters delight in beauty, and yet an artist who by sheer force of genius and audacity stamped himself on the rolls of fame, though he either lacked or disdained the use of technical skill. Mr. Hamerton, however, regards Goya's reputation as very much exaggerated, and stands on the principle that no man so violent, perverse, and foul in his character could possibly be a great colorist.

The various essays which make up the remainder of the book are full of acute and stimulating reflections, and thoroughly readable in their style of treatment. Those interested in the study of the various problems suggested by the fine arts and their relations with life will find in them ample food for thought. The conversations on book illustration are exceptionally interesting and suggestive. The interlocutors are the poet, artist, scientist, and critic, and the ball of keen and lively debate is kept in the air with a vigor, vivacity, and pungency of statement and answer, which does the highest credit to the writer's skill. The question is one of great current interest. The excess of illustration of books where these will admit them, and of magazines, is regarded by not a few as one of the intellectual evils involved in the present theory of publishing. The ingenuity and freshness with which this problem is

discussed make it one of the most important sections of the book.

GOOD MANNERS. METROPOLITAN SERIES.
New York: *Butterick Publishing Company, Limited.*

Of books on decorum there seems to be no end. The demand is certainly a very large one, and properly, as in this age of the world the importance both of a good manner and of good manners is impressing itself more and more on young people. In a country so mixed and changeable as to the lines of social rank, so lacking in the old and recognized standards which exist among peoples where society is built on the foundations of caste and aristocracy, it is natural that an easy and graceful command of good manners should be the heritage of the few. That so many are conscious of their own defects, and are eagerly seeking the means to remedy such faults, is an excellent and hopeful sign. The book before us appears from a casual examination to be neither better nor worse than the shoal of works which are constantly being issued. That the social tyro can find in it most of what he should know, to conform to the usages of polite society, must be admitted. Yet the lessons taught are given in a hard and perfunctory manner, and one is forced to the conviction that the author is rather instructed by gathering his precepts from other books than the medium of knowledge drawn from mixing with those circles where good manners are worn in the graceful and unconscious ease of those "to the manner born." This, however, need not destroy the value of such a manual, if used in the proper fashion. But attempting to learn good manners from any such work alone is like attempting to master a foreign language by simply studying its vocabulary. It is only by mingling with well-mannered people in the various social functions that one can attain the mastery of good manners. Such a book as this has a value as a book of casual reference, as one would refer to a dictionary, but beyond this it is worthless. Within its limits, however, it may serve a good purpose.

RECENT NOVELS.

THE APOSTATE (Appleton's Town and Country Library). A Novel. By Ernest Daudet. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Phipps Train. New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

RALEIGH WESTGATE; OR EPIMENIDES IN MAINE. A Romance. By Helen Kendrick

Johnson. New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

M. Ernest Daudet's curious and intense psychological study has the *cachet* of the best French school of fiction. This general characterization is equivalent to saying that "The Apostate" is a novel executed with the skill of an accomplished artist, and with a finish which neglects no detail to work out the author's purpose. One need not go far to find a moral as inexorable as the plan of a Greek play—that is, the wages of sin are inevitable, no matter how the victim may strive to avoid or avert the end. That the author had this purpose in view is improbable, for good art never seeks to construct its work with such a thought consciously ahead. But all strong art in fiction, inasmuch as it pictures the secret things of the human heart, and composes their images according to the logic of events, writes its lesson with a brightness of blazon that requires no caption. The story of the Apostate is that of a monk, whose eloquence and piety promise every preferment that the Church could give, but whose unquenched passions and yearnings finally break loose and rend the vows of the celibate and *dévot*. Wealth left him by his father lights the hidden fuel into a blaze, and Père Aurégan leaves the cloister to become a worldling. The result of such a metamorphosis is analyzed with great power. It goes without saying that the very desire to cast off the sacred vows of religion, unless impelled solely by that intellectual unbelief which sometimes turns out Luthers and Père Hyacinthes, is sufficient attestation of the stormy reign of the natural Adam under the frock of the recluse. The Rubicon once crossed, we are prepared to expect the wildest excess in the one extreme of which the cloister is the other. Yet M. Daudet is too much of an artist to paint his apostate priest as a mere sensualist. The passion for intellectual liberty mingles curiously with the cravings of the animal and emotional man, who has snapped his chains. All these complex instincts are suggested with that skillful touch which we find nowhere so well exemplified as among the French. We feel that had society been so constituted to accept Père Aurégan's return to the world with equanimity, and offered avenues where his self-respect could have walked with upright front, he would not have deliberately sought the companionship of the demi-monde as his only social consolation. But the contempt of his kind was almost inevitable, and against it he has no strong support in the consciousness

of noble motive. The sentiment which has strength after a time to reclaim him from the mire of sin and debauchery into which he had plunged furnishes the conditions which work out the final tragedy of the narrative.

While yet a priest a noble lady of the court had sought him in the confessional, and confided to him that in a moment of righteous passion, without intent to take life, she had killed her husband, whom she had detected in unfaithfulness. With this knowledge Père Auréan appears in court and saves the life of the prisoner charged with the crime, a well-known Parisian lorette, who had been the mistress of the Comte de Vallauris. No revelation of name is taken, as the court receives his declaration and accepts his plea of the sacredness of the confessional. One of the earliest companions of the ex-priest's dissolute hours is the *demi-mondaine* whom he had saved; and the love which springs up in his breast on again meeting the woman he had shrived is the means of reclaiming him from the toils of Circe. He thus becomes the link of binding together Countess Vallauris and the woman Chéraine, who had been tried for her act. We cannot stop to narrate the successive steps by which Jacques Auréan, who is at first repelled by the countess, passionately in love with the man about to become her husband, finally wins her to terms of cordial and honorable friendship; how his desperate passion at last breaks loose, and in his despair of the moment he threatens her with his knowledge of her sorely repented crime; how the woman Chéraine, impelled by a bitter hate against the person for whom she had so nearly suffered, at last identifies her, and lodges the information with the police; how the countess on her arrest writes to Auréan, denouncing him as the traitor who had wrought her ruin, and then commits suicide. The denouement is wrought out with a quiet but cumulative intensity which takes most powerful hold on the reader's mind. The ex-priest, paralyzed by the result of the tragedy, finds but one alternative for his wasted life—a living burial in a Trappist monastery.

The character of the Countess Vallauris is almost as strongly drawn as that of the man whom fate uses for her destruction. A womanly and noble nature, though somewhat vitiated by the surroundings of court life under the Second Empire, has power to redeem itself from the hasty and unmeant crime of killing her unworthy husband; but destiny, in the person of the lorette Chéraine, working through the unconscious instrumentality of Auréan,

who would really have died to save her, tracks her to her doom. M. Daudet, powerfully as he grasps the deep and vibrant chords of human motive and emotion, sweeps them with no violent touch. There is something of reserve and delicacy in his method of handling the painful elements of his story; and we see again how the master can command the most passionate and highly-wrought effects without for a moment falling into sensationalism. This little book is a study for the novel-writer as well as the novel-reader.

Mrs. Johnson's story of New England life does what it sets out to do admirably. It sketches the every-day characters and incidents which one meets in the more remote New England with a lively and truthful portraiture, and yet achieves what is so difficult in such material, avoids all the appearance of crudity and vulgarity. The characters in Raleigh Westgate are life-like in the extreme, though they may be only casually touched. One feels that they could only have been made so graphic by close and intelligent study of real life. The hero, a dreamy youth of an old aristocratic New England family (for the Yankee sea-captain of a hundred years since, who sailed the stormy seas and transmitted his profession generation after generation in the same family, was an aristocrat on land as well as on his quarter-deck), is compelled by poverty to become a book agent. It is with his adventures in selling the "History of New England" among the rustic folk of Southwestern Maine that the interest of Mrs. Johnson's book mostly concerns itself. We know of few cleverer humorous touches than young Westgate's attempts to wrestle with the printed instructions of the subscription book-house for which he travels, wherein he is instructed how to approach his victims in the most insidious manner. This and similar strokes of humorous writing combine, with a real, loving insight into what is genuine and delightful in New England country life, to make the author's descriptions not only interesting but suggestive. When we get off this ground and recur to Mrs. Johnson's use of the mysterious and romantic element which is indicated in the first chapter and fully developed at the end of the book, there is less to say. The machinery of surprise is pretty old, and has been used in all its possible combinations ever since stories were first invented. But for those who care for such elements in a novel, who enjoy the dearly-beloved old clap-trap, as we are compelled to call it, the author's

nice and skilful way of treating it will be an additional source of attraction. Mrs. Johnson's novel, or, as she prefers to call it, romance, is a good piece of work ; but as we have already indicated, those chapters which concern themselves specially with pictures of New England country life will most recommend themselves to critical approval. It is not every writer of fiction who could make the experiences of even a romantic young man in so prosaic and bald a field as that of book canvassing fascinating to the reader. The second title, "Epimenides in New England," seems to us pretty far-fetched, the significance being that Raleigh Westgate, who is by nature and training a fanciful and inconsequent personage, shy, dreamy, and unworldly, is transformed by love and marriage into a new creature ; the parallel being that of Epimenides, the Greek philosopher, who wakes from his long sleep to find that the world had changed, and that he had changed with it. Whether or not the analogy applies to Raleigh Westgate's case, it sheds no light on, nor in the least adds to the significance or interest of the narrative.

A VOLUME OF VERSE.

POEMS. By Richard Edwin Day. New York : *Cassell & Company.*

The verses of amateurs may be generally classed as worth doing only for the amusement and titillation of their own variety, or perhaps the gratification of admiring friends. Yet there are cases where those who may be called amateurs, inasmuch as they indulge in verse-making not professionally, but in obedience to a passionate desire of expression in this form, have a genuine rill of Castaly murmuring in their souls. Many an exquisite poem has been born of such verse-writers, and the world could hardly afford to be without them. It is to such a class that we are constrained to assign Mr. Day. The poems in this little volume are unequal. Some of them do not show smooth and artistic craftsmanship, and some of them are utterly unworthy of a rhythmical setting. Yet one can select poems in the collection which show unmistakably the true poetic imagination, and a fine ear for the inner music of words. Mr. Day attempts no lofty or extended sweep of wing. His poems are modestly conceived, and suggested by matters of every-day life. But they are none the less dainty and charming—at least, such of them as rise to the poet's best. At times he even approaches to something like strong mastership. What, for instance, could be more vivid and picturesque

in thought or more musical in phrase than these verses, worn out as the subject is—that of "Shells :"

"These castaways some billows rolled
Along its sands, when up the rocks
The young sun clambered, flushed and bold,
Or when the moon led down her flocks—
Lone shepherdess with yellow locks.

"O fairy citadels of stone,
Upon whose darkly winding stair
Like an uneasy ghost, a moan
Goes up and down and everywhere,
Have ye no legends dim and rare ?

"When in the greenish dark, with cold
And stony faces, drowned men pass
Amid a shipwreck's silk and gold,
And women made for beauty's glass
Float in their shrouds of tangled grass.

"They lay with spoils of swirl and spell,
Until a heart that rocks a fleet
And turns the spiral of a shell,
Cloven by some melodious beat,
Squandered their beauty at my feet."

Such poems as the above, "Vanagod's Bride," "Hymn to the Mountain," "Night," "The Coral Tree," "Lines on the Emperor Moth," and several of the sonnets are well-cut gems worth the authorship of any poet. If they do not possess the true magic, we know not where to find it.

INTERESTING TO ATHLETES.

JANSSEN'S AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND AQUATIC HISTORY, 1829-88. Illustrated. New York : *Outing Company.*

The great development in athletic sports in the United States is one of the interesting and significant features of the period. It is not only in our schools and colleges, but in the life of work which follows that of preparation, that we find this ardor for physical development, and passion for all those exercises which take men out-doors and make them delight in fresh air. The importance of this tendency in our life can hardly be overestimated, especially in our country, where the nervous strain which results from climate, the terrible competitions of industrial and professional life, and the national temperament need such a corrective. Athletic clubs now abound everywhere ; athletic competitions constitute one of the most popular forms of summer pastime and recreation for myriads of people ; and there is hardly a moderate-sized country town without its gymnasium. The exercises of the Palæstra and the passion for physical development constituted a factor of great importance in developing the genius of Greece, and making the Hel-

lenes the premier race in the world's civilization.

While, of course, excess of competition belittles the true value of athleticism, yet this is a danger which must be risked in consideration of the fact that athletic organizations could hardly keep the interest of their members alive without active competition. This being the case, the history of athletic culture is found in the records of competition. Mr. Janssen has compiled in a large square twelvemo the record of American athletic sports since their inauguration in the United States. This includes all the forms of physical culture, and gives a large space to the history of rowing. It gives a compendium of records in England and America, and will altogether be found a careful and trustworthy book of reference for that large class specially interested.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

Now that an English translation of the "Kalevala" has been published in America (Putnam's), and another is promised in this country by Mr. Kirby, some people may be interested to know that the Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seuran, or Society of Finnish Literature, at Helsingfors have begun the publication of an elaborate work intended to contain all the available variants of the national epic. The first part of this work, compiled by Professor J. Krohn—who has, unfortunately, died while it was passing through the press—gives the variants found in Finland proper and Esthonia of the episode of Sampo, which forms the centre of the poem, and of the hymns associated therewith. Two subsequent parts will deal with other episodes found in the same region. Another series of variants will hereafter be edited by Dr. Axel Borenius, who has taken as his domain the Karelian hymns of Viena (Archangel and Obenetz), where the oldest forms of the epic are preserved in their fullest and most connected shape. The present part, which consists of one hundred and seventy-two closely printed pages, costs five shillings.

It is reported that a large number of cuneiform tablets have reached Berlin, which are in the Hittite language, some of them being bilingual, and that the problem of the Hittite inscriptions has at last been solved.

It is stated that a copy of Thackeray's little pamphlet, "The Second Funeral of Napo-

leon," has lately changed hands at the following prices: 1s., 8s., 22s., and 30s.; finally finding its resting-place in the library of an enthusiastic collector!

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of a new series of biographies under the title of "English Men of Action." It will be confined to those who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous in the service of their country. The series will begin in February and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be "General Gordon," by Colonel Sir William Butler; and the following are in course of preparation: "Sir John Hawkwood," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church; "Warwick, the King-Maker," by Mr. C. W. Oman; "Drake," by Mr. J. A. Froude; "Raleigh," by Mr. W. Stebbing; "Strafford," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "Montrose," by Mr. Mowbray Morris; "Monk," by Mr. Julian Corbett; "Dampier," by Mr. W. Clark Russell; "Captain Cook," by Mr. Walter Besant; "Clive," by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson; "Warren Hastings," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "Sir John Moore," by Colonel Maurice; "Wellington," by Mr. George Hooper; "Livingstone," by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple.

DR. MARY NOYES COLVIN, who is editing Caxton's "Godfrey of Boulogne" for the Early English Text Society, has (with Professor Paul Meyer's help) found the Latin original of the French version which Caxton Englished. This is the first ten books or so of Guillaume de Tyr's "History of the Siege and Conquest of Jerusalem." In the introduction to her edition, Dr. Mary Colvin will give an account of Guillaume de Tyr, his life, literary merits, and death; of Godfrey of Boulogne and the fictions attached to his name contrasted with historic facts, of his crusade, and of the government of Jerusalem by the French. The editor is much struck with Caxton's frequent blunders in Englishing his French, his bold transfer of French words and constructions into his text, and his ingenuity in making readable English of his almost word-for-word translation.

SPEAKING of the publication of recent literary and scientific work done in the Dominion of Canada, the *Athenaeum* of a late date says: "The first section of the *Transactions*—dealing with French literature, history, and archaeology—is printed in French. Here we find an eloquent *éloge* of one of the prominent mem-

bers of the section—the late M. Oscar Dunn, a brilliant Canadian journalist, who died at the early age of forty, and whose memory is likely to survive in connection with his 'Glossaire Franco-Canadien.' In the second section—which is devoted to English literature, history, and archaeology—Professor Daniel Wilson discourses in a very learned manner on the curious subject of 'Right and Left-Handedness.' He arrives at the conclusion that left-handedness is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain, and being himself naturally left-handed—though by education he uses the right hand with equal facility—he is anxious that after death his theory should be tested by the scientific examination of his own cerebral hemispheres. The third section of the *Transactions* is given up to papers on mathematical, physical, and chemical science—among which we note an elaborate essay by Dr. Sterry Hunt on 'The Genetic History of Crystalline Rocks,' in which he supports the 'crenitic hypothesis' brought forward in a previous volume. Among the communications in the fourth section—a section dedicated to the geological and biological sciences—mention may be made of the presidential address by Sir William Dawson, wherein he discusses certain points in which American geological science is indebted to Canada. On the whole, the new volume impresses the reader with the conviction that the Dominion is doing its best to keep pace with the intellectual activity of the age."

THE death is announced of Dr. Parkinson, F.R.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, after a long illness that terminated rather suddenly. He was the author of a well-known manual of elementary mechanics and a "Treatise on Optics" which had also gone through several editions.

FROM a rough map of Count Teleki's expedition just published we learn that the Baso Nerok or Rudolf Lake, recently discovered by him, extends from north to south for about one hundred and eighty miles, its northern extremity being in latitude 4° 45' N. It is a salt lake, into which several important rivers discharge themselves. The Turkan, who inhabit the western shore of the lake, are one of the tribes with whom Emin Pasha has long since opened friendly intercourse. The distance from the lake to Wadelai, Emin's recent headquarters, does not probably exceed three hundred miles, the route for the most part leading through a pastoral country.

THE *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) gives the usual analytic table of books published in England during 1888. The output of the year shows a very large increase, the total number of new books and new editions amounting to 6591, as compared with 5686 in the twelve months previous. Indeed, we believe this total to be a "record," for, on looking back through the last half-dozen years, we find that the highest figure hitherto reached was 6373 in 1884, after which date there was a heavy fall, the number in 1886 being only 5210. Considering the difficulties of classification, it is hardly worth while to examine the several divisions; but it is probably not altogether accidental that the total for fiction has risen from 432 in 1882 to 1314 in 1888, or more than threefold in six years. It is interesting to learn that about forty per cent of all publications appear in the last quarter of the year, while January and February are far the least prolific months.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton—well known for their enterprise in the publication of novels in serial form through newspapers—have opened an office at New York, with Mr. Phil. Robinson as manager. At Berlin, they are represented by Herr Paul Jüngling.

DR. ROBERT BROWN has undertaken to edit for the Hakluyt Society the travels of Al Hassan ibn Mohammed Abwazzan Al Fasi, the Moorish geographer, better known as Leo Africanus, Leo Johannes, or Leo Eliberitanus. He was a Granadian of rank, who, after visiting many parts of Morocco and Eastern Barbary, still only vaguely known, was captured by Venetian corsairs when returning from Egypt, and presented as a slave to Leo X., who converted him to Christianity. It was during his residence in Italy that he wrote his famous work, though it would appear that he afterward returned to Morocco, abjured Christianity, and died at Tetuan in the third decade of the sixteenth century. The new edition will contain a comprehensive introduction on the subject of the author and his travels. The notes, which will comprise the result of the editor's many visits to the Barbary States, and of an exhaustive study of the literature relating to them, are intended to elucidate the old traveller's narrative, and to describe the changes which have taken place since he witnessed the opulence of Al Islam in Northern Africa.

THE *Schwäbische Merkur* says that the Goethe and Schiller correspondence has been hand-

ed over to the Goethe-Archiv at Weimar by the heirs of the lately deceased Baron von Cotta. It appears that the letters were bought by Friedrich von Cotta, before the death of Goethe's last surviving descendant, in order to save the treasure from being split up into fragments and sold to foreigners. He paid 12,000 marks for the correspondence, and "thereby rescued the honor of the German nation," the Stuttgart journal observes; for it seems that none of the learned corporations or libraries to which the letters had been offered through dealers would buy them. When the Grand Duchess of Saxony founded the Goethe-Archiv, she said it was indispensable to obtain the correspondence, and at once opened negotiations with Baron von Cotta for its purchase. He had been offered at one time 30,000 marks for his unique treasure, and later as much as 60 000 marks; but as soon as he knew that the Grand Duchess wanted them for the Goethe-Archiv, he sold them to her for 12,000 marks, the sum which he originally gave for them, merely making the condition that he should retain them during his own lifetime. The agent for the Grand Duchess was the late Professor Erich Schmlidt, the former director of the Goethe-Archiv.

THE *Athenaeum* prints extracts with comments *apropos* of international copyright: "The American Authors' Copyright League has issued an appeal in favor of the bill for International Copyright now before Congress. It will be seen from the following extracts from that appeal that the wish to do justice to alien authors is not conspicuous, even if it be entertained at all: 'The authors who will be most benefited by this bill are those of our own country. The great majority of American writers are forced to accept a beggarly pittance for their labors because of competition with works written abroad, which are appropriated by publishers in this country, without remuneration to the writers. We are speaking within bounds in asserting that the average American book brings less than two hundred dollars to its author. No other calling followed by an American has ever been required to endure the hardships of competition with stolen wares. The result is that most American authors are forced to depend upon some other kinds of labor for their subsistence.' American publishers protest against being stigmatized as pirates.

"American authors protest as strongly against having to compete with 'stolen wares' in the form of English books reprinted in America.

Unlicensed reprinting may not be piracy, but, on the showing of American authors, it is quite as injurious to them, while it is the great grievance of English authors."

THE long-promised Grolier Club edition of the "Philobiblon" of Richard de Bury, for which Professor West, of Princeton, has collected many manuscripts in various public libraries of Europe, will be issued about April 1st. The book will be in two volumes and the edition limited to the number of copies subscribed for by the members of the club.

It may be worth noting that the title of the book which made the late Mr. Oliphant famous, "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," was due to the sagacity of his publishers. The author himself had named it "Down the Volga."

"We greatly regret to hear of the death of Sir Frederick Pollock after a long illness," says the *Athenaeum*. "As he so recently told the story of his life in his pleasant 'Reminiscences,' there is no need for us to write a memoir of him; but it would be wrong to leave unnoticed the decease of one so well known in literary society and in the theatrical world, and who also deserves commemoration for his translation of Dante's 'Commedia.' The edition of the 'Divine Comedy,' which, along with Sir James Lacaita, he projected, unfortunately was never realized, although he was eminently fitted for the duties of annotator, as the brief notes to his translation showed. He was a most amiable and kindly man, and his loss will be deplored by all who knew him."

IN Professor Carl Johan Schlyter, who passed away at his residence in Lund on December 26th, Scandinavia lost her most aged man of letters, and Sweden the most eminent of her jurists. Schlyter, who was born at Carlskrona on January 29th, 1795, had nearly completed his ninety-third year. He became a student at the University of Lund in 1807, and with one or two brief intervals of absence his connection with that ancient seat of learning has been unbroken during more than eighty years. In 1822 he began to form his celebrated collection of the old laws of Sweden, in which work he had the assistance of H. S. Collin until the death of the latter in 1833. The first volume of this noble edition appeared in 1827, the twelfth and last in 1869 (index, 1877). After holding certain law lectureships at Lund, Schlyter became Professor of Jurisprudence in 1835, and of *Commo*

Law in 1838. He finally was appointed Regius Professor of Legal History in 1842; he resigned this chair in 1852 that he might concentrate his entire attention upon his literary work. Among the most important of the ancient law books edited and published by Professor Schlyter are "Vestgötalagen," of the beginning of the twelfth century; "Uplandslagen," of about 1296; "Södermannalagen," of 1327; and the "Björcköarätten," of 1345. To all these editions he appended glossaries which are of infinite value to philological science. For many years past Professor Schlyter in his green old age has been the centre and principal glory of the University of Lund, where the loss of this dignified and illustrious figure will be deeply felt.

A VOLUME commemorative of the King of Sweden's completion of his sixtieth year has appeared at Stockholm. It is edited by Reinhold Hörnell, and contains contributions by leading Swedish authors and artists. One item is announced which is rarely met with in royal memorials of this kind: facsimiles of three of the best known of Oscar II.'s poems are to be given from the original manuscripts. It is, perhaps, not universally known here that if the king were the most humbly born of his own subjects he would be distinguished as a lyrical poet of considerable merit.

AT the last Congress of Orientalists, which was held at Vienna in 1886, it was resolved that the next Congress in 1889 should meet in Scandinavia. In recognition of the political equality of Sweden and Norway there will be sessions both at Stockholm and Christiania. The Congress will also last for a longer time than the earlier congresses, from September 2d to 13th. Among the Swedish members of the committee are Dr. Esaias Tegner, Professor of the Semitic Languages at the University of Lund, and Dr. Almkvist, Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Upsala; among the Norwegian members—Dr. E. Blix, formerly Minister of Education, and the following professors at the University of Christiania: J. Lieblein (Egyptology), S. Bugge (Indo-European Philology), A. Seippel (Semitic Languages), and C. P. Caspari (Theology). The Congress will meet first at Stockholm, in the Radirhuset Palace, on September 2d, when an address will be given by King Oscar.

THE following is an extract from an American letter printed in one of the English literary weeklies: "We are all engaged in searching out every new scrap concerning George Wash-

ington, the centenary of whose inauguration as first President of the United States will occur April 30th. I have several articles and an oration to prepare. The whole thing is a notable illustration of the process of evolving a god. You have only to ascribe to your selected individual all the prosperities and glories of a hundred years, to lay every unpleasantness in his career on a subordinate officer or minister, to paint with stars and auroral stripes every good act or word (however common among good men), and suppress every record of misbehavior—and *ecce!* I have before me a passionate love-letter written by Washington to a married lady just after his own engagement to the widow Custis. But Siegfried is apt to have a vulnerable spot."

UNDER the quaint title of *Gott will es*, which was the war-cry of the Crusaders, a new journal has been established in Germany as the special organ of the Roman Catholic portion of the crusade against African slavery.

MISCELLANY.

SENATOR STANFORD, a California millionaire, has allocated 2,000,000*l.* for the institution of a university which is to bear his name, and which is to provide education from the kindergarten stage up to the highest point to which it can be carried. Seven thousand acres in the valley of San José are now being laid out with the view of forming a forest and a garden around the university buildings. The plans for the whole structure, which have been drawn up, comprise, first, the means of research and instruction of large numbers of students in the central buildings; second, arrangement for out-of-doors instruction and recreation; and third, the formation, in association with the university, "of a community instructively representative of attractive and wholesome conditions of social and domestic life."

INTERESTING LODGERS.—A gentleman in South America has sent to England the following account of the fearlessness of a pair of humming-birds: "Early in August a pair of Emerald humming-birds were nesting in an orange tree in front of my rancho. Just as the nest was finished a severe thunder-storm completely destroyed it. To my surprise, the next day the pair kept on darting in and out of my bedroom, and before night I found they had begun a new nest in a loop of wire hanging nearly over my dressing-table. The weather

being cold, I shut both door and window when I went to bed, and the first thing I heard in the morning was the indefatigable little pair, humming first at door, then at window, anxious to continue their work. They labored so hard that in rather less than a week they had finished their task, and no doubt congratulated themselves that this time at any rate it would not be blown away. The nest is most beautifully made, inside entirely of gossamer and spider's web, outside of small pieces of dead banana leaf, shingled one over the other so as to make it impervious to water. After the nest was concluded I never saw the cock bird again. For three days I saw neither of them, and thought they had deserted the nest, when on the third day, when I was taking my siesta, the hen bird came in and laid her first egg, an operation she repeated at the same hour on the third day after. Immediately after laying the second egg she began to sit. The first evening of her sitting, when I went to bed, on lighting the lamp she showed signs of uneasiness, even rising a little off the nest and humming with her wings; but I was careful to move about as little as possible, and she finally regained confidence and settled down, though she kept a very watchful eye on me all the time I was undressing. In a day or two she knew me well, never disturbing herself for me at all; but if any one else came in, she would immediately fly out with an angry hum, returning at intervals of a minute or so to see if they had gone. On the fifteenth day she hatched out the tiniest pair of young I ever saw; they seemed to be all beak. The mother continued to sit on them for a week—night and day—at the end of which time she left them alone at night, re-appearing generally just as I was turning out in the morning, with their breakfast. It was a sight to see her feed them, as she plunged her long beak right out of sight down their throats; and, watching her closely, I noticed that after feeding one she always had to throw her head back, as though to gargle up the drop of honey or whatever it was, for the other. To-day, being three weeks old, my tiny visitors are busy humming about my room, delightedly trying their wings; and the last few nights, having quite given up the nest, they roost huddled together on the looking-glass, the prettiest little pair of lodgers a man ever had. An amusing incident occurred a few days ago. The mother for the first time discovered the looking-glass, and I watched her humming in front of it for some minutes. I suspect she thought one of her youngsters was making fun

of her; at any rate, she often returned to look. I may add in conclusion that my neighbors say that some extraordinary piece of good luck must be in store for me, or the birds would not have built in my room. They also say that the humming-bird never comes near a house where bad language is used. As a certificate of the correctness of mine this ought to be conclusive, unless it be that she does not understand English."—*Life-Lore*.

MEN SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE STONE AGE NOW LIVING IN CENTRAL BRAZIL.—Dr. Karl von den Steinen, the explorer of Brazil, in a recent lecture before the German Scientific Association on the state of culture of the people of the Stone Age in Brazil at the present day, described the Indian tribes on the Xingu, a Brazilian tributary of the Amazon. These people, he said, still belong to the Stone Age; they know nothing of metals, and use only stone, teeth, bones, and shells for their weapons, implements, and ornaments, which they know how to carve with great artistic skill. They are now as they were in the time of Columbus, and have not changed in any degree since they were discovered. They are, however, by no means savages; their customs are decent, they are monogamists, although there are no marriage ceremonies, and have the most affectionate relations with their children. Their mode of life is simple, but not barbarous, and there is not the least immodesty in their lack of clothing. The different tribes live in villages containing at the most two hundred and fifty persons, near to the rivers, and usually some days' journey from each other. There is little communication between them. They are acquainted with the notion of private property, but it plays no great part among them, as the difference between the capacity for production of individuals is of the smallest. Thefts are sometimes committed from other tribes, but not in the same village. A great hindrance to development is the absence of all domestic animals, even dogs. The people hunt and fish, and, in a certain degree, carry on agriculture, but this latter is most primitive. They regard themselves as in close consanguinity with animals; the Bakari trace their descent to the jaguar, and the Trumai people, whom they hate, and who are expert swimmers, are believed to be a species of alligator, and to sleep at night at the bottom of the stream. The sun is to them a ball of the feathers of the red *ara* enclosed in a pot, the cover of which is raised in the morning and

closed in the evening, and the other celestial phenomena are all connected in a similar way with the animal world. The sorcerer among them is a physician rather than a priest, he has no divine position, and indeed they have no notion of a Supreme Being. Soul and body are regarded as separate, for during sleep the latter is at rest, while the former wanders about at will. Hence a sleeper must not be awakened suddenly lest the soul should not have time to return. The language is not poor in expressions, and is scarcely narrower, says Dr. von den Steinen, than the speech of a German peasant in a remote place, but structure or system does not exist.—*Ladies' Treasury*.

SHOOTING STARS.—Could an ordinary shooting star tell us its actual history, the narrative would run somewhat as follows :

"I was a small bit of material, chiefly, if not entirely, composed of substances which are formed from the same chemical elements as those you find on the earth. Not improbably I may have had some iron in my constitution, and also sodium and carbon, to mention only a few of the most familiar elements. I only weighed an ounce or two, perhaps more, perhaps less—but you could probably have held me in your closed hand, or put me into your waistcoat pocket. You would have described me a sort of small stone, yet I think you would have added that I was very unlike the ordinary stones with which you were familiar. I have led a life of the most extraordinary activity ; I have never known what it was to stay still ; I have been ever on the move. Through the solitudes of space I have dashed along with a speed which you can hardly conceive. Compare my ordinary motion with your most rapid railway trains, place me in London beside the Scotch express to race to Edinburgh ; my journey will be done ere the best locomotive ever built could have drawn the train out of the station. Pit me against your rifle bullets, against the shots from your one-hundred-ton guns ; before the missile from the mightiest piece of ordnance ever fired shall have gone ten yards I have gone one thousand yards. I do not assert that my speed has been invariable—sometimes it has been faster, sometimes it has been slower ; but I have generally done my million miles a day at the very least. Such has been my career, not for hours or days, but for years and for centuries, probably for untold ages. And the grand catastrophe in which I vanished has been befitting to a life of such transcendent excitement and activity ; I have

perished instantly, and in a streak of splendor. In the course of my everlasting wanderings I have occasionally passed near some of the great bodies in the heavens ; I have also not improbably in former years hurried by that globe on which you live. On those occasions you never saw me, you never could have seen me, not even if you had used the mightiest telescope which has ever been directed to the heavens. But too close an approach to your globe was at last the occasion of my great transformation. You must remember that you live on the earth buried beneath a great ocean of air. This air extends above your head to a height of some two hundred miles, or even more, though it gradually becomes lighter and less dense with every increase of altitude. Viewed from outside space your earth would be seen to be a great ball, everywhere swathed with this thick coating of air. Beyond the appreciable limits of the air stretches the open space, and there it is that my prodigious journeys have been performed. Out there we have a freedom to move of which you who live in a dense atmosphere have no conception. Whenever you attempt to produce rapid motion on the earth, the resistance of your air largely detracts from the velocity that would be otherwise attainable. Your quick trains are impeded by air, your artillery ranges are shortened by it. Movements like mine would be impossible in air like yours.

"And this air it is which has ultimately compassed my destruction. So long as I merely passed near your earth, but kept clear of that deadly net which you have spread, in the shape of your atmosphere, to entrap the shooting stars, all went well with me. I felt the ponderous mass of the earth, and I swerved a little in compliance with its attraction ; but my supreme velocity preserved me, and I hurried past unscathed. Probably I had many narrow escapes from capture during the lapse of those countless ages in which I have been wandering through space. But at last I approached once too often to the earth. On this fatal occasion my course led me to graze your globe so closely that I could not get by without traversing the higher parts of the atmosphere. Accordingly, a frightful catastrophe immediately occurred. Not to you ; it did you no harm ; indeed, quite the contrary. My dissolution gave you a pleasing and instructive exhibition. It was then, for the first time, that you were permitted to see me, and you called me a shooting star or a meteor.

"You are quite familiar with the disasters

associated with the word collision. Some of the most awful accidents you have ever heard of arose from the collision of two railway trains on land or of two ships in the ocean. You are thus able to realize the frightful consequences of a collision between two heavy bodies. But in the collision which annihilated me I did not impinge against any other heavy body. I only struck the upper and extremely rare layers of your atmosphere. I was, however, moving with a speed so terrific that the impulse to which I was exposed when I passed from empty space even into thin air was sufficient for my total disruption.

"Had the speed with which I entered your atmosphere been more moderate—had it been, for instance, not greater than that of a rifle bullet, or even only four or five times as fast, this plunge would not have been fatal to me. I could have pierced through with comparative safety, and then have tumbled down in my original form on the ground. Indeed, on rare occasions something of this kind does actually happen. Perhaps it is fortunate for you dwellers on the earth that we shooting stars do generally become dissipated in the upper air. Were it not so, the many thousands of us which would be daily pelting down on your earth would introduce a new source of anxiety into your lives. Fortunately for you, we dart in at a speed of some twenty miles or more a second. Unfortunately for us, we learn that it is the 'pace which kills.'"—*Sir R. S. Ball, in Good Words.*

LAUGHTER.—Laughter, when aroused by legitimate provocation, is such a wholesome and refreshing thing, that it is melancholy to watch the gradual atrophy of the risible faculties which seems to be the inevitable result of advancing civilization. Not many years ago, there was an undergraduate at one of our Universities who was blessed with so natural and infectious a laugh, that he was regarded by the whole college with a certain degree of pride; and the dons, when entertaining a stranger at the high table, never failed to explain, when the familiar sound was heard—"Oh! that's —, the man with the laugh." We are not aware that the Man with the Laugh has had a successor; and if this be so, it is a matter of unmixed regret. For one seldom hears a genuine laugh nowadays, and much of the phraseology of laughter is a mere fashion of speech. There are many people whose sides have never ached from overindulgence in the outward expression of mirth. Indeed, we believe that

just as there are cats who cannot purr, so there are unfortunate human beings who cannot laugh out loud. With some persons a wheeze or a chuckle is the utmost they can compass. Some men laugh habitually in falsetto, which, we need hardly say, is far less pleasant than a laugh in the natural voice. And then there is what may be called the "society" laugh, an artificial abomination almost as execrable as the latest fashionable monstrosity, the bent-elbow over-hand-shake. We remember once to have heard a feminine laugh so painfully and regularly tuneful that it could literally have been reduced to musical notation. There is also a coarse laugh to which we have heard the admirably expressive epithet of "square-mouthed" applied—a Gargantuan laugh evoked by highly flavored anecdotes of the gun or smoking-room category. Love is a liberal education, as a Greek proverb, unconsciously imitated by Steele, has it, and, according to Shakespeare, one of its refining influences is shown in the matter of laughter. When a man falls in love, says Speed, he no longer laughs like a cock crowing—and Speed was by profession a great authority on love and laughter. The abatement of open laughter among us is possibly due in part to the tendency of the humorous literature of a race to whom, according to Mr. Bryce, we are chiefly beholden for our food for mirth—the Americans. The essence of the modern American humor is what Uncle Remus calls the "dry grins." It was hardly so with Artemus Ward, whose lecture, delivered with the most melancholy composure, was so agonizingly funny as to enable many of his auditors to realize what had been previously only a figure of speech. They laughed till they were perfectly ill. Of the inhabitants of Great Britain, the Anglo-Irish have probably the greatest appreciation of humor, and possess the most infectious laughs. Our cousins the Germans enjoy a joke—especially a hoax—as their phrase, *Es ist zum Tode lachen*, indicates, though the greatest German joker of recent times, Saphir, was a Jew. The French are too logical to appreciate nonsense. Wit rather than humor appeals to their temperament, though the instance of Rabelais proves the danger of generalization. The Turk has a great fund of dry humor latent in him and enjoys a sedate laugh; but he has a poor opinion of *mascaralik*, or habitual fooling. At the same time, he more than tolerates the humorous and generally scandalous buffoneries of *Karaguzus* (= Blackface), the Turkish *Pulcinello*. In Persia,

laughter is annually evoked by the following rather cheap means. As a part of the Bairam festivities given by Persians of high standing, a number of Jews, who have been caught for the occasion, are suddenly hustled into the deep *haous* or tank which is to be found in every courtyard, and left to struggle out half-drowned and bedraggled, amid the shrieks of the spectators. The negro all the world over is reputed a laughter-loving creature, except when the outward manifestation of mirth is checked by the new-found sense of dignity which accompanies conversion to Islam. Whatever they feel, the Chinese are certainly chary of expressing amusement in Occidental fashion. The Japanese, on the other hand, are an eminently cheerful and merry people. —*Spectator*.

THE CENTENARIAN SEASON.—The weather of the past few weeks has been especially fatal to persons of advanced age, and, as is usual under such circumstances, we have heard much of the deaths of reputed centenarians. It is improbable that more than a tenth of these cases would stand the test of careful investigation, such as the late Mr. Thoms so industriously undertook concerning the very considerable number of cases that came under his notice. The result of Mr. Thoms's investigations was to divide these reputed cases of centenarianism into three classes: those that were clearly disproved, those that could not be substantiated, and those that were established. It is obvious that investigations having for their object the identification of the date of birth of persons born fifty years before the commencement of civil registration involve much labor, and are attended with doubtful success. Baptismal registers very far from invariably record the date of birth, and, unless the name of the reputed centenarian be somewhat unusual, it is often impossible to identify the baptismal entry with any degree of certainty. The time is now, however, approaching when the civil registers will begin to afford the means for corroborating the claims to centenarianism. In the mean time, however, until another Mr. Thoms be found to undertake the labor of investigation, it will be impossible to speak authoritatively as to the proportion of real centenarians among the number of those whose claims are placed before the public whenever the weather is more than usually fatal to persons of advanced age. The Registrar-General, in his recently issued fiftieth annual report, records the fact that among the

deaths registered in England and Wales in 1887 were 60 of reputed centenarians, 13 of whom were men and 47 women; this number showed a decline from those in the two preceding years, which were 63 and 71. The age of 32 of the 62 reputed centenarians in 1887 was stated to be 100 years; in 10 cases the age was reported to be 101 years, in 2 to be 106, while one woman was stated to have reached the age of 107, and another of 109 years. It is worthy of comment that 8 of these reputed centenarians died in London and 8 in the Welsh registration division. It should also be stated that nearly all the claimants to the honor of centenarianism belonged to the humblest ranks of life, in which the difficulty of obtaining precise documentary evidence of age is greatest. It is interesting, however, to find among the recorded centenarians of 1887 the widow of a banker, a retired authoress, the widow of a house proprietor, a proprietor of stocks, the daughter of a solicitor, and the widow of a shipbroker. It may fairly be concluded that, at any rate, one or two of these last-mentioned cases would bear the test of rigid investigation, under which the claims to centenarianism almost invariably break down. —*Lancet*.

SILENT MEN.—Chaucer, as he himself informs us, was not a fluent talker. He shone much more in his tales than in speech. The Countess of Pembroke used to tell him that his silence pleased her infinitely better than his conversation.

It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who said that if a painter wanted to succeed he must cut out his tongue. To illustrate this we may give the following anecdote told by Charpentier of two of the Caracci, the famous Italian painters. Augustino Caracci once made a long discourse in praise of the Laocoon, and it was remarked to his brother Annibal that it was strange he did not add his eulogium on this wonderful production of antiquity. Annibal said nothing, but took a crayon in his hand, and drew the marble group with as much correctness as if he had had it before him. This action was praise more impressive than if he had employed the most energetic expressions and the most brilliant figures of speech. Turning to his brother he then observed, "Poets paint with words, but painters speak with their pencils."

Gainsborough once took part in a lawsuit, and, when in the witness-box, he happened to speak of the "painter's eye" in a professional

sense. The counsel for the other side, wanting to confuse him, said, "And pray what do you mean by the painter's eye?" "Why," answered Gainsborough, "it is to an artist what a lawyer's tongue is to him."

When at his work the late Gustave Doré was a good example of the silent artist. He could so abstract himself from what was going on around him that in the evening he would be unable to recollect who had called upon him in the afternoon. Strangers who visited his studio in the Rue Bayard for the first time were often astonished at his unceremonious and silent ways. "He would give them a nod—perhaps a frowning nod—and go on with his painting, running up and down the steps of a ladder or along a platform, and pausing now and then, with a long low whistle, to look at what he had done. 'Don't wake him; he's dreaming,' the familiars used to say; and it might happen that a visitor would have to go away, after a couple of hours' waiting, without seeing Doré awake!"

The silent and observing ways of artists perhaps qualify them for criticising other people's speech. There is a story told of a lady who one day went to call on Fuseli, a painter who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edgewise. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say, "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day." "What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli!" exclaimed the lady. "Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

Great men of action have been often marked by their silent ways. In this there is no doubt something of good policy. "The superior man," says Confucius, "blushes for fear lest his words should exceed his deeds." Another consideration is that safety always accompanies silence, whereas by injudicious speech the best-laid plans have been frequently upset.

For a remarkable instance in history take the famous Prince of Orange, the founder of the independence of the Netherlands. He was known by his contemporaries as William the Silent. "Perhaps the epithet," says Mr. Prescott, "was intended to indicate not so much his taciturnity as that impenetrable reserve which locked up his secrets closely within his own bosom. No man knew better how to keep his counsel even from those who acted with him. Though on ordinary occasions, however frugal of words, when he did speak it was with

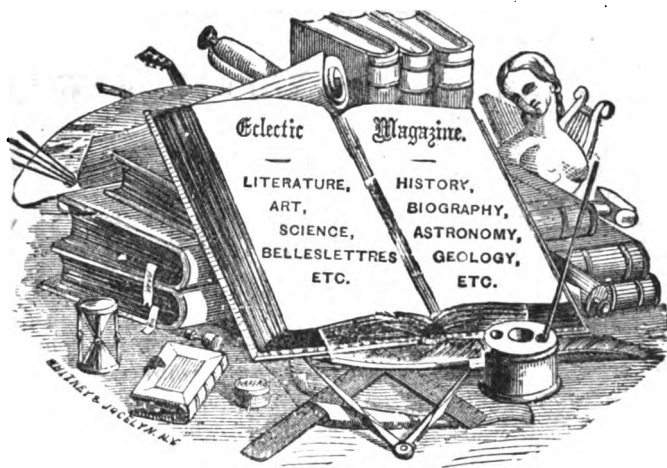
effect. His eloquence was of the most persuasive kind."

But no one ever cultivated silence with more dramatic effect than Wallenstein, the commander of the Emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' War. During the course of his campaigns, we learn from Michiel's "History of the Austrian Government," while his army devoted itself to pleasure the deepest silence reigned around Wallenstein. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the rooms like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved around his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chains were also stretched across the streets in order to guard him against any sound.

His profound reserve made a powerful impression on the imagination of all by whom he was surrounded. He was never seen to smile, and took counsel of no one but himself. When he gave orders or explanations he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers had to pretend they did not see him.

Washington was inclined to silence and reserve. He is described incidentally by Mr. Josiah Quincy as "a little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manner, and not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers." He was not at all easy in conversation. When he entertained his prisoner, Lord Cornwallis, it was noticed that he spoke little, and never smiled.

Silence played an important part in the double-cunning tactics of Talleyrand, but he more often than not employed speech and not silence to conceal his thoughts, following his own maxim that "a Minister of Foreign Affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being, in reality, reserved, although perfectly frank in his manner." We give him a place, however, among silent men that we may recall a ludicrous anecdote of his appearance as a dumb orator at a public dinner. Talleyrand's health was drunk. Before the applause had subsided he got up, made a mumbling as if speaking, but spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never uttered a word.—*Leisure Hour.*



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AGNOSTICISM.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

WITHIN the last few months the public has received much and varied information on the subject of agnostics, their tenets, and even their future. Agnosticism exercised the orators of the Church Congress at Manchester.* It has been furnished with a set of "articles" fewer, but not less rigid, and certainly not less consistent than the thirty-nine; its nature has been analyzed, and its future severely predicted by the most eloquent of that prophetic school whose Samuel is Auguste Comte. It may still be a question, however, whether the public is as much the wiser as might be expected, considering all the trouble that has been taken to enlighten it. Not only are the three accounts of the agnostic position sadly out of harmony.

with one another, but I propose to show cause for my belief that all three must be seriously questioned by any one who employs the term "agnostic" in the sense in which it was originally used. The learned Principal of King's College, who brought the topic of Agnosticism before the Church Congress, took a short and easy way of settling the business:

"But if this be so, for a man to urge, as an escape from this article of belief, that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from Christians lies not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic; but his real name is an older one—he is an Infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever. The word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say

* See the *Official Report of the Church Congress held at Manchester*, October, 1888, pp. 253-4.

plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

And in the course of the discussion which followed, the Bishop of Peterborough departed so far from his customary courtesy and self-respect as to speak of "cowardly agnosticism" (p. 262).

So much of Dr. Wace's address either explicitly or implicitly concerns me, that I take upon myself to deal with it; but, in so doing, it must be understood that I speak for myself alone. I am not aware that there is any sect of Agnostics; and if there be, I am not its acknowledged prophet or pope. I desire to leave to the Comtists the entire monopoly of the manufacture of imitation ecclesiasticism.

Let us calmly and dispassionately consider Dr. Wace's appreciation of agnosticism. The agnostic, according to his view, is a person who says he has no means of attaining a scientific knowledge of the unseen world or of the future; by which somewhat loose phraseology Dr. Wace presumably means the theological unseen world and future. I cannot think this description happy either in form or substance, but for the present it may pass. Dr. Wace continues, that is not "his difference from Christians." Are there then any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professional theologian, and I proceed to Dr. Wace's next proposition.

The real state of the case, then, is that the agnostic "does not believe the authority" on which "these things" are stated, which authority is Jesus Christ. He is simply an old-fashioned "infidel" who is afraid to own to his right name. As "Presbyter is priest writ large," so is "agnostic" the mere Greek equivalent for the Latin "infidel." There is an attractive simplicity about this solution of the problem; and it has that advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked, which is so dear to the less refined sort of controversialist. The agnostic says, "I cannot find good evidence that so and so is true." "Ah," says his adversary, seizing his opportunity, "then you declare that Jesus Christ was untruthful, for he said so and so;" a very telling method of rous-

ing prejudice. But suppose that the value of the evidence as to what Jesus may have said and done, and as to the exact nature and scope of his authority, is just that which the agnostic finds it most difficult to determine? If I venture to doubt that the Duke of Wellington gave the command "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo, I do not think that even Dr. Wace would accuse me of disbelieving the Duke. Yet it would be just as reasonable to do this as to accuse any one of denying what Jesus said before the preliminary question as to what he did say is settled.

Now, the question as to what Jesus really said and did is strictly a scientific problem, which is capable of solution by no other methods than those practised by the historian and the literary critic. It is a problem of immense difficulty, which has occupied some of the best heads in Europe for the last century; and it is only of late years that their investigations have begun to converge toward one conclusion.*

That kind of faith which Dr. Wace describes and lauds is of no use here. Indeed, he himself takes pains to destroy its evidential value.

"What made the Mahommedan world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Mahommed. And what made the Christian world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Jesus Christ and His Apostles" (*l.c.* p. 253). The triumphant tone of this imaginary catechism

* Dr. Wace tells us: "It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects." And he seems to think the question appropriately answered by the assertion that it "ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case." I thought I knew M. Renan's works pretty well, but I have contrived to miss this "practical" (I wish Dr. Wace had defined the scope of that useful adjective) surrender. However, as Dr. Wace can find no difficulty in pointing out the passage of M. Renan's writings, by which he feels justified in making his statement, I shall wait for further enlightenment, contenting myself, for the present, with remarking that if M. Renan were to retract and do penance in Notre-Dame to-morrow for any contributions to Biblical criticism that may be specially his property, the main results of that criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected.

leads me to suspect that its author has hardly appreciated its full import. Presumably, Dr. Wace regards Mahommed as an unbeliever, or, to use the term which he prefers, infidel; and considers that his assurances have given rise to a vast delusion, which has led, and is leading, millions of men straight to everlasting punishment. And this being so, the "Trust and faith" which have "made the Mahommedan world," in just the same sense as they have "made the Christian world," must be trust and faith in falsehood. No man who has studied history, or even attended to the occurrences of every-day life, can doubt the enormous practical value of trust and faith; but as little will he be inclined to deny that this practical value has not the least relation to the reality of the objects of that trust and faith. In examples of patient constancy of faith and of unswerving trust, the *Acta Martyrum* do not excel the annals of Babism.

The discussion upon which we have now entered goes so thoroughly to the root of the whole matter; the question of the day is so completely, as the author of *Robert Elsmere* says, the value of testimony, that I shall offer no apology for following it out somewhat in detail; and, by way of giving substance to the argument, I shall base what I have to say upon a case, the consideration of which lies strictly within the province of natural science, and of that particular part of it known as the physiology and pathology of the nervous system.

I find, in the second Gospel (chap. v.), a statement, to all appearance intended to have the same evidential value as any other contained in that history. It is the well-known story of the devils who were cast out of a man, and ordered, or permitted, to enter into a herd of swine, to the great loss and damage of the innocent Gerasene, or Gadarene, pig-owners. There can be no doubt that the narrator intends to convey to his readers his own conviction that this casting out and entering in were effected by the agency of Jesus of Nazareth; that, by speech and action, Jesus enforced this conviction; nor does any inkling of the legal and moral difficulties of the case manifest itself.

On the other hand, everything that I know of physiological and pathological science leads me to entertain a very strong conviction that the phenomena ascribed to possession are as purely natural as those which constitute small-pox; everything that I know of anthropology leads me to think that the belief in demons and demoniacal possession is a mere survival of a once universal superstition, and that its persistence at the present time is pretty much in the inverse ratio of the general instruction, intelligence, and sound judgment of the population among whom it prevails. Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanor of evil example. Again, the study of history, and especially of that of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, leaves no shadow of doubt on my mind that the belief in the reality of possession and of witchcraft, justly based, alike by Catholics and Protestants, upon this and innumerable other passages in both the Old and New Testaments, gave rise, through the special influence of Christian ecclesiastics, to the most horrible persecutions and judicial murders of thousands upon thousands of innocent men, women, and children. And when I reflect that the record of a plain and simple declaration upon such an occasion as this, that the belief in witchcraft and possession is wicked nonsense, would have rendered the long agony of mediæval humanity impossible, I am prompted to reject, as dishonoring, the supposition that such declaration was withheld out of condescension to popular error.

"Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man" (Mark v. 8),* are the words attributed to Jesus. If I declare, as I have no hesitation in doing, that I utterly disbelieve in the existence of "unclean spirits," and, consequently, in the possibility of their "coming forth" out of a man, I suppose that Dr. Wace will tell me I am disregarding the testimony "of our Lord" (*l.c.* p. 255). For if these words were really used, the most resourceful of reconcilers can hardly venture to affirm that they are compati-

* Here, as always, the revised version is cited.

ble with a disbelief in "these things." As the learned and fair-minded, as well as orthodox, Dr. Alexander remarks, in an editorial note to the article "Demoniacs," in the *Biblical Cyclopædia* (vol. i. p. 664, note) :

... "On the lowest grounds on which our Lord and His Apostles can be placed, they must, at least, be regarded as *honest* men. Now, though honest speech does not require that words should be used always and only in their etymological sense, it does require that they should not be used so as to affirm what the speaker knows to be false. While, therefore, our Lord and His Apostles might use the word *δαμονιζεσθαι*, or the phrase *δαμονιον εχειν*, as a popular description of certain diseases, without giving in to the belief which lay at the source of such a mode of expression, they could not speak of demons entering into a man, or being cast out of him, without pledging themselves to the belief of an actual possession of the man by the demons. (Campbell, *Prel. Diss.* vi. 1, 10.) If, consequently, they did not hold this belief, they spoke not as honest men."

The story which we are considering does not rest on the authority of the second Gospel alone. The third confirms the second, especially in the matter of commanding the unclean spirit to come out of the man (Luke viii. 29) ; and, although the first Gospel either gives a different version of the same story, or tells another of like kind, the essential point remains : "If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine. And He said unto them : Go !" (Matthew viii. 31, 32).

If the concurrent testimony of the three synoptics, then, is really sufficient to do away with all rational doubt as to a matter of fact of the utmost practical and speculative importance—belief or disbelief in which may affect, and has affected, men's lives and their conduct toward other men in the most serious way—then I am bound to believe that Jesus implicitly affirmed himself to possess a "knowledge of the unseen world," which afforded full confirmation to the belief in demons and possession current among his contemporaries. If the story is true, the mediæval theory of the invisible world may be, and probably is, quite correct ; and the witchfinders, from Sprenger to Hopkins and Mather, are much-maligned men.

On the other hand, humanity, noting the frightful consequences of this belief ; common sense, observing the futility of

the evidence on which it is based, in all cases that have been properly investigated ; science, more and more seeing its way to enclose all the phenomena of so-called "possession" within the domain of pathology, so far as they are not to be relegated to that of the police—all these powerful influences concur in warning us, at our peril, against accepting the belief without the most careful scrutiny of the authority on which it rests.

I can discern no escape from this dilemma : either Jesus said what he is reported to have said, or he did not. In the former case, it is inevitable that his authority on matters connected with the "unseen world" should be roughly shaken ; in the latter, the blow falls upon the authority of the synoptic gospels. If their report on a matter of such stupendous and far-reaching practical import as this is untrustworthy, how can we be sure of its trustworthiness in other cases ? The favorite "earth," in which the hard-pressed reconciler takes refuge, that the Bible does not profess to teach science,* is stopped in this instance. For the question of the existence of demons and of possession by them, though it lies strictly within the province of science, is also of the deepest moral and religious significance. If physical and mental disorders are caused by demons, Gregory of Tours and his contemporaries rightly considered that relics and exorcists were more useful than doctors ; the gravest questions arise as to the legal and moral responsi-

* Does any one really mean to say that there is any internal or external criterion by which the reader of a biblical statement, in which scientific matter is contained, is enabled to judge whether it is to be taken *au sérieux* or not ? Is the account of the Deluge, accepted as true in the New Testament, less precise and specific than that of the call of Abraham, also accepted as true therein ? By what mark does the story of the feeding with manna in the wilderness, which involves some very curious scientific problems, show that it is meant merely for edification, while the story of the inscription of the Law on stone by the hand of Jahveh is literally true ? If the story of the Fall is not the true record of an historical occurrence, what becomes of Pauline theology ? Yet the story of the Fall as directly conflicts with probability, and is as devoid of trustworthy evidence, as that of the Creation or that of the Deluge, with which it forms an harmoniously legendary series.

bilities of persons inspired by demoniacal impulses ; and our whole conception of the universe and of our relations to it becomes totally different from what it would be on the contrary hypothesis.

The theory of life of an average mediæval Christian was as different from that of an average nineteenth-century Englishman as that of a West-African negro is now in these respects. The modern world is slowly, but surely, shaking off these and other monstrous survivals of savage delusions, and, whatever happens, it will not return to that wallowing in the mire. Until the contrary is proved, I venture to doubt whether, at this present moment, any Protestant theologian, who has a reputation to lose, will say that he believes the Gadarene story.

The choice then lies between discrediting those who compiled the gospel biographies and disbelieving the Master, whom they, simple souls, thought to honor by preserving such traditions of the exercise of his authority over Satan's invisible world. This is the dilemma. No deep scholarship, nothing but a knowledge of the revised version (on which it is to be supposed all that mere scholarship can do has been done), with the application thereto of the commonest canons of common sense, is needful to enable us to make a choice between its horns. It is hardly doubtful that the story, as told in the first gospel, is merely a version of that told in the second and third. Nevertheless, the discrepancies are serious and irreconcilable ; and, on this ground alone, a suspension of judgment, at the least, is called for. But there is a great deal more to be said. From the dawn of scientific biblical criticism until the present day the evidence against the long-cherished notion that the three synoptic gospels are the works of three independent authors, each prompted by divine inspiration, has steadily accumulated, until, at the present time, there is no visible escape from the conclusion that each of the three is a compilation consisting of a groundwork common to all three—the threefold tradition ; and of a superstructure, consisting, firstly, of matter common to it with one of the others, and, secondly, of matter special to each. The use of the terms " ground-

work" and "superstructure" by no means implies that the latter must be of later date than the former. On the contrary, some parts of it may be, and probably are, older than some parts of the groundwork.*

The story of the Gadarene swine belongs to the groundwork ; at least, the essential part of it, in which the belief in demoniac possession is expressed, does ; and therefore the compilers of the first, second, and third gospels, whoever they were, certainly accepted that belief (which, indeed, was universal among both Jews and pagans at that time), and attributed it to Jesus.

What, then, do we know about the originator, or originators, of this groundwork—of that threefold tradition which all three witnesses (in Paley's phrase) agree upon—that we should allow their mere statements to outweigh the counter arguments of humanity, of common sense, of exact science, and to imperil the respect which all would be glad to be able to render to their Master ?

Absolutely nothing.† There is no proof, nothing more than a fair presumption, that any one of the gospels existed, in the state in which we find it in the authorized version of the Bible, before the second century, or, in other words, sixty or seventy years after the events recorded. And, between that time and the date of the oldest extant manuscripts of the Gospels, there is no telling what additions and alterations and interpolations may have been made. It may be said that this is all mere speculation, but it is a good deal more. As competent scholars and honest men, our revisers have felt compelled to point out that such things have happened even since the date of the oldest known manuscripts. The oldest two copies of the

* See, for an admirable discussion of the whole subject, Dr. Abbott's article on the Gospels in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ; and the remarkable monograph by Professor Volkmar, *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit* (1882). Whether we agree with the conclusions of these writers or not, the method of critical investigation which they adopt is unimpeachable.

† Notwithstanding the hard words shot at me from behind the hedge of anonymity by a writer in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, I repeat, without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers.

second Gospel end with the 8th verse of the 16th chapter ; the remaining twelve verses are spurious, and it is noteworthy that the maker of the addition has not hesitated to introduce a speech in which Jesus promises his disciples that "in My name shall they cast out devils."

The other passage "rejected to the margin" is still more instructive. It is that touching apologue, with its profound ethical sense, of the woman taken in adultery—which, if internal evidence were an infallible guide, might well be affirmed to be a typical example of the teachings of Jesus. Yet, say the revisers, pitilessly, "Most of the ancient authorities omit John vii. 53–viii. 11." Now let any reasonable man ask himself this question. If, after an approximate settlement of the canon of the New Testament, and even later than the fourth and fifth centuries, literary fabricators had the skill and the audacity to make such additions and interpolations as these, what may they have done when no one had thought of a canon ; when oral tradition, still unfixed, was regarded as more valuable than such written records as may have existed in the latter portion of the first century ? Or, to take the other alternative, if those who gradually settled the canon did not know of the existence of the oldest codices which have come down to us ; or if, knowing them, they rejected their authority, what is to be thought of their competency as critics of the text ?

People who object to free criticism of the Christian Scriptures forget that they are what they are in virtue of very free criticism ; unless the advocates of inspiration are prepared to affirm that the majority of influential ecclesiastics during several centuries were safeguarded against error. For, even granting that some books of the period were inspired, they were certainly few among many ; and those who selected the canonical books, unless they themselves were also inspired, must be regarded in the light of mere critics, and, from the evidence they have left of their intellectual habits, very uncritical critics. When one thinks that such delicate questions as those involved fell into the hands of men like Papias (who believed in the famous millenarian grape story) ; of Irenæus with his "reasons" for the existence of only

four Gospels ; and of such calm and dispassionate judges as Tertullian, with his "*Credo quia impossibile* ;" the marvel is that the selection which constitutes our New Testament is as free as it is from obviously objectionable matter. The apocryphal Gospels certainly deserve to be apocryphal ; but one may suspect that a little more critical discrimination would have enlarged the Apocrypha not inconsiderably.

At this point a very obvious objection arises and deserves full and candid consideration. It may be said that critical scepticism carried to the length suggested is historical pyrrhonism ; that if we are to altogether discredit an ancient or a modern historian, because he has assumed fabulous matter to be true, it will be as well to give up paying any attention to history. It may be said, and with great justice, that Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne* is none the less trustworthy because of the astounding revelation of credulity, of lack of judgment, and even of respect for the eighth commandment, which he has unconsciously made in the *History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs Marcellinus and Paul*. Or, to go no farther back than the last number of this Review, surely that excellent lady, Miss Strickland, is not to be refused all credence because of the myth about the second James's remains, which she seems to have unconsciously invented.

Of course this is perfectly true. I am afraid there is no man alive whose witness could be accepted, if the condition precedent were proof that he had never invented and promulgated a myth. In the minds of all of us there are little places here and there, like the indistinguishable spots on a rock which give foothold to moss or stone-crop ; on which, if the germ of a myth fall, it is certain to grow, without in the least degree affecting our accuracy or truthfulness elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott knew that he could not repeat a story without, as he said, "giving it a new hat and stick." Most of us differ from Sir Walter only in not knowing about this tendency of the mythopœic faculty to break out unnoticed. But it is also perfectly true that the mythopœic faculty is not equally active on all minds, nor in all regions and under all conditions of the

same mind. David Hume was certainly not so liable to temptation as the Venerable Bede, or even as some recent historians who could be mentioned; and the most imaginative of debtors, if he owes five pounds, never makes an obligation to pay a hundred out of it. The rule of common sense is *prima facie* to trust a witness in all matters in which neither his self-interest, his passions, his prejudices, nor that love of the marvellous, which is inherent to a greater or less degree in all mankind, are strongly concerned; and, when they are involved, to require corroborative evidence in exact proportion to the contravention of probability by the thing testified.

Now, in the Gadarene affair, I do not think I am unreasonably sceptical if I say that the existence of demons who can be transferred from a man to a pig, does thus contravene probability. Let me be perfectly candid. I admit I have no *a priori* objection to offer. There are physical things, such as *tania* and *trichina*, which can be transferred from men to pigs, and *vice versa*, and which do undoubtedly produce most diabolical and deadly effects on both. For anything I can absolutely prove to the contrary, there may be spiritual things capable of the same transmigration, with like effects. Moreover I am bound to add that perfectly truthful persons, for whom I have the greatest respect, believe in stories about spirits of the present day, quite as improbable as that we are considering.

So I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist; nor can I deny that, not merely the whole Roman Church, but many Wacean "infidels" of no mean repute, do honestly and firmly believe that the activity of such-like dæmonic beings is in full swing in this year of grace 1889.

Nevertheless, as good Bishop Butler says, "probability is the guide of life," and it seems to me that this is just one of the cases in which the canon of credibility and testimony, which I have ventured to lay down, has full force. So that, with the most entire respect for many (by no means for all) of our witnesses for the truth of dæmonology, ancient and modern, I conceive their evidence on this particular matter to be

ridiculously insufficient to warrant their conclusion.*

After what has been said I do not think that any sensible man, unless he happen to be angry, will accuse me of "contradicting the Lord and His Apostles" if I reiterate my total disbelief in the whole Gadarene story. But if that story is discredited, all the other stories of demoniac possession fall under suspicion. And if the belief in demons and demoniac possession, which forms the sombre background of the whole picture of primitive Christianity presented to us in the New Testament, is shaken, what is to be said, in any case, of the uncorroborated testimony of the Gospels with respect to "the unseen world"?

I am not aware that I have been influenced by any more bias in regard to the Gadarene story than I have been in dealing with other cases of like kind the investigation of which has interested me. I was brought up in the strictest school of evangelical orthodoxy; and when I was old enough to think for myself, I started upon my journey of inquiry with little doubt about the general truth of what I had been taught; and with that feeling of the unpleasantness of being called an "infidel" which, we are told, is so right and proper. Near my journey's end, I find myself in a condition of something more than mere doubt about these matters.

In the course of other inquiries, I have had to do with fossil remains which looked quite plain at a distance, and be-

* Their arguments, in the long run, are always reducible to one form. Otherwise trustworthy witnesses affirm that such and such events took place. These events are inexplicable, except the agency of "spirits" is admitted. Therefore "spirits" were the cause of the phenomena.

And the heads of the reply are always the same. Remember Goethe's aphorism: "Alles factische ist schon Theorie." Trustworthy witnesses are constantly deceived, or deceive themselves, in their interpretation of sensible phenomena. No one can prove that the sensible phenomena, in these cases, could be caused only by the agency of spirits; and there is abundant ground for believing that they may be produced in other ways.

Therefore, the utmost that can be reasonably asked for, on the evidence as it stands, is suspension of judgment. And, on the necessity for even that suspension, reasonable men may differ, according to their views of probability.

came more and more indistinct as I tried to define their outline by close inspection. There was something there—something which, if I could win assurance about it, might mark a new epoch in the history of the earth; but, study as long as I might, certainly eluded my grasp. So has it been with me in my efforts to define the grand figure of Jesus as it lies in the primary strata of Christian literature. Is he the kindly, peaceful Christ depicted in the Catacombs? Or is he the stern judge who frowns above the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can he be rightly represented in the bleeding ascetic, broken down by physical pain, of too many mediæval pictures? Are we to accept the Jesus of the second, or the Jesus of the fourth gospel, as the true Jesus? What did he really say and do; and how much that is attributed to him in speech and action is the embroidery of the various parties into which his followers tended to split themselves within twenty years of his death, when even the threefold tradition was only nascent?

If any one will answer these questions for me with something more to the point than feeble talk about the "cowardice of agnosticism," I shall be deeply his debtor. Unless and until they are satisfactorily answered, I say of agnosticism in this matter, "*j'y suis, et j'y reste.*"

But, as we have seen, it is asserted that I have no business to call myself an agnostic; that if I am not a Christian I am an infidel; and that I ought to call myself by that name of "unpleasant significance." Well, I do not care much what I am called by other people, and if I had at my side all those who since the Christian era have been called infidels by other folks, I could not desire better company. If these are my ancestors, I prefer, with the old Frank, to be with them wherever they are. But there are several points in Dr. Wace's contention which must be eliminated before I can even think of undertaking to carry out his wishes. I must, for instance, know what a Christian is. Now what is a Christian? By whose authority is the signification of that term defined? Is there any doubt that the immediate followers of Jesus, the "sect of the Nazarenes," were strictly ortho-

dox Jews, differing from other Jews not more than the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Essenes differed from one another; in fact, only in the belief that the Messiah, for whom the rest of their nation waited, had come? Was not their chief, "James, the brother of the Lord," revered alike by Sadducee, Pharisee, and Nazarene? At the famous conference which, according to the Acts, took place at Jerusalem, does not James declare that "myriads" of Jews, who, by that time, had become Nazarenes, were "all zealous for the Law"? Was not the name of "Christian" first used to denote the converts to the doctrine promulgated by Paul and Barnabas at Antioch? Does the subsequent history of Christianity leave any doubt that, from this time forth, the "little rift within the lute" caused by the new teaching developed, if not inaugurated, at Antioch, grew wider and wider, until the two types of doctrine irreconcilably diverged? Did not the primitive Nazarenism or Ebionism develop into the Nazarenism, and Ebionism, and Elkasaism of later ages, and finally die out in obscurity and condemnation as damnable heresy; while the younger doctrine thrived and pushed out its shoots into that endless variety of sects, of which the three strongest survivors are the Roman and Greek Churches and modern Protestantism?

Singular state of things! If I were to profess the doctrine which was held by "James, the brother of the Lord," and by every one of the "myriads" of his followers and coreligionists in Jerusalem up to twenty or thirty years after the Crucifixion (and one knows not how much later at Pella), I should be condemned with unanimity as an ebionizing heretic by the Roman, Greek, and Protestant churches! And, probably, this hearty and unanimous condemnation of the creed held by those who were in the closest personal relation with their Lord is almost the only point upon which they would be cordially of one mind. On the other hand, though I hardly dare imagine such a thing, I very much fear that the "pillars" of the primitive Hierosolymitan Church would have considered Dr. Wace an infidel. No one can read the famous second chapter of Galatians and the book of Revelation with-

out seeing how narrow was even Paul's escape from a similar fate. And, if ecclesiastical history is to be trusted, the thirty-nine articles, be they right or wrong, diverge from the primitive doctrine of the Nazarenes vastly more than even Pauline Christianity did.

But, further than this, I have great difficulty in assuring myself that even James "the brother of the Lord," and his "myriads" of Nazarenes, properly represented the doctrines of their Master. For it is constantly asserted by our modern "pillars" that one of the chief features of the work of Jesus was the instauration of Religion by the abolition of what our sticklers for articles and liturgies, with unconscious humor, call the narrow restrictions of the Law. Yet, if James knew this, how could the bitter controversy with Paul have arisen; and why did one or the other side not quote any of the various sayings of Jesus, recorded in the Gospels, which directly bear on the question—sometimes, apparently, in opposite directions?

So if I am asked to call myself an "infidel" I reply, To what doctrine do you ask me to be faithful? Is it that contained in the Nicene and the Athanasian Creeds? My firm belief is that the Nazarenes, say of the year 40, headed by James, would have stopped their ears and thought worthy of stoning the audacious man who propounded it to them. Is it contained in the so-called Apostles' Creed? I am pretty sure that even that would have created a recalcitrant commotion at Pella in the year 70, among the Nazarenes of Jerusalem, who had fled from the soldiers of Titus. And yet if the unadulterated tradition of the teachings of "the Nazarene" were to be found anywhere, it surely should have been amid those not very aged disciples who may have heard them as they were delivered.

Therefore, however sorry I may be to be unable to demonstrate that, if necessary, I should not be afraid to call myself an "infidel," I cannot do it, even to gratify the Bishop of Peterborough and Dr. Wace. And I would appeal to the Bishop, whose native sense of humor is not the least marked of his many excellent gifts and virtues, whether asking a man to call himself an "infidel" is

not rather a droll request. "Infidel" is a term of reproach, which Christians and Mahommedans, in their modesty, agree to apply to those who differ from them. If he had only thought of it, Dr. Wace might have used the term "miscreant," which, with the same etymological signification, has the advantage of being still more "unpleasant" to the persons to whom it is applied. But, in the name of all that is Hibernian, I ask the Bishop of Peterborough why should a man be expected to call himself a "miscreant" or an "infidel"? That St. Patrick "had two birthdays because he was a twin" is a reasonable and intelligible utterance beside that of the man who should declare himself to be an infidel on the ground of denying his own belief. It may be logically, if not ethically, defensible that a Christian should call a Mahommedan an infidel and *vice versa*; but, on Dr. Wace's principles, both ought to call themselves infidels, because each applies that term to the other.

Now I am afraid that all the Mahommedan world would agree in reciprocating that appellation to Dr. Wace himself. I once visited the Hazar Mosque, the great University of Mahommedanism, in Cairo, in ignorance of the fact that I was unprovided with proper authority. A swarm of angry undergraduates, as I suppose I ought to call them, came buzzing about me and my guide; and if I had known Arabic, I suspect that "dog of an infidel" would have been by no means the most "unpleasant" of the epithets showered upon me, before I could explain and apologize for the mistake. If I had had the pleasure of Dr. Wace's company on that occasion, the indiscriminative followers of the Prophet would, I am afraid, have made no difference between us; not even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary. And I have not the smallest doubt that even one of the learned mollahs, if his grave courtesy would have permitted him to say anything offensive to men of another mode of belief, would have told us that he wondered we did not find it "very unpleasant" to disbelieve in the Prophet of Islam.

From what precedes, I think it becomes sufficiently clear that Dr. Wace's

account of the origin of the name of "Agnostic" is quite wrong. Indeed, I am bound to add that very slight effort to discover the truth would have convinced him that, as a matter of fact, the term arose otherwise. I am loath to go over an old story once more ; but more than one object which I have in view will be served by telling it a little more fully than it has yet been told.

Looking back nearly fifty years, I see myself as a boy, whose education had been interrupted, and who, intellectually, was left, for some years, altogether to his own devices. At that time, I was a voracious and omnivorous reader ; a dreamer and speculator of the first water, well endowed with that splendid courage in attacking any and every subject, which is the blessed compensation of youth and inexperience. Among the books and essays, on all sorts of topics from metaphysics to heraldry, which I read at this time, two left indelible impressions on my mind. One was Guizot's *History of Civilization*, the other was Sir William Hamilton's essay "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned," which I came upon, by chance, in an odd volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. The latter was certainly strange reading for a boy, and I could not possibly have understood a great deal of it ;* nevertheless, I devoured it with avidity, and it stamped upon my mind the strong conviction that, on even the most solemn and important of questions, men are apt to take cunning phrases for answers ; and that the limitation of our faculties, in a great number of cases, renders real answers to such questions, not merely actually impossible, but theoretically inconceivable.

Philosophy and history having laid hold of me in this eccentric fashion, have never loosened their grip. I have no pretension to be an expert in either subject ; but the turn for philosophical and historical reading, which rendered Hamilton and Guizot attractive to me, has not only filled many lawful leisure hours, and still more sleepless ones,

with the repose of changed mental occupation, but has not unfrequently disputed my proper work-time with my liege lady, Natural Science. In this way, I have found it possible to cover a good deal of ground in the territory of philosophy ; and all the more easily that I have never cared much about A's or B's opinions, but have rather sought to know what answer he had to give to the questions I had to put to him—that of the limitation of possible knowledge being the chief. The ordinary examiner with his "State the views of So-and-so" would have floored me at any time. If he had said what do *you* think about any given problem, I might have got on fairly well.

The reader who has had the patience to follow the enforced, but unwilling, egotism of this veritable history (especially if his studies have led him in the same direction), will now see why my mind steadily gravitated toward the conclusions of Hume and Kant, so well stated by the latter in a sentence, which I have quoted elsewhere.

"The greatest and perhaps the sole use of all philosophy of pure reason is, after all, merely negative, since it serves not as an organon for the enlargement [of knowledge], but as a discipline for its delimitation ; and, instead of discovering truth, has only the modest merit of preventing error."*

When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist ; a materialist or an idealist ; a Christian or a freethinker ; I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer ; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis,"—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence ; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. And, with Hume and Kant on my side, I could not think myself presump-

* Yet I must somehow have laid hold of the pith of the matter, for, many years afterward, when Dean Mansell's Bampton lectures were published, it seemed to me I already knew all that this eminently agnostic thinker had to tell me.

* *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. Edit. Hartenstein, p. 256.

tuous in holding fast by that opinion.
Like Dante,

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,

but, unlike Dante, I cannot add,

Che la diritta via era smarrita.

On the contrary, I had, and have, the firmest conviction that I never left the "verace via"—the straight road; and that this road led nowhere else but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest. And though I have found leopards and lions in the path; though I have made abundant acquaintance with the hungry wolf, that "with privy paw devours apace and nothing said," as another great poet says of the ravening beast; and though no friendly spectre has even yet offered his guidance, I was, and am, minded to go straight on, until I either come out on the other side of the wood, or find there is no other side to it, at least, none attainable by me.

This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were *-ists* of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of "agnostic." It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the "gnostic" of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant; and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our Society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people, that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened, was, of course, completely lulled.

That is the history of the origin of the terms "agnostic" and "agnosticism;" and it will be observed that it does not quite agree with the confident assertion of the reverend Principal of King's College, that "the adoption of the term agnostic is only an attempt to shift the issue, and that it involves a mere evasion" in relation to the Church and Christianity.*

The last objection (I rejoice, as much as my readers must do, that it is the last) which I have to take to Dr. Wace's deliverance before the Church Congress arises, I am sorry to say, on a question of morality.

"It is, and it ought to be," authoritatively declares this official representative of Christian ethics, "an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ" (*l. c.* p. 254).

Whether it is so, depends, I imagine, a good deal on whether the man was brought up in a Christian household or not. I do not see why it should be "unpleasant" for a Mahomedan or a Buddhist to say so. But that "it ought to be" unpleasant for any man to say anything which he sincerely, and after due deliberation, believes, is, to my mind, a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character. I verily believe that the great good which has been effected in the world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see, in one view, the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of Hell would pale beside the vision.

A thousand times, no! It ought *not* to be unpleasant to say that which one honestly believes or disbelieves. That

* *Report of the Church Congress, Manchester, 1888, p. 252.*

it so constantly is painful to do so, is quite enough obstacle to the progress of mankind in that most valuable of all qualities, honesty of word or of deed, without erecting a sad concomitant of human weakness into something to be admired and cherished. The bravest of soldiers often, and very naturally, "feel it unpleasant" to go into action; but a court-martial which did its duty would make short work of the officer who promulgated the doctrine that his men *ought* to feel their duty unpleasant.

I am very well aware, as I suppose most thoughtful people are in these times, that the process of breaking away from old beliefs is extremely unpleasant; and I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest believers in even the worst forms of Christianity are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen by the ascetic other-worldliness of logical Christianity; to the ruler, by the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of sectarian bigotry; to the legislator, by the spirit of exclusiveness and domination of those that count themselves pillars of orthodoxy; to the philosopher, by the restraints on the freedom of learning and teaching which every Church exercises, when it is strong enough; to the conscientious soul, by the introspective hunting after sins of the mint and cummin type, the fear of theological error, and the overpowering terror of possible damnation, which have accompanied the churches like their shadow, I need not now consider; but they are assuredly not small. If agnostics lose heavily on the one side, they gain a good deal on the other. People who talk about the comforts of belief appear to forget its discomforts; they ignore the fact that the Christianity of the churches is something more than faith in the ideal personality of Jesus, which they create for themselves, *plus* so much as can be carried into practice, without disorganizing civil society, of the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount. Trip in morals or in doctrine (especially in doctrine), without due repentance or retraction, or fail to get properly baptized before you die, and a *plébiscite* of the Christians of Europe, if they were

true to their creeds, would affirm your everlasting damnation by an immense majority.

Preachers, orthodox and heterodox, din into our ears that the world cannot get on without faith of some sort. There is a sense in which that is as eminently as obviously true; there is another, in which, in my judgment, it is as eminently as obviously false, and it seems to me that the hortatory, or pulpit, mind is apt to oscillate between the false and the true meanings, without being aware of the fact.

It is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination. It is also a trite observation, that, in the business of life, we constantly take the most serious action upon evidence of an utterly insufficient character. But it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting point; and that because we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent.

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us that "faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." In the authorized version "substance" stands for "assurance," and "evidence" for "the proving." The question of the exact meaning of the two words, *ὑπόστασις* and *ἔλεγχος*, affords a fine field of discussion for the scholar and the metaphysician. But I fancy we shall be not far from the mark if we take the writer to have had in his mind the profound psychological truth that men constantly feel certain about things for which they strongly hope, but have no evidence, in the legal or logical sense of the word; and he calls this feeling "faith." I may have the most absolute faith that a friend has not committed the crime of which he is accused. In the early days of English

history, if my friend could have obtained a few more compurgators of like robust faith, he would have been acquitted. At the present day, if I tendered myself as a witness on that score, the judge would tell me to stand down, and the youngest barrister would smile at my simplicity. Miserable indeed is the man who has not such faith in some of his fellow-men—only less miserable than the man who allows himself to forget that such faith is not, strictly speaking, evidence; and when his faith is disappointed, as will happen now and again, turns Timon and blames the universe for his own blunders. And so, if a man can find a friend, the hypostasis of all his hopes, the mirror of his ethical ideal, in the Jesus of any, or all, of the Gospels, let him live by faith in that ideal. Who shall or can forbid him? But let him not delude himself with the notion that his faith is evidence of the objective reality of that in which he trusts. Such evidence is to be obtained only by the use of the methods of science, as applied to history and to literature, and it amounts at present to very little.

It appears that Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, asked Mr. Laing if he could draw up a short summary of the negative creed; a body of negative propositions, which have so far been adopted on the negative side as to be what the Apostles' and other accepted creeds are on the positive; and Mr. Laing at once kindly obliged Mr. Gladstone with the desired articles—eight of them.

If any one had preferred this request to me, I should have replied that, if he referred to agnostics, they have no creed; and, by the nature of the case, cannot have any. Agnosticism, in fact, is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in the rigorous application of a single principle. That principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, "Try all things, hold fast by that which is good;" it is the foundation of the Reformation, which simply illustrated the axiom that every man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it is the fundamental axiom of modern Science. Positively the prin-

ciple may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him.

The results of the working out of the agnostic principle will vary according to individual knowledge and capacity, and according to the general condition of science. That which is unproven to-day may be proven, by the help of new discoveries, to-morrow. The only negative fixed points will be those negations which flow from the demonstrable limitation of our faculties. And the only obligation accepted is to have the mind always open to conviction. Agnostics who never fail in carrying out their principles are, I am afraid, as rare as other people of whom the same consistency can be truthfully predicated. But, if you were to meet with such a phoenix and to tell him that you had discovered that two and two make five, he would patiently ask you to state your reasons for that conviction, and express his readiness to agree with you if he found them satisfactory. The apostolic injunction to "suffer fools gladly," should be the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am deeply conscious how far I myself fall short of this ideal, but it is my personal conception of what agnostics ought to be.

However, as I began by stating, I speak only for myself; and I do not dream of anathematizing and excommunicating Mr. Laing. But, when I consider his creed and compare it with the Athanasian, I think I have, on the whole, a clearer conception of the meaning of the latter. "Polarity," in Article viii., for example, is a word about which I heard a good deal in my youth, when "Naturphilosophie" was in fashion, and greatly did I suffer from it. For many years past, whenever I have met with "polarity" anywhere but in a discussion of some purely physical topic, such as magnetism, I have shut the

book. Mr. Laing must excuse me if the force of habit was too much for me when I read his eighth article.

And now, what is to be said to Mr. Harrison's remarkable deliverance "On the future of agnosticism"?* I would that it were not my business to say anything, for I am afraid that I can say nothing which shall manifest my great personal respect for this able writer, and for the zeal and energy with which he ever and anon galvanizes the weakly frame of Positivism until it looks more than ever like John Bunyan's Pope and Pagan rolled into one. There is a story often repeated, and I am afraid none the less mythical on that account, of a valiant and loud-voiced corporal, in command of two full privates, who falling in with a regiment of the enemy in the dark, orders it to surrender under pain of instant annihilation by his force; and the enemy surrenders accordingly. I am always reminded of this tale when I read the positivist commands to the forces of Christianity and of Science; only the enemy show no more signs of intending to obey now than they have done any time these forty years.

The allocution under consideration has the papal flavor which is wont to hang about the utterances of the pontiffs of the Church of Comte. Mr. Harrison speaks with authority and not as one of the common scribes of the period. He knows not only what agnosticism is and how it has come about, but what will become of it. The agnostic is to content himself with being the precursor of the positivist. In his place, as a sort of navy levelling the ground and cleansing it of such poor stuff as Christianity, he is a useful creature who deserves patting on the back, on condition that he does not venture beyond his last. But let not these scientific Sanballats presume that they are good enough to take part in the building of the Temple—they are mere Samaritans, doomed to die out in proportion as the Religion of Humanity is accepted by mankind. Well, if that is their fate, they have time to be cheerful. But let us hear Mr. Harrison's pronouncement of their doom.

"Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion, an entirely negative stage, the point reached by physicists, a purely mental conclusion, with no relation to things social at all" (p. 154). I am quite dazed by this declaration. Are there, then, any "conclusions" that are not "purely mental"? Is there "no relation to things social" in "mental conclusions" which affect men's whole conception of life? Was that prince of agnostics, David Hume, particularly imbued with physical science? Supposing physical science to be non-existent, would not the agnostic principle, applied by the philologist and the historian, lead to exactly the same results? Is the modern more or less complete suspension of judgment as to the facts of the history of regal Rome, or the real origin of the Homeric poems, anything but agnosticism in history and in literature? And if so, how can agnosticism be the "mere negation of the physicist"?

"Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion." No two people agree as to what is meant by the term "religion"; but if it means, as I think it ought to mean, simply the reverence and love for the ethical ideal, and the desire to realize that ideal in life, which every man ought to feel—then I say agnosticism has no more to do with it than it has to do with music or painting. If, on the other hand, Mr. Harrison, like most people, means by "religion" theology, then, in my judgment, agnosticism can be said to be a stage in its evolution, only as death may be said to be the final stage in the evolution of life.

When agnostic logic is simply one of the canons of thought, agnosticism, as a distinctive faith, will have spontaneously disappeared. (P. 155.)

I can but marvel that such sentences as this, and those already quoted, should have proceeded from Mr. Harrison's pen. Does he really mean to suggest that agnostics have a logic peculiar to themselves? Will he kindly help me out of my bewilderment when I try to think of "logic" being anything else than the canon (which, I believe, means rule) of thought? As to agnosticism being a distinctive faith, I have already shown that it cannot possibly be anything of the kind; unless perfect faith

* *Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1889.

in logic is distinctive of agnostics, which, after all, it may be.

Agnosticism as a religious philosophy *per se* rests on an almost total ignoring of history and social evolution. (P. 152.)

But neither *per se* nor *per aliud* has agnosticism (if I know anything about it) the least pretension to be a religious philosophy; so far from resting on ignorance of history, and that social evolution of which history is the account, it is and has been the inevitable result of the strict adherence to scientific methods by historical investigators. Our forefathers were quite confident about the existence of Romulus and Remus, of King Arthur, and of Hengst and Horsa. Most of us have become agnostics in regard to the reality of these worthies. It is a matter of notoriety, of which Mr. Harrison, who accuses us all so freely of ignoring history, should not be ignorant, that the critical process which has shattered the foundations of orthodox Christian doctrine owes its origin, not to the devotees of physical science, but, before all, to Richard Simon, the learned French Oratorian, just two hundred years ago. I cannot find evidence that either Simon, or any one of the great scholars and critics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who have continued Simon's work, had any particular acquaintance with physical science. I have already pointed out that Hume was independent of it. And certainly one of the most potent influences in the same direction, upon history in the present century, that of Grote, did not come from the physical side. Physical science, in fact, has had nothing directly to do with the criticism of the Gospels; it is wholly incompetent to furnish demonstrative evidence that any statement made in these histories is untrue. Indeed, modern physiology can find parallels in nature for events of apparently the most eminently supernatural kind recounted in some of those histories.

It is a comfort to hear, upon Mr. Harrison's authority, that the laws of physical nature show no signs of becoming "less definite, less consistent, or less popular as time goes on" (p. 154). How a law of nature is to become indefinite, or "inconsistent," passes my poor powers of imagination. But with uni-

versal suffrage and the coach-dog theory of Premiership in full view; the theory, I mean, that the whole duty of a political chief is to look sharp for the way the social coach is driving, and then run in front and bark loud—as if being the leading noise-maker and guiding were the same things—it is truly satisfactory to me to know that the laws of nature are increasing in popularity. Looking at recent developments of the policy which is said to express the great heart of the people, I have had my doubts of the fact; and my love for my fellow-countrymen has led me to reflect with dread on what will happen to them, if any of the laws of nature ever become so unpopular in their eyes as to be voted down by the transcendent authority of universal suffrage. If the legion of demons, before they set out on their journey in the swine, had had time to hold a meeting and to resolve unanimously, "That the law of gravitation is oppressive and ought to be repealed," I am afraid it would have made no sort of difference to the result, when their two thousand unwilling porters were once launched down the steep slopes of the fatal shore of Gennesaret.

The question of the place of religion as an element of human nature, as a force of human society, its origin, analysis, and functions, has never been considered at all from an agnostic point of view. (P. 152.)

I doubt not that Mr. Harrison knows vastly more about history than I do; in fact, he tells the public that some of my friends and I have had no opportunity of occupying ourselves with that subject. I do not like to contradict any statement which Mr. Harrison makes on his own authority; only, if I may be true to my agnostic principles, I humbly ask how he has obtained assurance on this head. I do not profess to know anything about the range of Mr. Harrison's studies; but as he has thought it fitting to start the subject, I may venture to point out that, on the evidence adduced, it might be equally permissible to draw the conclusion that Mr. Harrison's absorbing labors as the *pontifex maximus* of the positivist religion have not allowed him to acquire that acquaintance with the methods and results of physical science, or with the history of philosophy, or of philological and his-

torical criticism, which is essential to any one who desires to obtain a right understanding of agnosticism. Incompetence in philosophy, and in all branches of science except mathematics, is the well-known mental characteristic of the founder of Positivism. Faithfulness in disciples is an admirable quality in itself; the pity is that it not unfrequently leads to the imitation of the weaknesses as well as of the strength of the master. It is only such over-faithfulness which can account for a "strong mind really saturated with the historical sense" (p. 153) exhibiting the extraordinary forgetfulness of the historical fact of the existence of David Hume implied by the assertion that

it would be difficult to name a single known agnostic who has given to history anything like the amount of thought and study which he brings to a knowledge of the physical world. (P. 153.)

Whoso calls to mind what I may venture to term the bright side of Christianity; that ideal of manhood, with its strength and its patience; its justice and its pity for human frailty; its helpfulness, to the extremity of self-sacrifice; its ethical purity and nobility; which apostles have pictured, in which armies of martyrs have placed their unshakable faith, and whence obscure men and women, like Catherine of Sienna and John Knox, have derived the courage to rebuke popes and kings, is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history, or to doubt that if that faith should prove to be incompatible with our knowledge, or necessary want of knowledge, some other hypostasis of men's hopes, genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it, will arise. But that the incongruous mixture of bad science with eviscerated papistry, out of which Comte manufactured the positivist religion, will be the heir of the Christian ages, I have too much respect for the humanity of the future to believe. Charles the Second told his brother, "They will not kill me, James, to make you king." And if critical science is remorselessly destroying the historical foundations of the noblest ideal of humanity which mankind have yet worshipped, it is little likely to permit the pitiful reality to climb into the vacant shrine.

That a man should determine to devote himself to the service of humanity—including intellectual and moral self-culture under that name; that this should be, in the proper sense of the word, his religion—is not only an intelligible, but, I think, a laudable resolution. And I am greatly disposed to believe that it is the only religion which will prove itself to be unassailably acceptable so long as the human race endures. But when the positivist asks me to worship "Humanity"—that is to say, to adore the generalized conception of men as they ever have been and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a "wilderness of apes." Surely we are not going back to the days of paganism, when individual men were deified, and the hard good sense of a dying Vespasian could prompt the bitter jest, "Ut puto Deus fio." No divinity doth hedge a modern man, be he even a sovereign ruler. Nor is there any one, except a municipal magistrate, who is officially declared worshipful. But if there is no spark of worship-worthy divinity in the individual twigs of humanity, whence comes that godlike splendor which the Moses of positivism fondly imagines to pervade the whole bush?

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first

try to get him to move on ; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet farther. And the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

That one should rejoice in the good man ; forgive the bad man ; and pity and help all men to the best of one's ability, is surely indisputable. It is the glory of Judaism and of Christianity to have proclaimed this truth, through all their aberrations. But the worship of a God who needs forgiveness and help, and deserves pity every hour of his existence, is no better than that of any other voluntarily selected fetish. The Emperor Julian's project was hopeful, in comparison with the prospects of the new Anthropolatry.

When the historian of religion in the twentieth century is writing about the nineteenth, I foresee he will say something of this kind :

The most curious and instructive events in the religious history of the preceding century are the rise and progress of two new sects, called Mormons and Positivists. To the student who has carefully considered these remarkable phenomena nothing in the records of religious self-delusion can appear improbable.

The Mormons arose in the midst of the great Republic, which, though comparatively insignificant, at that time, in territory as in the number of its citizens, was (as we know from the fragments of the speeches of its orators which have come down to us) no less remarkable for the native intelligence of its population, than for the wide extent of their information, owing to the activity of their publishers in diffusing all that they could invent, beg, borrow, or steal. Nor were they less noted for their perfect freedom from all restraints in thought or speech or deed ; except, to be sure, the beneficent and wise influence of the majority exerted, in case of need, through an institution known as " tarring and feathering," the exact nature of which is now disputed.

There is a complete consensus of testi-

mony that the founder of Mormonism, one Joseph Smith, was a low-minded, ignorant scamp, and that he stole the " Scriptures " which he propounded ; not being clever enough to forge even such contemptible stuff as they contain. Nevertheless he must have been a man of some force of character, for a considerable number of disciples soon gathered about him. In spite of repeated outbursts of popular hatred and violence—during one of which persecutions, Smith was brutally murdered—the Mormon body steadily increased, and became a flourishing community. But the Mormon practices being objectionable to the majority, they were, more than once, without any pretence of law, but by force of riot, arson, and murder, driven away from the land they had occupied. Harried by these persecutions, the Mormon body eventually committed itself to the tender mercies of a desert as barren as that of Sinai ; and, after terrible sufferings and privations, reached the oasis of Utah. Here it grew and flourished, sending out missionaries to, and receiving converts from, all parts of Europe, sometimes to the number of 10,000 in a year ; until in 1880, the rich and flourishing community numbered 110,000 souls in Utah alone, while there were probably 30,000 or 40,000 scattered abroad elsewhere. In the whole history of religions there is no more remarkable example of the power of faith ; and, in this case, the founder of that faith was indubitably a most despicable creature. It is interesting to observe that the course taken by the great Republic and its citizens runs exactly parallel with that taken by the Roman Empire and its citizens toward the early Christians, except that the Romans had a certain legal excuse for their acts of violence, inasmuch as the Christian " sodalities " were not licensed, and consequently were, *ipso facto*, illegal assemblages. Until, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the United States legislature decreed the illegality of polygamy, the Mormons were wholly within the law.

Nothing can present a greater contrast to all this than the history of the Positivists. This sect arose much about the same time as that of the Mormons, in the upper and most instructed stratum

um of the quick-witted, sceptical population of Paris. The founder, Auguste Comte, was a teacher of mathematics, but of no eminence in that department of knowledge, and with nothing but an amateur's acquaintance with physical, chemical, and biological science. His works are repulsive on account of the dull diffuseness of their style, and a certain air, as of a superior person, which characterizes them; but nevertheless they contain good things here and there. It would take too much space to reproduce in detail a system which proposes to regulate all human life by the promulgation of a gentile Leviticus. Suffice it to say that M. Comte may be described as a syncretic, who, like the Gnostics of early Church history, attempted to combine the substance of imperfectly comprehended contemporary science with the form of Roman Christianity. It may be that this is the reason why his disciples were so very angry with some obscure people called Agnostics, whose views, if we may judge by the accounts left in the works of a great Positivist controversial writer, were very absurd.

To put the matter briefly, M. Comte, finding Christianity and Science at daggers drawn, seems to have said to Science, "You find Christianity rotten at the core, do you? Well, I will scoop out the inside of it." And to Romanism: "You find Science mere dry light—cold and bare. Well, I will put your shell over it, and so, as schoolboys make a spectre out of a turnip and a tallow candle, behold the new religion of Humanity complete!"

Unfortunately neither the Romanists nor the people who were something more than amateurs in science, could be got to worship M. Comte's new idol properly. In the native country of Positivism, one distinguished man of letters and one of science, for a time, helped to make up a roomful of the faithful, but their love soon grew cold. In England, on the other hand, there appears to be little doubt that, in the ninth decade of the century, the multitude of disciples reached the grand total of several score. They had the advantage of the advocacy of one or two most eloquent and learned apostles, and, at any rate, the sympathy of several persons of light and leading—and, if they were not seen, they were heard all over the world. On the other hand, as a sect, they labored under the prodigious disadvantage of being refined, estimable people, living in the midst of the worn-out civilization of the old world; where any one who had tried to persecute them, as the Mormons were persecuted, would have been instantly hanged. But the majority never dreamed of persecuting them; on the contrary they were rather given to scold, and otherwise try the patience of, the majority.

The history of these sects in the closing years of the century is highly instructive. Mormonism . . .

But I find I have suddenly slipped off Mr. Harrison's tripod, which I had borrowed for the occasion. The fact is, I am not equal to the prophetic business, and ought not to have undertaken it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE VILLAGE GARDEN.

To E. M. S.

BY AMY LEVY.

HERE, where your garden fenced about and still is,
Here, where the unmoved summer air is sweet
With mixed delight of lavender and lilies,
Dreaming I linger in the noontide heat.

Of many summers are the trees recorders,
The turf a carpet many summers wove;
Old-fashioned blossoms cluster in the borders,
Love-in-a-mist and crimson-hearted clove.

All breathes of peace and sunshine in the present,
 All tells of bygone peace and bygone sun,
 Of fruitful years accomplished, budding, crescent,
 Of gentle seasons passing one by one.

Fain would I bide, but ever in the distance
 A ceaseless voice is sounding clear and low ;—
 The city calls me with her old persistence
 The city calls me—I arise and go.

Of gentler souls this fragrant peace is guerdon ;
 For me, the roar and hurry of the town,
 Wherein more lightly seems to press the burden
 Of individual life that weighs me down.

I leave your garden to the happier comers
 For whom its silent sweets are anodyne.
 Shall I return ? Who knows, in other summers
 The peace my spirit longs for may be mine ?

—*Spectator.*

A CASK OF HONEY WITH A SPOONFUL OF TAR.

BY MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

THIS is a homely saying in Russia, meaning that sometimes a small part spoils the whole. The expression involuntarily occurs to my mind in perusing Mr. Stead's "Truth about Russia"—a book in which the "Honey," which certainly preponderates, is soured by, I regret to say, even more than one spoonful of "Tar." I refer to that section which bears the burlesque title of "The Shadow on the Throne." What the author designates by this is neither more nor less than fidelity to Orthodoxy, and therefore, from a Russian point of view, anything but a "shadow." Against the infusion of this "Tar" I must ventilate my indignation, but, before doing so, permit me, after the manner of some journalists, to make a slight digression.

Some time ago, before the House of Commons so lamentably broke down and Parliamentary institutions lost their flavor, the favorite hobby of the benevolent English missionary in Russia was Constitutionalism. To-day that hobby is discarded, and there are few or none who now recommend a Parliament at St. Petersburg as a panacea for all our troubles, real or imaginary. But as an amiable Englishman is never happy unless recommending a patent remedy

for his neighbor's ills, we are now presented with a new specific from his moral pharmacopœia.

Our Constitution is let alone, all attention being now concentrated upon our souls. And because we show as little respect for dilettante propagandists of religions as for constitutional quackeries, we excite a storm of indignation and protest. Could nothing be done, I wonder, to cure our kind-hearted advisers of this pedagogic mania ? This is actually becoming morbid ! When modesty fails, a sense of the ridiculous should surely save them from an attitude of arrogant superiority. Like the Chinese, they imagine themselves to possess a monopoly of wisdom and civilization, and actually regard as benighted everybody born under another sky.

"Charcot, Charcot ! Pray come over here and establish an English branch of your far-famed Salpêtrière !"

Russia tolerates all religions and prosecutes at law only sects who propagate immoral and criminal doctrines, which would not be permitted, in fact, in any part of the world where Christian morality is accepted as the basis of legislation.

Russia established perfect religious liberty long before many of her civilized

neighbors. It was a saying of Peter the Great that "God has given the Tzar power over the nations, but Christ alone has power over the consciences of men." No difference of religious convictions has been allowed in Russia to stand in the way of promotion to the highest posts—although in Liberal England it was, until recently, a bar even to representation in the Legislature. The Count Loris Melikoff, who, a few years ago, occupied the position almost of a dictator, was an Armenian by nationality and religion. Many of our highest posts are held by Lutherans, and there are Mahomedan aides-de-camp to his Majesty the Emperor. I need hardly recall the fact, well known in England, that Count Nesselrode, Prince Gortchakoff's predecessor at our Foreign Office, was a member of the English Church.

In England and in America, where the Christian faith is "splattered" into a hundred sects, it may be not only possible but necessary to allow liberty of religious competition, or propagandism. The sporting propensity of those countries discloses itself even in the field of religion!

With us it is not so. Our Church prays daily for the unity of all the Churches. That unity of our Church has always been the real power of Russia—a fact which finds recognition in the popular title of "Holy Russia," while England is designated as "Merry" and Italy as "La Bella." Certain facts are deeply rooted and permeate our very nature. We consider every schism a plague, whose infection has to be stamped out. We have no hankering, I assure you, after the ideal of possessing as many creeds as there are signposts; nor do we care to replace the majestic fabric of our National Church by a "Macédoine" of contending sects. Schism may be a virtue in the eyes of a Nonconformist. As for us, we are content with one absolute Truth, based on the Gospels, and explained by the seven Œcumenical Councils. Schisms, far from being commended by the Gospels, are even deplored as positive sins by Saint Paul. Mr. Stead remarked to Mr. Pobédonostzeff, in my presence: "It seems that even the Apostles would be banished from Russia, if they came to preach there." To which, with his

usual kind earnestness, the Procurator of the Holy Synod replied: "But this, which we possess, *is* their doctrine; the Apostles could only come to strengthen our faith, not to shake it."

Nor is it only from the religious standpoint that we reject proselytizing. Russia is primarily a Church, not a State. The only constitution to which our Emperors have to subscribe at their coronation is the Nicene Creed. "Holy Russia" is a theocratic State, which exists, first of all, to defend the Church—that soul of Russia. Before even the duty of defending the frontier from invasion of hostile armies, is the duty of defending the Orthodox faith from the assaults of sects and heresies. The Nihilists, who have much method in their madness, in order to destroy the unity of the State, first endeavored to attack the unity of the Church. In this starting-point the Pashkoffzy and the Nihilists unite! But we cannot allow the cement which binds together our mighty empire to be dissolved by a propaganda of iconoclasts, whether political or religious.

Hence, while we permit every man to practice freely in Russia whatever creed he professes, we cannot permit attempts to pervert others from the Orthodox faith.

In Russia you may be Protestant, Catholic, or Mahomedan. You may practice your rites and worship God in your own way, and also bring up your children in your own creed; but in mixed marriages, with a Greek Orthodox, the law of the country insists that the children shall belong to the established faith. Besides, you must keep your hands off other people's creeds and other people's children. "Hands off," is our motto in religious affairs as well as in Balkan politics. "Hands off" all round. Leave us alone, and we leave you alone. Those who go to heaven need no English passport for the better world—that, at least, is not yet annexed to the British Empire.

Nowadays every quack soul-saver thinks himself entitled to pervert our simple-minded peasants, by filling their hearts with all kinds of nonsense, in the name of religious liberty. Now, why should there be more liberty given to spiritual quacks than to medical quacks?

No doctor can practice, even in Free-thinking France, without a diploma, duly certifying the possession of a certain indispensable minimum of knowledge. But in dealing with souls it seems as if every ignoramus, every silly self-appointed apostle, were good enough for the work. Such a view is not in accordance with our ideas, and no shrieks of outraged Salvationists will prevent us from kindly but firmly escorting all such meddling busybodies to the frontier. Imagine a splendid hall, brilliantly illuminated with numerous electric lamps. Suddenly a grotesque tatterdemalion rushes in with a small tallow candle, which he insists is far superior to the electric installation ! Surely, it will be his own fault if he is summarily shown the door.

Mr. Stead, I fear, only too eagerly accepted all sorts of canards about the persecution of some adherents of Lord Radstock—or rather, of Lord Radstock's *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Pashkoff. But, by carefully reading Mr. Stead's own melodramatic narrative, it is easy to see that the Hiltons, for instance, who had to leave Russia, obstinately refused to submit to the law of the land. In London all shops, except, I believe, the liquor saloons, have to be closed on Sundays. Such is the law, and I should like to see what would happen to any foreigner daring to violate it ? The importance of our numerous holidays, against which Mr. Hilton protested, may be ignored, or misunderstood. M. Drumont, in his remarkable book, "*La Fin d'un Monde*," explains the generous and compassionate object of the frequent holy-days in the Catholic world. At all events, rightly or wrongly, people have to observe them ; and the fact that Mr. Stead and other persons disapprove of that way of giving extra rest to children and the working classes, in no way exculpates Mr. Hilton. It is somewhat amusing to have to insist, to English readers, upon the absolute necessity of obedience to the law ! After all, people may flourish and be happy away from Russia. Foreigners who deplore their banishment from our country, certainly pay us a compliment !

The accusation of persecution reminds me of the well-known definition of the lion : "The lion is a beast of uncon-

trollable savagery. He will always defend himself—when attacked." What is called persecution is only self-defence. We do not carry our propaganda to other Christian countries. As any form of Christianity is better than heathenism, there is plenty of room for useful propaganda elsewhere. To unprejudiced minds the link between our Church and our people is indissoluble, because it satisfies all our spiritual needs. In illustration of this an intelligent and sympathetic observer has written in the *Guardian* and in the *Church Review* some very interesting descriptions of our Kieff festivities last August. He says :

"The monastery court in the moonlight presented a most impressive spectacle. In every part of the vast space there were dense masses of pilgrims who were unable to find room in the church, some joining in the service from outside, others lying all about, on the pavement and grass, taking their night's rest. Many of these pilgrims had come from Siberia, and even from the shores of the Pacific, the whole way on foot, to pass a fortnight at this great centre of Russian Christianity ; and when one comes to consider that it is quite a common thing for there to be 200,000 pilgrims in the year at this monastery alone, one begins to have some faint notion of the hold which the Orthodox Church has upon the Russian people."

Besides, Mr. Stead has been betrayed into another important mistake. "Bible-reading at home" is never prohibited in Russia. The truth is, that the Bible-readers he alludes to are those who *invariably* meddle in anti-Orthodox propaganda. They are all opposed to our holy Sacraments, either superseding them by shams or suppressing them altogether. They reject entirely the guidance of the Church, and bring ridicule upon Christ's Apostles by arrogating to themselves apostolic self-appointed functions. They also reject one of the most consoling practices—prayers for the dead—which even some Anglican clergymen advocate. Besides, religious propaganda in Russia has been used by the Nihilists, who, under a Bible cover, have been known to disseminate anarchical proclamations. All these things have to be weighed and considered by the authorities, as Mr. Stead admits, without, however, revealing the secret (which he no doubt possesses) of how they are to be counteracted.

Even in England to-day, have not

people been put in jail for publishing blasphemous caricatures? But there are many meanings of the word "blasphemy." We are consistent in objecting to all that impairs the unity of our faith. But why should England, which boasts of having no unity of creed, persecute her Freethinkers?

It is most unfortunate that Mr. Stead's book, in other respects so excellent and useful, should be disfigured by this inaccurate chapter, which, instead of proving a "Shadow on the Throne," is but a blot upon his own page. What evil genius entrapped him I cannot imagine. How deplorable the contrast between his beautiful and touching description of Easter Eve at St. Isaac's, on the very day of his arrival in Russia, and his flip-pant attack, written during the last week of his stay among us, upon the so-called persecution of the Pashkoffzy! Surely he must feel himself rebuked by his own words, if after having exhausted his rhetoric in assailing the Greek Orthodox Church he were to read again his meditation in St. Isaac's.

"This Church," says he, "has at least taught the Russians how to die. It has made itself for centuries the most vital reality, the most living force in all these Eastern lands. . . . If this be difficult to understand, if it be strange for us Westerns to comprehend this religion . . . it is no marvel. Think you, who have not even learned to decipher the Cyrillian alphabet so as to read the names of the stations and of the streets, that it is easier to penetrate at the first careless glance into the secret mysteries of the inner arcanum of the national life?"

Without doubt Mr. Stead has the gift of a sympathetic imagination, but it unfortunately fails him exactly when he needs it most; as, for instance, when he attempts to appreciate the difficulties of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. For the Greek Orthodox Church he has not only no sympathy, but not even an elementary sense of fair-play. To compare the Russia of to-day with the Spain of the Middle Ages is as absurd as to liken the kind and humane Mr. Pobédonostzeff to Diocletian, or Torquemada, as is done with such strange persistency. This is not only foolish, but it is nonsense, which, to quote Mr. Stead's phrase, "grates horribly upon our civilized ears." After applying a variety of such epithets to Mr. Pobédonostzeff,

we are naively assured: "Far be it from me to speak evil of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. By almost universal repute, he is a good and honest man. He is a lawyer of integrity and erudition, he is an omnivorous reader, and he is a faithful son of the Greek Orthodox Church."

I notice in other places also this strange method of attack in one breath and eulogy in the next. But let us now pass on to pleasanter topics. We have had enough of the "Tar," let us enjoy a little of the "Honey."

For the past eleven years Mr. Stead, of all living English journalists, has written most constantly and consistently in favor of my country. With courageous tenacity he has combated ignorant prejudice, and striven to create an *entente cordiale* between England and Russia in place of the senseless antagonism which has so long prevailed.

Perhaps one of the most important services which this volume will render to that cause is by the flood of light shed upon the personality of our Emperor. Few Englishmen have ever appreciated the strength and dignity of his Majesty's character so well as has Mr. Stead in his chapters on "The Peace-maker of Europe" and "The Tzar Tribune." Europe can now see our Emperor as we know him:

"The Emperor Alexander the Third is, in many respects, a model autocrat in disposition, and in ideal. He has two great qualifications for the discharge of the difficult duties of his post—steadiness and courage. He is emphatically not a flighty man. He is sober, sensible, and sedate. He is not rash nor precipitate. He is slow in forming a resolution, but when he has mastered a subject, and has the facts at his command, his decision is made once for all. His one anxiety is to do right, and when he has come to a conclusion that a certain course is right, he adopts it without the slightest hesitation. He acts regardless of danger. 'Our Emperor,' said one who knows him well, 'is somewhat of an *enfant terrible*. When he sees what he thinks he ought to do, he goes to his object like a bullet from a gun. He does not ask what is in the way. Public opinion, censure of the press, all these things are nothing to him more than the croaking of frogs in the pond. Pressure, as you understand it, will never make him swerve a hair's-breadth from his course. If you want him to change, you must not bring pressure to bear; you must persuade him. Once convince him that anything is right and he will do it. Otherwise he will not—no, not though all the voices in Europe, in the world, were denouncing him.'"

The section headed "Peace or War" can only evoke in Russian hearts the most sincere response. The appeals Mr. Stead makes, over and over again, for a better understanding between the two countries are worthy of a true statesman and Christian, and it is certainly not on our side that difficulties in that direction will arise. These chapters also show that it was not Russia alone who had cause for rejoicing at the miraculous escape of our Emperor from the terrible railway accident at Borki.

Apart from the political side, there is much that is interesting in the chapters which deal with the material progress of Russia. Mr. Stead had access to all the best authorities from the Minister of Finance downward, and he has given us a series of striking pictures of our commercial development. It was a great pity he could not avail himself of the facilities which were most kindly offered him to go to Samarkand. But he gives a better account of our Central Asian Railway than some who have travelled over it, having been furnished with all the plans and explanations by one of our principal engineers, Mr. Mestchérine.

Still more interesting is his account of Captain Wiggins' heroic attempt to enter Siberia through the Frozen Sea. Even a less practised writer than Mr. Stead could hardly fail to be interesting when describing that remarkable man. No wonder Captain Wiggins captivated so many people in Russia—he is so simple, so true, so self-sacrificing, as are only men of real genius! If he succeeds in opening up a trade-route to our Siberian corn and gold fields by the sea he will have conferred upon the world generally, and upon Russia in particular, a benefit of incalculable value. Captain Wiggins and his enterprise might really become a new tie between the two Empires. Sir Robert Morier, always so energetic and so intelligently devoted to everything that promotes the real interests of peace and civilization, has said so much about Captain Wiggins, both in the Blue-Books and in general conversation, that I need only add that all who know that Columbus of our days cannot help trusting and sympathizing with his grand scheme. Sir Robert Morier has in no way overstated the case, and he

gave a hostage to its fortunes in the person of his young and only son, Mr. Victor Morier, who not only sailed to Siberia with Captain Wiggins, but is quite eager to join the great sailor again next year. It is a great satisfaction indeed to have in an English ambassador a man who takes the trouble to study and understand his facts. He is a type of the grand old school of the time when patriotism supported lofty and great ideals.

But to return to my subject: Mr. Stead's book, although somewhat fragmentary, is vividly descriptive of the important topics of the day in Russia: the Emperor and the peasant, the patriot statesman and the half-cracked mystic, the great modern enterprise of the Central Asian Railway and the primitive country life in the province of Toula.

As I read, I can almost hear Count Ignatieff relating his experiences at Constantinople, and see Count Leo Tolstoy's bewildered face when he was triumphantly pointing out the old pilgrim-woman, whose notions about the Trinity seemed in such sad confusion. Pity he was not more explicit himself upon that question! It would have been amusing to add a description of poor Countess Tolstoy recopying six times running her husband's six large volumes of "Peace and War!" Mystics, à la Count Tolstoy, are evidently pitiless husbands in private life. This was certainly a practical application of his sublime doctrine: "Resist no evil!"

What Mr. Stead sees with his own eyes can be unhesitatingly trusted. It is only when he relies upon what others tell him that I part company. The description of the Russian prisons he has visited himself is, I am sure, accurate. No less accurate is certainly all that we know from Captain Wiggins of the life led by the exiles in Siberia, and from an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lansdell, in his instructive work, "Through Siberia." I happen to know that Mr. Lansdell, at all events, not only saw the prisons, but was allowed to converse with the prisoners, and to inspect the official prison-registers.

It would have been better had Mr. Stead relied upon such testimony, in-

stead of upon that of an obscure individual, who, in order to work up his readers to agony point, added sensational pictures to his melodramatic narrative, in the evident desire to attain notoriety by these unenviable means.

But admitting, as we are quite ready to do, that the reproach of overcrowding in our prisons is partly deserved, if it can be shown—as I have endeavored to show in recent letters to the *Times*—that we recognize the evil and are doing our best to remedy it, what more can be asked? In many parts of our empire at the present moment prisons are being improved and rebuilt. Mr. Galkin Vratsky, the Chief Director of our prisons—who is the right man in the right place—is pushing forward this good work as rapidly as the many other equally pressing schemes of reform permit. As a remedy for overcrowding, it was suggested to me the other day by a clever English friend, that by adopting the English method of hanging all our murderers, we might easily make more room in our prisons! But this, I repeat, would be too dreadful to us. Executions in Russia are, thank God, very rare, and are resorted to only in extreme cases. Upon that I insist.

Sometimes Mr. Stead makes such a grotesque bound into the unexpected that it simply takes away one's breath. To suggest, for instance, that our Emperor should be at the head of a newspaper—is really too severe a task upon our risible faculties! When our Tzars speak to their people, they do so from the height of the Kremlin or from their throne. They concentrate the attention of millions of men, animated with devotion and trust. As for journalists, when they speak But this is no business of mine!

Mr. Stead understands Count Ignatieff's position much better. Here, for the first time, we have our ablest statesman and diplomatist presented to the Western world in his true light. The Count is now President of the Slavonic Benevolent Society, whose members are generally designated abroad by the mistaken name of "Panslavists." Here is a passage about the "Panslavists" which English Russophobes should attentively read:—

"Austria and Turkey are the two great generators of Panslavonic enthusiasm. The worse Austria treats the Slavs, the more terrible will be the picture which will be drawn by the avenging Slavonic idea. What the Slavonic enthusiasts hope for is exactly the same as that for which English enthusiasts long when they talk of the union of the English-speaking peoples. We do not dream of conquering the United States, or of compelling every English settlement to obey the laws of the House of Commons. All that we hope for is that in all the world's broad surface no English-speaking race shall be dominated over and oppressed by any other race, and that all differences between the various English families shall be adjusted by arbitration rather than by war, and that there should be a general league or brotherly union for defensive purposes, whereby all English-speaking men should make common cause against any one who attempts to crush the weakest member of the fraternal league. That is our ideal. It is also the ideal of the Slavonic Society—a society to which, if they were Russians, most Englishmen would of course belong. So far from regarding the Slavonic Society with alarm, it seems to me that the only reason for regret is that an association with aims so legitimate and so inspiring should not receive much more general support in all classes than is actually the case. According to English ideas, the Emperor would be the natural patron of such an association, just as the Queen is the natural patron of our Anti-Slavery Society. Slavery is a domestic institution of many of her Majesty's neighbors, just as the oppression of Slavs is practised by some of his Imperial Majesty's imperial allies. But to a Russian Sovereign the oppression of Slavs can no more be regarded as a normal and natural and permanent condition of things than the institution of slavery can be so regarded by our Queen."

How simple it seems, and how clear! Why should such obvious truths be almost always overlooked?

I have left myself but little space to speak of what, to the purely literary reader, will be the most fascinating part of the book—of Count Leo Tolstoy as a novelist. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of his last essays, pays us the compliment of saying that Russian novelists "hold the field." At the front of these stands unquestionably the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Mr. Stead gives a very artistic sketch of that gifted man.

But, alas! alas! what a dense November fog we are led into when Tolstoy ceases to be a novelist, and assumes the garb of a theologian or a philosopher! How arrogant, how conceited, how didactic he then becomes! Funnily

enough, it is precisely by that fog that Mr. Stead was most attracted. How these two came to understand each other it is not in my power to explain, except

that both are united by one strong link : both, unfortunately, imagine that they are blessed with the same gift—of infallibility !—*Contemporary Review*.

HOPES AND FEARS FOR LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

WHITHER is literature tending ? Our weather prophets, who announce the arrival of storms and calms, with all the advantages of telegraphic stations from Haparanda to Lisbon, do not venture to predict what a month or a year will bring forth. They are well pleased if they can foretell the temper of a day ; and it sometimes happens that the gale promised for Wednesday has got lost on Tuesday amid the Atlantic, or the expected sunshine travelling from Spain refuses in a sulk to cross the narrow seas from Calais to Dover. The science of spiritual meteorology has not yet found its Dalton or its Humboldt ; the law of the tides of the soul has not yet been expressed in a formula. Rather the problems have increased in complexity and become more difficult of solution, as the forces of humanity have grown in energy and expanded in range, as they have differentiated themselves into new forms and advanced in the rapidity of their interaction.

In an article on "Victorian Literature" published in this Review, I spoke of the literature of our time as being that of a period of spiritual and social revolution, a revolution not the less real or important because it is being conducted without violence. And of the forces effecting this revolution, I spoke of democracy and science as among the most potent. Upon these forces we can certainly reckon ; but when we ask the question, How are they related to literature ? the answer is neither prompt nor sure.

Men of letters reply as might be expected from the members of an intellectual ruling class, possessed by the fear of change. We all remember how Tocqueville long since described the levelling tendency of a democratic age and the tyranny of the majority : "In America the majority draws a formidable circle around thought. Within the

determined limits a writer is free ; but woe to him if he should pass beyond them." Tocqueville's tone of discouragement is echoed by M. Scherer, who does not hesitate to assert that democracy is forever doomed and devoted to mediocrity : "The general level rises with democracy ; the average of comfort, of knowledge, perhaps even of morality, is higher ; on the other hand, and by a parallel movement, all that is superior is lowered, and the average of which I speak is the result of the lowering of the minority as well as of the elevation of the masses." M. Renan employs his exquisite literary skill to press home the indictment. In the French Revolution, he tells us, lay a germ of evil which was to introduce the reign of mediocrity and feebleness, the extinction of every great initiative ; a seeming prosperity, but a prosperity the conditions of which are self-destructive. And M. Paul Bourget, representing a younger generation of men of letters, in a volume of *Studies* published within the last few months, speaks of modern society as little favorable to the development of very intense or very vigorous personalities—"pareille sur ce point à toutes les sociétés démocratiques." These witnesses are summoned from the most democratic nation of Europe. To their testimony we may add the word of an eminent thinker of our own country, Sir Henry Maine. A very wide suffrage, he took pains to assure us, cannot fail to produce a mischievous form of intellectual conservatism. It would certainly have prohibited the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the threshing-machine ; it would have prevented the adoption of the Gregorian calendar ; it would have proscribed the Roman Catholics ; it would have proscribed the Dissenters ; it would have restored the Stuarts.

All this sounds of dreadful omen for

the future ; but is all this true ? Are new inventions prohibited in the United States ? Has Mr. Edison's house been destroyed by the mob ? Is diversity of religious opinions a thing unknown in democratic America or democratic France or democratic England ? Have the writings of Mr. Frederic Harrison been burned by the common hangman ? Has the author of the *Vie de Jésus* failed to find an audience ?

If democracy means anything it means a career open to all talents ; it means, therefore, a great addition to the stock of vigorous characters and the play of individual minds. The peasant of the feudal period, with rare exceptions, remained of necessity a peasant to the end of his days ; his little environment of a few square miles furnished all the ideas that exercised his slow-stirring brain. Had Lincoln been a rail-splitter in mediæval England he would probably have split rails faithfully and well from boyhood to old age. Had Richard Arkwright practised the barber's art six hundred years ago he would have been enrolled in the guild of Preston barbers, and there would certainly have been no spinning-frame for Sir Henry Maine's stupid democracy to destroy ; had his genius shown itself in the invention of an improved shaving-machine, its use would not improbably have been forbidden by the jealousy of the guild. The fact is that if the predominant power of a few great minds is diminished in a democracy, it is because, together with such minds, a thousand others are at work contributing to the total result. Instead of a few great captains cased in armor or clothed in minever wielding the affairs of State and Church, we have many vigorous captains of industry, captains of science, captains of education, captains of charity and social reform. It is surely for the advantage of the most eminent minds that they should be surrounded by men of energy and intellect who belong neither to the class of hero-worshippers nor to the class of *valets de chambre*.

The truth seems to be that with an increased population and the multiplicity of interests and influences at play on men, we may expect a greater diversity of mental types in the future than could be found at any period in the

past. The supposed uniformity of society in a democratic age is apparent, not real ; artificial distinctions are replaced by natural differences ; and within the one great community exists a vast number of smaller communities, each having its special intellectual and moral characteristics. In the few essentials of social order the majority rightly has its way, but within certain broad bounds, which are fixed, there remains ample scope for the action of a multitude of various minorities. Every thinker may find a hearing from a company of men sufficiently large to give him sympathy and encouragement. The artist who pursues ideal beauty and the artist who studies the naked brutalities of life has each a following of his own. The sculptor who carves a cherry-stone draws to himself the admirers of such delicate workmanship ; he who achieves a colossus is applauded by those who prefer audacity of design. When the court gave its tone to literature there might have been a danger of uniformity in letters ; when literature was written for "the town" its type might be in some measure determined ; but the literature of a great people, made up of ploughmen and sailors, shopkeepers and artists, mechanics and *dilettanti*, priests and lawyers, will be as various as are the groups of men who seek in books for knowledge, recreation, or delight.

Let us not imagine that any form of government or any arrangements of society will produce men of genius. When they happen to be born men of genius play their part in the world, but of their coming we can still say no more than that the wind bloweth where it listeth. We have fallen into an idle way of speaking of a poet or an artist as if he were a product of his age ; philosophers have provided us with a formula—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment—by which to explain his nature and origin. And so we cheat ourselves with theories and with words. We may, however, reasonably hope that from a population of thirty millions, more brains of superior size and quality will come into the world than from a population of ten millions, or twenty. And undoubtedly the chance that such brains will be developed and matured is better among a people educated and intellectually alive than among

a people ignorant and lethargic. Here surely are some unquestionable facts to set against the desponding phrases of men of letters who talk of democracy as devoted to mediocrity, and foredoomed to intellectual sterility.

But if there be just grounds for hope, there are also certain dangers which must needs cause apprehension. At a time when vast multitudes of imperfectly educated readers make their demands for instruction and amusement, there is danger that the merely utilitarian or the merely commercial view of literature may prevail. Talents and energy are indeed well employed in making knowledge easily accessible to a great population. When an eminent scholar produces his handbook or primer, which circulates by tens of thousands, we can have no feeling but one of gratitude and gladness. It is well that, by skilful engineering, an abundant supply of good water should be brought to our crowded cities from lake or river, and that every house should have its tap. The projector of a popular series of useful books deserves his reward as a successful engineer in the province of science or literature; he must surely be a busy, intelligent, and active man. But what were all his engineering works without the river or the lake? There, in solitary spaces of the hills, far from the stir and smoke, amid the dews and mists, under the lonely blue by day and the stars and winds by night, the streams have collected which descend as a blessing to the city and the plain.

"Child of the clouds, remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste."

'These useless places on the heights, where no plough is driven and no harvest waves, enrich the life of man no less than do the richest fields of corn or vine.

Without assuming the airs of the "superior person," we cannot but note in our newspapers and the humbler periodicals of the day some effects not altogether admirable of the democratizing of literature. We enter a railway carriage; every one is reading, and the chances are that every one is filling the vacancy of his mind with something little, if at all, better than sheer emptiness of thought. Only a prig would expect

to find the occupant of a railway carriage lost in the study of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Spinoza's *Ethics*. But the railway novel of twenty or thirty years ago, which had some literary merit, some coherence of narrative, some grace of feeling, has of late been superseded to a great extent, and in its place we commonly find the pennyworth of a scandalous chronicle, or some hebdomadal collection of jests, flavored according to the taste of the buyer, with much heavy vulgarity or with a spice of appetizing indecency. In order that no demand should be made on sustained attention, the old leading article or essay is in great measure displaced, and a series of dislocated and disjointed paragraphs or sentences fills its room. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, an eminent authority on everything, from Genesis to jam, has advised persons who take an interest in their digestive processes to bestow two-and-thirty bites on each morsel of food. Our caterers nowadays provide us with a mincemeat which requires no chewing, and the teeth of a man may in due time become as obsolete as those which can still be perceived in the foetal whale. Will the great epic of the democratic period, its "Diviner Comedy" and its "New Paradise Regained," be composed in the form of poetical tit-bits? Composed—or should we not rather say decomposed; and is not this new vermiculated style that of a literature of decomposition?

Let us rather hope that the multitude of readers, and especially of young readers, will by-and-by find their way to better things. The vast circulation of such a series as Cassell's *National Library*, in which the best of reading can be got for threepence, or of Routledge's *Universal Library*, or Scott's *Camelot Series*, proves that already there exists a popular appetite for what is admirable in literature. Indeed it may be questioned whether the owners of luxurious libraries often turn their attention to some of the works now bought, as we must suppose, by the young mechanic or apprentice of the shop, who among the masterpieces of imaginative literature will find in one or other of the series just named Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* and Dante's *Banquet*, More's *Utopia*, and Campanella's *City of the*

Sun, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and the stoical teaching of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.

One of the chief intellectual infirmities of democracy, and one which has often attracted notice, is the passion for abstractions. We know what a part metaphysical abstractions played in the great French Revolution. There were greeds and interests and hatreds, indeed, for which abstract ideas and eloquent phrases sometimes provided a decent veil ; but there was also, and especially in the bright opening days of the Revolution, a genuine delight in what we may term, as we please, either "glittering generalities," or in Emerson's indignant correction of that expression, "shining ubiquities." Emerson's countrymen, the people of America, "font beaucoup plus souvent usage que les Anglais," observes Tocqueville, "des idées générales et s'y complaisent bien davantage." Democracy, says M. Scherer, is profoundly idealistic. It disdains to study the actual nature of things ; it has the quality of exciting immoderate fervors of hope. It lives upon a few simple ideas ; but in truth, "simple ideas are sterile ideas." Not always sterile, I would reply ; for good or for evil the simple ideas of the French Revolution have helped to transform the face of modern Europe. Yet undoubtedly a chief duty of the thinker and the man of letters at the present time, and in the coming years, must be to save the democracy, if possible, from what is unfruitful in its own way of thinking and feeling. As topics arise which demand the attention of the people, it will be necessary to challenge the current notions, the current phrases, and the popular sentiments ; it will be necessary to ply the public, willing or unwilling, with exact knowledge and well-considered thoughts. The state of half-culture which seizes with enthusiasm upon a general principle, regardless of its limitations or relations to other principles, and which is therefore full of impetuosity and self-confidence, at once purblind and bold, is a state as dangerous as we can well conceive. We must endeavor to meet this half-culture with a culture less incomplete, trained to exact methods of thought and observant of the details of fact.

This passion for intellectual abstractions when transferred to the literature of imagination becomes a passion for what is grandiose and vague in sentiment and in imagery ; in religion it becomes what Tocqueville noticed as characteristic of democratic societies, a tendency to pantheistic forms of faith. The great laureate of European democracy, Victor Hugo, exhibits at once the democratic love of abstract ideas, the democratic delight in what is grandiose (as well as what is grand) in sentiment, and the democratic tendency toward a poetical pantheism. An acute French critic, whose recent death we must deplore, M. Émile Hennequin, thus exhibits in tabular form some of those themes for which Victor Hugo had a special predilection.

" *Sujets abstraits.*

- (a) Vers à propos de rien, sujets nuls ;
- (b) Sujets indifférents, vers à propos de tout, versatilité ;
- (c) Développement de lieux communs ;
- (d) Humanitarisme, socialisme, optimisme, idéalisme, et panthéisme vagues ;
- (e) Aspects grandioses, mystérieux ou bizarres, de la légende, de l'histoire ou de la vie."

Between the "verses *à propos* of nothing" and the "verses *à propos* of everything" lies indeed a stupendous creation of true poetry, all brought into being by one marvellous hand. But we shall study Victor Hugo's writings imperfectly and ill if they do not tell us much about the dangers as well as much about the glories of the literature of a democratic age. There are not a few pages in which he does little else than wear magnificently the robes of a courtier of King Demos ; but literature has simpler, more substantial, perhaps less acceptable, work to do than that of satiating the ears of the new grand monarch with the rhetoric that has gathered about the great words "Progress," "Humanity," "Liberty," "Justice."

It is especially the friend and not the enemy of democracy who should desire to maintain the superiority of our higher literature to the vulgar temptations of the day. If King Demos reign, by all means let him have counsellors courageous, stern, and true, rather than hysterical or servile flatterers. He, like other kings, is sometimes stupid, is sometimes gross and materialistic in his tastes, is

sometimes unjust and greedy, is often a good-natured blunderer or a rash sentimentalist. The so-called leaders of the people have seldom the courage to lead in any true sense of the word. They commonly maintain their position by observing whither the moving multitude tends, and by running to the front with a banner and a cry. "They may be as able and eloquent as ever," observes Sir Henry Maine, "but they are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking-tube which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence." It is well if they do not become the parasites and sycophants of his new Majesty, who, as much as any former potentate, enjoys the doffing of caps, the prostration of his attendants, and the music of courtly adulation. The man of letters who would be true to the dignity of his office, the man of letters who would really serve King Demos, aiming less than the statesman at immediate results, and more at a reformation of opinion and a new grouping of emotions, is under less temptation to be a flatterer. He will not assure the sovereign that his breath is sweeter than incense, that all great ideas and all generous sentiments have their source in him. He will not play the part of pander to the grosser appetites of the sovereign. He will not supply incentives to his evil passions of envy, suspicion, malice, cupidity, the lust of power. He will endeavor to illuminate the monarch's better feelings, to direct his ill-informed benevolence to useful ends, to train him to a grave regard for what is true and substantial, to bring home to him the conviction that self-restraint and even self-denial may be at times the glory of a king.

As the historic method is applied in new directions, and the social point of view prevails more than it has hitherto done over the individual, we may expect an increasing study of the facts of social evolution, and in all matters which relate to political change, a frequent appeal to history. As we loose from our moorings and drive before the wind there is indeed a certain unwillingness to look backward, already finding expression in a current phrase which describes all things of earlier date than the last general election or assembling of

Parliament as "matters of ancient history." But when this ancient history is supposed to affect the interests of either political party, the leaders quickly furbish up their knowledge or, it may be, their ignorance, and discover such parallels and precedents and arguments as they require. It is for true students of history, patient, disinterested, and exact, to hold in check, chiefly in ways that are indirect, the superficial views, the partisan representations, the crude generalizations of the amateur sociologist and political manipulator of half knowledge. "The scientific spirit," it has been well said, "is not a triumphant and boastful one, fired with a sort of intellectual Chauvinism, seeking polemical distinction and a path to promotion in the field of party war." The scientific spirit does not work back through the facts of history in order to find the appearance of confirmation for a conjecture of the day or hour; it works forward, with a profound sense of the continuity of human life, until it touches the events of our own time in their causes. A little history is a dangerous thing—and history as grasped at by the politician is almost always a little. From a careful and conscientious study of the past more perhaps than from anything else, a temper of mind is formed which is fitted to hold in check the rash ardors of the democratic spirit, a temper of mind at once courageous and cautious, strong in serious hopes and free from illusions, faithful to the best traditions of our forefathers and not bound in subjection to them, but rather pressing forward to those high ends toward which they and we together work.

Those somewhat vague yet potent words, Humanity, Progress, Fraternity, which have fired the democratic imagination in the present century, are the property of no single nation, and the common ardors of the age have introduced a cosmopolitan element into literature. The more rapid and freer interchange of ideas, the swifter and more powerful flow of waves of sentiment between nations, have tended in the same direction, so that amid all their diversities a certain community has been established between the several literatures of Europe. As in the mediæval period a dominant theology bound together the

intellects of the various countries of the West, so now the dominant conceptions of science inhabit English, Italian, French, and German brains, and a real society of thinkers, extending beyond the limits of any one nation, has come into existence. Yet, as it were to counterpoise these influences tending to a cosmopolitan mode of thought and feeling, the principle of nationality seems at the same time to have acquired increased force. A united Germany and a united Italy have given notable demonstrations of its power, and the very dismemberment of France has but intensified the national self-consciousness. In literature the profound differences which have their origin or expression in diverse modes of speech must remain, however close be the alliance of nations. The German who constructs his sentence in one way can never be master of the same intellectual motions as the Frenchman who constructs his sentence in another. The use during long centuries of this instrument, or of that, has called forth and has determined a characteristic play of thought. Obviously where there is diversity of tongues the principle of nationality cannot fail to assert itself in literature. But we may well feel surprise when within the bounds of a single people, and within the area possessed by one common language, the literary claims of contending nationalities are raised. Shall we in these islands of ours, who "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," nurse the dream of four separate streams of literature, or shall we have our pride and our joy in one noble river broadened and deepened by various affluent waters?

The question, as it presents itself to one whose home is in Ireland, is not an altogether academic one. The present Home Rule movement, which professedly would reduce Ireland to a dependency of Great Britain, cannot at its present halting-point be called a national movement, in the sense in which the movement of 1848, or the Fenian movement, was national. Its strength at the present moment in Ireland lies in the fact that it is essentially a struggle which concerns material interests. Idealists of the type of Thomas Davis, who sighed for the time when "the brighter days shall surely come, . . . and the sweet

old language be heard once more in college, mart and senate," have been thrust contemptuously aside. The echoes of the old language, whether sweet or harsh, dwindle in forlorn wilds and on rugged headlands of the west. Yet some of the old hopes and dreams are not extinct, and we hear from time to time plaintive demands for an Irish literature with a special character of its own. We read of the enthusiasm with which Welsh bards are listened to at the national Eisteddfods; and perhaps it is a genuine enthusiasm, for doubtless the Cymric speech vibrates along nerves which are not stirred by our English tongue. And we know how vigorous is the spirit of Scottish patriotism, though it may not have formulated an express demand in literature. It cannot be altogether an idle question to ask whether it is possible or desirable that separate channels should be cut for the flow of these several streams of sentiment in literature.

Unquestionably our strength springs from the soil in which we grow. We are not epiphytes, living upon the air. A literature which consciously aims at cosmopolitanism is almost always a literature in a period of decline. Yet it is well to remember that the spirit of a man may inhabit an ampler space than that in which his body lives and moves. "*Spartam nactus es : hanc orna.*" Yes, but which Sparta is our possession—the land that has fed our bodies, or the land that has nourished and enriched our souls? Carlyle, the son of a Scotch peasant, and proud of his honorable parentage, had in him always much that was derived from his Scottish birth and breeding, his Scottish moors and hills, his Scottish religion. But how much less fruitful would have been the result for literature if he had drawn a circle around his mind corresponding to his physical environment, and had admitted within that circle no other thoughts and aspirations than those proper to a Scottish literary coterie, or the Scottish kirk from which he had gained so much in moral training and for the ministry of which he was at one time designed? In his solitude of Craigenputtock—"a solitude altogether Druidical . . . nothing to disturb you with speech, except Arc-turus and Orion, and the spirit of na-

ture," he was really an inhabitant of Weimar, and the companion of Goethe and Schiller. Would he have served Scotland better or worse if he had occupied his imagination solely or chiefly with memories of Bruce and Wallace, if he had devoted himself to Scottish antiquities, or Scottish history, or Scottish religion, regarded from a purely national—that is, a provincial—point of view? Was it not better for us all, and better for his own countrymen, that he followed the leadings of his genius when it invited him into the great world?

The national spirit was strong in Carlyle because it worked unconsciously. He was a Scotchman in the best of all ways, that is, as it were, inevitably. The deepest instincts of the man were those of his people, and even when his thoughts ranged wide they had intimate relations with the faith of his fathers. Whenever the genius of a nation is strong it works thus in deep and obscure ways. The attempt to whip up deliberately and by artificial means the national spirit in literature is evidence of the decay of that spirit. A noble ancestry is a source of honorable pride, but it is a pride which maintains itself with a quiet dignity; bounce and brag are the tokens of a plebeian. And as with individuals, so with a nation. If we really belong to an excellent race, we shall prove it by our deeds rather than perpetually boast of it with our tongues.

If there be, indeed, a distinctive genius characterizing each of the peoples of Scotland, Wales and Ireland, it is highly desirable that this should find expression, and that the unity of our literature should be a unity possessing as much variety as possible. The different strands if twisted together should make up a cord which is both strong and delightfully colored. In Ireland at present, apart from the Universities—we must sorrowfully acknowledge the fact—little interest is taken in literature; but we can conceive an Irish literary movement which should command our deepest interest and sympathy; a movement in which such differences of national character as may perhaps exist should manifest themselves not of deliberate purpose, but naturally and spontaneously. But if the Irish literary movement were to consist in flapping a

green banner in the eyes of the beholders, and upthrusting a pasteboard "sunburst" high in air, I, for one, should prefer to stand quietly apart from such a movement. In a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, published in Dublin, I read the following poetical exordium: "Not Greece of old in her palmiest days, the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles, not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history." How partial, then, have been the awards of history! How true the saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men! And how modest the writer of this life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to set forth the bead-roll of Greece in such ample detail and to throw the veil of a general statement over the glories of his native land! If in the Irish literary movement we are to step to such a tune as this, I think on the whole I should rather fall out of the ranks, or even step to music as paltry as that of "Rule Britannia."

Not that I have any of Captain Macmorris's sensitiveness. "What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?" We are well content to be known as the fellow-countrymen of those Irishmen and West Britons, Goldsmith and Burke. "It may not," says one of George Eliot's characters, "be good luck to be born a woman, but one gets used to it from a baby." And in like manner it may not be altogether good luck, from a literary point of view, to be born an Irishman, but one gets used to it. It seems alike absurd to be proud or to be ashamed of the fact. But I confess that I am not ambitious of intensifying my intellectual or spiritual brogue. If national character be really strong and vivid it will show itself, although we do not strive to be national with malice prepense; it will show itself, whether we occupy ourselves with an edition of Sophocles or of Cicero, or with a song of the deeds of Cuchullain or the love and sorrow of Deirdre. No folly can be greater than that of fancying that we shall strengthen our literary position by

living exclusively in our own ideas, and showing ourselves inhospitable to the best ideas of other lands. Nor is that hospitality the finest which constrains the guest to assume the garb and adopt the manners of his entertainers. The shock of strangeness is inspiring. Every great literary movement of modern Europe has been born from the wedlock of two peoples. So the great Elizabethan literature sprang from the love-making of England with Italy; the poetry of the early part of the nineteenth century from the ardor aroused in England by the opening promise of the French revolution. Surely an Irish man of letters may be engaged in work in the truest sense patriotic if he endeavors to bring into his country the best ideas from France, from Germany, from the old world of classical learning, from the living world of nature, or from some fresh exploration of the mind of man, even though the word "Ireland" be not forever shrilling on his lips. We should be far better patriots if, instead of singing pæans about Irish genius, we were to set ourselves to correct some of the defects of Irish intellect. Let an Irish poet teach his countrymen to write a song free from rhetoric, free from false imagery, free from green tinsel, and with thoroughly sound workmanship in the matter of verse, and he will have done a good and a needful thing. Let an Irish prose writer show that he can be patient, exact, just, enlightened, and he will have done better service for Ireland, whether he treats of Irish themes or not, than if he wore shamrocks in all his buttonholes and had his mouth forever filled with the glories of Brian the Brave. Let an Irish antiquary study the relics of his native land with all the resources of modern science, viewing these interesting remains from the central and not merely from a provincial standpoint, and he will lead us toward the truth instead of plunging us in folly and illusion. We cannot create a school of Irish men of genius—poets are born, not made—but what we can do is this: we can try to secure for Ireland the advantage of possessing a school of honest and skilled craftsmen in literature. Out of this school of craftsmen now and again a man of genius may arise, strong and sane because he has sprung from a race

of intelligent and patient workmen, and because he feels their influence surrounding him.

Such a body of trained scholars should be the intellectual aristocracy of a democratic age, an upper ten thousand of workers. It will include in large proportion those whose studies are scientific, and who influence literature only indirectly. Their influence, although indirect, is far from unimportant. There are not wanting persons who assure us that the pursuit of scientific studies must in the end prove injurious, if not fatal, to the higher forms of literature. M. Paul Bourget, himself a poet, in his dialogue, *Science et Poésie*, argues, through the lips of one of the speakers who seems to express, in part at least, his own opinions, that Poetry can no longer be an instrument or envoy of truth, and that it must more and more confine itself to the domain of sensibility, while its rival, Science, takes possession more and more of the domain of intelligence. M. Scherer is assured that if poetry lives, it will only be as the private cult of rare individuals; the people has ceased, he says, to believe in poetry. "It will soon be with poetry as with religious painting or classical tragedy; a Flandrin, a Rachel only make us feel the more strongly that such forms of art exist by an artificial convention, that the pleasure which they bring us is an *affaire d'archaïsme*." A writer in our own country, of whom we may say that she has been herself, as Mill said of Charles Kingsley, one of the good influences of the age, Miss F. P. Cobbe, lately accepted a brief in the case of *Literature, Religion, and Morals, versus Science*, and she conducted her pleadings with remarkable vivacity: "When science," she bids us believe, "—like poverty—comes in at the door, art—like love—flies out of the window." Her pleadings against the scientific spirit of the age reminded me that I had myself, a good many years ago, written something from a different point of view, maintaining that the great ideas of modern science were not without a noble inspiration for poetry; and it led me to consider whether, having then joined in the choral ode which celebrates science, I ought not now to sing a palinode. Miss Cobbe prophesies like a lively Cas-

sandra. And then comes Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his posthumous volume of *Essays*, with a promise on behalf of poetry which is more deadly than a threat. The future of poetry, he says, is immense; in poetry our race will find, as time goes on, an ever surer and surer stay. And why? Because criticism and science having deprived us of all old faiths and traditional dogmas, poetry, which attaches itself to the idea, will take the place of religion and philosophy, or what now pass for such, and will console and sustain those who, but for it, would be forlorn. A pale hospital nurse attending the bed of scepticism—such, it would seem, is the Muse henceforth to be. She will speak soothing sentences and administer the tonic draught. And the palsied man will cling to her all the more because he is well assured that henceforward no divine stranger will ever come and say, in words of sacred cheer, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."

We shall do well, in glancing at this subject, to bear in mind the well-known distinction made by De Quincey between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. If we were to embark on a voyage, we should find that both rudder and sail have their uses. Between the two divisions of literature spoken of by De Quincey lies a kind of writing which occupies a considerable space in our own day and has an important work to do—the literature of criticism. It is concerned neither wholly with knowledge nor wholly with emotions; it has both to feel and to know: it tries at once to enlighten the intellect and to quicken and refine the sensibility.

There is another distinction to be observed if we would arrive at any sound conclusion with respect to the influence of science on literature. We must distinguish between scientific results and scientific methods. The conclusions of science may be fruitful for literature now, or may become so when they have passed into the general consciousness, and yet the mental processes which lead to such conclusions may tend to disqualify the mind for the enjoyment of

poetry and art. If this be the case, we must regard a man of science who transforms himself into "a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of fact" (the words are Darwin's), as one who submits to a personal loss in order to procure some valuable prize for his country or his race. The doctrines which we associate with the name of Mr. Darwin may prove indispensable to those who desire to have an intelligent and coherent view of the world we live in; they may form an essential part of the *Weltanschauung* of the future, a *Weltanschauung* which may be as needful for the poet as the man of science. This seems not unlikely to come to pass. And yet we have been told by Mr. Darwin himself in a remarkable passage, which Miss Cobbe, kindest of devil's advocates, does not fail to quote, that after the age of thirty certain of his faculties began to suffer an atrophy caused by disuse; that his great delight in poetry and painting and music constantly waned. "Now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music." Mr. Darwin's experience is probably by no means singular. There are times when humanity needs an organ or a function more than a complete man. When the Angelical Doctor at dinner with the King of France fell into a muse, and struck the table with his fist as the light of an argument fatal to the Manichees flashed across his brain, he showed himself deficient in good manners; but such a power of self-abstraction was a condition without which the *Summa* could not have been written. When St. Bernard, hearing his fellow-travellers speak of Lake Lemán, on whose banks he had journeyed the whole day, asked, "But where is the lake?" he showed himself highly insensible to natural beauty; but had the saint not been from boyhood *mire cogitativus*, Abelard might have come and conquered at the Council of Sens. There have been times when, in order to keep alive the moral and spiritual tradition in a world of luxury and lust, it was necessary for men to fly to the desert and forget the joys of domestic life and all the pleasures of color and of song. We honor the saints who put out the right eye in order that they might save what

was more precious for the world's uses than even an eye. Let us also honor the ascetic of science, whose inductions have helped us to know the laws of the world, if not aright, yet at least less erroneously.

The results of scientific study are in no respect antagonistic to literature, though they may profoundly modify that view of the world which has hitherto found in literature an imaginative expression. The conceptions of a great cosmos, of the reign of law in nature, of the persistence of force, of astro-nomic, geologic, biologic evolution, have in them nothing which should paralyze the emotions or the imagination. To attempt indeed a poetical *De Rerum Natura* at the present moment were premature; but when these and other scientific conceptions have become familiar, they will form an accepted, intellectual background from which the thoughts and feelings and images of poetry will stand out quite as effectively as they stood out from the antiquated cosmology of the Middle Ages. Although, however, scientific conclusions may in the end subserve literature, it is certain that the methods and processes of science, and those employed in what De Quincey terms the literature of power, are essentially different. Such literature is nothing if it is not personal; it expresses the thoughts, passions, and imaginings of an individual. Science aims at excluding whatever is peculiar to the individual: he must not read himself into the phenomena; his vision must be free from the mists of sentiment; his imagination is of use only in shaping an hypothesis to be verified by subsequent inquiry or in varying the experiments by which he may attain to new objective facts. The literature of power, if it is to deserve the name, must adhere to its own methods, unseduced by the glamour which at present surrounds the words *science* and *scientific*. When M. Zola appears as the champion of what he styles the Experimental Romance, and when he professes to practise in literature the methods of the eminent physiologist, Claude Bernard, he is in truth a charlatan juggling with words. It would please him to crown himself at once with the glory of science and the glory of letters. The personal-

ity of the writer of experimental romance, he tells us, is to be found in the fact that he starts, like the scientific investigator, with an hypothesis, or a general idea, which is presently to be verified or rejected; he puts his characters into motion in a certain environment; their behavior in this way or that constitutes an experiment and establishes or overthrows the *à priori* hypothesis. "This it is," he says, "which constitutes the experimental romance; to be master of the mechanism of human phenomena, to exhibit the springs of intellectual and sensual manifestations as they are explained to us by physiology, under the influences of heredity and environing circumstances; then to exhibit the man living in the social *milieu* which he has himself created, which he modifies from day to day, and in the midst of which he experiences in his turn a continual transformation." What is true in this is not new. Richardson and Fielding practised the method, as far as it is a legitimate method, just as much as does the author of *L'Assommoir*. What is new is the pretence of scientific experiment where none exists.

Experimental romance is then a misnomer; but a title which has been applied to M. Zola and his group, "the school of observation," goes nearer the mark. And undoubtedly the scientific tendencies of the age have led us to value, and even to overvalue, the results of the mere observation of external phenomena. Yet a reaction from the vague idealism of writers whose inspiration was drawn from the democratic abstractions--Progress, Humanity, Liberty, Fraternity, and the like--was inevitable, and has not been wholly unserviceable. Let the school of observation but do its work more thoroughly, and we shall again be in presence of the nobler facts of human life as well as the baser, and perceive the glory of our manhood together with the shame. What the fruits of this higher realism in literature may be, we can divine from the perusal of such works as *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace*.

The literature of power may indeed be stimulated by the scientific spirit of the age to make more exact and thorough observations of external nature and the varieties of human life, and so to

complete its preliminary studies ; but it must adhere to its own methods. If a writer possess a powerful individuality, and can affix to every piece he produces his ineffaceable sign manual, he may bring this into relief by a certain air of scientific disinterestedness and impassivity. So it is with the chief of living French poets, M. Leconte de Lisle. We are all the more sensible of the peculiar character of his genius because he seems to submit himself with such a patient study to his object, while in fact the object is being moulded in his shaping hands. He has indeed learned something from science, but he assumes no false airs, and he loyally adheres to the processes proper to art.

But although the literature of power cannot adopt the methods of science, it is to a great extent otherwise with the literature of knowledge. Thus in our own day we have seen the rise of a school of historians who are too scientific, in the true sense of the word, to pretend that they are masters of a science of history. They have lost something, perhaps, in no longer conceiving a history as a work of art, as a passionate drama, or as a gallery of portraits. They have not produced, and cannot by their methods produce, a Thucydides or a Tacitus. But the gains have outbalanced the loss. They are patient and indefatigable in research. They labor in original sources as the geologist among his strata or the comparative anatomist among his vertebrates and invertebrates. They endeavor to lay aside prejudice and passion, in order that they may see things as they are. They recognize the continuity of human history. They treat no portion of the past with scorn. They do not dress up the men of past ages in the costumes or the ideas of today. They study the action of great but obscure social forces and discover in them the causes of those conspicuous events which alone attract the attention of superficial observers. In a word, living at a time when the scientific spirit is dominant, they appropriate to their own uses some of the methods of science and cultivate certain habits of mind which may be described as scientific. And great has been the gain for their special study, great the gain for us all.

In the literature of criticism the influ-

ence of science has brought loss and gain. Sainte-Beuve mourned over the disappearance of the circle of "studious amateurs" in literature, vibrating to the finest and most fugitive impressions. But he does not deny that the time has come when we must gird up our loins courageously for a series of steadfast and laborious marches. No one demonstrated more admirably than Sainte-Beuve himself that it is possible to reconcile *la critique de gout* and *la critique naturelle* ; no one gave happier examples of that kind of criticism which, while remaining a delicate art yet knows how to take advantage of all the inductions of science and all the acquisitions of history.* He found his happiness in exquisite studies of literary natural history and literary physiology, and in reproducing from ample stores of knowledge and with the finest tact an image of this or that environment which has aided the development of genius. Yet he cannot forbear from uttering a light sigh as he thinks of days when it was possible to taste and dwell upon the flavor of the fruit without discussing all the conditions of soil and climate which reared the plant and matured the sap. In a characteristic passage he makes his "last complaint," half serious, half playful, against the inevitable which he is fully prepared to accept :—

"Where is that vanished time in which, even though one were an author and professional man of letters, it was not essential to engage in so many trains of reasoning and observe such learned ceremonies ; when the impression on a reader's mind came easily, and took complete possession of him without an effort, as at the theatre the play engages and interests the amateur pleasantly seated in his stall ; when we could read Ancients and Moderns lying on our bed like Horace in the dog-days, or stretched on a sofa like Gray, murmuring to ourselves that such pleasure was better than the joys of Paradise or Olympus ; the time when we walked in the shade, reading, like that excellent Dutchman, who could not conceive, he said, greater happiness here below at the age of fifty than to saunter through a lovely country, book in hand, sometimes closing it, without passion, without desire, yielding oneself wholly to meditation ; the time when, like Meissonier's *Reader*, in our solitary chamber, on a Sunday afternoon, by the open window in its frame of honeysuckle, we read some book which seemed for the season our only love. Happy age, where is it flown ? Nothing truly is less like it than to be forever

* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 84, 85.

on the thorns as we are nowadays when we read—than to be on our guard at every step, to question ourselves without end ; to ask whether this is the right text, whether there is not some alteration here, whether the author whom we should enjoy did not take this in a different way, whether he copied from actual things or invented, whether he is original and in what way, whether he has been faithful to his genius and to his race, . . . with a thousand other questions which spoil pleasure, breed doubt, make you rub your forehead, compel you to run to your library, to climb to the highest shelves, to tumble over all your books, to consult, to inspect, to become in a word an artisan or a laboring man instead of a delicate voluptuary or a fastidious amateur, who inhales the spirit of things, and takes only what may suit him and gratify his taste. Epicurism of culture, forever lost I fear ; henceforth forbidden assuredly to every critic ; last religion of those for whom no other survived ; last honor and last virtue of a Hamilton and a Petronius, how truly I conceive you, how much I regret you, even while I combat you, and while I forswear you !” *

We cannot do things by halves. Literary research, like historical research, must be exact and thorough or it is of little worth. It has opened new regions and buried ages for our study ; yes, and for our enjoyment. It has illuminated the past. It has widened our sympathies. It has substituted for that dogmatic criticism which pronounced imperious judgments a new natural history of poets and prose-writers. Our library has become a kind of museum, in which specimens of the various species are arranged and classified. What we had read any way for our pleasure we must now study in chronological sequence, so that we may observe and follow a development. We reconstruct our author's environment, we investigate his origins. All this is well ; yet subject to one condition—that we do not forget the end of study in the means, that we somehow and at some time get beyond the apparatus. It is well to know that the vine belongs to the natural order *vitaceæ* ; that it prefers an open soil with good drainage ; that it has pentamerous flowers ; that the fruit is two-celled and four-seeded ; and that the juice contains bitartrate of potash and

tartrate of lime. But all this we might know although we had never tasted the grape or drunk a cup of wine. The student of chemistry may find as interesting a subject of analysis in a bottle of that claret which bears the venerable name of an eminent and versatile statesman as in a bottle of the rarest vintage ; but wine has other uses than that of affording a field for analysis. It rejoices the heart of man, and this quality of the juice of the grape deserves at least a certain degree of attention.

There is undoubtedly a danger that in accumulation, arrangement, observation, analysis, induction, we may lose some of the finer spirit of literature. With the great French critic from whom I have quoted such a danger could not exist. No wine-taster had a finer palate than that incomparable old taster of the vintages of literature, Sainte-Beuve. His intellect was not dogmatic ; he did not read to confirm a theory ; he did not force things, as his fellow-countryman, M. Taine does, to become mere illustrations of a doctrine ; he would hardly, like M. Hennequin, push scientific criticism to the point at which it conjecturally explores the “ third frontal convolution” in the “ cerebral organ-ism” of a great poet ; he carried his weight of erudition lightly and gracefully. There is life and not mere arrangement in all that he has written. Acquisition of intellectual property is admirable, but only on condition that we are the masters and not the slaves of our possessions. “ Reading,” Edmund Burke wrote in a letter of advice to his son, “ and much reading, is good. But the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it on every occasion that arises, is far better ; so don't suppress the *vivida vis*.” That we may lose ourselves in materials is the danger of our time. No word of counsel is more to the purpose at the present day than Burke's word. Let knowledge and erudition do their perfect work, only let us see that they do not suppress but rather subserve the spirit of life within us.—*Fortnightly Review*.

* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 86, 87.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

IN the very pleasing verses sent us this week by the author of "Reuben Sachs," Miss Levy explains in two lines of packed meaning one of the forgotten attractions of a capital even for those who are not compelled by duty to reside within its limits. Those attractions are not limited to the greater range or higher qualities of its society, or to the general "liveliness," which is so pleasing to the uneducated, that when they have once lived in London for six months, they regard all other residences as places of exile, spoiled, whatever their other charms, by unendurable "dullness." Society is pleasant, no doubt, in moderation to all, and "liveliness"—that is, visible movement, whether of men or minds, something, in fact, to look at,—quickens the life of all who cannot think; but there are other impelling forces which drive the educated toward London, and among them the one given by Miss Levy, that London is a place—

"Wherein more lightly seems to press the
burden
Of individual life that weighs me down."

The denizens of cities are accustomed to think of the country as the home of peace and the place of restfulness, where the burden is lightest, and the self least obtrusive; but it is doubtful whether much of that feeling does not spring from their recollections of holiday, and if in a longer stay they would not find that the constant pressure of a few minds, and the perpetual consciousness of imperfect sympathies, disturbed them more than the crowded solitude of the town. At all events, it is certain that to thousands of minds, the first attraction of a great city, and therefore especially of London, is that it lightens the sense of individuality, reducing each to be only one of a countless crowd. An ordinary man, and still more an ordinary woman, has in London streets something of the independence of an invisible being,—moves about unseen, does his or her business unnoticed, feels no pressure from ever-watchful opinion, is released, in fact, from the burden of individual self-consciousness. To be

lost is not only the luxury but the necessity of many minds, and they do not feel lost on the least-peopled down or in the thickest wood as they do amid the endless crowd of the Strand or Piccadilly, where all men see and see not at the same time. They feel a sense of security, that "sweet security of London streets" of which Charles Lamb spoke, such as they enjoy nowhere else, and could enjoy only from a sense of being but grains of sand, drops in an ocean, imperceptible yet separate, and free though surrounded, touched, pressed upon by millions like themselves. They do not probably utter the epigram, but they feel, and hug themselves in feeling, that the pre-eminent charm of London is its solitude, the perfect liberation possible amid its crowds from all pressure from human beings. A million eyes and a million ears, and you pass among them all impalpable as a spirit,—that, to more than the world knows, is the most intense relief and refreshment, a lightening of the air, a positive increase of mental force, and of the capacity for enjoyment. Born Londoners feel it so keenly, that they hardly know how to endure its absence, and fly back to London from the country or the Colony with a sense of seeking a pleasant shade. We have known this consciously felt even by men who were also aware, as, no doubt, an immense majority of all whose trade is thinking are aware, that London imperceptibly increases their inherent force; that they obtain assistance from the presence of the multitude, and the rush of its movement, and the sense of the power that is being momentarily exerted.

The notion that London wearies is only half the truth; less than half perhaps, for London gives the force on which it makes such demands. The great capital, merely by its existence around you, quickens the brain, fosters thoughts which in the country would never come, and in some way by its own weight develops and facilitates mental industry. Laziness is of the country, not London, because it is in London that work, owing to a strength imper-

ceptibly derived from the vivid life around, is least distressing. What is three miles in London? and what in the country? And the difference perceptible even to the body is far more clearly perceptible to the mind, which is at once braced up to more exertion and relieved, as Miss Levy says, from the pressing burden of its individual self, and therefore more independent and strong. The mind thinks in London and meditates in the country, and thought is to meditation what endeavor is to purpose. This is, we believe, the grand attraction of the country for those thousands of men who seek it knowing they shall find in it no occupation they desire, who can neither cultivate nor garden, who hate sport and are unaccustomed to exercise, who know that country folk will bore them, and who do not feel that curious attraction, for some, of village life, the close human interest of the little drama of which they may, if they will, become permanently aware. The mind is unbraced, to its infinite relief. The horse not only stands still, but is unharnessed. It is not that there is so much less work to do, but that the mind, soothed half into sleepiness by the less invigorating mental atmosphere, is incompetent to do it, and incompetent without the sense that incompetence is failure. It is relieved of a pressure, as the body is relieved at night of clothes,—that is, of a weight which while it is borne is almost imperceptible, but the wearing of which is, in the athlete's sense, regular training. There is in the country an anodyne other than that anodyne derived from the "garden's silent sweets," of which Miss Levy sings, an anodyne generated by the less vigorous, or, rather, less bracing character of its life, the sleepiness of its existence, of which its tenants are so conscious and so often complain. They want unconsciously the tonic of the town, the invigoration and consciousness of force given by the multitudinousness and the restlessness of its crowds. The desire to sleep in solitude is instinctive, for in the presence of the crowd vitality increases, and with vitality wakefulness, and that longing for exertion which comes only with the power to exert oneself. To most men we hope, to numbers we know, the mere spectacle presented by

true country, the fields, and the trees, and the hills, the new shapes of the clouds, and that most entrancing of pleasures, an air in which you feel bathed, are attractions which hardly tire, and which fill them with the sense of peace only to be obtained from Nature, peace without fatigue; but the first attraction of the country is rest, rest not from toil, but from the coercion of the spirit toward exertion which London inflicts on us all. It is the impulse of work which the city yields, as it yields also, just as health does, the power to comply with the demand. "I am three times the man in London that I am in the country," said one whose whole bent was toward continuous thought, and who, his friends would have said, would think best amid the country quiet. He knew himself rightly, and his sentence is true of almost all who think; but then, in that increased manhood is increased waste, and increased necessity for the unbracing which, as we maintain, the country affords. That is why the rich, who everywhere tend naturally toward the life which is most recuperative, have been drawn by an instinct toward the double life, half in the country and half in the town, and find in it the reinvigoration which the majority find in alternations of labor and sleep. Of all their advantages, which the English world just now grudges them with such a novel, and we may add, such a wicked envy, hardly any compares with this,—that they can at will choose between the mental atmosphere of London and the country, and be stimulated at pleasure or relaxed. We grudge them nothing; but they should not make the mistake of declaring the country to be the tonic, when it is the town. London gives force and increases independence, though the over-tired cannot admit it even in their own minds, and hate the town because it exhausts the energy which without its invigorating influence they would never feel. Let them just try to work steadily five days a week for ten hours a day, amid the "silent sweets of the garden," and they will soon find that London, if it demands much, also gives something for which there is no substitute. "Blessed is the unpeopled down, blessed is the crowded town, where the tired

groan," sang Ebenezer Elliot in an outburst of religious optimism ; and he was right thus far, that it is in the town that the true capacity for getting tired, for working straight up to the limit of the natural power, is best and most steadily developed. The poets are wise to hymn the country, for the business of Art is to give pleasure, and there is no tonic of which the taste is not bitter ; but the reservoir of force is town, London, "stony-hearted London," in which the weak drop beaten. There is something

there in the air which was never on hill-side, and at once compels and enables men to make the exertion for which, and not to be happy, the only Being to whom effort is impossible set them down in this little world. "You prefer the country, do you, nevertheless?" Yes, and so do we ; and so does the miner prefer the brae : but it is out of the mine, not the brae, that the treasure comes, and the energy to work it, too. —*Spectator*.

A POET'S CORNER.

BY W. H. GRESSWELL.

THE true Poet's Corner is, we maintain, that little spot or inglenook, where, in each case, the individual poet in his life-time loved most to resort. Many nature-loving poets seem out of place in a promiscuous *Campo Santo*, or even in such a place—we say it with all deference to tradition and opinion—as Westminster Abbey. In this Abbey the soaring spirit seems thrust down into mediocrity amid the appalling and overwhelming number of its fellows, each telling its tale of the inevitableness of death and the eclipse of human greatness. Herded together the "great ones" lose their stature and procerity, nay, even their individuality. Upon the wandering pilgrim, who gathers a name here and there, and stores in his memory a casual inscription, the main impression left is that of the grim impartiality of death. It is difficult to worship greatness, or rather its poor relicts, *en masse*, the mind longs to distinguish and individualize, and pay homage to one form of greatness alone. The heroes pass before us in shadowy files, but for each eye there must be some "Great Achilles," some great one, who, in the judgment of the bystander or pilgrim, towers head and shoulders above the rest. Joseph Addison has said that when he walked in Westminster Abbey "every emotion of envy died within him," and Edmund Burke testified to a kind of awe that pervaded his mind. But Congreve, perhaps, more truly says that the place strikes

an awe

And terror as of aching sight, the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart ;

a feeling which Francis Beaumont echoes when he bids "mortality behold and fear." To do justice to the memories of our great poets, we should scarcely cultivate so gruesome a feeling, especially in the case of our nature-loving poets. They themselves may not be wholly responsible for the gloomy and terrible associations of ideas, they the children of the sunlight, the minstrels of the groves and the companions of the moors. Could the disembodied spirits be questioned, they might repudiate the partnership of chilling greatness in a crowded mausoleum, come down from their niches and ask the bystander to accompany them to some favored corner where they had played as children, haunted as men, and in their true vocation as born poets celebrated in verse—

Singing hymns unbidden
In the light of thought.

Doubtless many a poet would prefer an apotheosis in some very humble but congenial abode, far from the haunts of men, and near a

low cottage in a sunny bay
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks
And the sea-breeze as innocuously breathes
On Devon's leafy shores,

as Coleridge has picturesquely described it. Therefore, their fires should be kept burning, as it were, on rural altars by the wayside, not in the precincts of

a national shrine where they are deified somewhat promiscuously. Even Horace, that courtly and cosmopolitan bard, has indicated his preference for one very especial corner of sunny Italy, near the ancient Tarentum, where spring is long and winter is mild. That little corner, he says, smiles for him more than any other in the world. No city poet but feels occasionally the irksomeness of streets and the dulness of a capital. The author of *Trivia* or *The Art of Walking the Streets of London*, has written in his description of "rural sports"—

Ye happy fields ! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
Ye shady woods ! where once I used to rove
Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;
Ye murmuring streams ! that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell. The city calls me from your bowers,
Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

And perhaps we may guess where Gay's heart really lay after all ; not in the Strand, nor "the ungrateful hurry" of the town, where "life seemed a jest," but in some sequestered spot remembered of old. Then there is the picture of Cowper wandering silently along the banks of the Ouse, sitting in his little ingle-nook or summer-house, round which the roses and honey-suckle grew in profusion, and surveying the world with a quiet philosophy of his own. Here is the place and here are the surroundings which constitute in his case the true "Poet's Corner." In Westminster Abbey the absolute nothingness of human life, the *vanitas vanitatum* of all things human are borne in upon you, where even kings have walked to their throne over the dust and graves of their ancestors. Coleridge once said : "On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion and awe ; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite—earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity ; and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing." Yes, Coleridge is right ; for the purposes of pious and religious humiliation a cathedral or abbey have their wholesome influences, but if you go there to worship a human ideal, or a mortal incarnation of wisdom and wit, living only its chill marble life, they are oppressive. You

can learn but little from an inscription or bust or memorial tablet, be the workmanship ever so exquisite, or the elegy ever so graceful. The once mobile features stare vacuously, the life is frozen, the hand is stiff, and the *rigor mortis* is over all. When I have been to our Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey I feel that I have seen something certainly, but learned very little about a poet, and I feel oppressed.

Perhaps no one would go there to be instructed by simply looking at the mere presentments and effigies of men. There is a gallery of busts and figures before you—nothing more—and the place is consecrated for them and to them. But I would prefer to go where the poet has consecrated his own place and made his own ingle-nook famous. Surely he lives there with a continuous life of his own ; he is not dwarfed by his compeers, and he ranges over a goodly space, the sole king of his domain. Could his disembodied spirit be localized anywhere it would be here ; here where his brightest fancies came, where his music ran wild and his heart tingled with the first glow of inspiration. Nature-loving and descriptive poets must have their mausoleum, but it will be one which they have chosen for themselves, and for which their thoughts and lives have prepared them. Keats and Shelley lie in appropriate graves—in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Keats, when nearing death, murmured, after lying still for a while, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And we know the flowers grow well in that southern country—to use the words of Shelley himself—"making one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Better here, surely, than in Westminster Abbey.

Such thoughts as these occurred to me when last I revisited Westminster Abbey, and especially when I stood in the Baptistry known as the "Little Poets' Corner," made famous by such names as Keble, Kingsley, Maurice, and Wordsworth. It had chanced that I had been living for some time close to spots in the country consecrated by the presence of Wordsworth and his companion, S. T. Coleridge, in 1798. The glen within a few yards of my door was

a favorite resort of the poet and his friends, and had been called "The Poet's Corner." And this prompted a train of reflection. It was a wild and romantic spot through which the echoes of a rushing stream ever sounded; the trees above were tall and umbrageous, and the sanctities of the place as great, if not greater, for their particular purpose, than those of ancient Westminster Abbey. Wordsworth's body lies most fittingly in Grasmere Churchyard; his seated statue is in Westminster, but his spirit is to be known wherever he has sung. He is "sole king of rocky Cumberland," and lord also of a goodly manor of Somersetshire, where I came to know him and his gentle rule, as many another can know him if he will. A poet acquires a kind of spiritual jurisdiction over the places he has sojourned in and the hills he has haunted. Not with trembling fear or with superstitious awe do we mark the footsteps of the minstrel. His progress is the progress of a prophet we love, his music the chords of everlasting song we hear and love also. At Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798, Wordsworth wrote (and how true always the living picture!) :—

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
The budding twigs spread out their fans
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

Close by are the tall holly trees and lofty arbors of Alfoxden wood, beneath which the poet often paced with his sister Dorothy and with Coleridge planning great things. They all are dead, but by their presence they have consecrated that grove and immortalized those bird songs. And the grove is worthy of the poets, and meet to be a "Poet's Corner" and an ingle-nook of fame. The thousand blended notes rise daily in the spring-time from the throats of the birds. And one may learn to know them all. First in the spring you may hear the white-throated dipper warbling pensively his first note as he sits upon the mossy stone, the thrush is ever ready with his jubilant note, and the blackbird with his mellow whistle. In the tall gray trees above the hollies you will hear in May

the starlings chatter, mimicking the whole aviary of the wood; the wood-peckers, or "wood-walls," as they are locally termed, are heard everywhere, and the chaffinch gently warbles his amorous refrain. The chaffinch trills his short sweet melody, and the hedge-sparrow whispers, as it were, to its mate, the wren shouts exultingly, the tomtit scolds, and, above in the trees, the wood-pigeon coos in calm grave undertones. Not far off, by the fallow field close to the heathery moor, the lark from his height pours down his song of mirth. Beautiful and melodious is this chorus anywhere in green old England, but passing beautiful and melodious when through the cadence of the heavenly music is whispered the poet's name and told the poet's thought.

And yet another place and another consecration. Wordsworth, in his conclusion to the *Prelude*, wrote thus, addressing Coleridge :

But, beloved friend,
When looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered midst her sylvan
combes ;
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;
And I, associate with such labor, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours.

Here we cannot but notice the joyous associations of the "indulgent skies" of that summer of 1797-98, the testimony to Coleridge's "happy heart." Joy is the key-note of the Quantock period, and if sorrow and tribulation were to come afterward, as we know they did, neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth anticipated it on "Quantock's airy ridge." The place tells of a poet's joy, a soul's kinship, a life's friendship, and the immortal companionship of genius. And these things are immortal as long as the world lasts and poets dream.

Wordsworth was so enamored of these hills and the open stretches of moorland that he used frequently to haunt them by night. On a still summer night no poet could find a more fascinating peregrination than this. Deep woods and sloping combes afford an endless variety of walks, whether he pre-

fers the more solemn stillness of the oak coppice or the freer aspect of the heather-clad ridges. The paths that in daytime had, as it were, almost shone as green veins along the dark wastes, become nearly indistinguishable gray lines beneath the starlight. As you move along their velvet tracery, trodden out at random between the ling and gorse by the wandering moorland sheep, you feel that you have been transported to a gentle, noiseless world, where the bleating sheep and the shaggy hill-ponies are your only companions. You will hear, now and then, the rustle of the leaves, as some stray rabbit darts away from such a strange apparition as yourself wandering at this unusual hour. You pause again and again to listen, and your eyes strain into the gloom to penetrate its wonders, for you know that there are more moving things beneath its mantle than you can know. You are face to face with the mysteries of the night, and are being introduced to the world of bats, owls, night-jars, mice, moths (for the Quantocks are famous for their moths), and to innumerable families of creation. The stately Quantock stag, that has couched all day among some dry ferns, steps forth in confidence upon the borders of the night. Now is his time, this is his kingdom. I have seen him before now in his full-antlered glory, glide rather than gallop—for the indistinct vision of man loses at night the minor incidents of form and motion—across some open glade, dark as a shadow, and nearly indiscernible but for the momentary glint of the moon upon his antlers and “beamed front.” Then his footfall is as noiseless as a cat’s. The hoof touches the soft carpet and expands as it touches along a swiftly marked “vestigium.” The Quantocks are famed for their velvet paths, and the hillside is covered, especially in a wet season, with a natural integument as soft and springy as a Brussels carpet. But it needs the morning light to confirm the vision you have seen, and the sight of a firmly indented hoof on a soft place to reassure your senses. It is no phantom stag, bred of the opiate humor of the night, but a noble deer, judging from his “slot” or track; a “warrantable” animal, with all his “rights,” and destined to lead the hunt a merry chase one day.

Then the Quantocks abound in owls and night-jars. If you go there during the nesting season you will hear them on all sides. That bird which, on silent wing, almost touches you as he swoops by, is a brown owl, descendant of a family that have nested in the coppice below for many generations. The white owl is commoner, and you hear him in May hooting round his well-known haunts. They are the soft spirits of the moorland, sweet ministers of peace and calm; their wings are the instruments of perfect motion, winnowing the perfumed air of night. To all the owl is a welcome bird. Who knows but that he carries on his rounds some bird news of the evening’s dusky border, that he is a night-watcher guarding their homes, a policeman with a beat, a postman carrying in his weird “‘Tu whit tu whoo’” a revelation of a mysterious world, unintelligible to us. When Coleridge wrote *Christabel* on the Quantocks, he began with an inspiration on the owl:—

‘Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.
To whit!—to whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock
How drowsily it crew.

But the night-bird *par excellence* of the Quantocks is the fern-owl, or night-jar. Climb any ridge that divides one combe from another and listen to their purring, drumming challenge from hill to hill. How the sound rises and falls as the flaws of wind carry the note of the strange ventriloquist to your ears! Now it is but a murmurous prologue, thrilling the moor with a drowsy monotone, like a night minstrel attuning a weird note to the spirit of the scene, and sending a soothing lullaby among the tenants of the combes; now, again, the purring swells into a louder and more triumphant challenge, revelling in its own strange echoes and holding a dominion in the world of night-sounds, drowning the scream of the owl, the last double note of the wandering cuckoo—for the cuckoo is a belated bird, uttering his refrain far into the night along the moorland—and even the sound of the distant streams. If you move cautiously you may see him sitting along the branch of a fir or oak tree drumming away to his mate below. If you disturb him he will flit noiselessly away, and you will hear his low note as

he hawks over the furze for food ; but he will surely return to his accustomed perch, and send his bagpipe-note over the moor till morning. The Quantock cuckoo, which seems above all others to be especially jubilant in his note, like the Quantock lark, will seem, to use Wordsworth's own words, more like "a wandering voice" than ever. You have never had a chance of seeing him flitting on his strange evening errand hawk-like over the hills.

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off and near.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring,
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

Over all, now that the voice of genius has spoken, lies "the consecration and the poet's dream." The earth is richer by his gift, the combs and hills made more jubilant by his verse. The harmonies of the classic land are greater, and yet one more "Poet's Corner" for ancient England ! We cannot wonder, then, that Coleridge should write to Cottle and say : "These hills and woods and streams and the sea and shores would break forth in reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve to keep their poet (Wordsworth) among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him." But they lost him ; and those heather-clad hills, near which the Severn sea makes pleasant music in summer, have been desolate ever since. Here, too, among the sequestered combs rises the sound of many "a beck" without which Wordsworth, we know, never was happy. Fit place to inspire *The Sonnets to the River Duddon* !

Just at this time there was, we know, an inspiration of another kind going on in the breast of Wordsworth. Not only was he a poet of nature but also of mankind. At the time of the *Lyrical Ballads*, there is, apart from his theories as a poetical reformer, a key-note of tenderness and humanity which breaks through the poet, strictly so called, and displays the man. His poetic ecstasy was, to use his own words, "Felt in the blood and felt along the heart." Words-

worth found in nature a great educating medium, a passion and a poem speaking, among other things, of the love of man to man. Upon the Quantocks the *Thorn Tree* suggests the story of poor *Martha Ray*, and a natural picture is sketched, throwing into relief human suffering and all the pathos of life. *The Last of the Flock*, also written on the Quantocks, introduces its own tale of suffering. *Simon Lee*, the old huntsman, is the worn-out veteran struggling with a mattock, in the vain endeavor to uproot a stump of wood.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell ;
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

The poor are always with us, now and then, although their social condition is considerably altered since Wordsworth's time. In the eighth book of the *Prelude* the poet strikes a note that should go sounding through the ages. The love of nature leads to the love of man :

In the midst stood man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible nature, crown, though born
Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture.

The first introduction of Wordsworth to London crushed and hurried him, and "a weight of ages descended upon his heart." But the sight of all the misery there was not able to "overthrow my trust in what we may become."

Thus from an early age, O Friend,
My thoughts by slow gradations had been
drawn

To human-kind and to the good and ill
Of human life : nature had led me on
And oft amid the "busy hum," I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her ; but no.
The world of human-kind outweighed not her
In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of love,
Though filling daily, still was light, compared
With that in which her mighty objects lay.

The voice of "poor humanity" was always pleading with Wordsworth, and his sympathy, as well as that of Coleridge, with the struggles for liberty and freedom in France, to be withdrawn only when the champions of liberty disgraced their cause and ran riot in blood and butchery, was an early sign of his compassion with the poor and down-trodden. The times seemed to be out

of joint, and it was a question whether the Susquehannah and a Pantisocracy were not preferable to England and prejudice. By the time Wordsworth had settled at Alfoxden he had probably forgotten his Pantisocracy, and was disillusioned of some of his French sympathies. Yet he was looked upon in this little corner of Somersetshire as a Jacobin, a smuggler, and a French spy, and poor Dorothy was regarded as a culpable accomplice. Yet what a monstrous charge to bring! Here "The Solitary" is engaged on lofty thought, and is contemplating his high mission. His heart is warm, and his sympathies are kind, and he loves the poor despised "hinds" and laborers around him, because his mind is elevated, and his affections are true. He is no dreaming enthusiast and fanatical worshipper of Nature. Man is the central figure; man, with his infinite capacities, high intelligence, and regal position. Of London he writes,

How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd and said
Unto myself, the face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery.

To understand the wondrous web of human life, to face its problems, and grasp its difficulties, he says,

attention springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory flow
From early converse with the works of God.

Since Wordsworth composed the Prelude, nearly a hundred years have passed over London, making the problems infinitely more puzzling, and its life infinitely more complex. England threatens to be swallowed up in one vast metropolis, where every one crowds and jostles, rendering life and existence more unendurable than ever. The villages are depleted of their population, and the old rural life is being forgotten or obscured. This is an age when the steady influences of country life are needed more than ever to repair the waste of hurry and excitement. Is there not a bitter cry from depleted shires as well as from the overgrown metropolis? Cannot the cultured and the leisured give a little more attention to a Wordsworthian vision, or to the Wordsworthian ideal? To live with Nature, to know her transient moods, to love her as a nurse, to know her as a companion, to

feel that in rural England there is before the leisured the simplest and the noblest and most dutiful life for all, to be in touch with the harmonies of Nature, to go to the fountain sources of inspiration, and from all this to reduce a love of mankind and a practical philanthropy is a great and noble ideal. One may dream it, if nothing more, sitting by a "Poet's Corner," and following in the spirit of his high narrative reach the ultimate goal he points out. Of one thing I feel sure; poor neglected rural England requires a poet and a prophet. Can Wordsworth recall us to the realities of our rural life, and give us a cult as true, and a philosophy as sound as that of the great classic poets was false and unreal. I fancy I can hear from this ingle-nook the voice of those who object and say: A pretty, very pretty and taking philosophy, but is it attainable for many? In other words, is it possible for many to be Wordsworthians, and at the same time practical men of the world? I maintain that it is; and that many leisured and cultured people can find in Wordsworth a practical motive for philanthropy on very exalted lines. Wordsworth sets out with a passionate love of Nature, and all the works of the Creator. Man is the noblest of God's works, and he claims our first attention. It is monstrous that in the midst of all the beauty and salubrity of the outer world God's image should be defaced, and the divine lineaments obscured. Squalid misery is an offence against the beauty of the natural world, and the sight of it makes the charitable heart well up with sympathy. This feeling is different from the simple intellectual appreciation of beauty, which may begin and end with ourselves, and was the heritage of the ancient Hellenes to a greater extent, perhaps, than it ever can be with ourselves. No, it is a feeling that the symmetry of things, and the harmony of the world is disturbed by our social and artificial arrangements, and the voice of the natural world pleads against unsightliness. The feeling aroused is not precisely a moral law, but it is to the individual a strong injunction of right doing. It is perennial because it draws its inspiration from the outer world and the beautiful and fair things of creation which never fail, and are always renewed. Moreover, it tallies

with the direct injunction of Heaven, and the precepts of revelation.

Wordsworth left far behind him the age of Strophon and Chloe, and the artificialities of a vain classical revival. He has bequeathed to us, it seems to me, a great and wide philosophy, which is not necessarily esoteric or selfish, but one which many can take up when and how they please, either wholly or in part. Whenever the beauty and symmetry of the natural world come home to a receptive mind, whenever the observant eye can see, or the ear can listen, and the organs of our human body are sensitive to outward impressions, there is the germ of a philosophy. Taine, the French critic, has written of Wordsworth: "When I shall have emptied my head of all worldly thoughts, and looked up at the clouds for ten years to refine my soul, I shall love this poetry. Meanwhile, the reel of imperceptible threads, by which Wordsworth endeavors to bind together all sentiments, and embrace all nature, breaks in my fingers; it is too fragile; it is a woof of woven spider-web, spun by a metaphysical imagination, and tearing as soon as a solid hand tries to touch it." Not so; Neither the statement nor the description is true, although we may not wonder at M. Taine's difficulty in understanding Wordsworth. To such a critic, perhaps, the talent and genius of Richard Jefferies would be equally inscrutable. But an ordinary nature-loving Briton can understand him and follow him, if he can only come to close quarters with him and follow him to his hidden retreat, bask in his "light of thought," and track him along the paths of his revelation, and peer into his favored ingle-nook and the true "Poet's" corner. Very often we leave the appreciation of these local sanctities to colonists and Americans, who seem to have a better perspective than ourselves. But once approach the "adytum" in a proper spirit, and you are

face to face with the divinity that haunts it. We are standing by the well of inspiration, the very fount of Castalia, where we can watch the bubbles break, and hear the eternal melody of the hills.

We put off our shoes from off our feet as it were, and stand on sacred ground. We listen for the sermon, and it comes thrilling from the woods and down the leafy corridors. The stream bears a message, and the winds float a song of peace. From the "Poet's Corner" comes a voice sounding the eternal verities, and we stand listening as pilgrims at a shrine. The light strikes on the Memnon statue, and it speaks, and gives back the answer we crave.

So we may learn a poet by glimpse and intuition. Beneath the open dome of heaven, not the fretted vault of temples, where the object and motives of our devotions are completely different, beneath the leafy screen of the jubilant woods, not behind the carved and dusty screens of antiquity, in the glorious pageantry of the eternal hills, not behind the light of painted glass, be it never so dim and sacred, by the wayside shrine of the poet rather than in the awful precincts of a national Campo Santo, in the temple of the skies rather than in the temples made with hands, we catch the spiritual presence of the poet who truly loves nature, and is her best interpreter. Could we know a poet thus face to face and in the light of day, we should put aside our sense of gloom, and half forget the taint of his mortality. From the freshness of the natural world he speaks to us, and is the veritable *genius loci*. A close acquaintance will bring pleasurable emotions, and bequeath a life-long memory; and, with Horace, the pilgrim may say of his "Poet's Corner," wherever he chooses or chances to come across it—

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus risit.*

—*National Review.*

ON BEING ORDERED ABROAD FOR THE WINTER.

A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.

BY F. A.

ON comparing the impressions of one's youth with the state of things at the present time, it seems to me that the blessed art of making things pleasant all round has made considerable progress among the professors of medicine. They loom through the twilight of youth like so many *carnifices*, administering the frightful bolus, and, like Bob Allen, prepared to bleed you, on the slightest provocation. But now they prescribe very pleasant things, and they do so in the most genial and pleasant way. The only drawback is that the treatment suggested is frequently quite impracticable. Their advice is like the advice to the small boy to go in and win, to which the small boy has no possible objection, if he can only overcome the stronger fists of his adversary; or it is like the ironical saying of Mr. Justice Maule, in sentencing a man for bigamy whose first wife, and a very bad one, had run away from him, that it was the duty of the pauper to have had a Divorce bill passed through the House of Lords. I know several worthy parish doctors who tell the agricultural laborer that he requires a generous diet, with port wine and quinine. Where Hodge is to procure this treatment, except from the overburdened parson, is not stated. Similarly, if a professional man, whose time is his estate, who is chained to his business, whose children fasten him to home as the Lilliputians fastened Lemuel Gulliver to the ground, should visit the enlightened British physician, under certain circumstances, the great man feels bound to prescribe to the patient that he shall go abroad for the winter.

You go to see the great man for the purpose of obtaining his advice. And it is not always so easy to behold him. Sometimes there is a run upon a particular doctor, who is the fashion, and whom everybody wants to see. And it is not a bad thing to be a fashionable doctor, if only for this reason, that when the West-end patients go away from town the doctor may go abroad, and

partake of the remedy which he prescribes to other people. Sir Henry Holland, in his "Autobiography," said that he always took three months' holiday, and, rather than sacrifice any of it, heroically determined that his practice should never exceed five thousand a year. Such cases of professional modesty occur but rarely. Another celebrated physician, Dr. J. C. B. Williams, who has also published his "Autobiography," and who has sent legions of people abroad in his day, has practically carried out his own prescription by spending the evening of his days on the Riviera. It is sometimes, I was saying, a difficult thing to tackle the great physician when there is an irrational run upon him. There was, some time ago, a doctor whose morning levées were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, probe at him with his stethoscope, write his prescription, pocket his fee, in a space of time varying from two to five minutes. One day an Army man was shown into the consulting-room, and underwent what may be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed the patient shook hands heartily with the doctor, and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forester, speak of his old friend, Dr. L." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick Forester's son?" "Most certainly I am." "My dear fellow, fling that infernal prescription into the fire, and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you."

I may candidly say that I don't believe my own story, and, in fact, regard it with reprobation. I have known distinguished physicians spend an hour or two over a hospital case, when the diagnosis has been a difficult one. I expect that all our ailments are for the most part extremely vulgar, and that a doctor can read us off as the experienced reporter does so much shorthand. If you

want to see the great doctor, you must write and ask for an appointment. If you omit this form before calling, it is quite possible that you may wait three or four hours and miss him, after all. You may get a fine view of his back as he hurries to his carriage, perhaps munching a sandwich in order to sustain him on his round of visitation. You will perhaps observe on the mantelpiece a card stating that the fee for a first visit is two guineas, and for every subsequent visit a guinea. Some physicians conscientiously prefer receiving two guineas for each individual visit. There is another fee, however, which many of our physicians constantly receive, and that is—nothing. There is no body of men so persistently generous and self-denying in the matter of fees as English medical men.

Your name is written down on a slate and you are shown into the waiting-room. Perhaps you recognize this waiting-room as the physician's dining room, and possibly in happier hours you have reposed your legs beneath that solid mahogany that is now strewn with books and periodicals to beguile the tedium of waiting. How the moralist might muse on the metamorphoses of the apartment! It is here that the light joke passed from the lips of the wit, and the slender foaming champagne glass was raised to the lips of the beauty, and the traveller brought back his strange stories from far regions of Asia or Africa, and the statesman unbent from the anxieties and telegrams of office. This wan wintry morning when the gleam of cold sunshine hardly wanders in, it is difficult to recall the light and festivity of the evening hours. In the comparison we waiting patients seem like a set of poor ghosts, shivering on the shores of Acheron. Of course the worst of the patients are not here; they are tossing on uneasy couches, and the good doctor will have to visit them at their own homes. There is a line of utterly unknown authorship which Dr. Johnson was very fond of murmuring to himself:

“Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.”

To-day the brilliant party and to-morrow the waiting-room of the consulting physician. I was going to add, for the sake of the antithesis, to-day “the foam-

ing grape of Eastern France” and to-morrow the “bolus,” only I remember that, in these days of making things pleasant all round, the doctor frequently “exhibits” champagne as a remedial measure. Indeed, I have known one medical man of enlightened and cheerful views who prescribed a table-spoonful of brandy to be taken in a glass of champagne every three hours, a prescription to which the patient gave respectful submission.

What curious scenes these consulting-rooms have witnessed! I have known of men who have gone in very heavy-hearted, believing that they were suffering from every direful symptom known in the books, and have come back excessively happy, being assured that their fears were all mistakes and illusions. On the other hand, there are men who have made their calls, feeling assured that they are safe and sound, and have simply received sentence of death, and that within a very short time. A very pathetic story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Dr. Darwin of Derby. One day a patient entered the consulting-room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only say that the patient was in a most perilous state. “There is only one man in England who understands the disease,” said the London doctor—“who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin of Derby.” “Alas!” was the answer, “I am Dr. Darwin of Derby.”

As we sit and wait, the attendant glides into the room and from time to time beckons one of us away. The odd thing is that none of us look at all ill; but in these days the doctors say that looking well has nothing at all to do with things. Still we are shy and reserved, and a little anxious, and I notice that any well-meant attempt to open a conversation generally collapses. I suppose we are all more or less hopeful as we have been able to make our way to this trysting spot. Then we go into the doctor's private room—his sanctum, his confessional, where at times very strange

confessions are heard, and also with no power of absolution. If you offend against the laws of Nature, Nature will give you no forgiveness. As Professor Huxley says, Nature does not give you a word and a blow, but she gives you the blow at once, and you must find out the meaning. You must be very clear and explicit during those precious moments of conversation. The man is a fool who prevaricates with his doctor or lawyer, and yet doctors and lawyers have found such fools in their experience. The doctor hears all you have to say, and brings out a lot of facts you had never thought of, and regulates your diet, and probably puts you on the oil of the liver of the cod, and finally sums up the case by saying, "You must go abroad for the winter."

You hear the sentence, and you go down to your club; and as you walk along the streets you ruminate on it. You are rather dazed to think you will be surrendering your club, and your customary chambers, your favorite places of call, the haunts and retreats you have made for yourself. You are not likely to find abroad so good a club as your own, or indeed any club at all. As the old friends drop into reading-room or smoking-room you endeavor to gather up their impressions and experiences for your own profit and use. But not much is to be gained this way. Your friends speak of a place as they have happened to find it, either *en bon* or *en laid*. If they have been pleased with the place you ask about, they extol it extravagantly; if they happen to have been cheated at their hotel, they probably inform you that it is an "infernal hole." The rebellious thought occurs to you that you will give up the idea and not go at all. You will change your doctor until you find some enlightened physician who will advise you to stay at home and follow your own sweet will. You say that at your time of life you must either be a fool or a doctor; forgetting that a combination of the two is perfectly possible. If you must change your doctor, you would not have to go so far before meeting a superior man whose opinion may coincide with your own. Still, after all, you own a difficulty in going against your regular doctor, who knows your constitution and

has helped you on honestly and ably all these years. In fact, the doctor is the one absolute power left in the country, and imposes on your scarce-resisting conscience the dogma of his infallibility. He has prescribed to you a place, and he is graciously willing to listen to anything you have to say on behalf of any other place you may prefer. Of course, the upshot is that you surrender yourself entirely to that Protestant Pope, your doctor. He kindly advises you the best way to travel, and gives you an introduction to the local *medico* who will understand your case, and dismisses you with his best wishes and a final prescription as a *viaticum*.

As you think of your engagements and responsibilities, and the heavy expenses, the prescription seems almost an impossible one. You might as soon be ordered to take a voyage to the moon, or make a tour among Jupiter's satellites. But there are no limits to the powers of human contrivance, and as you settle steadily to the idea, things seem to adjust themselves, and your way opens; and if things do *not* adjust themselves and the way does *not* open, this, too, may be for the best. The southern sea-board of our own country for many people is quite as good as going abroad. That sea-board is so good that Italian physicians have actually sent their patients to Penzance. Hastings, Ventnor and Torquay interpose their screen of hills against the unfriendly east wind. There is many a sheltered cove, unknown to fame, because unsung by any poets, which means in this case unrecommended by any physician. And that high temperature of the sunny south has sharp alternations of hot and cold, from which we are saved in our own country. Moreover, England is the land of organized comfort, and many people who go abroad with limited means and very little knowledge of the language, and very little society, English or foreign, lose more than they can get any compensation for. On the south coast the treatment of invalids has become a positive science, and all other interests seem subordinate to them. It is a curious fact that in these days asthmatic patients are sometimes ordered to London, the London smokiness, which, when pierced by the sun's setting rays, gives such

wonderful effects, being thought to possess great value in many cases of asthma. So before you allow yourself to be ordered abroad, make quite certain that you will not be better off at home.

The great region for England's invalids has always been the southern seaboard of Europe. Thence they have spread to Algiers and to Egypt and the happy islands of the far Atlantic. There was a time when the voyage to Australia was highly recommended. The sea voyage is no doubt an extremely good thing, both on account of the iodine and ozone of ocean, and also because one is enabled entirely to escape the winter. But the climate of Australia itself is very doubtful. Some American writer strongly advocated a prolonged stay in the mammoth cave of Kentucky, but the notion never took root. I imagine that, where there is a good staying-power, a sojourn among the Rocky Mountains would be likely to be more effective. There has been a great run on some of the Pyrenean watering-places, such as Eaux-Bonnes on the French, and Panticosa on the Spanish side. But from what I have seen of them in my visits, I am very distrustful of any good effect. If I am to go to any of the remoter places it is necessary that I have some costly interviews with the army of tradesmen, not to mention seeing a lawyer, making a will, and coming to an understanding with an insurance company. But if I am only visiting the fringe of the Mediterranean, barring the fatigue of an overland journey, it is little more than going out of one room into another. When men have been ordered abroad on military service, or have often gone immense distances in search of big game, there has often been the happiest effect on worn organs and debilitated constitutions.

It may be interesting and perhaps not without use to notice the vagaries and varieties of taste in winter resorts. For many people it is the constant object of interest to find out some new climate and invent some fresh health-resort. People do not go now to Montpellier and Lisbon as they used to do, but perhaps the ancient reputation of those places will revive. Most of the modern favorites are the result of sheer accident. Lord Brougham being turned back from

the Italian frontier, discovered Cannes, where he is rightly esteemed the founder of the place. Ruffini's lovely story, "Dr. Antonio," is thought to give the veritable history of Bordighera. One or two watering-places are being opened up on the Spanish coast, especially one at Huelva, which has a delicious climate, but is in the neighborhood of a large mining population and wants the accessories of an Anglican service. The most remarkable effort in this way is bringing the Canary Islands forward as a winter residence, and a great deal has been done in the way of cheap fares out and home, and also hotels and services. Mrs. Stone's recent large work, "Teneriffe and its Satellites," is a perfect mine of information on the subject. There are reasons, however, which this season are hindering the flow of immigration. The people of Madeira are somewhat fearful that the new resorts may overshadow their established reputation. There is probably also a very good reason to be stated on behalf of the Azores. Of late years there has been a great tendency among bronchial patients to spend the winter in travelling in India. Moreover, as "globe-trotting" becomes the predominant amusement, the voyage round the world becomes established on hygienic principles, so as to insure the best climatic changes. It is obvious, however, that such very extended travels will hardly suit genuine patients, but presuppose a large amount of constitutional strength.

It will be seen, then, that those who are ordered abroad have the widest possible selection; in fact, it may be said of our invalids,

"The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

It must not be supposed that being ordered abroad for the winter is necessarily a gloomy affair. Many of the health resorts are especially fashionable, Cannes being the gay metropolis of the Riviera. Some people repair thither on the faintest shadow of valetudinarianism. Some go to recruit after the labors of the law term or the Session, and others in pursuance of a policy of precaution. Many will frankly say that they go entirely and avowedly for the

sake of the amusements. Mentone is the place to which the real invalids mainly resort. Monte Carlo, of course, is a place which has a most delicious climate, and the most exciting amusements. Unfortunately, the combination of the two is not the most healthful for the invalid. Nice has all the attractions and conveniences of a gay, bright city. But we must avoid the temptation to give a *catalogue raisonné* of the many sunny spots along that enchanting sub-tropical coast. There are some families who select a lonely sea-girt castle or a mountain *palazzo* for hibernation, apart from the presence of crowds. It is also to be remembered that a whole family and their *entourage* often go abroad for the sake of a single invalid, to whom, on the "making pleasant" principle, amusement and change and society are especially prescribed; so that the wide region which we may call "*Pulmonaria*" is practically one of a very lively character, *exceptis excipiendis*, and of late years has been found extremely fertile in giving materials to the *wit* and novelist.

Many of us would bear with most Christian resignation a sentence of banishment that sends us to such a lovely climate. We have perhaps murmured to ourselves the words of the poet—

"And I would see before I die

The palms and temples of the south."

Change is the great natural alternative.

"If you cannot change your country, change your town; and if you cannot change your town, change your room; and if you cannot change your room, change your furniture." This, I think, was Sir Henry Hallford's famous saying. There is no doubt a healing, vivifying effect in change, if we do not fall into the error of trying it when too late. But you are not really bound to any particular region. You may spread the map of the world before you and choose your own place of retreat.

When you are distinctly ordered abroad, one of the first things to do is to resolve yourself into a committee of ways and means. It makes a great deal of difference whether you are a bachelor or an excessively married man; whether, when you put on your hat you cover your family or whether you have a tail as long as a comet's. It is a very sim-

ple calculation whether you go *en garçon*, living a kind of ideal existence—coming, going, and staying as you like—or with half-a-dozen, a dozen, or a dozen and a half in your train. In the latter case you simply multiply your own expenses by the number of the party, and you get the product desired—or undesired. The servants will be a little cheaper, but then the ladies will be a little more expensive, so the result will be very much as I state it. Only, in the latter case, the luggage assumes very serious dimensions. In the interest of railway porters—for whom, in these days of missions, some people have a very special interest—let me drop a word of advice by the way, and recommend the big boxes that run upon little wheels. They will immensely lighten the labors of those who are at times idle enough, but at other times are immensely overtaxed. Porters and waiters are sometimes treated as if they were natural enemies, but as the unfailing companions of one's travels they have a claim upon us. I remember at a big hotel in Paris we missed one of the waiters who had gone away with chest complaint. I knew a man there, who, in distributing doles to the servants, directed something to be taken to the sick man's home. I remember the buzz of excitement that ran through a circle of amazed waiters at this token of sympathy for their order. Once when I pointed out to a friend the large space which this item filled in his expenses, "My dear fellow," he replied, "that was the money best spent of all."

The question of climate is a much more difficult question than might be supposed. A physician orders a patient abroad to a particular locality, and the locality may have half-a-dozen climates, according to such matters as these—whether the residence is above or below the cliff; whether it has a northern or southern aspect; whether it is sheltered or not by woods and cliffs. Very often a patient goes to the climate that is diametrically opposite to the one that is fitted for him. I have heard a great physician groan over the perversity of his patients in selecting wrong sites. So many and so constant are the chances that we all have of blundering. By a mysterious Providence, there are many people who when they have a right and

a wrong presented to them, invariably choose the wrong, especially if it is a very important and crucial occasion. The great controversy of recent years has been one on the respective merits of the warm and the cold climate. Formerly a consumptive patient was treated like a hot-house plant. He was, so to speak, hermetically sealed up. If he were a hopeful patient he was sent to one of the more bracing places of the south—but to the south he must go. Almost accidentally a new way of thinking rose up. There was a man whose death-warrant was considered as sealed because he was ordered to the far north; and contrary to all sound opinion he recovered. People who were sent to Dartmoor as to the grave were found to be greatly benefited. Indeed, it is popularly said that no one born and bred on Dartmoor ever was consumptive. There was a very sensible Member of Parliament who, instead of going to the Riviera, went to the Ural Mountains and made a good recovery. It is found that no consumption exists beyond a certain altitude in the Andes, and consequently South American patients go to the Andes. The last theory is that the extreme cold kills the *bacilli* that are supposed to cause the lung mischief. The result of the theory in Europe is, that not only do we have the lofty health resorts of Davos and the Engadine, but mountain sanatoria are becoming increasingly common, and patients will even brave the climate of Switzerland in the winter and dwell among "the towers of silence." It would be quite possible to give an equally favorable account of the good effects wrought in the southern latitudes. It is here that the art of the physician and the wisdom of experience come into play. It is very noticeable how in these days medical men visit in succession the different health resorts which they may have to recommend to their patients. A doctor told me the other day that he had been out hundreds of times to the Riviera. It is not to be supposed that this is simply done for the interests of climatic science, but to pay a visit to a patient, for which call five hundred pounds is not an uncommon fee. Still, medical science has very accurately registered all the facts and phenomena that afford

a sure basis for conclusions. Every patient is as a new book to a doctor, who will advise for the best in each several instance. Patients may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are facts in a wide induction, that their cases are registered and tabulated, that they are making or marring the reputation of health resorts, and that they are helping gradually to build up a science of health in such matters.

Sometimes, when a patient has found a locality abroad that suits the case, it becomes impossible to live in any other. This is curiously seen at Davos Platz. The population is entirely made up of invalids. They go to Davos and get decided benefit, and if they stay away from Davos they decline and die. The industrial Germans, understanding that this is the case, set themselves carefully to work to find means of earning a subsistence in the place. They are shopkeepers, porters, domestic servants, lodging-house keepers—in fact, in every variety of occupation they manage to subsist in this climate that suits them. The fear is that the narrow Landwasser valley will become too crowded, and spoil that pure bracing air; and we are afraid that the new railway from Landquar bodes no good to it. A charming book recently published, "Three Generations of Englishwomen," records a very similar instance. That brilliant and beautiful woman, Lady Duff-Gordon, fell a prey to the disease which seems specially to single out the brilliant and beautiful. She tried many climates, and at last found one that suited her in a Theban palace on the Upper Nile. Again and again she tried to leave the borders of the desert, but was always driven back. She tried to revisit her native land. She went to Syria and to Cairo—there was no help for her anywhere else. For when she had left Luxor for Cairo, then she died. Many a man who is ordered abroad finds a new country, and strikes his root deeply into the new soil. Thus I have repeatedly met with old Indians and Australians who have looked forward for years to their English home; but, without knowing it, they have become so strongly acclimatized, that they are restless and dissatisfied till they go back to India or Australia.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer once said in the House of Commons that any honorable member might imagine that he had seven or eight sovereigns of his own in his pocket, but that one of these sovereigns was sure to find its way into the national exchequer. Now there is a very unpleasing analogue to this. Whenever you find seven or eight people in company, you may venture to say that one of them is sure to fall into the hands of the doctors for *malaise* of the respiratory organs. One eighth of the mortality of these islands is due to phthisis, bronchitis, laryngitis, *et hoc genus omne*. It is the national shadow and bane. There are some cheering points in this unhappy state of things that attest the progress of medical science. The duration of consumption, that used to be two years, is now ten years, and in its earlier stages the illness is now held to be curable. Many therapeutic agencies have been discovered, but the favorite prescription of all is to go abroad for the winter. Our subject has a sadly wide area of interest.

As I write these lines the winter sun is invisible, the earth is shrouded in fogs and vapors, the unfriendly east wind is sending forth its assassin blasts. It is wonderful to think that it is possible, with the aid of steam, to pass beyond zone and zone of land, beyond belt and

belt of sea, to those lovely regions "by the bluest of seas, and beneath the bluest of skies." This was the scenery that Goethe had in mind when he wrote Mignon's song of the wildernesses of olives, the groves of orange and citron, the marbled terraces on the water, and the paths among the mountains. At the present moment multitudes of our countrymen and country-women are forced to leave those loved shores that have proved inhospitable to them, in the hope that kinder Nature may heal their hurt and attune both body and mind. In the words of the pathetic old phrase, "The Lord send them a good deliverance." May they have a prosperous return, with the swallows, to their native country. And it may be well for them also if they take the wings of the morning, and seek a still better country. Even Lucretius could speak of those who are sated with life's banquet and can retire satisfied from the feast. And we can do better than that. There was a good man who after a long day's prosperous study would rise up devoutly and say grace over his books. So let us say grace cheerfully over life's good and great things, and look to see still fairer scenes in "the light that never was on sea or shore," even those new heavens and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—*Murray's Magazine*.

PARIS, JANUARY, 1789.

PARIS on the eve of the Great Revolution differed so greatly from the monumental city of to-day that if, by some occult process, we were able to live back a hundred years and visit it, we should scarcely recognize a single quarter, unless, indeed, it be the rapidly-disappearing Rue Galande and the labyrinth of streets surrounding St. Séverin, or that great area of narrow streets and alleys which stretches from the Temple to the bottom of the Avenue de l'Opéra, very rarely traversed by strangers, but which is so worthy of their inspection on account of the numerous archæological remains which it contains. Let us imagine that we have recently alighted on a fine day in January, 1789 at one of the many hotels which then, as now, border

the Rue St.-Honoré. If we take a stroll in this neighborhood, we are immediately struck by the amazing number of churches and convents, several of which are still in a fairly flourishing condition; but the majority will be either totally destroyed or else suppressed in a year or two. The irregular space round Notre Dame is usually occupied by a motley collection of booths of the commonest description, devoted to the exhibition of monstrosities and to the sale of gingerbread, rosaries made of nuts, and cheap crockery. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is so full of pigs and so filthy that ladies and dandies are carried across it by men at the rate of two sous a lift. There are scarcely any quays along the Seine, the waters of which

river on the slightest rise inundate all the lower quarters. The principal public promenades are the Grand Cour or Champs Elysées and the Cour de la Reine, separated from it by a deep ditch, used as a bowling alley. The public gardens are those of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Arsenal, the Palais Soubise, the Temple, and, lastly, a space of waste land behind the Cathedral, where games are played by the people on holiday afternoons. We are bewildered by the great number of carriages and carts of every description. The coaches of the nobility are drawn by as many as four or six horses; but already much of this state is being rapidly curtailed. The public conveyances are numerous and cheap, and the fiacres have their bulgy bodies painted a vivid canary color. The costumes of the people are nothing like as picturesque as one would have imagined, and are as a rule sombre in color, and we see very few persons dressed otherwise than in black, dark blue, gray, or brown cloth. We note that a good number of men are already wearing trousers instead of knee-breeches, and the ladies are beginning to discard powder, and are wearing broad-brimmed Rubens hats, with bunches of flowers stuck on the one side. The shops are but fairly well supplied. Very few have glass windows, and almost all are closed at nightfall to save the expense of candles. The Palais Royal is much as we see it to-day, and is magnificently illuminated every evening with countless wax-lights and oil-lamps. It is very dear to English tourists, who haunt its principal restaurants and cafés, and amuse the Parisians by their odd way of dressing and obtrusive behavior. A particular gallery of the Palais Royal is considered one of the sights of Europe. On each side are book-shops alternated with dressmakers' "establishments." The booksellers deal in that class of work which is best left unread, and the *modistes* illustrate to the life the manners and customs described in the books. Every night this resort is thronged with smart-looking men, who have come to pay their court to the *Princesses*, as the merry milliners are popularly called. Arrayed in the most extravagant toilets of the period, and painted an inch thick, *ces Dames* parade

up and down the Gallery with their cavaliers until the small hours of the morning. In addition to the *Princesses* there are gamblers and gambling-houses by the score in this vicinity, making it altogether about the "hottest" corner in Europe, only surpassed in this respect by the contemporary Piazza of San Marco, Venice.

Parisian society in 1789 is represented by the *salons* of Mme. de Sabran (this is extremely aristocratic), of Mme. de Genlis, who has turned pious, and of Mmes. de Coigny, de Vauban, de Dampierre, d'Epeuilles, and de Rochambeau. The literary world goes principally to Mme. de Beauharnais, a pretty lady, only recently returned from Martinique, and who little dreams that she will in a few years hold a *salon* as Empress at the Tuileries, which are nearly opposite her windows. Mme. Necker receives the political world, and is introducing into it her precocious daughter, already celebrated as Mme. de Staël. Mme. de Condorcet devotes herself to celebrities of all kinds, from Mirabeau to Anacharsis Clootz. Curtius, the famous wax-modeller, receives each Thursday evening at supper people of the highest distinction or greatest notoriety—the Emperor Joseph II., for instance, when he condescends to visit his sister, Marie Antoinette, also Robespierre and Marat, who are his particular friends. Meanwhile his very pretty niece, Mlle. Gresholtz, occasionally appears at these festivities, and relates with some pride how she modelled in wax the face of the late M. de Voltaire, interlarding her conversation with pleasing little anecdotes of Court life, for she is "in waiting" on Mme. Elizabeth. The good people of London ten years later will form her acquaintance and she will become very dear to them as Mme. Tussaud. Not at all to be despised is the *salon* of Mme. Julie Talma, wife of the tragedian, who has great taste in furniture and arranges her rooms more artistically than anybody else. She lives in the Rue Chantreine, dresses exquisitely, and has a passion for everything revolutionary. If we drop in here rather late we shall possibly meet Lavoiseur, Roederer, or Camille Desmoulins, certainly Greuze, and possibly Cazotte, who a little time ago startled

(if we choose to believe La Harpe) the city by prophesying the decapitation of all the illustrious ladies assembled in the drawing-room of Mme. de Rohan. At all these conversazioni the gentlemen wear costumes made of the lightest silks and satins, richly embroidered, and the ladies hoops, powder, and patches. The patches have political significations far too numerous for us to detail. The Opera is the meeting-place of good society. It is, or rather was, the identical Porte St.-Martin, which the Communists destroyed in 1871. The boxes, or *loges*, are sumptuously furnished, notably that of the Duke de Richelieu, which contains an elaborate bed. In the Royal Box, perhaps, we may see the King and Queen; but Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette go very rarely to the theatre now, having been already more than once publicly insulted. The principal singers are Jelyotte, the celebrated tenor, Loïs, Cheron, Sophie Arnould—who is over forty—and Mme. Sainte-Huberty, who in a few years will come to Richmond and end her existence by a terrible tragedy in real life. The old Théâtre Français, situated on the left side of the Seine, is small, inconvenient, severely decorated, and very dirty. The scenery is execrable, and the actors and actresses usually wear cast-off Court costumes, for the sale of which there is a bazaar near St.-Eustache. The favorite performers are Molé, Dazincourt, Favart, and Mlles. Gaussin, Dumesnil, and Raucourt. A young actor named Talma is playing third parts with much success. There are about a dozen other extremely dirty and inconvenient little theatres, where the acting is often most amusing and not a little risky, and where the Court and great world occasionally appear under protest.

Let us return to the streets. On a Sunday or fête-day—there are fifty-three Church fêtes observed besides the Sundays—we shall be edified by not a few ecclesiastical processions; but these are beginning to be less and less splendid and numerous. Several have been already suppressed, and it has been thought fit to prohibit others because the Host and some of the sacred images have been latterly frequently and grossly insulted. However, in Holy Week and on Corpus Christi Day the Court and

official world, the University and the Sorbonne, walk solemnly before the Bishop and clergy, and, as a rule, the cortège is well enough received. On these occasions altars, called *réposoirs*, are arranged in the public squares, with flowers and lights, and are sometimes extremely magnificent. In 1787 one of them cost a merchant of the Chaussée d'Antin over 2,000*l*. The churches are very sparsely attended by the middle and upper classes; but "the people" are fairly religious, and the working classes go to Mass regularly. Everywhere you hear the same kind of conversation. People seem never tired of talking politics, and of predicting a coming and radical change—for the better or worse nobody can tell.

If we are inclined to be literary in this year of grace 1789, we shall hunt up M. Ducis or the Abbé Delille, who are the leading poets, and possibly they will introduce us to the young and handsome André Chénier, who has unquestioned genius. Everybody will tell us that M. de Beaumarchais is rapidly declining in popularity, and that folks are tired even of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. We shall find M. Mercier very cynical, but extremely clever and witty, and, above all, filthily dirty. Another odd personage is Restif de la Bretonne, who is by turns dull, dirty, and a man of genius. Dorvigny, who is reputed to be an illegitimate son of Louis XV., and who is very like that King in face and person, is witty and odd, and, moreover, the third dirtiest man in Paris. He is the author of the popular *Jeannot*, altogether the most successful piece of the day. M. Desforges is a man of note, and no less so is M. Legouvé. Louis Ange Pitou, with his friend Mme. Angot, and his charming songs, must not be forgotten, nor should we omit Boilly, who is always shedding tears as he prophesies the terrible times which he feels sure are rapidly approaching. The chief painters are Greuze, Lagrenée, Mérimée, and David. The composers of the day are mostly foreigners, but highly appreciated. The most renowned are Cherubini, Sacchini, Grétry, Piccini, Mehul, Paesello, Spontini, and Mozart.

In 1789 Louis XVI. is thirty-five years old, and lives almost entirely at Versailles; he is a stout, kindly man,

blessed with a prodigious appetite. In appearance, and even in mind, he is observed to have aged considerably since the affair of the diamond necklace. The Queen, Marie Antoinette, is just thirty-four, still supremely elegant, and has conceived a rage for everything simple and rural, preferring Trianon to any of the Royal palaces. Dressed like a Dresden china shepherdess, with her friends Mmes. de Polignac and De Lamballe, she makes butter while the Comte de Provence, her brother-in-law, teaches the little boys and girls in the village school, and the King, disguised as a miller, carries sacks of flour on his back to the little mill, one of those graceful constructions which help to make Trianon the most delightfully unreal rural spot on earth—a farm à la Watteau. On Sundays the King and Queen still dine in public, and a great many English people flock to Versailles to see the sight. The Dauphin, a pretty little fair-haired boy, is five years of age, and very lively and talkative. A few years later he will not utter a single word in response to the menaces and even blows of his tyrant Simon. The future Duchess of Angoulême is three years older than her brother, and remarkably quiet and thoughtful for her age. Of the two brothers of his Majesty, Charles, Count d'Artois, is given to society and sport; and M. de Provence is heavy and devoted to learned society, the conversation of which, he says, helps him to fall asleep. Philippe of Orleans has already lost his good looks, has grown fat and coarse, has quarrelled with Mme. de Genlis, and is living openly with Mme. de Buffon. These worthies five years later will be eating their dinner one afternoon when the bloody head of the Princesse de Lamballe, stuck up on a pole, will be thrust up to their windows for their better inspection, and a few months afterward Philippe Egalité's head will roll in the dust unpitied even by his own kin. Mme. Elizabeth, the holy sister of the King, is in the zenith of her beauty—a sort of saint, with an excellent appetite. His Majesty's aunts, the two surviving daughters of the late King—Mmes. Adelaide and Victoire—are a pair of cantankerous old maids, quarrelling with everybody and each other.

Of the principal actors in that forthcoming tragedy, "the Reign of Terror," we note that Robespierre in 1789 signs his letters *De* Robespierre, has aristocratic tastes, and has turned his thirtieth year. Danton, everybody says who knows him, has the green eyes of a tiger and a miserable temper. He is well known to the King and Court, and admired for his caustic wit. His clever but bitter sayings are repeated all over the city. Marat is quite a literary and scientific celebrity, and talks of Edinburgh and London, where he has lived, and frequents Curtius's studio, where he is occasionally seized with paroxysms of demoniacal rage, and breaks the models. Charlotte Corday, his Fate, is in a convent at Caen, rapidly growing up into a fine, handsome girl, with a distinct taste for literature. The Sisters have recently discovered in her possession, and much to their horror, a volume of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and Mlle. "de" Corday's friends and relations are consequently terribly scandalized. Camille Desmoulins is pushing his way to the front. Everybody thinks he is marvellously handsome. Collot d'Herbois distinguishes himself at popular reunions by the violence of his language. Fouquier Tinville has lately sent the King a set of verses, signed, by the way, "de" Tinville, and he tells his new acquaintance Danton that he hopes to receive in return a few francs from His Majesty, and a word of recognition. He will have a long time to wait; and those unanswered verses will eventually cost the good King his head. This is the reversal of the fable of the lion and the mouse. The mouse this time helps to kill the lion. Cambacérès is a pretty youth, with a face as smooth as a girl's; but for all that already a town councillor at Montpellier. M. le Marquis de La Fayette is detested by the Court party, and is so full of his American adventures that people, tired of hearing them repeated, declare them to be as fabulous as those of Munchausen. Talleyrand is Bishop of Autun, forty-five years of age, and notorious for his blasphemous wit. St.-Just, as handsome as a young Apollo, has recently left college, and is full of admiration for the heroes of antiquity, and sheds tears over the fate of the Gracchi. The Ro-

lands, husband and wife, are living quietly at Lyons, and have yet to make the acquaintance of Vergniaud, who is dreaming in the sunny South. Far away in Andalusia Mme. de Fontanay, *née* Cabarus, is already famous for her great beauty, but has still to hear for the first time the names of Tallien and Talleyrand. Carnot has just celebrated his forty-ninth birthday, and is an officer of the King's Guard. Hébert is begging in the streets for funds to start his paper, the future *Père Duchêne*. Hoche is a mere youth; Marceau, a pretty lad, with the face of an angel; and last, but certainly not least, in this month of Jan-

uary, 1789, if by chance we meet anybody who has lately returned from Corsica, we may hear news of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young gentleman of good family, turned twenty, and already a sub-lieutenant of artillery. They will tell us that he is very rough in his manners, has a noble head, beautiful features, sallow complexion, and is fearfully untidy. His superior officers dislike him, and predict that he will end badly. His companions call him "*La paille au nez*," in derision of the Italian manner in which he pronounces his name—Napoléone.—*Saturday Review*.

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SUCH A FOOL!

He was always a fool—Tom Lake—and we always were telling him so, But where was the harm in that? It was just as well he should know. And he didn't mind it a bit—not he—or but once in a way— Vex him? I think that he liked it? What else *would* one think here to-day?

We'd a holiday given last week, and we walked—d'ye see it, the mill A-twirl like a fly on a pin? But that morning its sails stood still. Well, just below it, the lane and the railroad meet. Some deserve To be hung for that level-crossing, not twenty yards from the curve.

And there, as we came to the place where we saw the smooth metals a-shine, The mill folks' bit of a child, that's blind, had strayed down on to the line, And had lost itself, and got frightened—it couldn't have told you why; It owns little enough to lose, since it's lost both the earth and sky.

But to see it crying there, in the dark, with its curls in the sun, Made you feel like a sort of fool—only *feel*, for you'll hear *I* was none. It's hardly three year old, and it's blind: anyway, no better it knew Than to stand right between the two rails, with the Western Mail just due.

Due? No! but thundering round with a whirl and a clank and a screech Down on her—down on them both—for Tom somehow had rushed within reach, And had tossed the child safe on the bank, and got knocked down dead for his pains, Killed on the spot, with a fractured skull. Well, well, if he'd had more brains,

He'd maybe have stopped to consider—*we* did, as you'll please remark— Before he dashed out of the light, to leave the child here in the dark. Yet we didn't call him a fool when we picked him up. There's no need To be telling a lad the truth, when he hasn't the sense to heed.

And I don't think Fool's the word we'll get carved on yon slab of a stone, Though he *was* such a fool—oh aye, *such* a fool as I've seldom known.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

[BY ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.]

BETWEEN the bewildering profusion of the Food and Cookery Exhibition, held in London last spring, and the penury of the very poor, what an interval ! On one hand, all the richest viands the world can produce, on the other, starvation. On one hand, cooking of the most exquisite description, that would almost make a savory dish of a pair of old kid gloves ; on the other, ignorance, hopelessness, and indigence so profound that a salt herring is cooked in a most primitive fashion—lighted at a piece of burning paper and allowed to flare for a minute or two, then extinguished and eaten. Such extremes almost necessarily mark modern society, and are inseparable from the highly artificial conditions attending it, but they fill the thoughtful with sadness, and make one half wonder if this is, after all, the best of all possible worlds. And then the revelations, so far from new to the worker among the poor, but so startling to the rich, brought to light by the recent Commission on the Sweating System, are enough to appall the hardest hearted ; and, nevertheless, who can suggest any remedy as long as the labor market is glutted with incompetent and needy applicants for work. Life a heritage of woe, work done amid conditions destroying hope, strength, and vigor, a veritable battle for existence, a struggle to keep body and soul together, come what may to others, suffer who may. All very sad, and it is little consolation to perceive in it the working of great economic laws resulting in the survival of the fittest ; in short, a beneficent struggle for existence.

Man is that one animal who can adapt himself to the changing conditions of life, and the vicissitudes of climate. He can live in the coal-mine and on the lofty mountain summit. He is equally at home in Greenland and in the hottest parts of Central Africa. He can exist upon every kind of food—flying, creeping, swimming, running. Every plant yields him its produce ; all nature is under subjection to him. It is to cooking, however, that he owes a great part of his

superiority to other animals ; it fits much food for his wants which otherwise he would have to throw away, and careful preparation and skilful cooking enlarge his resources a thousandfold. Were it not for cooking, what could he live upon beyond a few fruits and nuts ? and as he could only get these in warm climates, half the earth's surface would be closed to him as a permanent residence.

How much of the greater vigor and better health of our times is due to more wholesome food would be an interesting question to discuss ; and that a well-arranged dietary has a great deal to do with the increasing longevity of our generation cannot be denied. As recently as the time of Queen Elizabeth vegetables were little cultivated, and still less used ; and some of the kinds, which are now seen in every house half a dozen times a month, were absolutely unknown. The breakfast of the Maiden Queen commonly consisted of salt meat, bread, and strong ale. It was not till the introduction into England of artificial grasses from France that much livestock could be kept through the winter. As lately as 1724 Dr. Cheyne wrote that no distemper was more common, fatal, and obstinate than scurvy, one of the most easily prevented of all diseases, and Dr. Cullen lamented that women, from their indoor and sedentary lives, suffered greatly from the effects of bad diet. Sir John Hawkins introduced the potato into Ireland in 1565, and twenty years later Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England, and in 1586 Sir Walter Raleigh also brought it over here, but two centuries passed before it became a common food. Sir Walter Scott, in *Waverley*, describes the cottages of Tully-veolan as having gardens filled with gigantic plants of kale or colewort encircled with groves of nettles, where the "now (1804) universal potato" was unknown. In 1800 the quartern loaf sold at 1s. 5d., while in January, 1801, it was 1s. 11d. ; in July, 1810, it touched the appalling figure of 2s. 5d. Rhubarb is quite of recent introduction, and is said to have been brought to this coun-

try in 1573 from the Volga, but for 200 years remained a gardener's curiosity. Mr. Joseph Myatt, of Deptford, was the first Englishman to cultivate it on a large scale, and in or about 1810 sent his sons to the Borough Market with five bunches, of which they could only sell three. They took ten the next time, and sold them all; and Myatt then resolved to plant an acre the following year. Now rhubarb is so commonly grown that early in summer it ceases to have any money value, and a little later is thrown away in vast quantities; and we have seen cartloads tossed carelessly on one side. Vegetable marrows have also grown in favor of late years, and are now a valuable addition to the national dietary. The same is equally true of the tomato, which continues dear, however, especially in small towns, though it has of late wandered from the precincts of first-class fruiterers' establishments, and is at last being seen in small shops in obscure streets. It is so prolific and easily cultivated that before long it ought to be found in every grocer's, and in hundreds of thousands of houses.

Much curious information can be given about food, treated not scientifically, but as a source of amusement; and we purpose laying before the reader some facts that cannot fail to interest him, although some of them may be rather startling.

National prejudices regarding food are an endless source of merriment to the philosopher. The Turks, not very squeamish in their diet, according to Dr. W. F. Ainsworth, of Euphrates exploration fame, will not touch oysters, which we and our American cousins regard as dainties. The Digger Indians, of the Pacific Coast, among the wretchedest of mortals, laid in a store of locust powder, sufficient to last seven years, after the great swarms of 1875. According to Frank Buckland, whose dietetic experiments showed a brave spirit and a singular disregard of conventional prejudices, the flesh of the boa constrictor is good, and tastes like veal. Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is described as tasting like stale fish and soapsuds, but, in spite of its somewhat objectionable flavor, it has millions of votaries. Rats in Chinese

cities sell at two shillings the dozen, and in the butcher's shop the hind quarters of the dog hang side by side with those of the sheep, and command a higher price per pound. The edible birds' nests of the same omnivorous people fetch double their weight in silver, the finest varieties, indeed, commanding six sovereigns the pound. The West Indian negroes refuse to touch stewed rabbit, but eat palm worms fried in fat, and baked snakes. Parrots, though tough, are eaten in Mexico, while the Argentine Guachos hunt skunks for the sake of their flesh. In Corsica the octopus is first boiled and then roasted, and is esteemed a delicacy. Lizards' eggs are devoured in the Pacific Islands, while the natives of the Antilles eat alligators' eggs. Turtle, now the luxury of the rich, is said only to have been eaten by the very poorest inhabitants of Jamaica up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Ants are consumed in Brazil, served with a resinous sauce, while in Siam they are taken curried. The Cingalese, after robbing the bee of its honey, eat it; and the Chinese, always models of thrift, after winding the silk from the cocoon, eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm.

Raw fish must have been eaten in the twelfth century by the Norwegians, if William of Malmesbury, in his account of the Crusades, is to be accepted as an authority. That quaint writer, after remarking "that the most distant islands and savage countries were inspired with the ardent passion" to take part in the crusades, continues, "The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, and the Norwegian his raw fish." But what is raw fish compared with satisfying the appetite on human flesh; the lowest depth to which degradation can descend. Never surely was cannibalism invested with greater pomp and circumstance than among the Aztecs, at the time of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico. This great people, a singularly fierce and warlike race, had, in some directions, made great advances in civilization, and, judging from what they had achieved, might, under favorable circumstances, have ultimately developed into an enlightened and scientific people. The Spanish Conquest de-

stroyed their power, threw them back irretrievably, and caused suffering and misery of almost unexampled severity. The siege of Mexico, less interesting to the world than that of Jerusalem by Titus, can be compared with the latter in the number of lives sacrificed, and the privations of the besieged. The Aztecs were sufficiently civilized to have sumptuous banquets furnished with all the luxuries of that favored region, but human flesh was a principal feature of the repast, though probably partly a survival of barbarism, partly a religious rite. Prescott's description will bear reproducing :—

The most loathsome part of the story—the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of, remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends. This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, and attended by both sexes, who, as we shall see hereafter, conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. Surely never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely in contact with each other.

Cannibalism could never have originated among people as enlightened as the Aztecs, though such is the force of custom that, handed down from their ancestors, it continued to be practised as a religious ceremony : religion has always been eminently conservative, and faithfully retains the rites of long past ages. Probably in its inception cannibalism had a less noble excuse, and was the outcome of actual starvation. It is recorded that during the terrible war waged by Elizabeth against the revolted Irish, the sufferings of the latter were at times so awful that three children were once found feeding on the dead body of their mother ; and in William's merciless subjection of Yorkshire, the wretched inhabitants who escaped the Conqueror's fury in part supported life on the dead horses left by his army, and then had to greedily devour human flesh. Among the wretched savages of Australia, compelled at times to support existence on roots, snakes, and other reptiles, and regarding the rotten blubber of a dead whale flung upon the beach as a great luxury, cannibalism would have been more excusable than in ancient Mexico.

The repasts of the Aztecs were on a scale and sumptuousness which entitle them to attention. Nothing shows this better than the following passage from Prescott's brilliant *History of the Conquest of Mexico* :—

The table was well provided with substantial meats, especially game, among which the most conspicuous was the turkey, erroneously supposed, as its name imports, to have come originally from the East. These more solid dishes were flanked by others of vegetables and fruit of every delicious variety found on the North American continent. The different viands were prepared in various ways, with delicious sauces and seasoning, of which the Mexicans were very fond. Their palate was still further regaled by confections and pastry, for which their maize, flour, and sugar supplied ample materials. Another dish of a disgusting character was sometimes added to the feast, especially when the celebration partook of a religious character. On such an occasion a slave was sacrificed, and his flesh, elaborately dressed, formed one of the chief ornaments of the banquet. Cannibalism in the form of an epicurean science, becomes even the more revolting. The meats were kept warm by chafing-dishes. The table was ornamented with vases of silver, and sometimes gold, of delicate workmanship. The drinking-cups and spoons were of the same costly materials, and likewise of tortoise-shell. The favorite beverage was chocolate flavored with vanilla and different spices. They had a way of preparing the froth of it so as to make it almost solid enough to be eaten, and took it cold. The fermented juice of the magney, with a mixture of sweets and acids, supplied also various agreeable drinks of different degrees of strength, and formed the chief beverage of the elder part of the company.

The Aztec Emperor took his meals alone ; the well-matted floor of the Imperial dining-hall being covered with innumerable dishes ; and sometimes the monarch, but more often his steward, pointed to the dishes which the former preferred, and which were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. That voracious chronicler, Bernal Diaz, has related certain particulars as to some of the dishes which show the credulity of the Spanish conquerors. The first cover, he said, was a *fricassée* or stew of little children ; but he was not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the statement. The royal bill of fare comprised hundreds of rich dishes, and, besides domestic animals in abundance, included game from the most distant regions and fish from the Gulf of Mexico, which the day before had been swimming about in its native element, and the most luscious

fruits were unsparingly heaped upon the board.

Between the sumptuous repasts of Aztec monarchs and the scanty fare of Inuit hunters what a contrast! The Inuit sits for hours at the blow-hole of the seal with the thermometer forty or fifty degrees below zero, patiently waiting for his prey, and when he has speared it, gorges himself on its warm blubber and hot blood.

Charles Augustus Murray, half a century ago, in his charming *Travels in North America*, a valuable work seldom looked at now, gave a lively account of his residence among the Pawnee Indians of the then remote regions of the Platte; he describes the following picturesque but strange scene. The religious character of cannibalism is distinctly shown in much that follows:—

The Sioux and the Winnebagoes had been for some time at war, but had agreed upon a temporary cessation of hostilities, when a party of about eight warriors of the former tribe came down to the bank of the river and saw on the island a Winnebago encampment containing eleven persons, all women and children, the men having gone out upon a hunting expedition. The sight of these helpless victims aroused the thirst of the Sioux for blood, and, regardless of the truce, they plunged into the river, swam to the island, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. One heroic boy only escaped; he drew his little arrow to the feathers, buried it deep in the breast of one of his enemies, then, plunging into the thickets, fled, not for safety, but revenge. Swimming the river, he ran down its eastern bank to Fort Crawford, where his dreadful tale soon drew to his side many of his own tribe, who instantly returned with him toward the island. When they arrived at the scene of slaughter their shouts and yells were deafening. Women and children had joined them in great numbers, and mingled their shrieks and lamentations with the revengeful cries of the men. At length they espied the body of the Sioux whom the brave boy had pierced with his arrow; he was by this time quite dead, but had contrived to crawl a few hundred paces from the encampment, and thus his companions had, in the hurry of their flight, forgotten to carry off his body. The Winnebagoes now surrounded it and prepared to wreak upon it all the indignities which fury and revenge could suggest. The minister on whom the office devolved was a handsome young girl of eighteen, who was the nearest relative present of those who had been massacred: she stepped forward with a countenance calm and unmoved, seized the scalping knife, divided the bones of the breast with a skill and rapidity which proved that the work was neither new nor unpleasant to her, and tearing out the heart cut it into small slices, which she presented, warm and reek-

ing, to the savage men around her, who ate them in gloomy and revengeful silence.

The religion of the wild Red Indian tribes cannot be compared with those softer tenets and more exalted principles and practices in which we have been brought up; nevertheless, there is no doubt that custom and familiarity might prevent any feeling of repugnance at customs strangely repulsive when seen by other races, and even the most civilized people may have habits objectionable to their neighbors. Eating the flesh of one's enemies was singularly enough thought to transfer some of the best qualities of the slaughtered man to his foes. As recently as the latter half of the last century the fierce warriors of the Six Nations—that merciless people who carried the brand and the scalping-knife over half the Atlantic States—are said by an eminent writer to have eaten the flesh of slaughtered foes, and the hand of an enemy was, a hundred years ago, actually fished out of some soup which was being prepared for table. The Maori love of human flesh is asserted not to have had any religious or ceremonial significance, but seems to have sprung from a less poetical origin. It is generally ascribed to the craving for flesh, not otherwise easy to gratify in those islands before the arrival of the English and the introduction of the pig, with the flesh of which the Maoris are said to have compared human meat. "Marco Polo notices a civilized people in south-eastern China, and another in Japan, who drank the blood and ate the flesh of their captives, esteeming it the most savory food in the world. The Mongols, according to Sir John Maundeville, regard the ears 'Sowced in vynegre' as a particular dainty."

Hunger and scarcity often force people to partake of loathsome diet, or rather, of food which, at other times, and in more favorable circumstances, they would not touch. Flesh does not differ very materially in taste whatever its source, when its juices are squeezed out. Our British repugnance to horse-flesh seems rather due to the inexplicable prejudices of the early Christian Church than to loftier motives, at least, so says Professor Huxley. In France that prejudice is being overcome, and in this matter the French are teaching us a

most useful lesson. Bulwer Lytton tells us, and the statement is confirmed by other authorities, that the early Christian priests, more particularly in their relations with the Scandinavians, were often compelled to give their fierce converts greater latitude than we should consider quite decorous in these more squeamish times. They were obliged to permit indiscriminate polygamy, that being a weakness, a natural failing of the flesh, but when it came to permitting their neophytes to eat horse-flesh—that was too much. A score or two of wives more or less, well, that was only a mild, far-away imitation of David and Solomon, but horse-flesh, never! and though their stern refusal might imperil the salvation of their converts and drive them back to heathenism, horse-flesh eaten in honor of Odin they must forever abjure, contenting themselves with a few additional wives. Our ancient British ancestors, though they esteemed horse-flesh a delicacy, regarded the hare with abhorrence, and, like the Hebrews, shuddered when it was proposed that they should eat it. We loathe the horse, but wage such merciless war on the hare, in and out of season, that it is approaching extinction. Murray, in another part of his *North American Travels*, gives the following graphic narrative. He and his companions had been short of food for some time, and were ready to devour anything that presented itself :—

We were now savage and hungry, and ready to devour a wolf if we could get nothing better, so I levelled my rifle and shot this unknown skulker by the stone. On going up to him he proved to be a gray badger. I know that in the north-west Highlands of Scotland this animal is sometimes eaten, and his hams (when cured) are considered a great delicacy. My young companion made rather a wry face at the idea of feeding on what he had always considered abominable vermin, but professed himself open to conviction, and willing to make the experiment. So we forthwith skinned and cleaned the creature; and as I felt sure that neither my German friend nor my Scotch servant would taste it if they knew what it was, I determined to play them a trick for their own advantage. We accordingly cut off his head and tail, and, carrying it back to the camp, told them we had brought them a bear cub. They both examined it and neither discovered the imposition. We made our soup and I broiled my badger; his own fat was all the basting he required, and when he was served up we all agreed we never had

eaten more sweet or excellent meat; it had but one fault, being so exceedingly fat it surpassed in that respect any pig or other animal that I ever saw; fortunately it was young, or it could not have been even so tender as it actually was. While we were eating it the younger John cast many significant and comic glances at me, and I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining my gravity. However, I did so, and in order to heighten the effect of the joke, I contrived to turn the conversation upon the various meats and animals which prairie travellers might be often constrained by hunger to eat. After mentioning in succession the beaver, the fox, the bear and the wolf, I said to the elder John: "Supposing we were hard pressed for food, how would you like to partake of a badger?" The answer was emphatically delivered with a visage of horror: "Lord, Sir, I'd rather starve than eat that nasty vermin." We concluded our dinner, and our two unconscious badger-fed companions prosecuted their journey merrily, congratulating themselves on the excellent dinner which the young bear had afforded. So much for prejudice.

When we were staying at Richmond, in Virginia, we found that young opossum was a great delicacy. A friend obtained one, and stewed it according to the most approved fashion, and it was then served up. Even at the dainty meals of our Oxford days we had never partaken of anything more delicious; perhaps the only fault was that the dish was rather too fat and rich, but beyond that trifling drawback it was perfect. Young opossum would, no doubt, be regarded in England as vermin or little better, and no one would, we are sure, touch it. So much for ignorance and stupidity.

As a boy we used to try innumerable culinary experiments, and we remember stewing squirrels and jackdaws. The former were rich, tender, and palatable, but the latter were indescribably tough, although they made delicious gravy. Starlings, which we found rather bitter, we also often cooked, as well as many other kinds of birds. It is better to skin than merely to feather them, and it is far easier to prepare small birds for table in that way. Personally we were without prejudice, though it is curious to notice the inexplicable prejudices which the ancient Jews entertained for foods not exactly tempting, but, at the same time, not unpalatable. The snail, in common with other creeping things, was prohibited; certainly the snail is not nutritious, though, in other respects,

it is harmless enough, and is still eaten largely. "These also shall be unclean unto you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth—the weasel, and the mouse, and the tortoise after his kind, and the ferret, and the chameleon, and the lizard, and the snail and the mole."

Prejudice is at the bottom of much of our repugnance to good, wholesome food. Kid is not particularly dainty—rather gelatinous and insipid; at least, when we were living in Cornwall, where kid is not infrequently eaten in the form of pie, we found it so. In some parts of the world it is a favorite and common dish. A handsome present of kid was once sent to an English gentleman, who, with that urbanity and good feeling so conspicuous a trait of some of our countrymen, returned it, with the curt message that he did not eat dog. Stewed kid might be a more savory and palatable dish than kid pie, but we do not know, never having tried it done in that fashion.

No systematic attempt after the Revolution of 1688 was made to enforce the old laws against meat during Lent, though they remained on the Statute Book, and consequently continued to be the law of the land till 1863. In Catholic times fish was, as every schoolboy knows, the common food of the healthy during Lent, only the sick being permitted, under medical orders, to take the flesh of animals and birds; but the craving for the more savory viands was sometimes too much for the weakness of the flesh. Woe, however, to the offenders if discovered; and heavy penalties for infringing the law continued to be enforced for a century or more after the Reformation. In 1563, in the house of the landlady of the Rose Tavern, St. Catherine's Tower, raw and cooked meat were found during Lent, and for thus disregarding the law she was put into the pillory, and five other women, who had eaten of the prohibited food, passed the night in the stocks. In 1636, at Hull, the plague was raging, and the mayor applied for a general dispensation to allow the citizens to eat meat during Lent. The Archbishop of York, however, refused to grant it, arguing that general dispensations were not contemplated by law, but that each case must be judged on its own individual merits.

A very curious license to eat meat in Lent from the parish of Wraxall reads as follows:—

Somsett. Whereas Samuel Gorges, of Wraxall, in the said county, Esq., aged sixty-three or thereabouts, and Jane his wife, aged about sixty years old, have been both long sicke of the gout and the stone, and are not able to eat fish all this time of Lent and other fasting days wout manifest hurt and p'judice to their healths. These are ther'fore that Ezekiell Pownell, Rector of the Psh Church of Wraxall aforesaid, doth certifiye and doe by these presentes, Licence the said Samuel Gorges and Jane his wife to eat flesh according to the lawe in that case made and p'vided. Given under our hand this eleventh day of March. Thomas Evans, Churchwarden. Anno Domini 1660.

In Frank Buckland's charming *Curiosities of Natural History*, which every lover of nature ought to read and study, there occurs the following amusing passage. Mr. Buckland's works are a perfect treasury, and abound in racy anecdotes and delightful adventures felicitously told:

Dean Buckland used to tell a good story relative to otters. On one occasion, when travelling abroad, in a Roman Catholic country, a waiter at a *table d'hôte* brought round a dish, and wished to know if he "would have a little fish." He took some fish, and when eating it discovered a bone, which he well knew was the bone of no fish, but rather of some mammal. Wrapping it up in a bit of paper he preserved it, and found out ultimately that it was the bone of an otter, which the landlord of the hotel, not being a naturalist, had considered to be fish and a proper dish for a fast-day. On telling this story to my friend, Mr. Petterick, Her Majesty's Consul at Khartoum, Upper Egypt, who lately brought over the young hippopotamus to England, he informed me that the appetites of the Arabs caused them to stretch their creed as regards eating fish still farther than did the landlord who served up the otter. For the Arabs cook, eat, and relish the flesh of the hippopotamus, calling this monstrous mammal "a fish," for it often suits their purpose so to do.

The Normans used to eat the crane, curlew, bustard and heron, and these birds continued to be eaten in times long subsequent to the Conquest. It is related of William the Conqueror that he struck his favorite, William Fitz-Osborn, for bringing a half-roasted crane to table. As the heron and the crane feed chiefly on frogs, fish, and other animal foods, they can hardly have a delicate and agreeable flavor according to the fastidious taste of our times; they

were larded with pork or bacon fat and eaten with ginger. At high festivals the swan and the peacock were also served up. On the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Chatsworth, December 20th, 1872, they lunched with the Duke of Rutland at Haddon Hall and were served with boar's head, and peacock pie.

The familiar Spanish Olla Podrida, described as consisting of a handful of every kind of food, animal and vegetable, that can be come at, and covered with water and stirred till thoroughly tender, would not be a bad way of preparing doubtful foods; in that guise they could not be recognized, and would not offend the dainty palate of the most fastidious. In what we are pleased to call highly civilized countries the preparations for meals are on a scale that compare rather strangely with the meagre diet of St. John the Baptist, while the frugal habits of Cardinal Manning—a small allowance of bread and water—show on how little human life can be sustained in vigor.

No greater mistake can be made than to imagine that physical and intellectual vigor can only be maintained or can be best maintained on a rich variety of meat and other savory foods. It is a prejudice which entails indescribable suffering on our countrymen, and finds constant and well-paid employment for hundreds of physicians. No one knows on how little he can support life in comfort until he has tried. Among our friends we have the honor to number a man of culture and refinement, who, in early life, lived at Glasgow University on five shillings a week; he candidly admits that he did not like his fare; but he found that there was a great deal of spending in that small sum, and out of it he paid for a room and for his food, and succeeded in getting an education which has enabled him to rise to eminence and to fill a distinguished position as a public man in Birmingham. As an experiment, too, we ourselves once lived for several weeks on three shillings and sixpence a week; we lacked nothing, and we learned that a man leading an active and busy life could keep in perfect vigor on food costing only sixpence a day, but then some knowledge of the properties of food and the arrangement

of dietaries is necessary to make such an experiment successful.

In Colonel Strahan's valuable report on the survey of the Nicobar Islands a curious passage occurs. Small services among the inhabitants are usually paid for, we read, in rum or castor oil, which they generally mix together, and then eagerly drink; that reminds us of one of our brothers, who when a child, was fond of castor oil, and would drink it in small quantities with gusto, and, we believe, without unpleasant consequences.

Luxurious eating and drinking are not confined to England, and we can vouch for the truth of the following extract:—“In America the elaborateness of the menu for breakfast, dinner, and supper is very striking—the breakfast in the large hotels lasting from eight to eleven, luncheon from one to three, dinner from six to eight, tea from eight to nine, and supper from ten to twelve; making ten hours a day for the consumption of most elaborate meals.” And, believe one who knows, Americans do not allow the banquet to leave the table untasted. The Romans, as every child has been taught, carried their sumptuous cuisine even farther than the Americans of our day. The lavish expenditure of the Romans on the *cena*, the great meal of the day, was often fabulous. Vitellius is actually reported to have squandered 400 sesteritia, about £3,228, on his daily supper, though surely this must be a monstrous exaggeration!!! The celebrated feast to which he invited his brother Lucius cost 3,000 sesteritia, or £40,350. Suetonius relates that it consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish, and 7,000 of fowls, and this did not exhaust the bill of fare. His daily food was luxurious and varied beyond precedent. The deserts of Lybia, the shores of Spain, and the waters of the Carpathian seas were diligently searched to furnish his table with dainties, while the savage wilds of Britain had to bear their part in replenishing his larder. Had he reigned long, Josephus says that he would have exhausted the wealth of the Roman Empire itself. Ælius Verus, another of those worthies, was equally profuse in the extravagance of his suppers. It is said that a single entertainment, to which only a dozen guests were

invited, cost six million sesterces—6,000 sesteritia, that is, or nearly £48,500. History relates that his whole life was passed eating and drinking in the voluptuous retreats of Daphne or at the luxurious banquets of Antioch. So profuse, indeed, was the extravagance of those times that to entertain an Emperor was to face almost certain ruin; one dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus is said to have cost about £4,000 of our money. No wonder these imperial feasts were lengthened out for hours, and that every artifice, often revolting in the extreme, was used to prolong the pleasure of eating, or that Philoxenus should have wished that he had the throat of a crane with a delicate palate all the way down. One does not like to associate the name of Julius Cæsar with habits of low gluttony that would disgrace a prize-fighter, and yet if our memory does not play us false, even he did not disdain to take emetics to return to his banquets with a keen appetite. Time sooner or later lifts the veil from the secret life of the great men of past times; and it is humiliating to have such a revelation afforded us of the habits of poor Humboldt, as Dr. Moritz Busch gives:—"The conversation then turned for a time on matters of the table, and it was said among other things that Alexander von Humboldt, the ideal man of our democracy, was an enormous eater, who, at Court, heaped on his plate whole mountains of lobster salad and other indigestible delicacies and then swallowed them down. At the last course we had roast hare, when Bismarck remarked, 'This French thing is not to be compared with our Pomeranian hare, which gets its fine flavor from the heath and thyme on which it feeds.'" Bismarck is a large man, physically and intellectually, and requires a great deal of food; but his mode of life is not altogether to be commended for imitation. At one time he seems to have taken next to nothing in the earlier part of the day, and to have reserved himself for a supreme effort in the evening, when he more than made amends for his abstinence, and, mentioning it not at a temperance gathering! to have done wonders in a fashion not approved by the total abstainer.

A most amusing account of a man-

darin's banquet, which would almost approach a Roman *coena*, has been given by Mr. Cochran. The dinner began with hot wine prepared from rice and sweet buckwheat biscuits. The first course comprised custards, preserved rice, fruit, salted earthworms, smoked fish and ham, Japan leather—have we not said that good cooking would make a pair of kid gloves palatable—and pigeons' eggs, the shells of the last softened by immersion in vinegar: all these were cold. Then followed sharks' fins, birds' nests, deer sinews, and other dishes of an equally dainty and digestible character. More solid foods followed, such as rice and curry, chopped bears' paws, mutton and beef cut into small cubes and floating in gravy, pork in various ways, the flesh of cats and puppies stewed in buffalo's milk, *shan tung* or white cabbage, and sweet potatoes, fowls split open, flattened and grilled, their livers floating in hot oil, and cooked eggs of every description, not quite new-laid though, as they were found to contain young birds. On the removal of some of the flower-vases there came a surprise; a large covered dish was placed in the midst of the feast, and when the cover was removed the board was in a moment covered with young crabs, which scrambled out of the vessel with astonishing agility, for the poor little unfortunates had been plunged into vinegar at the beginning of the banquet; this made them run wildly, but the guests pounced upon them, and putting them into their mouths crunched them up alive. After this *soi* was handed round; this is a liquor made from a Japanese bean, and is used to revive the jaded appetite. Relays of soft and shell-fish followed, and these were succeeded by broth, and a dish of the costly and dainty birds'-nest soup. A sumptuous dessert brought the banquet to a close.

The exhaustive character of the menu at our well-filled tables makes it rather difficult to appreciate the greater daintiness of our pre-Roman ancestors, or, more accurately, fellow-countrymen, who are reported to have held it to be wrong to eat fowls, geese, and hares, though they bred and reared them for pleasure. In those days, tradition says that the hare was a domestic animal,

and that British fowls were reared and exported to Rome and Gaul in large numbers for the cockpit. Simplicity of diet, not to say insufficiency of food, could hardly go farther than in the provisioning of the navy at the time of the Spanish Armada, when the daily allowance was shorn of all luxuries, and when the fleet seems at times to have had on board supplies for only half a dozen frugal meals. Some of the records recently published in the *Times* should teach a valuable lesson as regards the economical management of large bodies of fighting men.

The exhausted appetite of gourmands and gourmets craves variety. What a pleasing sense of change there would be were bread and water for a few days substituted for the elaborate menu to which it had been long accustomed. If on the first day the appetite did not rise to the occasion, then, patience; and next day matters would improve, or, at the worst, all would be well on the third or fourth. The wonderful properties of the gastric juice must be thanked for the impunity with which many rich, highly spiced, and most unwholesome foods are taken. How otherwise could game be eaten with safety when it had been hanging a modest three weeks, and mutton that, to give it a venison flavor, had been waiting until the mould forming upon it had changed the original red hue of the joint to a very decided green. The gastric juice sometimes fails to render its accustomed service, and then the system seriously and inexplicably suffers. A Spanish naval surgeon, Señor Don Antonio Jurado y Calero, has recently described the serious effects observed on board his ship, the gunboat *Magallanes*, from eating fish caught in the bay of Buena Esperanza on the south coast of Cuba. Twenty-seven officers and men were affected with dangerous constitutional disturbance, and others with nervous symptoms. It was some time before the sufferers got over their ailments, and even those least seriously affected were indisposed for a long time, and were troubled with great sleeplessness and headache for three or four weeks; even the worst cases, however, returned to duty in two days. As the gastric juice is strongly antiseptic, and so robs many a poisonous dish of its

danger, a curious inquiry would be afforded by an investigation of the causes which sometimes defeat its beneficent operation, or, shall we say, of the particular changes in the foods and drinks taken into the system, that make the gastric juice powerless to discharge its normal functions. Every one knows that a food or dish, which does not as a rule disagree, will at times act like a powerful drug, and occasion serious inconvenience and derangement of the digestive apparatus. Why is this? Can any one answer?

The unprecedented cheapness of food has no doubt had something to do with the success of the penny and halfpenny dinners of which a good deal has been heard of late. In Johnson's time twopenny dinners were sometimes all that indigent men of letters could afford, but a penny dinner! whoever heard of such a thing before? Three-halfpence has been for years, in the poorest districts of London, the usual expenditure for dinner on the part of children: a penny going in pudding, and a halfpenny for potatoes. When twopence is reached, the weary little creature is allowed to sit down and have a little gravy. The *à la Squirt* dinners of the Parisian poor presented some peculiar features: tin soup-basins were nailed to the table, and the attendants drew up the soup in a huge syringe, and the basin was then charged with its allowance. The price of the meal—four sous—had to be paid on the moment: if there was any difficulty in getting payment the syringe was called into requisition, and the inexorable waitress sucked up the mess into it again, to deposit it in the basin of some more wealthy customer.

To pass to eggs—one of our commonest and cheapest foods—a few words may not be out of place. A well-known writer says:—"It is only within narrow limits that there can be said to be variety, for there is no egg of a bird known which is not good for food, or which could not be eaten by a hungry man. This is due to their similarity in chemical composition, for there is always a white portion and a yolk, the former consisting of nearly pure albumen with water, and the latter of albumen, oils, sulphur, and water."

Eggs are cheap, convenient and whole-

some, but if too freely taken for a long time satiate the appetite. At one time we used to have eggs of many descriptions seldom seen at English tables in inordinate quantities—large and small—highly colored and white, full flavored and nearly flavorless, and we had such a sickening of them, that, at our own table, we now rarely touch them; that does not, however, imply that we deny their virtues and wholesomeness. They are general favorites and are rarely declined, but cases occur in which they are disliked, and the stomach loathes them. An admirable leader appeared in the *Standard* a few months ago on this subject; the writer most humorously and pleasantly dwelling upon their good properties and exceeding cheapness. Directly afterward a correspondent objected as follows:—"In the excellent article of the *Standard* of to-day—December 9th—it is stated that no honest appetite ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. May I remind you that there are persons to whom eggs in every guise are more or less poison? I am very intimately acquainted with the case of an honest and healthy appetite, and a sound and robust constitution, to which even so small a portion of egg as may go to lighten a shaped cream, eaten at luncheon, will cause an afternoon of agony. I believe the case is not isolated." This practically amounts to saying that some people cannot take those foods which their neighbors relish, and on which they could live for weeks or months. That antipathy may not be due to daintiness, but to some peculiarity of the system or of the constitution. A learned physician of our acquaintance finds that red currants occasion him extreme indigestion, and make his face flush scarlet; otherwise he is a strong, and not a fanciful man.

Sea-birds are rarely eatable, their flesh being overpoweringly full-flavored and strong, as, for that matter, are their eggs, which require long cooking—boiling, indeed, for forty minutes—to be palatable. At one time we used to *pick* and eat sea-birds' eggs; but the latter soon ceased to be a pleasure. The little auk, or puffin, is the least disagreeable sea-bird with which we are acquainted, and skinned and cooked in a pie with lean beef is not unpalatable; indeed,

we are not sure that it could be distinguished from wild pigeon: though, of course, it would not do to disclose the bird's name. "The flesh of a fish-eating bird, as the sea-gull, and of a carrion-bird, as the crow or buzzard, is disagreeable; and even a domesticated fowl, as the duck, may be rendered unpalatable by being fed on fish." The eggs of domestic fowls fed on fish or other coarse food, will not be found pleasant. Some north and west Scotch islanders eat sea-birds in large quantities, almost living upon them; but their palates must be less dainty than ours, and it may be that necessity, "the mother of invention," in their case compels them to eat with apparent relish what they would not touch under happier circumstances. Sea-birds, well salted—an excellent way of eating them—may possibly in some small degree lose their piquancy and full flavor, but under the most favorable conditions, and with every care in their preparation, can hardly be more palatable than jackdaws.

French cooks, though often dirty and unpleasant in the preparation of stews, excel in them; and we often sigh as we try to masticate meat, closely resembling leather or oak-bark, for the skill of some foreign housewife, who would, at any rate, know how to make the tough food palatable, and would extract rich gravy from meat that an Englishman would consign to the dogs.

To turn to culinary triumphs under difficulties, "During the Siege of Paris, in December, 1870, the resources of the epicure were severely taxed, and the following is said to have been the menu of a *dîner de siège* given by the Paris Jockey Club. It was entrusted to the famous epicure, Baron Brisse, and consisted of the following items:—Hors-d'œuvre, radishes, herring marine, onions à la Provençale, slightly salt butter, gherkins, and olives. First course—soup of slightly salted horse, with vegetables; ass flesh cutlets with carrots; mule's liver sauté aux champignons; horses' lights with white sauce; carpe à la matelotte; fried gudgeons, celery heads with seasoning. Second course—quarter of dog braised; leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie with mushrooms; eel à

la broche ; salad of celery and small salad. Dessert—Dutch cheese, apples, pears, marmalade au Kersch, gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester." The banquet, which was served in one of the principal establishments of the Chaussée d'Antin, is said to have been a complete success.

During this same siege a time before long came when every article of food had to be utilized ; it was then found that the fat of horses made an excellent substitute for butter. Payen, indeed, claimed for it a marked superiority over the fat of oxen, since it never got that unpleasant tallow-like smell, which distinguishes the latter when it has once been raised to a temperature above that of boiling water. Our unconquerable English objection to horse-flesh has not a shadow of reason to rest upon ; and abundant proofs are forthcoming that it is palatable and wholesome. A friend of ours, now dead, told us that a fine young hunter, accidentally killed in Worcestershire we believe, was served up by its fond and disconsolate master to a large party of guests, and was on all hands admitted to be delicious, tender, and full of flavor, but to taste rather too sweet, as though containing sugar.

Reference has often been made to the strange uses to which the Parisians, during the famous siege, put many of their four-legged companions and humble friends. "After all supplies from outside had been cut off (22d September, 1870) it was determined to sacrifice the inmates of the Zoological Gardens (the Jardin des Plantes). The animals were slaughtered and eaten. Geoffrey Saint Hilaire has drawn up a list from accounts kept at the time, from which we learn that from the 18th of October to the end of 1870, the following were sold and eaten in the order given :—One dwarf zebu, £14 ; two buffaloes, £12 ; two Sambour stags, £20 ; twelve carps, £6 ; two yaks, £15 6s. ; three geese, £2 8s. ; one small zebra, £16 ; one lot of hens and ducks, £34 10s. ; one lot of ducks, £4 12s. ; eleven rabbits, £4 ; four reindeer, £32 ; two Nilgau antelopes, £40 ; one doe, £12 ; two Wapiti stags, £100 ; one antelope, £26 ; two camels, £160 ; one yak calf, £8 ; two camels, £200 ; two elephants, £1,080. Most of these creatures were sold to an

English butcher named Deboos,"—the name, by the way, has not an English ring,—"who had a shop in the Avenue de Friedland, well stocked through the siege with all possible and previously impossible kinds of meat. Killing the elephants, Castor and Pollux, presented some difficulty. The former was fired at three times, and was finally despatched by means of a steel bullet from a Chassepot. A single shot behind the ear brought Pollux to the ground. The flesh of the elephant was sold at fifty to sixty francs a kilo. Trunk and feet were regarded as particular delicacies by the gourmets. The same butcher sold the flesh of a young wolf at twenty-four francs a kilo. The flesh of the cassowaries was bought by Baron Rothschild, one of the best customers of Mr. Deboos. Almost all the parrots were consumed by Mr. Arsène Houssaye and Dr. Ricord. Horses were not exposed for sale in the Avenue de Friedland, but foals were, and their meat was called 'inspiring flesh' (*viande d'élan*)."

Mr. Washburne, in his curious recollections, gives some interesting figures on the advance of prices of provisions during the siege. In the middle of November he says that "these people would endure wonders, could you convince them there was anything to be gained. They are getting down to what we call in the Galena lead mines, 'hard pan.'" Butter cost £1 per lb. ; chickens were 30s., bread was still cheap, and wine abundant, as it always continued. A few days later the quotations for cats, dogs, and rats were : "A common cat, eight francs ; a Thomas cat, ten francs ; a common rat, two francs ; long-tailed rat, two francs and a half ; and for dogs, a cur of low degree, two francs a pound." On Christmas day a moderate-sized goose was selling at £5, and a chicken at £1 15s. Nevertheless, what with chicken, canned meat, and fruit, Mr. Washburne contrived to give a grand dinner of ten covers at the American Legation.

Paris has been lately, according to its wont, leading the way in eccentric food and fashions, and frogs were a short time ago, perhaps they still are, in season, as well as other delicacies, and, despite the ridicule of the Anglo-Saxons, the French gourmet continues to eat and

enjoy them. They make their appearance at the poulterer's every morning, strung on brochettes, or wooden skewers, looking like skinned diminutive monkeys on sticks. These curious morsels are eagerly bought by cooks, housewives, and menagères, and the appearance of cooked batrachians, floating in a *sauce poulette* or à la *maître d'hôtel*, is common at the tables of thousands of Parisians. The *grenouille* is liked, not only by gourmets, but by invalids; the flesh being more tender than that of a spring chicken, and, when served with cunningly prepared sauce not too pronounced in flavor, is palatable and refreshing; but some people go farther than merely picking batrachian thighs. They like frog broth, and maintain that a dozen *grenouilles*, stewed gently for a short time, make an excellent potage. Others vaunt the merits of a "frog fricassée," surrounded by white caper sauce. Many years ago a friend of ours used to be much interested watching the dexterous Roman women bisecting frogs and preparing the hind-quarters for table; it was, he said, a common sight in some of the streets of Rome in the early morning.

In the following statement we give the quantities of flesh food consumed in that same omnivorous city of Paris. As our figures are taken from the last municipal report dealing with the sale and consumption of food in the French metropolis, and contain an estimate showing the average consumption per head of the population, they may be relied upon as trustworthy. From this it appears that each inhabitant eats 169 lbs. of meat, 9 lbs. of *triperie* (which includes calf's head, tongue, and kidneys), 26 lbs. of fish, 25 lbs. of poultry, 8 lbs. of oysters, 17 lbs. of butter, 5 lbs. of cheese, and 15 doz. eggs. The report does not give the quantity of bread eaten by the population, but the average price during 1886 was, as nearly as possible, allowing for the fractional difference of money, 3½ d. per lb.; the total quantity of meat consumed during 1886 was about 150,000 tons, representing 302,894 head of cattle, 188,593 calves, 1,979,526 sheep, and 352,001 pigs, while nearly 4,000 tons of horse, mule, and donkey flesh were sold in the city, at an average wholesale rate of 3d. per lb. The quantity of fish was

considerably in excess of the total of the previous year, the increase being most marked in oysters, the total weight being greater by 1,720 tons. These liberal figures hardly justify the common boast of non-abstainers that alcoholic beverages economize the amount of other foods required by the system, for teetotalism is very exceptional among the native inhabitants of the French capital. During the ever-memorable siege, Dr. Moritz Busch, the author of that most interesting work, *Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian War*, gives much information as to the habits and tastes of the Iron Chancellor:—

The conversation turned [he says] for some time on culinary and gastronomical matters. In the course of this we learned that cherries are the Chancellor's favorite fruit, and, next to them, large blue plums called "Bauernpflaume." The four carp, which formed one of the courses at dinner, led the Chief to speak of the carp's place among edible fish, on which he expressed himself very fully. Among freshwater fish he gave the first place to *Maränen*, not to be confounded with *Muränen*, and to trout, of which he had some very fine ones in the streams about Varzin. Of the large trout which are so prominent in banquets at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, he thought very little; he preferred sea-fish, and among them all he placed the cod first. A good smoked flounder is not at all bad, and even the common herring is not to be despised when perfectly fresh. Oysters were discussed, and he said: "In my young days, when I lived at Aachen, I conferred a benefit on the inhabitants such as Ceres did when she revealed the art of agriculture to mankind: in fact, I taught them to roast oysters." Laner begged for the recipe, and he got it. If I understood rightly, the fish was strewn with bread-crumbs and Parmesan cheese, and roasted in its shell on a coal-fire. I stuck quietly to my own opinion that the oyster and cooking have nothing to do with each other. Fresh, and nothing with them, that is the only true recipe. The Chief then spoke as a thorough connoisseur of wild fruits, bilberries, whortleberries, and mossberries, and of the numerous tribe of mushrooms, of which he had eaten many in Finland, of kinds not known among us, but excellent. Then he spoke of eating in general, and said jocularly, "In our family we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the State could not exist. I should emigrate." I remembered that Frederick the Great had done great things in the same line.

To turn from the foods eaten in Paris and exposed for sale in the shops to some of the curious spoils recovered from the Seine is suggestive. These figures can be relied upon, as they are drawn from authoritative sources. Dur-

ing the year 1887 the following dead animals were fished out of the Seine, within the city walls :—2,021 dogs, 977 cats, 2,257 rats, 507 chicken and ducks, 3,066 kilos of butchers' refuse, 210 rabbits and hares, 10 sheep, 2 colts, 71 pigs, 49 geese and turkeys, 10 calves and goats, 3 monkeys, 1 snake, 2 squirrels, 3 porcupines, 1 parrot, 609 miscellaneous birds, 3 foxes, 130 pigeons and partridges, 3 hedgehogs, 8 peacocks, and 1 seal.

The value of fruit as food was, we need hardly remark, thoroughly known to our remotest ancestors, and a curious proof of this was afforded some years ago by a discovery made in a tumulus on the Ridgeway, near Dorchester. In the cavity of a human pelvis, then exhumed, there was found a large mass of a black-looking thick matter, which turned out, on examination, to contain seeds. Some of this matter was removed and sent to Dr. Lindley, of Kew. He pronounced the seeds to be those of the wild raspberry. Dr. Wake Smart, of Cranborne, Consulting Physician to the Salisbury Infirmary, saw some of the seeds and also a spray of one of the plants produced from them, an incident little less interesting than the germination of wheat from the tombs of ancient Egypt.

It is rather curious that Siberian cold has preserved unchanged the contents of the stomach of the mammoth. Benkendorf, in 1846, was fortunate enough to obtain possession of one of those extinct monsters, still standing firm and erect, with its hind limbs stuck securely in the frozen earth, and in its stomach was found, well preserved, a quantity of pine-needles and fir-cones, the remains of the last meal the poor creature had made before sinking into the treacherous soil. A similar discovery was also made in New Jersey, which brought to light the character of the food of the mastodon. Within the protecting enclosure of its bare ribs were found seven bushels of dry green stuff, principally cypress leaves and minute twigs, but in this case it was not Arctic frost that had preserved the food entire and unchanged, but an air-tight envelope of mud at the bottom of a pond, where the unfortunate mastodon had found its untimely grave.

Our object in this article has not been so much to amuse the reader as to give him solid and trustworthy information. The subject of food, and everything concerning it, is inexhaustible; and its lighter and more popular features would furnish material for twenty long papers. But as in these days we are nothing unless practical, we are justified in lamenting the execrable cooking of many of the poor. Our professional duties take us into many cottages in the course of the year, and we have, moreover, seen the interior of thousands of small houses in all parts of the country. As a broad rule, the cooking of the poorer classes calls for emphatic condemnation. The meat is usually badly done, the vegetables are served up half boiled, the bread and the pastry are heavy, something very like putty, and resist the feeble powers of the human digestion. Wherever money is scarce and the most should be made of food, there the ignorance, carelessness, and incompetence of the housewife are proverbial. What can possibly be the cause of this careless cooking? for hundreds of thousands of working-class wives have been servants in respectable families, and have seen good cooking, and have often had to do it for years. Nor is it true that the working classes are proof against indigestion, and can eat with impunity what persons of greater refinement and delicacy could not touch. We shall be revealing an open secret when we say that the poor are, as a rule, not to be envied their digestion, and that the professional classes suffer far less from imperfect assimilation of food than their humbler and less robust countrymen. If the poor could be taught the value of well-cooked food, and be made to feel the discomforts of their present mode of life, something practical would be accomplished. What can you do with men who eat lumps of raw bacon, cutting them with a rude pocket-knife that has been used for fifty disgusting offices? When once men become discontented with the miseries of their lives there is a chance of their trying to rise, but not before; and the improvement of the condition of the poor will have to come from beneath, not from above.—*National Review*.

HELEN AT TROY.

(From Æschylus's "Agamemnon," 681-716, 737-49.)

BY GEORGE C. WARR.

Who named her? What weird tongue unknown forestalled
 Their doom with deft surmise?
 Helen! The spear-won wife,
 The hell of towns and ships and men at strife,
 From her rich canopies
 She sailed with giant Zephyr, where he called;
 And mailed huntsmen in the rowers' wake,
 Though Simois' forest sighed
 Above the beached galley, plied
 The murderous quarrel for her sake.

Aye, Heaven's wrath, upon its purpose bent,
 Sped her unkindly kin
 To Ilium in time;
 And her new brethren, whose loud bridal chime
 Attainted them of sin
 'Gainst hearth and home, abode their punishment.
 So Priam's ancient burgh, in other strain
 And dirgeful, last and first,
 On Paris cries, the bridegroom curst,
 For those her children's blood and bitter pain.

That presence softly brooding, for an hour,
 Seemed to the town a trance
 As of the waves at rest,
 A jewel smiling there on Ilium's breast,
 A gently darted glance
 Of love, that bourgeoned into poignant flower.
 But love with death consorting, joys with fears,
 On Priam's house she trod,
 'To venge the hospitable God,
 A Fury fed with widows' tears.

MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

AN unbroken strip of dazzlingly white sandy beach, fading out of sight in the dim distances north and south,—a background of dark-green palms fringing the beach, and contrasting vividly with the sandy shore,—a few red-tiled or thatched houses peeping sparingly out from amid the dark-green foliage,—a whitewashed circular light-house tower, reaching above the tall tops of the feathery fringe of palm foliage,—low flat-topped plateau-like hills, rising inland beyond the palm-tree screen,—one of them more advanced in position than the others, crowned with feathery casuarina trees, and studded with low red-tiled, yellow-

washed, prim-looking buildings, betokening the presence of that world-wide policeman, the British soldier,—other hills of the same kind, lying farther back from the beach, but crowned with the same graceful Australian tree, the sacred tree of the English, as the natives hereabouts regard it, marking the presence, though unseen, of other European houses rising on the hill-tops to woo the grateful sea-breeze which is whistling through the rigging of our ship,—in the farther distance loftier hills, grass and forest-clad,—and towering above them all, some twenty miles inland, the Camel's Hump, highest of a line of rugged

forest-clothed mountains, hemming in an outlying mountain buttress of the Western Ghats, with peaks rising to near 8000 feet above sea-level ;—the scene above, imperfectly sketched, gentle reader, is the capital of Malabar, the ancient town of Calicut, and its surroundings, as viewed from the deck of one of the many steamers frequenting its roadstead, under a tropical sun slanting toward the watery horizon in the west.

Look to the right past the mountain buttress above sketched, and in the dim distance you will see a still higher mountainous flat-topped plateau, with just a peak or two, the rounded Nilagiri bluff, and the sharp-pointed nose of Mukurti, breaking the mountainous line of the western or Kundah edge of the famed Nilagiri plateau.

Beyond that again to the right, the mountain wall is of lower elevation, and that sugar-loaf hill marks the confines of the Silent Valley, where never human habitation now is reared, for the coffee industry has been deluged out of that remote spot, and naught but thorny scrub, with here and there a guava-tree, rapidly reverting to its wild state, remains to mark where the forest giants were laid low to give place to the cool, glossy, dark-green leaves and brilliant scarlet berries of *C. arabica*.

If your eyesight is good, you will see still farther to the right another mass of mountain heights ; and in the still more remote distance yet another, indicating that remarkable break in the long chain of the Western Ghats, known as the Palghat Gap, through which road and rail run, connecting the Malayâlam-speaking race of Malabar with their Dravidian kinsmen, the Tamils, Telugus, and Canarese, of the east coast of the Indian peninsula.

In the immediate foreground a ship or two swing easily to their anchors, and close inshore lies a whole fleet of lateen sail—native craft, with dipping sharp noses, and elevated sterns of a type that has known no change for centuries.

But where is Calicut ? you very justly remark. Well, a city of nigh 60,000 inhabitants lies comfortably covered up in that dense palm-foliaged belt.

Calicut, as we have already said, is the metropolis of Malabar, and Malabar reaches far and wide, embracing within

its area scattered bits of land stretching over four degrees of latitude, and more than four of longitude. Up in those Ghat ranges you will find, if you care to go at Christmas-time, and seek for them, woodcocks and hoar-frost-covered crisp grasses, and bright frosty nights. And by way of contrast, away out in the ocean behind us, lie little specks of Malayâli-land amid

“ . . . The glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world.”

It is not, however, with the mountains and forests and broad rich belts of palm-trees on the mainland that we are concerned at the present moment. Steam is up to the required pressure ; the chief engineer, in spotless white, is down below in the engine-room, among his grimy and perspiring subs.

“ Stand clear there ! Give her a turn ahead, and then one astern, just to make sure that all is right.”

We feel for one instant the familiar throb of the screw, and then all again is quiet, but for the spasmodic rattle of a donkey-engine forward, hauling steadily away at the anchor-chain as it comes slowly clinking in, link by link, through the hawser-pipe.

“ All ready below, sir.”

“ Thank you.”

The skipper and his lieutenant, the third officer, are on the bridge ; the chief is forward watching the anchor weighing ; the second officer is aft, standing on the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, with his head and shoulders above the awning, watching for a sign from the bridge.

“ All right for'ard ?”

“ All right, sir.”

“ All right aft ?”

“ All right, sir.”

“ Half speed ahead.”

The tinkle of the bell in the engine-room is immediately followed by an answering tinkle on the bridge, and we are off.

“ No recall signals up at the light-house, eh ?” asks the eldest of the party assembled on the quarter-deck of another, who has been busy sweeping the horizon in all directions with a ship's telescope.

“ None. The port-admiral has even forgotten to run up good-by to us.”

"No boats with the flag coming out?"

"None."

With a heartfelt sigh of relief, as he takes up the latest novel from the station library, and subsides, with a cheroot in his mouth, into a comfortable canvas-backed ship chair, the questioner adds—"Then farewell to telegrams and *tap-pals** for a fortnight, and hey for Minicoy and its silken-clad dames!"

The party assembled on the quarter-deck, we may tell you, consists of the collector and some of the district officials of Malabar, outward bound on the annual trip to the Laccadive Islands and Minicoy; and in the fore-part of the tight little steamer is clustered a motley crowd of surveyors, medical subordinates, clerks, belted peons, and half a party of that fine body of men, the Malabar Reserve Police, not a man of them under 5 feet 8 inches in height.

As the steamer's bows swing slowly round to two points to the S. of S.W., we begin to realize that our mission lies in that direction. We project our course onward 243 miles, and there, lying solitary in mid-ocean, directly in the fairway from Aden to Colombo, is a speck of an island, almost invisible on the chart.

That speck on the chart is Minicoy, and the district officers are on their way thither to visit that part of the wide dominions under their control.

Let us follow them in their journey to that speck of coral-limestone in mid-ocean, and see what is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard.

"Coral!" Did we catch the word correctly? "Coral-island!" Is it that we are bound for? Ah! what delightful memories those two words conjure up—memories of boyhood, when we read of coral-islands and coral-reefs in enchanting books,—memories of manhood, too, when coral-islands and coral-reefs and reef-bound lagoons were realities within our ken.

Now there are at least two ways of inspecting a coral-reef. You may walk through the shallow water among "the living mounds of coral," as Mr. Darwin did at Direction Island in the Cocos group. But that plan we do not recommend. Coral is sharp, and cuts the

feet and boots—coral is uneven, and gives the unwary one a fall—coral clings tenaciously to the bottom, and cuts the fingers,—coral, in short, is a stubborn thing, and will not readily yield itself to the investigations of the most eminent of wading philosophers. Naturally, therefore, perhaps Mr. Darwin was in a great measure untouched by the beautiful things that lay among his feet: he admitted, however, that it was excusable to grow enthusiastic about them, while he condemned the "exuberant language" of other naturalists, who possibly took our plan of investigating the wonders of a coral-reef. So let us to our plan.

We are not naturalists, except in a general sort of way. We doubt if we could at sight distinguish a *madrepore* from a *millepore*. *Porites*, *astræas*, and *meandrinæ* occupy only waste and neglected spots in our cerebral tissue. But we have an eye for beauty of coloring and form; and variety of type combined with radiant loveliness, such as are to be met with on a coral-reef, excites our admiration without any hankering after a closer and more intimate knowledge of the things themselves.

Come with us, then, gentle reader, and while our good ship is

"Slipping through the summer of the world,"

on her mission southward, let us introduce you to a coral-reef on our plan.

First of all, let us select the calmest and clearest day for our purpose,—a day when the blazing sun in the heavens looks down on a glassy sea. It will be hot of course; but a giant white umbrella will keep off the sun's most ardent glances as you lie along the high-peaked decked-in fore-part of a Laccadive rowing-boat. Lie flat on your face, let us recommend, leaving room for yourself to peer down comfortably over the sides of the boat into the watery depths below.

The tide is near the end of the ebb—the water is nearly at its lowest on the reef. By the time we return the tide will be making, the turtle will be swarming into the shallow waters of the lagoon in search of food, and after seeing the reef we can divert ourselves and replenish our ship's larder by catching a turtle or two for soup on our way back.

* Mails.

"Gently there with the oars ! gently ! gently ! ship the oars and let us drift—and now, look over from your point of vantage in the bows."

The first sensation is—"Why, we are floating on air !" Not a ripple from the oars or boat serves to break the exquisite crystal clearness of the buoyant element. Every grain of sand and tiniest pebble can be distinguished as we lean over the bulwarks and try to touch the bottom with a cane. Vain endeavor ! Why the water is still ten feet in depth if it is an inch, and the cane foreshortened in the limpid water attests the depth which lies below.

The floor of the lagoon is carpeted with the most exquisite colors. Here a stag's-horn coral throws up its many gray branches, each tipped with the brightest of bright blue. There, nestling down among its taller brethren, is a tuft of bloom that might almost be a tuft of heather in its brilliant autumn coloring. Near it is a "leech," as the natives hereabouts call it—a harmless creature, jet-black in color, and from a foot to fifteen inches long. If you touch it, it will exude a liquor which will stain your fingers red. John Chinaman holds it in high esteem for the concoction of soups, and as *holothuria* or *bêche de mer* it is an extensive article of commerce. Here again is a thick stem supporting a flattened arborescent type of polypifer, each of its innumerable branches occupied by countless hosts of coral insects, and all of them in purple robes.

Now for a stroke or two of the oars, and we shoot into a shallower basin, protected by ramparts of broken coral from the rough swell of the sea. Why, we are floating in the air above the loveliest carpet of flowers ! Visions of sunny Himalayan slopes, from which the snow-wreaths have just melted away under the genial warmth of early summer, leaving behind them a robe of exquisite sweet-scented flowers, involuntarily obtrude themselves upon the mind. There, every step seemed to be a desecration of God's fairest creations, for at every footfall we crushed wild hyacinths and other lovely flowers into the dust ; here, however, we ride buoyantly above the blaze of color, and can admire without injuring others of God's fairest gifts.

As the scare of our boat's approach

dies off, we see that the water is teeming with life. A tiny hog-nosed fish comes cautiously out of its retreat among the living coral-branches and watches us till reassured that all is safe ; then, with a whisk of his tail he darts at some minute crustacean on the coral-rock, over which he hovers for a second with his fins—we had almost said his wings—in rapid motion ere he pounces on his prey. Hanging over the spot, we can see his jaws move as that crustacean is being reduced to pulp ; then, with a flick of his tail, he is off like a humming-bird. Now a host of tiny whitebait suddenly flash into view, swimming out and in among the variegated rocks at the bottom. They are red, they are black, they are striped, and green, and yellow, and white, and purple, and blue in all shades. The diversity of color is perfectly marvellous. The rays of the sun, peering through eye-holes in the coral-rock, seem to break into a hundred rainbow colors, and stamp themselves on the fish sheltering beneath.

Gradually, and without disturbing the water, we have drifted into a still shallower basin, and are now on the reef itself. The water is but a few inches deep. Crabs of strange forms shelter themselves in the many sinuosities of the broken coral fragments which strew the reef. We lift a piece of it, and out runs in alarm a bloodthirsty-looking hirute crustacean on to our hand. Ugh ! with a splash he and his house are dropped into the water, and our blood runs cold with visions of tarantulas and other such horrors. That wavy yellow-and-black soft-looking substance conceals the shell of a *chama*. Be careful about putting your fingers into its open mouth, for its strong stony jaws will close upon them with the power of a vice. Here is bright-green wavy seaweed, and clinging to and feeding on it are hosts of cowrie-shells of a creamy greenish-yellow, still used as money in some parts of the East. The fish spreads a membranous envelope over the back of its shell, and slowly withdraws it when disturbed. There, too, are other *cypræas*, which slowly disclose their spotted beauties to view as we lift them from their soft couches among the sheltering sea-weed.

But how shall we describe the wealth

of the mollusk world which meets us in our researches in the treasury of a coral-reef at low tide? Let us land on this shell-strewn spit of sand.

Why, the whole place is alive! Can it be that the mollusks we have just been visiting in their quiet homes among the sea-weed have taken to walks abroad, and on dry land, too, in their leisure moments? For as we jump ashore, numberless shells of all shapes and sizes start suddenly into life on the beach, and run aside to give us place. Legs they *must* have, to go that pace over the uneven shore. There goes a *turritella*! We shall be safe in handling him by reason of the spiral pyramid which those legs—*legs* they must be—carry upon their back. Moreover, he makes comparatively bad time in getting out of our way, for a *turritella* is an unwieldy thing for legs to carry over an uneven shore. We lift him up gingerly with thumb and forefinger to look for those legs, and the secret is out. Of legs we can see nothing, but closely fitted into the opening of the shell, as if originally made for the place, we discover the brilliant scarlet and white mandibles of a hermit-crab.

These, then, were crabs that were in such a hurry to get out of our way,—crabs, certainly, and of considerable size, too, some of them; some babies among them, only big enough to fit the smallest whelk; others large enough to fill with their mandibles the opening in a marbled *turbo*, largest of its species.

But why call these gentlemen hermits? So far as we can judge, they are the most gregarious of their kind. Of their battles to secure a coveted tenement we could tell some stories; and their wars and loves and hates would fill . . .

Ugh! a sharp nip on the thumb from the fighting mandibles of a big hermit-crab is a thing not to be easily forgotten! He interrupted us in our discourse, and shall suffer for it. But how are we to get at him? It is not an easy thing to coax a hermit out of his shell. Pull him out? Oh no! He would allow us to tear him limb from limb rather than quit his domicile. We are humane, and only want to frighten him a bit, as well as to inspect his interior structure and economy. The end of a lighted cheroot deftly applied to the apex and sides of his calcareous tenement will make him

uncomfortably hot without hurting. Look out for your fingers while you are about it, else the fighting mandibles will again close sharply and painfully on thumb or finger. His shell becomes hot, and our friend becomes restless. It becomes hotter; frantic are now his efforts to reach the enemy's thumb and fingers; but they are of no avail. "This really cannot be borne a moment longer;" and, suiting the action to the words, out he comes with a flop. A sorry and a despicable object he looks, as every one too lazy to build a house for himself ought to look—a miserable soft body, covered only with skin ending in a prehensile pointed sort of a tail, one pair of huge fighting mandibles, and legs. These make the sum total of our hermit's parts. Moreover, he is evidently ashamed of himself, for he tucks his body under his legs till it is nearly out of sight—a wretched and miserable object. Now let us give him back his shell. In a very gingerly and careful manner he examines it, till satisfied that the abnormal heat has departed, then with a backward step or two, and a ludicrous sort of a jump, his prehensile hinder-end is again safely ensconced in its secure retreat, and the brilliant scarlet-and-white mandibles are again ready to do battle with all comers.

The tide has been making fast while we have been trifling with the hermits, so let us to boat once more, and this time take a seat at the stern, for now we have other work in hand.

Kutti Ali, a spare but sinewy boatman of middle age, takes our post on the high-peaked, decked-in bows, and standing up, shades his eyes with his hand, and looks abroad. He is intent on action, for as he looks he tightly girds his loins, after stowing away securely in a corner of the boat his small packet of betel-leaf, areca-nut, tobacco, and lime, and a bright-colored handkerchief, of which he is very proud. His skull-cap, too (for is not he a true follower of the prophet of Mecca?), is laid aside, and all superfluous clothing with it, and he stands before us with loins girt, looking, in his bronzed and sinewy strength, a perfect athlete, ready for action.

A word or two from him puts spirit into our boatmen, who quicken up into

a short, sharp, steady stroke, and an excited quiver runs through us all, for our game is in sight. Where? We look intently in the direction in which our boat is heading, but can discern nothing. The water is deep, ten, twelve, fifteen feet or more, but the bottom is of pure white coral-sand, illuminated by the blazing sun overhead. Patches of living coral of a darker shade are strewn here and there about the lagoon, and it is for one of these that we are evidently now heading, though it is still one hundred yards away. Kutti Ali, from his point of vantage in the bows, has seen a small dark shadow pass into that clump of rock; he has been watching intently since, and that shadow has not passed beyond the clump in any direction. At a word from the look-out, our boatmen slow down as we approach the dark patch. Can Kutti Ali have been mistaken as to that shadow? For we reach the place, some ten or twelve yards in diameter, and still nothing appears. The boat has almost stopped, the oars are still, and we are just beginning to peer down into the clear depths, when, with a flash, something suddenly springs into active life down below. The rogue! he has found safety in the dark shades of a living coral-patch before in his lifetime, else he would not have lain so still, to be started at last almost like a hare from its form.

Out into the clear sunny depths overlying the coral-sand he flashes. We catch a sight of him for an instant as he shoots away; but now it is all eyes in the boat to get her round, for he has taken us at a disadvantage, and is off on our port quarter. Even Kutti Ali, still standing in the bows, helps in getting the boat round, using for this purpose a long bamboo pole, laid ready to his hand, but without taking his eye for an instant off that quickly fleeting shadow under water. The boat is round at last, but with all our haste that fleeting shadow has gained seventy yards on us or more in the interval, and is making for a much larger patch of rocks lying close to the reef and the deep sea beyond. If he gains that patch, we shall in all probability lose him, for he will gain the reef and reach the sea while we are looking for him. That patch of rocks he must not be permitted to reach.

As the boat's head comes straight, six pairs of lusty arms settle down to get us to that patch of rock before that swiftly fleeting shadow can reach it. "*Valli — valli — oraka valli, kuttigalé!*" (Pull—pull—pull strong, O my children!!) shouts Kutti Ali excitedly, capering about on the fore-deck, brandishing aloft his long bamboo pole the while. We are gaining undoubtedly, but half the distance is done, and still the shadow fleets steadily ahead of us. A quarter of the distance only now remains, and the flying shadow is still ahead, though distinctly visible now. Can he keep it up and do the best time on record in the turtle world? I believe he would have escaped, only that knowing fellow in the bows is up to tricks. With the stump-end of his bamboo pole he suddenly brings a resounding thump down on the hollow deck planks of the boat, and as the sound reaches below the turtle shoots quickly forward, for a few yards distancing us, but as quickly comes back as soon as the increased effort dies away. Another thump, another spurt, and the pace is evidently beginning to tell. Those spasmodic efforts have tended to exhaust the stock of air in the turtle's wind-bag. Next instant he for the first time leaves the bottom, close to which he has been all along racing, comes suddenly to the surface with outstretched head and neck, springs nearly clear out of the water to take breath, and again dives.

As we race alongside of him, he sheers off from his original line—that coveted patch of rock and safety are never to be reached again. Kutti Ali again induces him to further efforts, which end in further exhaustion, and all the while he is being headed away from the big rocky patches near the reef.

The boatmen, all breathless, perspiring, and excited, ease off a little, and having got our quarry to a safe distance, now take up his line directly. As we near him, however, he suddenly doubles and shoots off to the side, thereby gaining twenty yards or so before the boat can be brought round. Again we approach, again he turns, this time diving right under the boat, and racing away by the stern, thus gaining ground once more.

But we can see as he passes astern

that his flippers are beginning to flag, and are working convulsively.

Round comes the boat, the men quicken up, and quickly overhaul him on the starboard bow.

Now comes the time for the man in the bows to display his skill. Watch him as he poises himself preparatory to his spring—fists clenched, arms bent at the elbows, and pressed closely to the sides. Watching his chance, he swings his body slowly back, poising it on his left leg, and as the boat, still going at racing pace, reaches alongside within a yard or two of the turtle, he springs clear into the air over the starboard bow, and turning face toward us in the air as he springs, disappears feet downward into the water, a yard or two ahead of the turtle. As the boat shoots rapidly past the spot, we see for an instant in the troubled water a confused jumble of legs and feet and arms and flippers. But our quarry has evidently been hunted before, for as the boatman touched the water he turned suddenly, and just in time to evade the fatal grasp of the flippers. Turning back under the boat, he again puts his old game in practice, and in the excitement of the moment our steersman springs headforemost into the water to intercept him, and fails.

Two men in the water to be picked up, besides sundry things, which in the hurry and excitement of the moment have gone overboard on voyages on their own account, give our quarry abundant time to make tracks; but he cannot now go the pace he did. The men are picked up, the floating things too, the boat is turned round, and again we are off in pursuit.

Quickly overtaking him once more on the port bow, Kutti Ali this time vows to have him. Again the spring in air, again the quick face-turn toward his antagonist, again the confused jumble of feet and legs and arms and flippers down below, and once more the old dodge of doubling sharp back,—but our quarry's movements are not now so nimble as they were. A hind-flipper comes within reach of Kutti Ali's vice-like grip, and is held fast by the one hand, while, reaching forward with the other, a fore-flipper is also grasped high up. The race is over; our prey is captured.

As man and turtle rise quickly to the surface, another boatman—they are all amphibious—jumps overhead to assist the laughing, breathless, but exultant diver. The turtle is turned on his back in the water, puffs out his chin, draws a long wheezing breath through his horny beak and nostrils, struggles for an instant with his captors, and then submissively yields to fate.

One gunwale of the boat is gently inclined downward, hands in the boat help those in the water, and with a heave and a shout, and much laughter and excited talk, our quarry is pulled into the boat, and slides on his back into the bottom beneath the stretchers, smartly slapping his yellow-and-green oozy stomach the while with his horny flippers.

This was a smart race, for our quarry was young and vigorous. The full-sized lusty fellows—we once caught one in this way that weighed 350 lb. avoirdupois, the shell measuring 3 feet 8 inches in length by 3 feet 4 inches in breadth—do not, as a rule, show so much sport. Their dimensions are aldermanic, and their wheezy breath, as in the case of portly middle-aged bipeds, is scanty and soon exhausted. They are more easily overtaken and caught, but not so easily brought to the surface or hoisted into the boat. Sometimes two divers go down below to bring them to the surface, one of whom passes his hand warily—for that powerful horny beak can nip off a finger or two with the greatest ease—over the neck and head, and plants a thumb and forefinger in each eye of the turtle. Thus blinded, the turtle, it is said, rises to the surface at once. Turned on his back, and his head released from chancery, the fight then recommences—a second a third, sometimes a fourth, boatman jumps into the water and lays hold each of a flipper, amid much laughter and excitement and splashing. Tired out at last, all hands are turned on to the task of hoisting the turtle into the boat, and not unfrequently the boat capsizes and fills. Crew, turtles, and all are launched into the water, and a scene of boisterous mirth and excitement follows, till the boat is righted and baled out, and all the missing things recovered, including as many as possible of the turtles thus restored unexpectedly to their native element.

We could tell you of other sources of sport and amusement furnished by these brilliant lagoons—of fish and turtle spearing by torchlight—of boats being dragged about by gigantic skates and sharks, which occasionally find their way across the barrier reefs into the quiet lagoons, and of many other things ; but it is time to return to the good ship, which has all this time been steadily ploughing her way toward that speck in mid-ocean with which we are chiefly concerned.

The skipper and his officers have been busy at night with their sextants shooting stars to determine the ship's exact position ; for a little dot of an island only a mile or two wide lying solitary in mid-ocean, and showing, palms and all, not 100 feet above the water, is an easy thing to miss. As day breaks we should, according to the ship's reckoning, have the island dead ahead and within sight. As yet, however, the lascar on watch on the foreyard-arm makes no sign. We strain our eyes and sweep the horizon with our telescopes, but it is of no avail—not a speck of land is visible anywhere. It is the chief officer's watch, and he is on the bridge, binoculars in hand, steadily gazing ahead. The skipper turns out of his snug cabin on the upper deck, and goes up to the bridge too. He is clad in the airiest of sleeping garments, with an old pea-jacket atop ; he, too, can make nothing of it. It is dangerous to chaff a skipper when you think he has made a bad land-fall, so give the bridge a wide berth till all is settled up there. The chief is sent aloft to spy the land ; not satisfied with his report, the skipper himself follows. The sun is up, an hour of daylight is gone ; for half an hour more no word comes down from the foretop. Have we run past it in the night ? Impossible : the glare of the lighthouse would have been seen, even if the light itself were invisible ; for Minicoy has a lighthouse we may tell you—one of the first magnitude too ; but of that more anon.

"Land ahoy !" at last comes down from the watch.

"Where is it ?" is shouted in reply from the bridge.

"Straight ahead, sir."

"Just where it ought to be," growls the skipper, looking more pleased than,

from his gruff words, you would judge to be the case.

Now we may speak—now even some mild chaff may go round ; so we crowd up to the bridge, all eager to get a first glimpse of our destination.

"We have had a strong current against us all night—should have been here at daylight."

"Oh ! that's the reason, is it ? Now, did you ever yet know a skipper out in his reckoning but he hauled in a current or something to put himself square ? Currents are handy things, at sea to explain away knotty points."

"Knots is it ? why, there's fifteen of them gone clean out of the ship's run in twelve hours."

Whereat we all laugh and take to our telescopes and binoculars.

A long low line of shadowy somethings showing above the filmy mirage to the left—then a break and a white pillar (that is the lighthouse, of course)—another break—and, finally, another and shorter line of shadowy somethings—that is all we can see. But as the ship holds on her way, the nearest of the shadows to the left are quickly taking shape and resolving themselves into palm-trees, and we can make out that an unbroken semicircle of them runs from the northernmost corner of the island right round to and past the lighthouse, which is close to the southernmost point of the land. Then there is a break, and further west lies a detached clump of palms, marking the quarantine islet of Viringilly. A square object we could not at first make out begins to loom larger in the filmy haze, and we discover it to be a big boat, carrying a huge square sail, set well forward, and without a jib. Another, and another, and another seem to spring up and set their sails. "These must be the *mds* boats going out to fish," says one of the party, who has been here before.

Now we come in sight of high combing rollers as they flash white in breaking on the shallow reef at the northernmost point of the land. Beacons are also visible, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the bare masts of other *mds* boats, still at anchor in the lagoon, laying in their stock of whitebait before proceeding to the fishing-ground outside the barrier-reef. These beacons mark

the boating passages in the coral-reef, which we can now distinguish stretching away in a wide western semicircle from the north as far as the islet of Viringilly, near the southernmost extremity of the land.

A low-lying, piratical-looking craft, with raking masts, showing an immense capacity for spreading canvas, is anchored inside the lagoon. A workman-like boat she is—owned, we find on subsequent inquiry, by the Sultan of the neighboring Maldivé Islands, and commanded by a smart Minicovite born and bred. They are born seamen, these Minicoy islanders, as we shall presently learn. Three or four other native boats are now distinguishable lying at anchor in the lagoon opposite the little township. Island-built, island-rigged, and manned by smart island-seamen, familiar with the use of the sextant and European navigating tables, these boats set out on trading voyages annually—to the Maldives, to the Malabar coast, and Colombo, and farther still, to the Bay of Bengal. The "James and Mary," and other treacherous quicksands of the Hooghly, are familiar to them. Chittagong is perhaps their farthest point eastward on the coast of India, and Bombay their farthest point west.

The annual setting out of the fleet after the S. W. monsoon has moderated its squally force, and its annual return in March or April, are the two great events in island life. For four months, May to August, the sailor lads are at home to gladden the hearts of their island wives and sweethearts; for eight long months the latter remain in their island-home, looking longingly forward to the day—well watched for—when the shiny white sails, dimly visible on the horizon, come sliding safely homeward over the summer seas, or when, at night, blue lights come flashing their weird gleams through the gloom, and rockets flying skyward proclaim to weary watching women on shore that the sailor lads are safely back again.

"Safely back again." Ah! who knows? Did not one hundred and twenty sailor lads in the prime of life sail gallantly forth with the fleet in 1867, and only a few of their shipwrecked comrades return to tell the sorrowful tale of disaster and ruin—how three of

their fine island-vessels had gone down in the cyclone waves in the Hooghly at Calcutta? Twenty years have passed away, and still that sorrowful tale is told; and many a Minicoy heart is yet aching for the loved ones who perished amid the crash and splinters and wreck of vessels broken loose from their moorings, and driven madly and blindly, pell-mell, in a heap on the wreck strewn shores of the Hooghly.

No such catastrophe has happened this time, however, for there floats at anchor the Dharia Dowlat, 700 tons burden, with her spars and rigging intact. Yonder comes the Dharia Beg, the other 700-ton leviathan of the fleet, with every inch of canvas spread to woo the loitering breeze, and flags floating gayly from all her masts. And the Kuduja Pali (Small or Saucy Polly?) can just be descried on the horizon bearing down upon the island.

As the truth is realized that the fleet has really returned, a great long-drawn shout goes up from those upon the watch; this is caught up by those who hear it, wherever they may be, and however engaged, and the great volume of sound travels up and down the township, men, women, and children joining in it, and then rushing tumultuously out upon the sandy coral-strewn shore of the lagoon, to verify for themselves that the joyful and exciting news is really true. Glad tidings, indeed, it is, for those ships are freighted with all sorts of goods of value in feminine eyes, besides the stores of rice on which the islanders chiefly subsist.

In order that you may not bear away the impression that we are romancing, we will not attempt a description of our own, but will quote here from a staid and solemn official report:—

"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk. The gowns fit closely round the neck and reach to the ankles. The upper classes wear red silk, and earrings of a peculiar fashion. The Melacheri* women are restricted to the use of a dark striped silk of a coarser quality. Every husband must allow his wife at least one candy† of rice, two silk gowns, and two under cloths a-year. He also presents her on marriage with a fine betel-pouch (brought

* The lowest class or caste, whose men are occupied chiefly in climbing the palm-trees to draw palm-toddy or to pluck the nuts, etc.

† 5 cwt. or 560 lb.

from Galle), and a silver ornament containing receptacles for lime and tobacco, and instruments of strange forms intended for cleaning the ears and teeth."

And again—

"The women appear in public freely with their heads uncovered, and take the lead in almost everything except navigation. In fact, they seem to have as much freedom* as there is in European countries. Inquiry into their civil condition (whether they are married or unmarried) is regarded as an unpardonable affront. Unmarried men may converse with maidens, and *courtship is a recognised preliminary to marriage*. The girl's consent is, in all cases, necessary, and the *kdsi* (priest) will not perform the ceremony unless he has sent two *mukris* (sextons) to ascertain that she is willing."

An Eastern people like this, which treats its women with such marked respect, deserves to be intimately known; and so, with your permission, gentle reader, we will now revert to our voyagers, who have all this time been steaming gently onward to the anchorage indicated by the ancient island-pilot, who has been fetched to show the way.

What wind there is is coming from the east or north-east, so the skipper and pilot in consultation decide that we shall cast anchor on the south-west corner of the reef, so as to be under the lee of the island.

There is no need to take precautions here against hidden rocks and reefs as we approach the anchorage; for the chart shows a hundred fathoms *at least* of depth almost within gunshot of the barrier-reef enclosing the lagoon! And the same freedom from shoals holds good all round this tiny island. It is only about five miles in length, by about the same in breadth; and it rises sheer, so far as we know, from the bottom of the ocean, lying probably 6000 feet (over a mile) † beneath the surface on which our good ship floats.

Realize the fact for an instant,—remember that there is no other land anywhere near it: it lies solitary in mid-ocean, as we have already said more than once, a tall and comparatively slender column of rock over a mile in

height; perhaps even the column is not so large below as it is on the surface, and the island and its rocky foundation may be umbrella-shaped—who knows?

It was Mr. Darwin who originally suggested, in regard to coral-reefs in general, that the land had slowly sunk beneath the waves, and that the reef-forming coral insects kept it from submergence by their ceaseless labors in elaborating limestone from the briny deep, and piling it up on the mountain-tops. How much of that 6000 feet have they built up in this way? How long have they been about it? Is the land slowly sinking still? These are questions which we will not attempt to answer. Some doubts have recently been cast on the accuracy of Mr. Darwin's theory; but we would suggest to the doubters to visit Minicoy, and account for its formation in any other way.

Our skipper is a Scot, and therefore cautious—too cautious as it turns out; for he not unnaturally dislikes the idea of his ship swinging in close to the barrier-reef should the wind suddenly change to the S.W. point, and he therefore lets go the anchor on the sloping limestone, worn smooth by the wild waves of the S.W. monsoon. The day is calm, the barometer steady, and coals are dear within the tropics. Our fires are allowed to go out. In the first watch of the night the ship begins to change her position. Is the anchor holding? No; we are distinctly moving. "Pipe up all hands and see what has gone wrong." The anchor-chain hangs perpendicularly from the bows; the anchor has slipped down the smooth sloping limestone, and tumbled over the edge of the stupendous submarine precipice beneath us; and we are helplessly adrift on the Indian Ocean, with fifty fathoms of heavy anchor-chain, and a heavy anchor at the end of it, hanging from our bows! Fortunately the night is calm, and the current carries us away from the island. "How soon can you get up steam?" "Two hours, sir." "Then get it, please, as fast as you can." These words ring out sharp and clear in the night air, and so for two hours at least we drift helplessly about. The light from the lighthouse is growing fainter; at last the donkey-engine begins to snort, and farewell sleep. Link by link the

* We should rather say more freedom—see what follows.

† The Beagle expedition found, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the edge of the Cocos or Keeling group of islands, no bottom with a line 1200 fathoms (7200 feet) in length.

chain comes laboriously in through the hawser-pipe, amid much spasmodic snorting from the donkey-engine, and convulsive quiverings of the ship from stem to stern. The anchor is at last recovered, and we steam slowly about till daylight enables us to fetch up to the island once more and drop our anchor, this time more securely, in a pot-hole among the living coral-rocks closer inshore.

The islanders have been on the watch, and, as we come up to our anchorage, we can see boat after boat hoist their huge square lug-sails, and come away from their bait-grounds inside the lagoon, under a spanking north-easterly breeze. They are all making for that narrow passage through the barrier-reef marked by a line of beacons; and handsome they look, as one by one, with curving lines and full-breasted, they shoot through the narrow passage into the open sea, and then with the wind well abaft, sweep down toward our ship. The clean sharp stems of the boats show to great advantage as they approach under full sail. Those boats can sail, it is very evident; moreover, they are prepared to meet with heavy winds—for line above line of reefing-points can be seen flying freely in the breeze as they approach. The number of lines seems extraordinary, for when the last reef is taken in there can be but a foot or two of the sail left aboveboard to sail with. And yet the men evidently know perfectly well what they are about, and can be trusted to put no more reefs in their sail than are absolutely required for navigation. As they approach our ship we can see the order given, without any fuss or needless talking, to lower the sail, and on the instant a dozen hands are hard at work taking it in, and stowing it securely away to prevent its getting wetted. The sail is of finely plaited matting, with a quaint device or two in black on the outside. Having stowed the sail securely, they are busy next with the mast,—a man at the bows is gradually slackening the ropes which keep it in position, and half-a-dozen hands are standing on the thwarts of the boat ready to catch it in its descent and guide it to its place of rest, an upright post just in front of the rudder. No lifting of the ponderous mast is neces-

sary, you see; for, as the ropes are slackened forward, the mast comes gently backward and downward of its own accord, till it is securely lodged in the hollowed-out top of the upright post aforesaid.

And now look at the boat itself. Where have we seen that shape before? The gondola-like, graceful, upright sweep of the cut-water, terminating in an elegant and quaintly painted stem-post rising high above the boat, reminds us powerfully of moonlight nights on the Grand Canal, and musical Italian voices singing "Stali-i-i!" The great breadth of beam, and weather-boarding on the sides—the fine lines and great depth of keel—remind us, though we cannot exactly remember where we have met them before, of cloudless Mediterranean skies, and deep sapphire-colored waves. The bows are decked in as far back as the mast, and the stern ends in a lobster-tail shaped platform, projecting considerably beyond the sides of the boat. That platform is useful when the boatmen congregate at the stern with their fishing-rods to catch the *bonito* as their boat, under full sail, passes and repasses through the shoals of that fish, which periodically visit the neighborhood of the island in the fair season. You can see their rods lying, tied up in a bundle all ready for action, above the weather-boarding forward. A closer inspection reveals the facts, that the rod consists of a stout pole, and that the line and hook together are exactly of the length of the rod. Moreover, the hook is unbarbed, and consists of a piece of white metal flattened out for an inch and a half or so, and then turned up at one end into a barbless hook, while at the other end (also curved) there is a knob to which the stout cord forming the line is securely fastened. Trailing these bright metal hooks over the stern, the boat under sail passes and repasses through the shoals of fish, which, mistaking the hooks for silvery fish-fry, dash at them and are hooked,—the point of the rod is raised, and the fish is without further ado swung round into the boat. Disengaging itself readily from the unbarbed hook, it is left to flounder about in the bottom of the boat, while the fisherman proceeds to capture another. To attract the fish,

the wells in the boat you see are already stocked with the brilliantly colored tiny whitebait, with which we became acquainted in our excursion to the coral-reef, and which is ladled out by a scoop from the water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided at the thwarts as soon as the boat comes among the *bonito* shoals.

The *bonito* they thus catch is of two kinds. One is the *Khalubida mds*, vulgarly called *Komboli* or *Combally* or *Cobally mds* by the Portuguese writers (*Scomber pelamys*—Linn). It is striped lengthways with blue or purple stripes, with a small silver thread in the middle of each stripe. *Khalu* means black in the language of the island (*Mahl*). *Bida* may mean striped, but we are not very sure about that. And *mds* is certainly fish. The other kind is called *Kanali mds*. It is not striped, and it probably corresponds with the *skip-jack* well-known to English sailors. The prevailing hue of both kinds is black.

Let us go ashore with the boatmen and see what is to be seen on the land. As soon as our intention is known, the whole of the cargo of living whitebait is unceremoniously bundled overboard, except some which we reserve for a real whitebait dinner on board. Stepping on to the stern deck-platform, we are at once charmed with the extreme cleanliness and neatness of all the appointments of our craft. There is absolutely no fishy odor, although the whitebait has just been bundled overboard before our very eyes, and although the boat was probably loaded to the gunwale yesterday with the catch of *bonito*. The Minicovites evidently take great care of their boats, and scrub them well after each day's fishing.

The men themselves are smart, active, sinewy fellows, with no spare flesh about them. They are dressed in brilliantly colored pantaloons, and each wears a coarse goat's-hair girdle round his waist, pendent from which hangs a regular seaman's knife hooked to the girdle by a solid silver twisted wire. Their jackets are of various makes and of various materials; and on their heads, in addition to the orthodox skull-cap of the Mohammedans, they wear some of them brilliantly colored handkerchiefs—others have helmets of European pat-

terns, much battered by rough usage—and one in particular, the skipper of the boat, has a well-worn military forage-cap, with a stiff projecting brim to it to shade his eyes.

The skipper, taking his stand behind where we sit on the stern platform, proceeds to steer the boat, working the rudder with his feet and knees, standing the while on a plank projecting inward at right angles from the rudder-post. Beneath this plank there is a square box, holding spare wooden pins and sundry other things belonging to the boat, in addition to some quaintly carved coconut shells, which serve as drinking-cups.

At a sign from him the oars, all lying snugly shipped along the inside of the boat, are shot out through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward, and a dozen pairs of sinewy arms pull us some fifty yards from the ship. Then at a word from the skipper—these Minicovite boatmen are remarkably sparing of words—the oars are again slid inboard, and all hands set to work to step the mast and hoist the huge mat-sail. We shall have to beat up to windward in order to reach the narrow passage through the reef, and the boatmen will be able to display the good sailing qualities of their craft. Two of the men attend to the sheets which control the peaks of the huge lug-sail, while the skipper himself hauls in the main-sheet, which he secures to a peg in the upright post already mentioned for supporting the mast when it is lowered.

The boat has good weathering qualities we can see directly the wind catches the sail, and we are off in a spanking breeze and a smooth rolling sea. Talk of centre-boards and wedge-shaped boats, these Minicovites have evidently learned the art of boat-building; and as the boat lies over under the huge press of sail, we feel that we are as safe as in a house ashore, thanks to the great beam and deep keel with which the boat is furnished. The rippling water comes coursing in along the lee gunwale, and splashes in at times through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward; but on the weather side she is as dry as if floating in a mill-pond, although every now and again she dips her nose into the long ocean-rollers.

We have already weathered on the

ship considerably, when again, at a word from the skipper, all hands prepare to tack. How is it to be done? Shall we have to lower that huge heavy sail and haul it laboriously round the mast? Not a bit of it. As the helm is put down the boat's nose runs up into the wind's eye, and such is the pace we are going, and so fine are her lines, that she is round and ready to go off on the other tack inshore almost in three times her own length. Haul in the forward peak, slacken away the aft, let go the main-sheet and pass it forward to the bows, and pass aft the other sheet which has secured us to the stem on the port tack we have been making. The thing is done in a couple of seconds, the boat has lost no way, and in far less time than it takes to write or read the description of it, the huge sail comes bellying round the front of the mast to the starboard side, is instantly secured, and again our craft heels over, and goes spanking through the water on the shore tack.

The smart handling of such a big boat is interesting and pretty to watch, and as we become better acquainted with the boat and boatmen, our admiration of both increases. A joyous sense of bounding freedom possesses us, such as a rider knows with a strong-going horse beneath him, and a limitless grassy down in front. The exhilaration of our spirits is such that we feel inclined to shout or dance a hornpipe on the sloping deck!

But at last we have weathered the narrow entrance through the reef, and for the last time the helm is put down, the boat comes round, and running free, we glide swiftly in toward the reef. Shoaler and still more shoal the water becomes. We catch flying glimpses of lovely living coral-rocks below the surface, magnified to double their actual size for an instant as a smooth ocean-roller slides quietly over them. A turtle raises its head above the glassy swell, and then with a flip dives beneath, and shoots away like an arrow. We can see the bottom now quite easily, and mark that the arborescent kind of polypifer has disappeared, the hard limestone bottom has been worn smooth by the fret of the waves and the grinding of the masses of coral-rock they churn up and

strew about on the shallows—rock which either goes to maintain the barrier-reef, or drops in time back over the stupendous submarine precipice, to find a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean several thousands of feet below where we are now floating.

The channel narrows as we approach the first guiding beacon, a cairn of poles kept in an erect position by laboriously piling round their butt-ends, resting on the hard limestone-rock, the pieces of coral wrenched from their places by the waves, and thrown broadcast by them during the heavy weather of the southwest monsoon season. It is a laborious business keeping these narrow channels open, and on the day appointed for the purpose the whole of the male population of the island assembles to perform the task.

As the actual reef is reached, we find the passage through it just wide enough for one boat to enter at a time. We leave the swell of the ocean behind us, and find ourselves in the lagoon in perfectly smooth water, except that it is rippled slightly by the wind, and with a brilliantly white coral sandy bottom below. We take a pull at the main-sheet, and bring in the after-peak of the sail a little to correspond, and then our course is set on the starboard tack, straight across the lagoon, to where the township lies embedded in that huge grove of palm-trees. A line of beacons, and sundry others dotted here and there, denote shoal patches of coral-rock to be avoided. These beacons are the favorite resting-places of a solitary sea-gull or tern or cormorant, which obtain a comfortable footing among the bundle of dry twigs at the top of each, and lazily take flight as we swiftly rush past them.

These coral patches in the lagoon are the bait-grounds of our fishermen, for the fish-try congregate for safety and shelter about them. A narrow-meshed net, lying out to dry on the deck forward, is employed to catch them. When caught, they are transferred to one of the transverse water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided by planking running across it under the thwarts of the boat. A plug is withdrawn, and in rushes the water through the boat's bottom: it rises till it is on a level with the water outside; and as the plug is

not replaced, the water in the compartment is kept fresh for the whitebait, which are thus kept alive until wanted.

As we approach the shore, one of the first objects that attract our attention is a snow-white egret standing on something floating in the water, and eagerly watching something below. That floating thing is a huge rough basket structure anchored in the lagoon, and used

for storing the live whitebait until they are required for the fishing, and the egret is dining off incautious specimens which come too near the surface of the square hole in the lid which gives access to the basket. There are several such baskets floating about, and on nearly every one there is an egret, or perhaps two, thus engaged.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE EAST COAST.

BY F. P.

"We are in God's hand,
How strange, now, looks the life he makes us lead."—R. BROWNING (*Andrea del Sarto*).

THE boat went out with the ebb to sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
My bonny boys waved their hands to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
I stood and watched them from the door,
My bonny, brave boys came back no more,
That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,
That June-tide in the morning;
And I kissed them ere I bade them go,
That June-tide in the morning.
The leaves were young upon the vine
When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine,
That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,
That June-tide in the morning;
And ever until my latest day
That June-tide in the morning
Comes back to me when the skies are clear
And the roses bloom—yet I felt no fear,
That June-tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
Little I thought what awaited me,
That June-tide in the morning.
How those lips had been pressed to mine,
Here on earth for the very last time,
That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more,
That June-tide in the morning.
Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,
That June-tide in the morning.
The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,
And never a boat could withstand its shock,
No matter how fair the morning.

They found their grave in the great North Sea,
 That June-tide in the morning—
 My boys who came never back to me,
 That June-tide in the morning.
 Yet the waves were stilled, and the wind was low,
 Thank God, I kissed them ere they did go,
 That June-tide in the morning !

RAILWAYS—THEIR FUTURE IN CHINA.

BY WILLIAM B. DUNLOP.

THE question of the introduction of railways into China is one which, to the exclusion of almost every other, engages that little modicum of attention so generously bestowed by the British public on the affairs of the Flowery Land.

There is no doubt that the Central Government at Peking has for several years been seriously considering the question, though principally from a military point of view. The late war with France brought it to the front, as one of the highest strategic importance ; because, during that war the coast of China was blockaded by French fleets so powerful that the Chinese navy, conveying transports, could never attempt to cope with them. It therefore became impossible, except by marches of inconceivable difficulty, to send reinforcements from the armies of the North, drilled and disciplined by Europeans, to the aid of the courageous but badly armed and undisciplined irregulars who were fighting on the frontier of China and Tonquin. When one recalls the not unfrequent defeats which the French arms sustained at the hands of those dauntless bands, aided as they were by the fearful climate, it is difficult to predict what the result might have been, had the Imperial Government possessed the means, as it did the will, of largely reinforcing their frontier armies. The Chinese Government is therefore naturally anxious that another war with a European Power shall not find them laboring under the same disabilities.

Hence the oft-repeated rumors—unreliable they often are—of negotiations in reference to railways. The Imperial Government, with a keenness of mental vision for which the would-be railway financiers and constructors by no means

give it credit, is anything but blind to the intense desire of each and all of the representatives or syndicates of the great commercial Powers to secure contracts for such important undertakings as railways in China may prove. In the hope, therefore, of securing their own terms in the end, the Government in the mean time dallies with them all, playing one off against the other, and quietly laughing in its sleeve at the game of competitive underbidding which goes on.

Two difficulties—visionary, we maintain, rather than real—have been put forward in regard to the introduction of railways.

Firstly, there is the hostility—undeniable—of the provincial governors and officials, who know full well that extensive railway construction would be a mortal blow at their supremacy, and the death-knell of their ill-gotten gains. Assuredly Mr. Colquhoun has good ground for his statement that a great trunk-line from Peking to Canton, some 1500 miles in length, would prove the "regenerator" of China. Passing over the commercial advantages of such a line, which would act as a feeder to several of the great water highways, striking them at right angles, there can be little doubt that the practical carrying into effect of this scheme would do more than anything else toward the destruction of the present system of local government. The corruption of the unspeakable Turk is as purity itself when compared with the unbridled rapacity and elastic "squeezing" capacity of the provincial officials of China, from silver-buttoned mandarin to coral-crested Viceroy. But their opposition must succumb to the ever-increasing authority of the enlightened men now at the head of

the Imperial Government, as it has, within recent years, been again and again compelled to yield. It must not be forgotten that the Central Government will now probably be backed up in a progressive policy by Prince Chun, the father of the youthful Emperor. We ought not to place very much faith in the rumors that have recently reached this country to the effect that the young Emperor is about to place himself in the hands of the apostles of the old dispensation. The report that the Imperial sanction for the extension of the existing Kaiping-Tientsin Railway to Tungchow or Peking has been withdrawn for the moment, may be true, but the extension to the capital cannot now be long delayed. China has at last put her hand to the plough, and with the Marquis Tseng at Peking, Li Hung Chang at Tientsin, and a young generation of progressively inclined statesmen likely to come to the front, it will be almost impossible for her to go back. But, nevertheless, it is certainly true that the Emperor, if he elects to range himself on the side of progress, has it in his power to give the forward motion a greatly accelerated momentum. It may seem a puerile argument in favor of the probable construction of railways in China, to mention that the Son of Heaven possesses a model railway within the Imperial Palace grounds at Peking, and that it is reported that one of his favorite amusements is to act the rôle of engine-driver; but, at least, he will be familiarized with the idea. And it must not be forgotten that the ruler of China is a secular potentate of unlimited power; but he adds to his temporal power a sacred authority, the sanction of which is greater far, for he is not only the high priest of religion, alone thought worthy to offer expiation for the sins of his people on the great white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven at Peking; he is not only an earthly viceregent—he wields a sacred power more absolute than ever Jewish high priest or Pope of Rome has done; for the Son of Heaven is looked upon by his subjects as the reigning representative of Deity itself, and the local governments of China stand in such awe of a few strokes of the dread vermilion pencil, that an autograph letter of the Emperor is received with the

burning of incense and the performance of that abject form of worship known as the *kotow* or nine knockings, a ceremony which the refusal—on the part of foreign envoys—to perform at the foot of the Dragon Throne formerly gave rise to no little difficulty, and much discussion in Chinese official quarters.

The people, too, are becoming gradually inoculated with and accustomed to Western ideas. They have seen these ideas practically carried out—as, for instance, in telegraph construction—and they perceive and feel the benefit.

Secondly, there is to us the almost unintelligible argument against railways expressed by the single word "Feng-shui," a word which to the Celestial conveys more meaning than columns of explanation to the uninitiated "barbarian." As, however, a discourse on "Feng-shui" might prove as wearisome to the reader as it would be here irrelevant, I shall content myself with a single word of explanation. China, be it known, is one vast charnel-house. The dead are for the most part buried, not, as with us, in ground set apart for that purpose (though one frequently lights upon cemeteries duly chosen with regard to their "lucky" positions), but they are simply laid down anywhere and everywhere. Few things strike the traveller more than the Chinese mode of sepulture. Burial-mounds and coffins—the latter sometimes exposed in all their hideous bareness, at other times wrapped up in matting like large chests of tea—meet the eye at every turn. The Chinaman, as is well known, maintains a sacred reverence for the spot where his relatives, and especially his ancestors, have been buried, and for his native locality as the religiously desired place of his own ultimate sepulture. Whatever, then, interferes with the sacredness of the spot, and with the ministering services of the "wind and water spirits," is looked upon as anathema. Railways are considered decidedly uncanny. There is no denying the fact. But there is also no denying that the reverence of the average Celestial for the graves of his ancestors is only second to his reverence for the almighty dollar. This has been proved times without number in the neighborhood of the

treaty ports, where the foreigner has erected his own "uncanny" abodes, which frequently interfered with the "Feng-shui" of places of burial, or, as was often the case, necessitated the removal of the burial-mounds or coffins; but a few dollars to the representative of the family almost invariably smoothed the difficulty. In a country, then, like China, where there are fertile plains of vast extent, and which, therefore, present few engineering difficulties; in a country where the cheapest labor in the world exists in an inexhaustible supply—labor which, from the wonderful aptitude for acquiring proficiency, inborn in every Chinaman, would soon become skilled labor—the sum at which the Chinese assess the damage to the graves of their ancestors would add but a small amount to the mileage cost of the Iron Roads. It may be remembered that a few years ago a railway about eight miles in length was laid down between Shanghai and Woosung, near the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. It succeeded extremely well—so well, in fact, that the provincial authorities became alarmed lest the success might be used as a precedent and an argument for further construction, and it was bought from the British house which had constructed it; and then, to the horror of the foreign community, the rails were torn up and shipped to Formosa, on the shores of which they lie rusting at the present moment. This railway was carried through one of the most densely cofined districts I came across in China, but the "Feng-shui" opposition was easily overcome. Besides, it is not impossible that the vermillion pencil itself may be called into requisition in the form of an edict dealing in a summary manner with the question of ancestor compensation.

The thin end of the wedge has now been inserted, in the laying down of a railway from the Kaiping coal-mines to Tientsin on the Peiho. The effect of this railway will be an immense increase in the output of Kaiping coal, and in the demand for it, especially by steamers engaged in the coasting-trade between Tientsin and Shanghai. These steamers formerly burned Takasima or Mikke coal brought from Japan; but Japanese coal will now be superseded, owing to the advent of the railway, as well as to

the placing of the agency of Kaiping coal in the hands of a British house at Tientsin, which insists on the coal sent to that treaty port being selected from those seams suitable for steamer consumption, and the highest ambition of which is, not to cheat the steamer companies, as was the short-sighted but chief end of the Chinese agent, to the temporary ruin of the reputation of the Kaiping coal. The railway will enormously increase the export of coal to Shanghai; and once it establishes a position for itself in that great emporium of the far East, it will doubtless, from its undeniable superiority to Takasima or Mikke coal, drive the Japanese article from the market, and be exclusively used in all the coasting voyages.

In connection with the Kaiping-Tientsin Railway, there is a curious and interesting note in Williams's "Middle Kingdom," that splendid monument of nearly half a century's residence in China. At the time of the conversation referred to, Mr. Williams represented the Government of the United States at Peking. He says:—

"The reserved force in the Chinese character was very strikingly brought out in a New-Year's call at Peking, which the writer remembers, in 1870. The topic came up as to how to diminish the expense of getting coal from the mines to the city (which up to that time was carried on camels and mules), so as to put it within the reach of the poor people. I suggested a tram-road as the best plan for the fifty miles' distance from the mines, and involving trifling expense. After listening to the plan, Wan-siang, one of the members of the Board of Revenue, and Prince Kung, together exclaimed, 'Tieh-lu lai liao! Tieh-lu lai liao!' (Railroads are coming in time!)"

But the real difficulty which blocks the way of extensive railway construction in China is financial in its nature. It is primarily a question of ways and means, qualified, so to speak, by the important question of management. The Chinese Government is not in a position to advance the capital necessary for any great undertaking, except by borrowing. Now, though the credit of the Imperial Government stands high on the foreign bourse, as evidenced by the London Stock Exchange quotations of Chinese loans, it must be remembered that the *foreign* debt of the empire—which, by the way, is almost entirely held by those

interested in the country, who understand the value of the interest guarantee—is a mere bagatelle, the total amount being under £5,000,000, redeemable in the course of a few years. The interest on the foreign debt is guaranteed by the revenue derivable from the dues on foreign commerce, collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs. But the gross revenue under this head is by no means very large—at present (whatever it may be in the future), under £4,000,000 annually—so that the surplus, after paying the interest on the existing foreign debt and the maintenance expense of the customs service (even supposing such surplus were altogether free), could not support a huge foreign loan brought out for the construction of strategic railways in China, which might or might not prove financially and commercially successful. Of course the total revenue of the Chinese Empire must be something enormous; but owing to the pro-consular system of provincial government, it is quite impossible to arrive at a trustworthy estimate, while the reticence of the Pekin authorities baffles any attempt to calculate even the net revenue at the disposal of the Central Government. The Viceroys may be said to farm the revenues of their respective provinces, and they are left pretty much to their own devices in regard to taxation, as long as they annually pay the customary tribute into the Pekin exchequer.

When one thinks of the capital which might be profitably employed in the construction of railways to act as "feeders" to the great water highways—i.e., through those parts of the empire where they are an *absolute commercial necessity*,—in 1886 the average interest return on the total railway capital of India amounted to 5.9 per cent, in 1887 to 5.3 per cent—it is clear that to borrow in an *adequate* manner, the Chinese Government would have to remodel the system of revenue collection, either by placing the *entire* customs revenue under trustworthy foreign control, or in some other way altering the present system of local government. Until some tangible and reliable interest guarantee, similar to that of the customs revenue derivable from foreign trade, is held out, China can never float *large* railway loans,—at least as long as it is made a condition that the

management of the railways shall remain in Chinese hands.

But the question may be asked, supposing there is an opening for the profitable employment of foreign capital in Chinese railways, why do foreigners themselves not find the necessary funds and take the risk, as they have done in those Indian railways the interest of which is not guaranteed by the State? The reply is very simple. The Chinese Government would be charmed to get European or American financiers to find the necessary capital to construct the railways; but they are *not yet* prepared to intrust the management to foreigners with whom they might any day find themselves at war, when the foreign managers would for obvious reasons receive their passports, and the whole system would be disorganized, with no skilled management available at a time when of all others it was most necessary. I am aware that the financial result of the working of some twenty-seven miles of the Kaiping Railway has been such as to warrant the declaration in the first annual report of a dividend of 6 per cent; but, on the other hand, taking the past history of the native China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company as a typical example of what honesty in Chinese railway management might mean, foreign financiers would naturally refuse to risk their capital without a reliable Government guarantee, except on the condition of their being allowed not only to construct the railways, but also to manage them. I recollect discussing the railway question with a gentleman in China, who, as head of one of the greatest commercial houses of the far East, was in a position to express an opinion to which too great importance could hardly be attached. He stated that he knew for a certainty that the Government was most seriously and anxiously considering the railway problem, and further, that his own long experience of China led him unhesitatingly to express the opinion that as surely as railways were built and placed under Chinese management, so surely would they come to utter ruin, and that then at least, if not before, the Government would realize the impossibility of honest native management. The moment the Government is prepared to intrust railways com-

mercially necessary to foreign management, there will be little difficulty in raising the capital required.

These two difficulties of ways and means, and management, account for the failure which has hitherto attended the attempted introduction on a great scale of railways into China.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Chihli, a powerful advocate of the necessity for the immediate building of railways, is desirous also of seeing the immense coal and iron fields of the empire energetically worked, and he is also desirous that the rails should be manufactured in China itself. It is known that great coal and iron deposits exist in close proximity to one another; but further investigation is necessary before it can be definitely stated that the deposits can be worked with an economy sufficient to keep out foreign rails. The evidence we have at present points in this direction, though it is not yet conclusive. It would therefore be premature to express any opinion on the patriotic Viceroy's proposal.

Having now briefly sketched the difficulties which for the moment bar the progress of any great development of railway enterprise in China, it remains for us to look at the question from a point of view which I venture to think has not yet received the consideration which is its due.

Travel in China, and inquiry and investigation conducted on the spot, lead me to believe that in many quarters an exaggerated importance is attached to the commercial, as distinguished from the strategic, value to the empire of a great railway system.

One often hears India put forward as a proof of what railways will do for China. It is stated, and with perfect truth, that the Indian railway system is the main cause of the present vast commerce of that empire, and it is argued that the extensive introduction of railways into China would produce a similar result. And no doubt it would, provided only that a great railway system were a *sine qua non* to China as it is to India. But the two cases are not only not analogous—they are widely different. In India, railways are an absolute necessity for the maintenance of the present volume of trade. In China, a railway

system can never occupy more than a secondary position. It will be a powerful and most important *auxiliary*, but not the *mainspring* of commercial activity.

And for this reason. In India, save in the north, there are few rivers of any importance navigable for large craft to any great distance from the sea. For the distribution, therefore, from and to the coast of the imports and exports, and of the vast internal local trade of the empire, India is very largely dependent upon her iron roads. But the case of China is far otherwise, intersected as the richest and most productive provinces are by a water-system, natural and artificial, of unparalleled magnitude and efficiency, whereby China appears to the traveller, journeying in the interior, as a huge network, or labyrinth of water-highways, with which, for economy of transport, railways cannot compete.

Roads in the interior of the empire are few and far between; and my own experience of travelling in springless carts over the now deeply serrated surface of the ruins of these once magnificent highways, paved as they had been long centuries ago with colossal stone slabs of enormous weight, and now long left without repair, was an experience of such intense physical agony that there are few things I should look forward to with more abject horror than a repetition of one of these bone-breaking expeditions. "Good for ten years, bad for ten thousand," as the Chinese proverb puts it. And taking into account the extremely meagre supply of beasts of burden other than human beings who, when it becomes necessary to diverge from river or canal, form to an extent almost inconceivable in this country the pack-carriers of China, and taking into consideration the marvellous facilities for cheap water-carriage, it is not a matter for much astonishment that a large proportion of the ancient land-highways have been allowed to lapse into ruin. In any adequate calculation of the commercial as distinguished from the military value of railways to China, an impartial opinion of the legion of water-highways radiating through the provinces ought to be the foundation upon which a true estimate is based.

I do not for a moment desire to min-

imize the importance of *specific individual* railway enterprise to China. Mr. Colquhoun—and it would be difficult to light on any authority whose opinion is entitled to more respect—says in a letter to the “Times” in 1884 :—

“ In addition to the commercial benefit to be derived from a cheap and secure means of transport, there are other cogent reasons for the introduction of the railway. The improved Government control ; the social benefits to be derived by the employment provided, through new regions opened up, for the partially employed and poorly paid portion of the population ; the augmentation of the imperial revenue by the more direct payment of duties and taxes ; and the increased means of the people to pay,—are among the results certain to follow. And apart from these, the recurrence of famines, in one or more districts, occurring from want of transport, would be avoided. The cost of cart-transport from the Chihli plain to Shansi, during the late famine, was officially stated to be £12 per ton ! ”

These views I humbly endorse, and I would especially draw attention to the great controlling and administrative value to the Central Government of trunk-lines, which would prove so powerful an instrument for the destruction of the malversations and corruptions of the provincial officials ; but at the same time what I desire to bring out is this, that, looking at the question broadly, there cannot be as great a *profitable* outlet for capital invested in railways in China as there will be in India, even when the present railway system there is largely extended.

On the other hand, from personal observation of that part of the empire through which it is proposed to lay one trunk-line of railway, and from what I saw and heard of other parts of the empire through which it is also proposed to construct railways, I firmly believe in the commercial importance and, under honest foreign management, the financial success of *individual* undertakings, *where water-carriage fails*. For example, when the projected railway referred to above, and which has been authorized by the Government for strategic purposes as well as for commercial reasons, has been completed between Taku on the Gulf of Pechili to Tungchow or Peking, and possibly extended to Kalgan on the frontier of the Desert of Gobi, there is one among many branches of commerce which will probably at once,

owing to the great reduction in the cost of land-carriage, assume dimensions hitherto undreamed of. I refer to the overland trade in tea, principally compressed brick tea, from Hankow and Foochow to Mongolia, Siberia, and even Russia ; and the increase in this trade will assume greater dimensions still if the Russian merchants and exporters carry out their project of laying a line of the portable Decauville railway across the Desert of Gobi itself, from Kalgan to Ourga, near the Siberian frontier. If this latter scheme be accomplished, it is estimated that the army of 50,000 camels engaged in transporting tea from China across the Great Desert to Russian territory might be reduced to 10,000. It is not proposed to use locomotives in the desert, but to make use of the camels themselves to draw the trucks.

A word as to this overland trade in tea. It is well known that most of the tea intended for consumption in European Russia has been diverted from the overland route, and now goes to Russia by steamer, either *viâ* London or direct to Odessa. The finest tea of all, owing to a prevalent opinion that sea-carriage impairs the flavor, still goes overland ; but though Russians are in the habit of paying prices for tea unheard of in this country, the caravans would have little to depend on now, if they trusted for support to the tea which still continues to go overland to *Russia*. They rely, however, on the carriage of the coarse brick tea which is consumed in Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia. On my way back to Peking from visiting the Great Wall, I met numerous large armed caravans of camels, laden with tea, and often preceded by a picturesque fierce-looking Tartar horseman, lance in hand, who glared rather ferociously at the strange “ foreign devil.” The demand for brick tea—manufactured at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-kiang, and Foochow on the Min, whence it is shipped to Tientsin—is great, and annually increasing, the inhabitants of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia using it both as food and drink, while sometimes it even takes the place of currency, the value of articles being calculated in bricks of tea. In spite of the fact that this trade is so hopelessly weighted by the enormous charges for

overland carriage, the demand is so great that more than 60,000,000 lbs., principally brick, were conveyed overland in 1887 to Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia *via* Kalgan—that is to say, an amount equal to about one third of the total annual consumption of Great Britain. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the sudden development which will take place in this trade alone, when a not inconsiderable proportion of the heavy overland charges are knocked off by the advent of a railway. And tea is only one of the many specific articles of commerce for which this railway will create an intensified demand. Coal, for instance, which is found within sixty miles of the capital, and now costs from £3 to £4 sterling per ton at Pekin, will probably be reduced in price to considerably under £1.

Another railway scheme, and one of great magnitude, is the well-known project of Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet for the reaching of Yunnan, the most southerly province of China, by a line *via* Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States. It may be argued that this is not a Chinese railway. Strictly speaking, it is not; but the *raison d'être* of the scheme is to tap one of the richest mineral districts in the world, and that district is situated in the south of China. It is needless to talk of railways for Yunnan until this, or some other equally or more approved, trunk outlet has been completed. Passing over as foreign to this paper any notice of the stimulating effect on the internal commerce of Siam and the Shan States which such a railway would produce, it is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that, until such an outlet becomes *un fait accompli*, the mineral wealth of south-western Yunnan must remain sealed and undeveloped. For Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet have shown that the mineral rich part of this, *comparatively speaking*, agriculturally poor and sparsely populated province is practically inaccessible to any of the great southern rivers of China and Indo-China, such as the Canton or Pearl river, the Song-ka or Red river of Tonquin, the Mekong, the Salween, and also, unfortunately for us, the Irrawaddy. The last would have made a magnificent highway to south-western China had it not been for these

terrific mountain passes, gorges, and ravines, which block what would otherwise have formed the natural trade-route between Talifu in Yunnan and Bhamo in Burmah, the latter town being the terminus of the fleet of that most deservedly successful, because courageously and fearlessly energetic enterprise, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. Of course a railway between Bhamo and Talifu is not a physical impossibility, if, as Mr. Colborne Baber, who was attached to the Grosvenor Mission to Yunnan, tersely puts it, shareholders can be got who will look forward with confidence to a series of Mont Cenis tunnels and Menai bridges. Mr. Baber, who has traversed the country, and is an impartial authority, also says that if British trade ever follows this route, he will be delighted and astonished in about equal proportions. It is not the object of this paper to advocate the claims of the Colquhoun-Hallet, in opposition to any other railway scheme for the tapping of the riches of south-western China. It has been mentioned simply because it is a scheme to which the public are not altogether strangers. If it should be found that the difficulties of railway construction between Bhamo and Talifu have been exaggerated, that it is possible for Burmah to reap the benefit of the through route, the writer's delight will not be less than that of Mr. Baber.

The above are only two of many instances which might be quoted to prove that railways in the right place will act as powerful agents in stimulating the commerce of the great empire of the East. But I reiterate my firm belief that, looking at the future railway system of China as a whole, it can never rival that of India, which is, and will be, the mainspring of the development of that empire; but rather that it will occupy the position of a mighty auxiliary, while the vast labyrinth of navigable water-highways will play the part of primary importance, navigated, as they undoubtedly will be in the not far distant future, by innumerable steam flotillas.

Over £175,000,000 have already been invested in the construction of some 15,000 miles of railway in India.

Nature in the rivers, and man in the countless canals, have already done for

China what it has taken the expenditure of the above enormous capital to do for India. In China the "permanent way" is already laid down, and it now only remains for us, if we are wise, to provide, at a comparatively unimportant outlay, what I may be permitted to call the "rolling stock," in the form of river-steamers, to take the place of the unwieldy and antiquated junks, additionally handicapped as they are by the terrors of *Likin* extortion. *When this is done, as it will be by others if not by ourselves, it will cause such a development in the commerce of China, both foreign and local, as the expenditure of one hundred times the capital in railways alone will not accomplish.*

Let us dismiss from our minds for the present the vision, however fascinating, of a great railway system for China, modelled on the present and future railway system of India. Let us rather, as a preliminary step at least, utilize the means already provided by nature and by man, and when we have our steamers radiating through the interior, and it is then proved that *individual* railways are necessary in order to reach what are known to be rich tracts of country inaccessible to any navigable waterway, then, by all means, let such railway schemes be ventilated and agitated.

It is not meant to suggest that parallel water and railway systems are under all circumstances incompatible with the success of both. Facts would not bear out

that statement, but in the mean time our endeavor ought to be to get these great water-systems of China opened, which still remain sealed to foreign enterprise, and our home merchants and manufacturers will do far more to benefit themselves than the railway financiers will ever do by urging our Government to approach the Central Government at Peking on the subject. It can be proved not only that it is for the good of the Chinese Empire, but also that it is for the financial advantage of the Peking Government, to accede to any such request. And be it remembered, it is far easier for the Central Government to deal with the provincial officials, when it can plead pressure from without as a reason for energetic progress and vigorous reform from within.

No words of mine could bring this paper to a more appropriate close than the following quotation from a famous speech of Lord Palmerston :—

"Every one must know that on the extension of our commerce depend the prosperity of our country, the accumulation of our capital, the abundance of our revenues, and the strength and prosperity of the nation. Any measure, therefore, calculated to increase the commercial relations of the country is deserving of notice, because it accords with the interests and wishes of the country. It has long been felt that China would open a vast field of commercial enterprise to us. . . . What must be the commercial advantages to this country if it can have an unimpeded uninterrupted commerce with one third of the human race!"

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOME LESSONS OF ANTIQUITY.*

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

A WELL-KNOWN student once expressed his admiration for Oxford, by saying that it would be Paradise Regained, if only the Long Vacation lasted the whole year. But remember, he was not an idle Fellow, but one of those who construe *vacare* with a dative, when it means to be free from all interruptions for the pursuit of study. Well, this peaceful sanctuary of Oxford was sud-

denly changed last summer into a perfect bee-hive. The Colleges, the libraries, the gardens, the streets, the river were all swarming with visitors. As the clock struck, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, streams of gentlemen and ladies were seen coming out and going back to the lecture-rooms. Every lecture-room was as full as it could hold, and the eager faces and the quick-moving pens and pencils showed that the students had come on earnest business bent. It was in fact a realized dream

* An Address delivered at the Mansion House, 23d February, before the Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

of what a University might be, or what it ought to be, perhaps, what it will be again, when the words of our President are taken to heart that "man needs knowledge, not only as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life."

This sudden metamorphosis of Oxford was due to the first meeting of students under the University Extension system. They had been invited to reside in Oxford for the first ten days in August. Nearly a thousand availed themselves of this invitation, of whom about seven hundred were University Extension students from the Oxford, Cambridge, and London centres. Sixty-one lectures were delivered during the ten days, on literature, history, economics, and science. Besides these lectures, conferences were held for discussing questions connected with extended University teaching. All these lectures and conferences were remarkably well attended from beginning to end, and yet there was time for afternoon excursions and social gatherings. The antiquities of Oxford, the Colleges, libraries and chapels, were well explored, generally under the guidance of the Head or the Fellows of each College. The success of the whole undertaking, thanks very much to the exertions of Mr. Sadler and Mr. Hewins, was so brilliant that at the end of the meeting it was unanimously decided to repeat the experiment next year.

To my mind that gathering at Oxford, though it was but little noticed by the outer world, was an historical event, the beginning of a new era in the history of national education. And I rejoiced that this new growth should have sprung from the old Universities, because it had thus secured a natural soil and an historical foundation on which to strike root, to grow, and to flourish.

There is no doubt a strong feeling abroad that the instruction which is given by the old Universities is antiquated and useless in the fierce struggle for existence. We are told that we teach dead languages, dead literatures, dead philosophy, as if there could be such a thing as a dead language, a dead literature, a dead philosophy. Is Greek a dead language? It lives not only in the spoken Greek, it runs like fire through the veins of all European speech. Is

Homer, is *Æschylos*, is *Sophocles* a dead poet? They live in Milton, Racine, and Goethe, and I defy any one to understand and enjoy even such living poets as Tennyson or Browning without having breathed at school or at the Universities, the language and thought of those ancient classics. Is Plato a dead philosopher? It is impossible for two or three philosophers to gather together without Plato being in the midst of them.

I should say, on the contrary, that all living languages, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead, if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil. What is the life-blood of French, Italian, and Spanish, if not Latin? You may call French an old and wizened speech, not Latin. You may call Comte's philosophy effete, but not that of Aristotle. You may see signs of degeneracy in the mushroom growth of our modern novels, not in the fresh and life-like idylls of *Nausikaa* or *Penelope*.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not want everybody to be a classical scholar or antiquarian, but I hold that it is the duty of all university teaching never to lose touch with the past. It seems to me the highest aim of all knowledge to try to understand what is, by learning how it has come to be what it is. That is the true meaning of history, and that seems to me the kind of knowledge which schools and universities are called upon to cultivate and to teach. I believe it is in the end the more useful knowledge also. It is safe and sound, and by being safe and sound, it not only enriches the intellect, but it forms and strengthens the character of a man. A man who knows what honest and thorough knowledge means, in however small a sphere, will never allow himself to be a mere dabbler or smatterer, whatever subject he may have to deal with in later life. He may abstain, but he will not venture in.

What is the original meaning of all instruction? It is tradition. It was from the beginning the handing over of the experience of one generation to the other, the establishment of some kind of continuity between the past, the present, and the future. This most primitive form of education and instruction

marks everywhere the beginning of civilized life and the very dawn of history.

History begins when the father explains to his son how the small world in which he has to live came to be what it is ; when the present generation accepts the inheritance of the past, and hands down a richer heirloom to the future ; when, in fact, the present feels itself connected and almost identified with the future and the past. It is this solidarity, as the French call it, this consciousness of a common responsibility, which distinguishes the civilized and historical from the uncivilized and unhistorical races of the world.

There are races for whom the ideas of the past and the future seem hardly to exist. We call them uncivilized races, savages, ephemeral beings that are born and die without leaving any trace behind them. The only bond which connects them with the past is their language, possibly their religion, and a few customs and traditions which descend to their successors without any effort on either side.

But there were other races—not many—who cared for the future and the past, who were learners and teachers, the founders of civilized life, and the first makers of history. Such were the Egyptians and the Babylonians, and those who afterward followed their example, the Persians, Greeks, and Romans. To us it seems quite natural that the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians should have erected monuments of an almost indestructible character and covered them with inscriptions to tell, not only the next generation, but all generations to come, what they had achieved during their short sojourn on earth. Why should they and they alone have conceived such an idea ? The common answer is, because they possessed the art of writing. But the truer answer would be that they invented and perfected the art of writing because they had something to write, because they wished to communicate something to their children, their grandchildren, and to generations to come.

They would have carried out their object even without hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic alphabets. For we see that even among so-called savage tribes, in some of the Polynesian islands, for in-

stance, a desire to perpetuate their deeds manifests itself in a kind of epic or historical poetry. These poems tell of wars, of victories and defeats, of conquests and treaties of peace. As writing is unknown in these islands, they are committed to memory and intrusted to the safe keeping of a separate caste who are, as it were, the living archives of the island. They are the highest authorities on questions of disputed succession, on the doubtful landmarks of tribes, and the boundaries of families. And these poems are composed according to such strict rules and preserved with such minute care, that when they have to be recited as evidence on disputed frontiers, any fraudulent alteration would easily be detected. Mere prose evidence is regarded as no evidence ; it must be poetical, metrical, and archaic.

Whenever this thought springs up in the human mind that we live not only for ourselves, but that we owe a debt to the future for what we have received from the past, the world enters upon a new stage, it becomes historical. The work which was begun tentatively in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt was carried on in the cuneiform records of Babylon, in the mountain edicts of Darius and Xerxes, till it reached Greece and Rome, and there culminated in the masterworks of such historians as Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus.

It may seem to you that these early beginnings of tradition and history are far removed from us, and that the knowledge which we possess and which we wish to hand down to future generations in schools and universities is of a totally different character. But this is really not the case. We are what we are, we possess what we possess even in the very elements of our knowledge, thanks to the labors of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, to say nothing of Greeks and Romans.

What should we be without our A B C, without being able to write ? Mere illiterate savages, knowing nothing of the past except by hearsay, caring little for the future except for our own immediate posterity. Now whenever we read a book or write a letter we ought to render thanks in our heart to the ancient scholars of Egypt who invented and per-

fectured writing, and whose alphabetic signs are now used over the whole civilized world, with the exception of China. Yes, whenever you write an *a* or a *b* or a *c* you write what was originally a hieroglyphic picture. Your *L* is the crouching lion, your *F* the cerastes, a serpent with two horns; your *H* the Egyptian picture of a sieve.

There is no break, no missing link between our *A B C* and the hieroglyphic letters as you see them on the obelisk on the Thames Embankment, and on the much older monuments in Egypt. The Egyptians handed their letters to the Phœnicians, the Phœnicians to the Greeks, the Greeks to the Romans, the Romans to us. All the Semitic alphabets also, as used in Persian and Arabic, and the more important alphabets of India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, all come in the end from Phœnicia and Egypt. The whole of Asia, except that part of it which is overshadowed by Chinese influence, Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, so far as they write at all, all write Egyptian hieroglyphics. The chain of tradition has never been broken, the stream of evolution is more perfect here than anywhere else.

Reading and writing, therefore, have come to us from ancient Egypt. But whence did we get our arithmetic? When I say our arithmetic I do not mean our numerals only, or our knowledge that two and two make four. That kind of knowledge is home-grown, and can be traced back to that common Aryan home from which we derive our language, that is to say, our whole intellectual inheritance. I mean our numerical figures. There are many people who have numerals, but no numerical figures like our own. There are others, such as the Chiquitos in Columbia, who count with their fingers, but have no numerals at all; at least we are told so by the few travellers who have visited them.* There are others again who have a very perfect system of numerals, but who for numerical notation depend either on an abacus or on such simple combinations of strokes as we find in Egypt, Phœnicia, Babylon, China, India,

and even among the redskins of America. There are others again who, like the Greeks and the Hindus, use certain letters of their alphabet instead of, under certain circumstances, figures.

You may imagine that with such contrivances arithmetic could never have advanced to its present stage of perfection, unless some one had invented our numerical figures. Whence then did we get our figures? We call them Arabic figures, and that tells its own tale. But the Arabs call them Indian figures, and that tells its own tale likewise. Our figures came to us from the Arabs in Spain, they came to them from India, and if you consider what we should be without our figures from one to nine, I think you will admit that we owe as much gratitude to India for our arithmetic, as to Egypt for our reading and writing. When I am sometimes told that the Hindus were mere dreamers and never made any useful discovery, such as our steam-engines and electric telegraphs, I tell my friends they invented that without which mechanical and electric science could never have become what they are, that without which we should never have had steam-engines or electric telegraphs—they invented our figures from 1 to 9—and more than that, they invented the nought, the sign for nothing, one of the most useful discoveries ever made, as all mathematicians will tell you.

Let us remember then the lessons which we have learned from antiquity. We have learned reading and writing from Egypt, we have learned arithmetic from India. So much for the famous three R's.

But that is not all. If we are Egyptians whenever we read and write, and Indians whenever we do our accounts, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonians also. We must go to the British Museum to see what a cuneiform inscription is like; but it is a fact nevertheless that every one of us carries something like a cuneiform inscription in his waistcoat pocket. For why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, and so forth? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which

* Brett, *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, 4th ed., London, 1887.

counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty.

The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B.C. introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A.D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

And allow me to point out what I consider most important in these lessons of antiquity. They are not mere guesses or theories; they are statements resting on historical facts, on evidence that cannot be shaken. Suppose five thousand years hence, or, let us be more merciful

and say fifty thousand years hence, some future Schliemann were to run his shafts into the ruins of what was once called London, and discover among the *débris* of what is now the British Museum, charred fragments of newspapers, in which some Champolion of the future might decipher such names as *centimètre* or *millimètre*. On the strength of such evidence every historian would be justified in asserting that the ancient inhabitants of London—we ourselves—had once upon a time adopted a new decimal system of weights and measures from the French, because it was in French, in primæval French only, that such words as *centimètre* or *millimètre* could possibly have been formed. We argue to-day on the strength of the same kind of evidence, on the evidence chiefly of language and inscriptions, that our dials must have come from the Babylonians, our alphabets from Egypt, our figures from India. We indulge in no guesses, no mere possibilities, but we go back step by step from the *Times* of to-day till we arrive at the earliest Babylonian inscription and the most ancient hieroglyphic monuments. What lies beyond, we leave to the theoretic school, which begins its work where the work of the historical school comes to an end.

I could lay before you many more of these lessons of antiquity, but the Babylonian dial of my watch reminds me that my parasang, or my German mile, or my hour, is drawing to an end, and I must confine myself to one or two only. You have heard a great deal lately of bi-metallism. I am not going to inflict on this audience a lecture on that deeply interesting subject, certainly not in the presence of our chairman, the Lord Mayor, and with the fear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before my eyes. But I may just mention this, that when I saw that what the bi-metallists were contending for was to fix and maintain in perpetuity a settled ratio between gold and silver, I asked myself how this idea arose; and being of an historical turn of mind, I tried to find out whether antiquity could have any lessons to teach us on this subject. Coined money, as you know, is not a very ancient invention. There may have been a golden age when gold was altogether unknown, and people paid with cows, not with

coins. When precious metals, gold, silver, copper, or iron began to be used for payment, they were at first simply weighed. Even we still speak of a pound instead of a sovereign. The next step was to issue pieces of gold and silver properly weighed, and then to mark the exact weight and value on each piece. This was done in Assyria and Babylonia, where we find *shekels* or pounds of gold and silver. The commerce of the Eastern nations was carried on for centuries by means of these weights of metal. It was the Greeks, the Greeks of Phocæa in Ionia, who in the seventh century B. C., first conceived the idea of coining money, that is of stamping on each piece their city arms, the phoca or seal, thus giving the warranty of their state for the right weight and value of those pieces. From Phocæa this art of coining spread rapidly to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Ægina, the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa and in Italy. The weight of the most ancient gold coin in all these countries was originally the same as that of the ancient Babylonian gold shekel, only stamped with the arms of each country, which thus made itself responsible for its proper weight. And this gold shekel or pound, in spite of historical disturbances, has held its own through centuries. The gold coins of Cræsus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander have all about the same weight as the old Babylonian gold shekel, sixty of them going to one *mina* of gold; and what is stranger still, our own sovereign, or pound, or shekel, has nearly the same weight, sixty of them going to an old Babylonian *mina* of gold. In ancient times twenty silver drachmas or half-shekels went to a gold shekel, just as with us twenty silver shillings are equivalent to a sovereign. This ancient shilling was again subdivided into sixty copper coins, sixty being the favorite Babylonian figure.

Knowing therefore the relative monetary value of a gold and silver shekel or half-shekel, knowing how many silver shekels the ancient nations had to give for one gold shekel, it was possible by merely weighing the ancient coins to find out whether there was then already any fixed ratio between gold and silver.

Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest times with the most exact accuracy.

That ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia and in all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard. There have been slight fluctuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute, the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

These numismatic researches, which have been carried on with indefatigable industry by some of the most eminent scholars in Europe, may seem simply curious, but like all historical studies they may also convey some lessons.

They prove that, in spite of inherent difficulties, the great political and commercial nations of the ancient world did succeed in solving the bi-metallic problem, and in maintaining for centuries a fixed standard between gold and silver.

They prove that this standard, though influenced, no doubt, by the relative quantity of the two metals, by the cost of production, and by the demand for either silver or gold in the markets of the ancient world, was maintained by the common sense of the great commercial nations of antiquity, who were anxious to safeguard the interests both of their wholesale and retail traders.

They prove lastly that, though a change in the ratio between gold and silver cannot be entirely prevented, it took place in ancient time by very small degrees. From the sixteenth century B. C., or, at all events, if we restrict our remarks to coined money, from the seventh century B. C., to nearly our own time, the appreciation of gold has been no more than $1\frac{1}{2}$, namely, from $13\frac{1}{2}$ to 15. If now, within our own recollection, it has suddenly risen from 15 to 20, have we not a right to ask whether this violent disturbance is due altogether to natural causes, or whether what we are told is the effect, is not to a certain extent the cause of it—I mean the sudden resolution of certain Governments to

boycott for their own purposes the second precious metal of the world.

But I must not venture further on this dangerous ground, but shall invite you in conclusion to turn your eyes from the monetary to the intellectual currency of the world, from coins to what are called the counters of our thoughts.

The lessons which antiquity has taught us with regard to language, its nature, its origin, its growth and decay are more marvellous than any we have hitherto considered.

What is the age of Alexander and Darius, of the palaces of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt, compared with the age of language, the age of those very words which we use every day, and which, forsooth, we call modern? There is nothing more ancient in the world than every one of the words which you hear me utter at present.

Take the two words "there is," and you can trace them step by step from English to Anglo-Saxon, from Anglo-Saxon to Gothic; you can trace them in all the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic languages, in the language of Darius and Cyrus, in the prayers of Zoroaster, finally in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Instead of *there is*, the old Vedic poets said *tatra asti*. It is the same coin, it has the same weight, only it has suffered a little by wear and tear during the thousands of years that it has passed from hand to hand or from mouth to mouth. Those two words would suffice to prove that all the languages of the civilized races of Europe, the languages of Persia and India also, all sprang from one source; and if you place before your imagination a map of Europe and Asia, you would see all the fairest portions of these two continents, all the countries where you can discover historical monuments, temples, palaces, forums, churches, or houses of parliament, lighted up by the rays of that one language which we are speaking ourselves, the Aryan language, the classical language of the past, the living language of the present, and in the distant future the true Volapük, the language of the world.

I have no time to speak of the other large streams of historical speech, the Semitic, the Ugro-Attaic, the Chinese, the Polynesian, the African, and Amer-

ican. But think what a lesson of antiquity has here been thrown open to us. We learn that we are bound together with all the greatest nations of the world by bonds more close, more firm and fast, than flesh, or bone, or blood could ever furnish. For what is flesh, or bone, or blood compared to language? There is no continuity in flesh, and bone, and blood. They come and go by what we call birth and death, and they change from day to day. In ancient times, in the struggle of all against all, when whole tribes were annihilated, nations carried away into captivity, slaves bought and sold, and the centres of civilized life overwhelmed again and again by a deluge of barbarian invasions, what chance was there of unmixed blood in any part of the world? But language always remained itself, and those who spoke it, whatever their blood may have been, marched in serried ranks along the highroad of history as one noble army, as one spiritual brotherhood. What does it matter whether the same blood runs in our veins and in the veins of our black fellow-men in India? Their language is the same, and has been the same for thousands of years, as our own language; and whoever knows what language means, how language is not only the vestment, but the very embodiment of thought, will feel that to be of the same language is a great deal more than to be of the same flesh.

With the light which the study of the antiquity of language has shed on the past, the whole world has been changed. We know now not only what we are, but whence we are. We know our common Aryan home. We know what we carried away from it, and how our common intellectual inheritance has grown and grown from century to century till it has reached a wealth, unsurpassed anywhere, amounting in English alone to 250,000 words. What does it matter whether we know the exact latitude and longitude of that Aryan home, though among reasonable people there is, I believe, very little doubt as to its whereabouts "somewhere in Asia." The important point is that we know that there was such a home, and that we can trace the whole intellectual growth of the Aryan family back to roots which sprang from a common soil. And we can do this not by

mere guesses only, or theoretically, but by facts, that is, historically. Take any word or thought that now vibrates through our mind, and we know now how it was first struck in countries far away, and in times so distant that hardly any chronology can reach them. If anywhere it is in language that we may say, We are what we have been. In language everything that is new is old, and everything that is old is new. That is true evolution, true historical continuity. A man who knows his language, and all that is implied by it, stands on a foundation of ages. He feels the past under his feet, and feels at home in the world of thought, a loyal citizen of the oldest and widest republic.

It is this historical knowledge of language, and not of language only, but of everything that has been handed down to us by an uninterrupted tradition from father to son, it is that kind of knowledge which, I hold, that our Universities and schools should strive to maintain. It is the historical spirit with which they should try to inspire every new generation. As we trace the course of a mighty river back from valley to valley, as we mark its tributaries, and watch its meanderings till we reach its source, or, at all events, the watershed from which its sources spring; in the same manner the historical school has to trace every current of human knowledge from century to century back to its fountain-head, if that is possible, or at all events as near to it as the remaining records of the past will allow. The true interest of all knowledge lies in its growth. The very mistakes of the past form the solid ground on which the truer knowledge of the present is founded. Would a mathematician be a mathematician who had not studied his Euclid? Would an astronomer be an astronomer who did not know the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and had not worked his way through its errors to the truer views of Copernicus? Would a philosopher be a philosopher who had never grappled with Plato and Aristotle? Would a lawyer be a lawyer who had never heard of Roman law? There is but one key to the present—that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of the human mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has

achieved in any department of knowledge—that is to watch its historical development.

No doubt, it will be said, there is no time for all this in the hurry and flurry of our modern life. There are so many things to learn that students must be satisfied with results, without troubling themselves how these results were obtained by the labors of those who came before us. This really would mean that our modern teaching must confine itself to the surface, and keep aloof from what lies beneath. Knowledge must be what is called cut and dry, if it is to prove serviceable in the open market.

My experience is the very opposite. The cut-and-dry knowledge which is acquired from the study of manuals or from so-called crammers is very apt to share the fate of cut flowers. It makes a brilliant show for one evening, but it fades and leaves nothing behind. The only knowledge worth having, and which lasts us for life, must not be cut and dry, but, on the contrary, it should be living and growing knowledge, knowledge of which we know the beginning, the middle, and the end, knowledge of which we can produce the title-deeds whenever they are called for. That knowledge may be small in appearance, but, remember, the knowledge required for life is really very small.

We learn, no doubt, a great many things, but what we are able to digest, what is converted *in succum et sanguinem*, into our very life-blood, and gives us strength and fitness for practical life, is by no means so much as we imagine in our youth. There are certain things which we must know, as if they were part of ourselves. But there are many other things which we simply put into our pockets, which we can find there whenever we want them, but which we do not know as we must know, for instance, the grammar of a language. It is well to remember this distinction between what we know intuitively, and what we know by a certain effort of memory only, for our success in life depends greatly on this distinction—on our knowing what we know, and knowing what we do not know, but what nevertheless we can find if wanted.

It has often been said that we only know thoroughly what we can teach,

and it is equally true that we can only teach what we know thoroughly. I therefore congratulate this Society for the extension of University teaching, that they have tried to draw their teachers from the great Universities of England, and that they have endeavored to engage the services of a large number of teachers, so that every single teacher may teach *one* subject only, his own subject, his special subject, his hobby, if you like—anyhow, a subject in which he feels perfectly at home, because he knows its history from beginning to end. The Universities can afford to foster that race of special students, but the country at large ought to be able to command their services. If this Society can bring this about, if it can help to distribute the accumulated but often stagnant knowledge of university professors and tutors over the thirsty land, it will benefit not the learners only, but the teachers also. It will impart new life to the universities, for nothing is so inspiring

to a teacher as an eager class of students, not students who wish to be drilled for an examination, but students who wish to be guided and encouraged in acquiring real knowledge. And nothing is so delightful for students as to listen to a teacher whose whole heart is in his subject. Learning ought to be joy and gladness, not worry and weariness. When I saw the eagerness and real rapture with which our visitors at Oxford last summer listened to the lectures provided for them, I said to myself, This is what a university ought to be. It is what, if we may trust old chronicles, universities were in the beginning, and what they may be once more if this movement, so boldly inaugurated by the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London, and so wisely guided by Mr. Goschen and his fellow-workers, becomes what we all hope it may become, a real and lasting success.—*Fortnightly Review*.

TENNYSON AS PROPHET.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

The Ancient Sage.

THE aspect, the countenance of Lord Tennyson—best rendered in Sir J. Millais's portrait, but faithfully given also in many a photograph—must often have struck his admirers with a sense of surprise. It does not fit the popular conception of him—a conception founded mainly on his earlier work, and which presents him as a refined, an idyllic poet, the chanter of love and friendship, the adorer of half-barbarous legends with a garb of tender grace. The faces of other poets—of the ethereal Shelley, the sensuous Keats, the passionate Byron, the benignant Wordsworth—correspond well enough to our notion of what they ought to be. But Tennyson's face expresses not delicacy but power; it is grave even to sternness; it is formidable in the sense which it gives of strength and wisdom won through pain.

For indeed, both in aspect and in mood of mind there has arisen between the poet of the *Dream of Fair Women* and the poet of *Vastness* a change like the change between the poet of *Comus* and the poet of *Samson Agonistes*. In each case the potent nature, which in youth felt keenlier than any contemporary the world's beauty and charm, has come with age to feel with like keenness its awful majesty, the clash of unknown energies, and "the doubtful doom of humankind." And the persistence of Lord Tennyson's poetic gift in all its glory—a persistence scarcely rivalled since Sophocles—has afforded a channel for the emergence of forces which must always have lain deep in his nature, but which were hidden from us by the very luxuriance of the fancy and the emotion of youth.

I would speak, then, of Tennyson as a *prophet*, meaning by that term much more than a self-inspired mystic, an eloquent visionary. I know not how else to describe a service which humanity

will always need. Besides the *savant*, occupied in discovering objective truth—besides the artist occupied in representing and idealizing that truth—we need some voice to speak to us of those greatest, those undiscoverable things which can never be wholly known but must still less be wholly ignored or forgotten. For such a service we need something more than orator or priest; we need a sage, but a sage whose wisdom is kindled with emotion, and whose message comes to us with the authority of a great personality, winged at once and weighted by words of power.

Yet Tennyson's prophetic message has been so delicately interwoven with his metrical and literary charm, and has found, moreover, its most potent expression in poems so recent in date, that it has not often, I think, been adequately recognized, or traced with due care from its early to its later form. There need, therefore, I trust, be no presumption in an attempt—for which the writer, of course, is alone responsible—to arrange in clearer connection those weighty utterances which the exigencies of art have scattered irregularly over many pages, but which those who seek the guidance of great minds must often desire to reunite.

We have not here, indeed, a developed system whose dogmas can be arranged in logical order. Rather may the reader be disposed to say that there is no sure message; that the net result consists in hopes and possibilities which the poet himself regards as transcending proof. Alas! like the haul of living things from the deep sea, the group of dogmas which any mind brings up from the gulf of things is apt to dwindle as the plummet sinks deeper down; and we have rather to ask, "Is there at the bottom life at all?" than to expect to find our highly organized creeds still flourishing when we have plunged far into the dark abyss.

This may sound but a cheerless saying, and the Christian reader may perhaps complain of a lack of explicit adhesion to Christian doctrine in our representative poet. But I would beg him to consider that the cause of any creed, however definite, can hardly at present be better subserved than by indirect and preliminary defences. I would remind

him that the Gospel story is not now supported, in Paley's fashion, by insistence on its miracles alone, but rather and mainly by subjective arguments, by appeals to its intrinsic beauty and probability, its adaptation to the instincts and needs of men. Christianity assumes an unseen world, and then urges that the life of Christ is the fittest way in which such a world could come into contact with the world we know. The essential spirituality of the universe, in short, is the basis of religion, and it is precisely this basis which is now assailed. In former times the leading opponents of Christianity were mainly "Deists," and admitted in some form or other a spiritual substratum for visible things. Rousseau's irreducible minimum of religion included a God and a future life. But now the position is changed. The most effective assailants of Christianity no longer take the trouble to attack, as Voltaire did, the Bible miracles in detail. They strike at the root, and begin by denying—outright or virtually—that a spiritual world, a world beyond the conceivable reach of mathematical formulæ, exists for us at all. They say with Clifford that "no intelligences except those of men and animals have been at work in the solar system;" or, implying that the physical Cosmos is all, and massing together all possible spiritual entities under the name which most suggests superstition, they affirm that the world "is made of ether and atoms, and there is no room for ghosts."

Now it is evident that unless this needful preamble of any and every religion can be proved—say rather unless the existence of an unseen profounder world can be so presented as to commend itself to our best minds as the more likely hypothesis—it will be useless to insist nowadays on the adaptation of any given religion to the needs of the soul. The better adapted it is to man, the stronger the presumption that it is a system created by man—"the guess of a worm in the dust, and the shadow of its desire." It does not, of course, follow that even were the existence of a spiritual world demonstrated, any specific revelation of that world would be manifestly true. But at any rate *unless* such a world be in some sense believed in by the leading minds of the race, no specific

revelation whatever can permanently hold its ground. If, therefore, certain readers feel that Tennyson's championship is confined mainly to what they may regard as mere elements of Natural Religion, they need not on that account value him the less as a leader of the spiritual side of human thought. The work which he does may not be that which they most desire. But at least it is work indispensably necessary, if what they most desire is ever to be done. And they may reflect also that the Laureate's great predecessor did more for a spiritual view of the universe by his *Tintern Abbey* or his Platonic Ode than by his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* or his pious hymn to St. Bees.

And first let us briefly consider the successive steps which mark Tennyson's gradual movement to his present position. They show, I think, an inward development coinciding with, or sometimes anticipating, the spiritual movement of the age. We may start with the *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind*—a juvenile work, from whose title, for present purposes, we may perhaps omit the adjectives "supposed" and "second-rate." In this, the most agitated of all his poems, we find the soul urging onward

Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds ;—

and to the question "Why not believe, then?" we have as answer a simile of the sea which cannot slumber like a mountain tarn, or

Draw down into his vexèd pools

All that blue heaven which hues and paves the tranquil inland mere. Thus far there is little that is distinctive, little beyond the common experience of widening minds. But in *The Two Voices* we have much that will continue characteristic of Tennyson, and a range of speculation not limited by Christian tradition. Here we first encounter what may be termed his most definite conjecture, to which he returns in *De Profundis*, and in the *Epilogue* which forms almost his latest work—namely, the old Platonic hypothesis of the multiform pre-existence of the soul. His analogy from "trances" has received, I need not say, much reinforcement from the experimental psychology of recent years.

It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe may await
The slipping through from state to state.

As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happen'd then,
Until they fall in trance again.

There can be no doubt that any hypothesis of our survival of death must logically suggest our existence before earthly birth. Since, however, this latter hypothesis is not insisted on (though neither is it denied) by Christian orthodoxy, and has no quite obvious bearing on man's hopes and fears, it has dropped out of common thought, and its occurrence in individual speculation marks a certain disengagement and earnestness of inquiry.

The next main step is represented by *In Memoriam*; and in reading *In Memoriam* it is difficult to realize that the book was written by a young man, some half-century ago; so little is there, in all its range of thought and emotion, which the newest Science can condemn or the truest Religion find lacking. So sound an instinct has led the poet to dwell on the core of religion—namely, the survival of human love and human virtue—so genuine a candor has withheld him from insisting too positively on his own hopeful belief. In spite of its sparse allusion to Christianity, *In Memoriam* has been widely accepted as a helpful companion to Christian devotion. Is not this because the Christian feels that the survival of human love and virtue—however phrased or supported—is the essence of his Gospel too? that his good news is of the survival of a consummate love and virtue, manifested with the express object of proving that love and virtue *could* survive?

It is hardly too much to say that *In Memoriam* is the only speculative book of that epoch—epoch of the "Tractarian movement," and much similar "up-in-the-air balloon-work"—which retains a serious interest now. Its brief cantos contain the germs of many a subsequent treatise, the indication of channels along which many a wave of opinion has flowed, down to that last "Philosophie der Erlösung," or Gospel of a sad Redemption—

To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease—
which tacitly or openly is possessing itself of so many a modern mind.

Yet *In Memoriam*, in spite of all its pregnancy, hardly forms a part of what I have called the prophetic message of Tennyson. He still is feeling for Wisdom; he has not reached the point from whence he can speak with confidence and power.

The first words, as I hold them, of the message are presented, with characteristic delicacy, in the form of a vision merely, and in one of the least conspicuous poems. The wife's dream in *Sea Dreams* is an utterance of deep import—the expression of a conviction that the truth of things is good; and that the resistless force of truth, destroying one after another all ancient creeds, and reaching at last to the fair images of Virgin Mother and sinless Babe, is nevertheless an impulse in harmony with the best that those creeds contained; and sheds a mystic light on the ruined minsters, and mixes its eternal music with the blind appeals of men.

But round the North, a light,
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on those cliffs
Broke, mixed with awful light (the same as that
Living within the belt) whereby she saw
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral-fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one; and then the great ridge drew
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
Slowly to music; ever when it broke
The statues, king or saint, or founder fell.

But here the subtlest point is that the very lamentations of those who regret this ruin are themselves part and parcel of the same harmonious impulse—

Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note

to which the ancient images are crumbling down, and the resistless wave advancing from a luminous horizon of the sea.

Where, then, are we to look for a revelation of the secret which, broadening from its far belt of light, is to overwhelm the limited and evanescent phases of human faith?

The nearest approach to a statement of creed in Tennyson's poems is to be found in a few stanzas which he read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society, the group of thinkers mentioned in his sonnet on the inception of the Review in which these pages appear:—

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the
hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who
reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that
which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not
live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body
and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division
from Him? . . .

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet. . . .

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye
of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—
were it not He?

In the "Higher Pantheism" of these familiar lines, the reader accustomed to the study of religions will seem to recognize that we have come to the end of the story. We have reached the end of Oriental religion, the end of Greek; we stand where stood Plotinus, fusing into a single ecstasy every spiritual emotion of that ancient world.

But to see and to have seen that Vision is reason no longer, but more than reason, and before reason, and after reason; as also is that Vision which is seen. And perchance we should not speak of *sight*. For that which is seen—if we must needs speak of the Seer and the Seen as twain and not as one—that which is seen is not discerned by the seer nor conceived by him as a second thing; but, becoming as it were other than himself, he of himself contributeth nought, but as when one layeth centre upon centre he becometh God's and one with God. Wherefore this vision is hard to tell of. For how can a man tell of that as other than himself, which when he discerned it seemed not other, but one with himself indeed? *

Or take again the words of Arthur at the end of the *Holy Grail*—the spiritually central passage, so to say, in all the Idylls of the King—when that king describes the visions of the night or of the day which come when earthly work is done—

* Plotinus, *Enn.* vi. 10.

In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision ;—

and compare this with any one of the passages where Plotinus endeavors in halting speech to reproduce those moments of unison whose memory brightens his arid argument with oases of a lucid joy.

And it may be that this was not vision, but some other manner of sight, ay, an ecstasy and a simplicity and a self-surrender, and a still passion of contact and of unison, when that which is within the Holy Place is discerned. . . . And falling from that sight if he arouse again the virtue in him, and perceive himself wholly adorned, he shall be lifted up once more ; through Virtue looking upon Mind and through Wisdom upon very God. Thus is the life of blessed gods and of godlike men a renunciation of earthly joy, a deliverance from earthly sorrow, a flight of the One to the One.

To some such point as this, as I have said, the instinct of reverence, the emotion of holiness, must tend to lead souls to such emotions born. And in former times this mystical standpoint seemed in some sense independent of controversy. Historical criticism on the Gospels, geological disproof of the Mosaic cosmogony, scarcely rose into that thinner air. But the assault now made is more paralyzing, more fundamental. For it is based on formulæ which are in a certain sense demonstrable, and which seem to embrace the whole extent of things. The Cosmos, we now say, is a system of ether and atoms, in which the sum of matter and the sum of energy are constant quantities. And the Cosmos is the scene of universal evolution, according to unchangeable law. Hence it seems to follow that no human soul or will can add a fresh energy of its own ; that there can be nothing but a ceaseless transformation of force, which would proceed in just the same way were all consciousness to be removed from the automata who fancy that they direct the currents along which they inevitably flow. It seems to follow, too, that even the highest of these automata have been brought into a momentary existence by no Heavenly Father, no providential scheme ; but in the course of a larger and unconscious process, which in itself bears no relation to human happiness or virtue.

As all this begins to be dimly realized,

men may be seen, like ants in a trodden ant-hill, striving restlessly to readjust their shattered conceptions. It is borne in upon them that the traditional optimism of Western races may be wholly illusory ; that human life may indeed, as the East has held, be on the whole an evil, and man's choice lie between a dumb resignation and that one act of rebellion which makes at least an end. And thus, in an age little given to metaphysic, we find pessimistic systems more vigorous than any other, and the intellect of France, Russia, Germany deeply honeycombed with a tacit despair.

But though pessimism may spread among the thoughtful, it cannot possibly be the practical creed of progressive peoples. They must maintain their energy by some kind of compromise between old views and new ; and the compromises which we see around us, though at war among themselves, are yet the offspring of the same need, and serve to break, at different points, the terrible transition. There is the movement which began with Broad-Churchism, and which seems now to broaden further into a devotion to Christ which altogether repudiates the Resurrection on which His first followers based His claim to be the bringer of a true Gospel rather than the most mistaken of all enthusiasts. And a few steps further from old beliefs stands that other compromise known as Positivism—a religion consisting simply in the resolute maintenance of the traditional optimistic view when the supposed facts that made for optimism have all been abandoned. Never have we come nearer to "the grin without the cat" of the popular fairy tale than in the brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician—himself steeped in deserved prosperity—would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death—the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence—may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description.

But although these and similar compromises are only too open to the pessimist's attack, one may well hesitate as to whether it is right or desirable to assail them. Should we not encourage

any illusion which will break the fall, and repeat in favor of these fragile substitutes the same reticence which it so long seemed well to use in criticising Christianity itself?

Such, at any rate, is not Lord Tennyson's attitude in the matter. In his view, it seems, these blanched survivals of optimism may be brushed aside without scruple. He is not afraid to set forth a naked despair as the inevitable outcome of a view of the world which omits a moral government or a human survival. A grave responsibility, which the clear-seeing poet would scarcely have undertaken, had not his own confidence in the happier interpretation been strong and assured.

His presentation of absolute hopelessness is put in the mouth of a man undergoing one of those seasons of unmerited anguish which are the real, the intimate problem with which any religion or any philosophy has to deal.

"A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come"—so run the prefatory words to *Despair*—"and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned;"—and to this minister he describes the reflections of that which had so nearly been his own last hour.

And first of all, and prompting to the suicidal act, was the passion of pity for himself and all mankind—the feeling that there was no hope or remedy except that last plunge into the dark.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her
and in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God
that should be!
Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot
power,
And pity for our own selves on an earth that
bore not a flower;
Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the
deep,
And pity for our own selves till we long'd for
eternal sleep.

"It seemed to me," says the character in which one of the ablest of our younger writers has expressed her own inward battle, "it seemed to me as if I saw, mysteriously, a new Satan, a rebel angel of good, raising his banners against the Jehovah of Evil; a creature like Frankenstein's image, a terrible new

kind of monster, more noble than its base maker.'"* How shall a man avoid such indignant compassion as this? Let him face his own doom bravely as he may, how shall he look complacently on the anguish of others, knowing that for their forlornness there is no pity anywhere save such thin stream as he and his like can give? that there lives, perhaps, no creature wiser or more helpful than himself in the star-sown fields of heaven?

And the stars of the limitless Universe sparkled
and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew
that their light was a lie—
Bright as with deathless hope—but, however
they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were
worlds of woe like our own.
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the
earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation
and woe.

"The starry heavens without; the moral law within:" with what an irony must that old formula of august hope strike on a mind like this! "The moral law within:" the inherited instincts which have made my tribe successful among its neighbor tribes, but which simply fail and have no further meaning in this my solitary extremest hour! "The starry heavens without:" appalling spectacle of aimless immensity! inconceivable possibilities of pain! vastness of a Universe which knows not of our existence and could not comprehend our prayer!

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that
lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not
that which she bore!

The man and wife bid farewell to each
other as the water rises round them.

Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps,
if we died, if we died;
We never had found Him on earth, this earth
is a fatherless Hell—
"Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and
ever farewell."
Never a cry so desolate, not since the world
began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming
of man!

A comparison of these lines with the lines in the *Palace of Art* where Tennyson, still a young man, has painted the

* Baldwin, by Vernon Lee, p. 124.

soul's last distress, will show how far more awful the world-problem reflected in the poet's mind has become since that earlier day. In the *Palace of Art* the soul which has lived for her own pleasure alone feels herself "exiled from eternal God," severed like a land-locked pool from the mighty movement of all things "toward one sure goal." It is an agony of remorse and terror, but it carries with it a germ of hope. There is the goal toward which the universe is striving. There is the eternal God. And after repentance and purgation the erring soul can hope to renew the sacred sympathies, and to rejoin the advancing host.

On the other hand the woe described in *Despair* deepens where that other sorrow found its dawn. There is absolutely nothing to which effort can be directed, or appeal can lie. It is no longer conceivable that any soul by any action or passion, can alter the immutable destiny which hangs blindly over all.

Yet I must not speak as if those who deem human survival a superfluous consolation had made no effort to meet such crises as that on which Tennyson dwells. I quote a well-known passage in which Clifford has depicted the "unseen helper" who may be looked for when no other help is nigh.

He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?" he does find something which may justify that thought [of an unseen helper of men]. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." . . . The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman Deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am!"

Yet would one not be in danger of observing that the face of this summarized or composite ancestor was of somewhat too simian a type? Might not "the fire of youth in his eyes" suggest

unpleasantly that he had called his descendants into being for reasons quite other than a far-seeing desire that they should suffer and be strong? And if Jehovah and all gods be his fable and his fiction, does that make him a whit more strong to save?

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead.

"What is it to me," said Marcus Aurelius, "to live in a world without a Providence?" "I live," said Prince Bismarck in 1878, "a life of great activity, and occupy a lucrative post; but all this could offer me no inducement to live one day longer, did I not believe in God and a better future." It is well to quote men like these when one sees the words "morbid" and "unmanly," taking in the Positivist Camp the place which the words "dangerous" and "unsound" have occupied so long in orthodox polemics. It is not clear why it should be unmanly to face the bitter as well as the sweet; to see life in a dry light, tinted neither by the sunset rays of a vanishing Paradise, nor by the silvery moonlight of a philosopher's dream.

In Tennyson's view, at any rate, this deliberate rejection of human life as meaningless without a future is not the mere outcome of such misery as that of the spokesman in *Despair*. It forms the theme of one of his last and most majestic personal utterances, of that poem of *Vastness*, which one may place beside the choruses in the *Edipus at Colonus*, as illustrations, the one of an old man's wisdom in all its benignity, the other of an old man's wisdom in all its authority and power.

The insignificance of human life, if moral evolution be forever checked by death, is no new theme; but it is here enforced as though by Plato's "spectator of all time and of all existence," with a range of view which sees one man's death recall or prefigure, not, as Dido's, the fall only of Tyre or Car-

thage, but the desolation of entire planets, and the evanescence of unknown humanities in dispeopled fields of Heaven. Seen with that cosmic gaze, earth's good and evil alike seem the illusions of a day.

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after
many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with
the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor
earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam
of a million million of suns?

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious an-
nals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong
cause, trumpets of victory, groans of de-
feat; . . .

Pain that has crawled from the corpse of Pleas-
ure, a worm that writhes all day, and at
night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper and
stings him back to the curse of the
light; . . .

Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage,
no regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debt-
less competence, golden mean; . . .

What is it all if we all of us end but in being
our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in vastness, lost in silence, drown'd
in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or
a moment's anger of bees in their hive?
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him
for ever; the dead are not dead but alive.

How else than thus can we now imagine the cosmic position of man? We have long ceased to think of him as standing on an immutable earth, with sun and stars revolving round his central home. Nor can we any longer fancy him, as Comte used to fancy him, housed in the snug security of his solar system;—an unroofed and fenceless plot, from whence every moment the irrecoverable sun-rays tremble out into the blackness and are squandered in the gulf of heaven. We must regard him with foresight of his end; with such comfort only as we may find in the thought that other races, powerless as he, may have been shaped, and may yet be shaped, from the like clash of atoms, for the like history and the like doom. Let these cry aloud if they will into the interstellar spaces, and call it prayer; they hear not each other, and there is none else to

hear. For in this infinity love and virtue have no share; they are of all illusions the most fragile, derivative, evanescent; they have no part or lodgment in the fixed reality of things.

And yet this prospect, which is slowly imposing itself as inevitable, is in reality but a conjecture like all the rest. Such, we may admit, must be the universe if it be reducible to ether and atoms alone; if life and consciousness be its efflorescence and not its substratum, and that which was from the beginning be the lowest and not the highest of all. But in truth a reduction of the Cosmos into ether and atoms is scarce more reasonable than its reduction into the four elements, air, water, earth, and fire. The ancients boldly assumed that the world was made of things which our senses can reach. The modern *savant* too often tacitly implies that the world is made of things which our *calculations* can reach. Yet this is still a disguised, a mediate anthropomorphism. There is no reason to assume that our calculations, any more than our senses, have cognizance of any large fraction of the events which are occurring even in our own region of time and space. The notion that we have now attained to a kind of outline sketch of the universe is not really consistent with the very premises on which it is based. For on those premises our view must inevitably have limits depending on nothing wider than the past needs of living organisms on this earth. We have acquired, presumably, a direct perception of such things as it has helped our ancestors most to perceive during their struggle for existence; and an indirect perception of such other things as we have been able to infer from our group of direct perceptions. But we cannot limit the entities or operations which may coexist, even in our part of the Cosmos, with those we know. The universe may be infinite in an infinite number of ways.

Thoughts like these are not formally disputed, but they are constantly ignored. In spite of the continued hints which nature gives us to enlarge our conceptions in all kinds of unlooked-for ways, the instinct of system, of a rounded and completed doctrine, is apt to be too strong for us, and a determined protest against premature synthesis is as

much needed now as ever. Such protest may naturally take one of two forms. It may consist of a careful registration of residual phenomena in all directions, which the current explanations fail to include. Or it may consist—and this is the prophet's task—of imaginative appeal, impressive assertion of the need of a profounder insight and a wider purview before we quit our expectant attitude, and act as though apparent limitations were also real, or the universe fathomed in any of its dimensions by human perception and power. It is in this mood that Tennyson draws from the standing mystery of a child's birth the conception of a double, a synchronous evolution; of a past which has slowly shaped the indwelling spirit as well as the fleshly habitation. First comes the physical ancestry :—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy light.

For thus does the baby's structure remount to the primordial nebula; the atoms of its hand have been volleyed for inconceivable ages through far-off tracts of gloom, and have passed through a myriad combinations, inanimate and animate, to become the child's for a moment, and to speed once more away.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

For thus an invisible world may antecede the visible, and an inconceivable world the conceivable; while yet we ourselves, here and now, are living equally in both; though our spirit be beclouded by its "descent into generation;" which, in Plotinus' words, is "a fall, a banishment, a moulting of the wings of the soul."

O dear Spirit half lost
In thine own shadow, and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou, who wailest being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite time—our mortal veil
And shattered phantom of that infinite One
Who made thee unconceivably thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in all.

Is there, then, any hint of a possibility of transcending these contradictory inconceivables? of re-attaining the clearness which is blurred and confused by the very fact of our individuation? of participating in that profounder consciousness which, in Tennyson's view, is not the "epiphenomenon" but the root and reality of all?

A passage in the *Ancient Sage*, known to be based upon the poet's own experience, describes some such sensation of resumption into the universal, following upon a self-induced ecstasy.

And more, my son! for more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the
limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of
doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with
ours
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

This passage raises in the directest form a question which becomes ever more vitally important as external systems of theology crumble away. Can ecstasy ever be a state higher than normal life, or is it always referable to delusion or disease? Now it is undoubted that the great majority of states of true ecstasy which are now observed occur in hysterical patients, as one phase of a complex attack. The temptation to rank ecstasy on much the same level with hysterical spasm or mutism is naturally irresistible. And yet, as I have urged elsewhere, this is by no means a safe conclusion. A hysterical fit indicates a lamentable instability of the nervous system. But it is by no means certain, *à priori*, that every symptom of that instability, without exception, will be of a degenerative kind. The nerve-storm, with its unwonted agitations, may possibly lay bare some deep-lying capacity in us which could scarcely otherwise have come to light. Recent experiments (especially in France) on both sensation and memory in certain abnormal states, have added plausibility to this view, and justify us in holding that, in spite of its frequent association with hysteria,

ecstasy is not necessarily in itself a morbid symptom.

And if we can allow ourselves to look at ecstasy apart from its associations with hysteria and fanaticism—as it is presented to us, say, by Plato or Wordsworth, or, in more developed form (as we have seen), by Tennyson or Plotinus—then, assuredly, it is a phenomenon which cannot be neglected in estimating man's actual or nascent powers of arriving at a knowledge of truth. "Great wit and madness" are both of them divergences from the common standard; but the study of genius may have as much to teach us of the mind's evolution as the study of insanity has to teach us of its decay.

And, moreover, if indeed, as Tennyson has elsewhere suggested, and as many men now believe, there exist some power of communication between human minds without sensory agency—

Star to star vibrates light ; may soul to soul
Strike thro' some finer element of her own ? |

then surely it would be in accordance with analogy that these centres of psychological perception should be immersed in a psychological *continuum*, and that their receptivity should extend to influences of larger than human scope. And if so, then the obscure intuitions which have made the vitality of one religion after another may have discerned confusedly an ultimate fact, a fact deeper than any law which man's mind can formulate, or any creed to which his heart can cling. For these things, to whatever purport, were settled long ago ; they must be the great structural facts of the Cosmos, determined before our Galaxy shaped itself or souls first entered into man.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the aspect in which this great poet's teaching—in itself, no doubt, many-sided, and transcending the grasp of any single disciple—has presented itself to at least one student, who has spared no pains to follow it. As here conceived, it is a teaching which may well outlast our present confusion and struggle. For Tennyson is the prophet simply of a Spiritual Universe : the proclaimer of man's spirit as part and parcel of that Universe, and indestructible as the very root of things. And in

these beliefs, though science may not prove them, there is nothing which can conflict with science ; for they do but assert in the first place that the universe is infinite in more ways than our instruments can measure ; in the second place that evolution, which is the law for the material universe, is the law for virtue as well. It is not on interference but on analogy, not on catastrophe but on completion, that they base the foundation of hope. More there may be—truths holier, perhaps, and happier still ; but should not *these* truths, if true they be, suffice for man ? Is it not enough to give majesty to the universe, purpose and dignity to life, if he can once believe that his upward effort—what he here calls virtue—shall live and persist forever ? "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

If there are some who will deem this hope insufficient, there are many more among the disciples of science who will smile at it as an unprovable dream. For my own part, too, I believe that the final answer—and this I say in no unhopeful spirit—must depend on the discoveries of Science herself. "We are ancients of the earth ;" and if there be indeed an unseen world we assuredly need not imagine that we have yet exhausted our means of discovering it. But meantime we more than ever need our prophets ; and the true poet comes nearer to inspiration than any prophet to whom we can hope to listen now. Let his intuitions come to us dissolved in that fusion of thought and melody which makes the highest art we know ; let flashes of a strange delight—"like sparkles in the stone aventurine"—reveal at once the beauty and the darkness of the meditations whence the song has sprung. Give us, if so it may be, the exaltation which lifts into a high community ; the words which stir the pulse like passion, and wet the eyes like joy, and with the palpable breath of an inward murmur can make a sudden glory in the deep of the heart. Give us—but who shall give it ? or how in days like these shall not the oracles presently be dumb ?

In Tennyson and Browning we have veritable fountain-heads of the spiritual energy of our time. "Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men," their

words are linked in many a memory with what life has held of best. But these great poets have passed already the common term of man ; and when we look to the pair whose genius might have marked them as successors, we see too clearly the effect of this "dimness of our vexation" upon sensitive and generous souls. The "singer before sunrise"—capable of so quick a response to all chivalrous ardors—has turned his face from the vaster problems, has given himself to literature as literature, and to poetry as art alone. And he, again, who dwelt with so ravishing a melancholy on Eld and Death, whose touch shall shrivel all human hope and joy,—he has felt that every man may well grasp with hasty eagerness at delights which so soon pass by for all, and has followed how incoherent an ideal along how hazardous a way !

It seems sometimes as though poetry, which has always been half art, half prophecy, must needs abandon her higher mission ; must turn only to the bedecking of things that shall wither and the embalming of things that shall de-

cay. She will speak, as in the *Earthly Paradise*, to listeners

laid upon a flowery slope

"Twixt inaccessible cliffs and unsailed sea ; and behind all her utterance there will be an awful reticence, an unforgotten image of the end. How, then, will Tennyson's hopes and visions sound to men, when his living utterance has fallen silent, like the last oracle in the Hellenic world ? I can imagine that our descendants may shun the message whose futile confidence will add poignancy to their despair. Or, on the other hand, if indeed the Cosmos make for good, and evolution be a moral as well as a material law, will men in time avail to prove it ? For then they will look back on Tennyson as no belated dreamer, but as a leader who in the darkest hour of the world's thought would not despair of the destiny of man. They will look back on him as Romans looked back on that unshaken Roman who purchased at its full price the field of Cannæ, on which at that hour victorious Hannibal lay encamped with his Carthaginian host.—*Nineteenth Century*.

DESERT SANDS.

If deserts *have* a fault (which their present biographer is far from admitting), that fault may doubtless be found in the fact that their scenery as a rule tends to be just a trifle monotonous. Though fine in themselves, they lack variety. To be sure, very few of the deserts of real life possess that absolute flatness, sandiness and sameness, which characterizes the familiar desert of the poet and of the annual exhibitions—a desert all level yellow expanse, most bilious in its coloring, and relieved by but four allowable academy properties, a palm-tree, a camel, a sphinx, and a pyramid. For foreground, throw in a sheikh in appropriate drapery ; for background, a sky-line and a bleaching skeleton ; stir and mix, and your picture is finished. Most practical deserts one comes across in travelling, however, are a great deal less simple and theatrical than that ; rock preponderates over sand in their composition, and inequalities of surface are often the rule rather than the

exception. There is reason to believe, indeed, that the artistic conception of the common or Burlington House desert has been unduly influenced for evil by the accessibility and the poetic adjuncts of the Egyptian sand-waste, which, being situated in a great alluvial river valley is really flat, and being the most familiar, has therefore distorted to its own shape the mental picture of all its kind elsewhere. But most deserts of actual nature are not all flat, nor all sandy ; they present a considerable diversity and variety of surface, and their rocks are often unpleasantly obtrusive to the tender feet of the pedestrian traveller.

A desert, in fact, is only a place where the weather is always and uniformly fine. The sand is there merely as what the logicians call, in their cheerful way, "a separable accident ;" the essential of a desert, as such, is the absence of vegetation, due to drought. The barometer in those happy, too happy, regions, always stands at Set Fair.

At least, it would, if barometers commonly grew in the desert, where, however, in the present condition of science, they are rarely found. It is this dryness of the air, and this alone, that makes a desert; all the rest, like the camels, the sphinx, the skeleton, and the pyramid, is only thrown in to complete the picture.

Now the first question that occurs to the inquiring mind—which is but a graceful periphrasis for the present writer—when it comes to examine in detail the peculiarities of deserts is just this: Why are there places on the earth's surface on which rain never falls? What makes it so uncommonly dry in Sahara when it's so unpleasantly wet and so unnecessarily foggy in this realm of England? And the obvious answer is, of course, that deserts exist only in those parts of the world where the run of mountain ranges, prevalent winds, and ocean currents conspire to render the average rainfall as small as possible. But strangely enough, there is a large irregular belt of the great eastern continent where these peculiar conditions occur in an almost unbroken line for thousands of miles together, from the west coast of Africa to the borders of China; and it is in this belt that all the best known deserts of the world are actually situated. In one place it is the Atlas and the Kong mountains (now don't pretend, as David Copperfield's aunt would have said, you don't know the Kong mountains); at another place it is the Arabian coast range, Lebanon, and the Beluchi hills; at a third, it is the Himalayas and the Chinese heights that intercept and precipitate all the moisture from the clouds. But from whatever variety of local causes it may arise, the fact still remains the same, that all the great deserts run in this long, almost unbroken series, beginning with the greater and the smaller Sahara, continuing in the Libyan and Egyptian desert, spreading on through the larger part of Arabia, reappearing to the north as the Syrian desert, and to the east as the desert of Rajputana (the Great Indian Desert of the Anglo-Indian mind), while further east again the long line terminates in the desert of Gobi on the Chinese frontier.

In other parts of the world, deserts are less frequent. The peculiar com-

bination of circumstances which goes to produce them does not elsewhere occur over any vast area, on so large a scale. Still, there is one region in western America where the necessary conditions are found to perfection. The high snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains on the one side check and condense all the moisture that comes from the Atlantic; the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch range on the other, running parallel with them to the west, check and condense all the moisture that comes from the Pacific coast. In between these two great lines lies the dry and almost rainless district known to the ambitious western mind as the Great American Desert, and enclosing in its midst that slowly evaporating inland sea, the Great Salt Lake, a last relic of some extinct chain of mighty waters once comparable to Superior, Erie, and Ontario. In Mexico, again, where the twin ranges draw closer together, desert conditions once more supervene. But it is in central Australia that the causes which lead to the desert state are, perhaps, on the whole, best exemplified. There, ranges of high mountains extend almost all round the coasts, and so completely intercept the rainfall which ought to fertilize the great central plain that the rivers are almost all short and local, and one thirsty waste spreads for miles and miles together over the whole unexplored interior of the continent.

But why are deserts rocky and sandy? Why aren't they covered, like the rest of the world, with earth, soil, mould, or dust? One can see plainly enough why there should be little or no vegetation where no rain falls, but one can't see quite so easily why there should be only sand and rock instead of arid clay-field.

Well, the answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary and well-behaved countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay, there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed, indeed, in his last great book,

that we owe the whole earthy covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmers, the harmless necessary earthworm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them by means of his castings into the black mould which produces, in the end, for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture-lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, therefore, there can be no soil ; and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert.

The normal course of events where new land rises above the sea is something like this, as oceanic isles have sufficiently demonstrated. The rock when it first emerges from the water rises bare and rugged like a sea-cliff ; no living thing, animal or vegetable, is harbored anywhere on its naked surface. In time, however, as rain falls upon its jutting peaks and barren pinnacles, disintegration sets in, or to speak plainer English, the rock crumbles ; and soon streams wash down tiny deposits of sand and mud thus produced into the valleys and hollows of the upheaved area. At the same time lichens begin to spring in yellow patches upon the bare face of the rock, and feathery ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind, or carried by the waves, or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, in turn form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the trusty earth-worm (imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds) straightway sets to work to burrow, and which he rapidly increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited, flowering plants and trees can soon root themselves, as fast as seeds, nuts or fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up by the great eruption of Krakatoa has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses, and other vegetation.

First soil, then plant and animal life, are thus in the last resort wholly dependent for their existence on the amount

of rainfall. But in deserts, where rain seldom or never falls (except by accident) the first term in this series is altogether wanting. There can be no rivers, brooks or streams to wash down beds of alluvial deposit from the mountains to the valleys. Denudation (the term, though rather awful, is not an improper one) must therefore take a different turn. Practically speaking, there is no water action ; the work is all done by sun and wind. Under these circumstances, the rocks crumble away very slowly by mere exposure into small fragments, which the wind knocks off and blows about the surface, forming sand or dust of them in all convenient hollows. The frequent currents, produced by the heated air that lies upon the basking layer of sand, continually keep the surface agitated, and so blow about the sand and grind one piece against the other till it becomes ever finer and finer. Thus for the most part the hollows or valleys of deserts are filled by plains of bare sand, while their higher portions consist rather of barren rocky mountains or table-land.

The effect upon whatever animal or vegetable life can manage here and there to survive under such circumstances is very peculiar. Deserts are the most exacting of all known environments, and they compel their inhabitants with profound imperiousness to knuckle under to their prejudices and preconceptions in ten thousand particulars.

To begin with, all the smaller denizens of the desert—whether butterflies, beetles, birds, or lizards—must be quite uniformly isabelline or sand-colored. This universal determination of the desert-haunting creatures to fall in with the fashion and to harmonize with their surroundings adds considerably to the painfully monotonous effect of desert scenery. A green plant, a blue butterfly, a red and yellow bird, a black or bronze-colored beetle or lizard would improve the artistic aspect of the desert not a little. But no ; the animals will hear nothing of such gaudy hues ; with Quaker uniformity they will clothe themselves in dove-color ; they will all wear a sandy pepper-and-salt with as great unanimity as the ladies of the Court (on receipt of orders) wear Court mourning for the late lamented King of the Tongataboo Islands.

In reality, this universal sombre tint of desert animals is a beautiful example of the imperious working of our modern *Deus ex machina*, natural selection. The more uniform in hue is the environment of any particular region, the more uniform in hue must be all its inhabitants. In the arctic snows, for example, we find this principle pushed to its furthest logical conclusion. There, everything is and must be white—hares, foxes, and ptarmigans alike; and the reason is obvious—there can be no exception. Any brown or black or reddish animal who ventured north would at once render himself unpleasantly conspicuous in the midst of the uniform arctic whiteness. If he were a brown hare, for example, the foxes and bears and birds of prey of the district would spot him at once on the white fields, and pounce down upon him forthwith on his first appearance. That hare would leave no similar descendants to continue the race of brown hares in arctic regions after him. Or, suppose, on the other hand, it were a brown fox who invaded the domain of eternal snow. All the hares and ptarmigans of his new district would behold him coming from afar and keep well out of his way, while he, poor creature, would never be able to spot them at all among the white snow-fields. He would starve for want of prey, at the very time when the white fox, his neighbor, was stealing unperceived with stealthy tread upon the hares and ptarmigans. In this way, from generation to generation of arctic animals, the blacker or browner have been constantly weeded out, and the grayer and whiter have been constantly encouraged, till now all arctic animals alike are as spotlessly snowy as the snow around them.

In the desert much the same causes operate, in a slightly different way, in favor of a general grayness or brownness as against pronounced shades of black, white, red, green, or yellow. Desert animals, like intense South Kensington, go in only for neutral tints. In proportion as each individual approaches in hue to the sand about it will it succeed in life in avoiding its enemies or in creeping upon its prey, according to circumstances. In proportion as it presents a strikingly vivid or distinct appearance among the surrounding sand,

will it make itself a sure mark for its watchful foes, if it happen to be an unprotected skulker, or will it be seen beforehand and avoided by its prey, if it happen to be a predatory hunting or insect-eating beast. Hence on the sandy desert all species alike are uniformly sand-colored. Spotty lizards bask on spotty sands, keeping a sharp look-out for spotty butterflies and spotty beetles, only to be themselves spotted and devoured in turn by equally spotty birds, or snakes, or tortoises. All nature seems to have gone into half-mourning together, or, converted by a passing Puritan missionary, to have clad itself incontinently in gray and fawn-color.

Even the larger beasts that haunt the desert take their tone not a little from their sandy surroundings. You have only to compare the desert-haunting lion with the other great cats to see at once the reason for his peculiar uniform. The tigers and other tropical jungle-cats have their coats arranged in vertical stripes of black and yellow, which, though you would hardly believe it unless you saw them in their native nullahs (good word "nullah," gives a convincing Indian tone to a narrative of adventure), harmonize marvellously with the lights and shades of the bamboos and cane-breaks through whose depths the tiger moves so noiselessly.

Looking into the gloom of a tangled jungle, it is almost impossible to pick out the beast from the yellow stems and dark shadows in which it hides, save by the baleful gleam of those wicked eyes, catching the light for one second as they turn wistfully and bloodthirstily toward the approaching stranger. The jaguar, oncelot, leopard, and other tree-cats, on the other hand, are dappled or spotted—a type of coloration which exactly harmonizes with the light and shade of the round sun-spots seen through the foliage of a tropical forest. They, too, are almost indistinguishable from the trees overhead as they creep along cautiously on the trunks and branches. But spots or stripes would at once betray the crouching lion among the bare rocks or desert sands; and therefore the lion is approximately sand-colored. Seen in a cage at the Zoo, the British lion is a very conspicuous animal indeed; but spread at full length on a sandy patch

or among bare yellow rocks under the Saharan sun, you may walk into his mouth before you are even aware of his august existence.

The three other great desert beasts of Asia or Africa—the ostrich, the giraffe, and the camel—are less protectively colored, for various reasons. Giraffes and ostriches go in herds; they trust for safety mainly to their swiftness of foot, and, when driven to bay, like most gregarious animals, they make common cause against the ill-advised intruder. In such cases it is often well, for the sake of stragglers, that the herd should be readily distinguished at a distance; and it is to ensure this advantage, I believe, that giraffes have acquired their strongly-marked spots, as zebras have acquired their distinctive stripes, and hyænas their similarly banded or dappled coats. One must always remember that disguise may be carried a trifle too far, and that recognizability in the parents often gives the young and giddy a point in their favor. For example, it seems certain that the general gray-brown tint of European rabbits serves to render them indistinguishable in a field of bracken, stubble, or dry grass. How hard it is, either for man or hawk, to pick out rabbits so long as they sit still, in an English meadow! But as soon as they begin to run toward their burrows the white patch by their tails inevitably betrays them; and this betrayal seems at first sight like a failure of adaptation. Certainly many a rabbit must be spotted and shot, or killed by birds of prey, solely on account of that tell-tale white patch as he makes for his shelter. Nevertheless, when we come to look closer, we can see, as Mr. Wallace acutely suggests, that the tell-tale patch has its function also. On the first alarm the parent rabbits take to their heels at once, and run at any untoward sight or sound toward the safety of the burrow. The white patch and the hoisted tail act as a danger-signal to the little bunnies, and direct them which way to escape the threatened misfortune. The young ones take the hint at once and follow their leader. Thus what may be sometimes a disadvantage to the individual animal becomes in the long run of incalculable benefit to the entire community.

It is interesting to note, too, how much alike in build and gait are these three thoroughbred desert roamers, the giraffe, the ostrich, and the camel or dromedary. In their long legs, their stalking march, their tall necks, and their ungainly appearance they all betoken their common adaptation to the needs and demands of a special environment. Since food is scarce and shelter rare, they have to run about much over large spaces in search of a livelihood or to escape their enemies. Then the burning nature of the sand as well as the need for speed compels them to have long legs, which in turn necessitate equally long necks, if they are to reach the ground or the trees overhead for food and drink. Their feet have to be soft and padded to enable them to run over the sand with ease; and hard horny patches must protect their knees and all other portions of the body liable to touch the sweltering surface when they lie down to rest themselves. Finally, they can all endure thirst for long periods together; and the camel, the most inveterate desert-haunter of the trio, is even provided with a special stomach to take in water for several days at a stretch, besides having a peculiarly tough skin in which perspiration is reduced to a minimum. He carries his own water-supply internally, and wastes as little of it by the way as possible.

What the camel is among animals that is the cactus among plants—the most confirmed and specialized of desert-haunting organisms. It has been wholly developed in, by, and for the desert. I don't mean merely to say that cactuses resemble camels because they are clumsy, ungainly, awkward, and paradoxical; that would be a point of view almost as far beneath the dignity of science (which in spite of occasional lapses into the sin of levity I endeavor as a rule piously to uphold) as the old and fallacious reason "because there's a B in both." But cactuses, like camels, take in their water-supply whenever they can get it, and never waste any of it on the way by needless evaporation. As they form the perfect central type of desert vegetation, and are also familiar plants to every one, they may be taken as a good illustrative example of the effect that desert conditions inevitably produce upon vegetable evolution.

Quaint, shapeless, succulent, jointed, the cactuses look at first sight as if they were all leaves, and had no stem or trunk worth mentioning. Of course, therefore, the exact opposite is really the case; for, as a late lamented poet has assured us in mournful numbers, things (generally speaking) are not what they seem. The true truth about the cactuses runs just the other way; they are all stem and no leaves: what look like leaves being really joints of the trunk or branches, and the foliage being all dwarfed and stunted into the prickly hairs that dot and encumber the surface. All plants of very arid soils—for example, our common English stone-crops—tend to be thick, jointed and succulent; the distinction between stem and leaves tends to disappear; and the whole weed, accustomed at times to long drought, acquires the habit of drinking in water greedily at its rootlets after every rain, and storing it away for future use in its thick, sponge-like, and water-tight tissues. To prevent undue evaporation, the surface also is covered with a thick, shiny skin—a sort of vegetable mackintosh, which effectually checks all unnecessary transpiration. Of this desert type, then, the cactus is the furthest possible term. It has no flat leaves with expanded blades, to wither and die in the scorching desert air; but in their stead the thick and jointed stems do the same work—absorb carbon from the carbonic acid of the air, and store up water in the driest of seasons. Then, to repel the attacks of herbivores, who would gladly get at the juicy morsel if they could, the foliage has been turned into sharp defensive spines and prickles. The cactus is tenacious of life to a wonderful degree; and for reproduction it trusts not merely to its brilliant flowers, fertilized for the most part by desert moths or butterflies, and to its juicy fruit, of which the common prickly pear is a familiar instance, but it has the special property of springing afresh from any stray bit or fragment of the stem that happens to fall upon the dry ground anywhere.

True cactuses (in the native state) are confined to America; but the unhappy naturalist who ventures to say so in mixed society is sure to get sat upon (without due cause) by numberless peo-

ple who have seen "the cactus" wild all the world over. For one thing, the prickly pear and a few other common American species have been naturalized and run wild throughout North Africa, the Mediterranean shores, and a great part of India, Arabia, and Persia. But what is more interesting and more confusing still, other desert plants which are *not* cactuses, living in South Africa, Sind, Rajputana, and elsewhere unspecified, have been driven by the nature of their circumstances and the dryness of the soil to adopt precisely the same tactics, and therefore unconsciously to mimic or imitate the cactus in the minutest details of their personal appearance. Most of these fallacious pseudocactuses are really spurges or euphorbias by family. They resemble the true Mexican type in externals only; that is to say, their stems are thick, jointed, and leaf-like, and they grow with clumsy and awkward angularity; but in the flower, fruit, seed, and in short in all structural peculiarities whatsoever, they differ utterly from the genuine cactus, and closely resemble all their spurge relations. Adaptive likenesses of this sort, due to mere stress of local conditions, have no more weight as indications of real relationship than the wings of the bat or the flippers of the seal, which don't make the one into a skylark, or the other into a mackerel.

In Sahara, on the other hand, the prevailing type of vegetation (wherever there is any) belongs to the kind playfully described by Sir Lambert Playfair as "salsolaceous," that is to say, in plainer English, it consists of plants like the glass-wort and the kali-weed, which are commonly burned to make soda. These fleshy weeds resemble the cactuses in being succulent and thick-kinned, but they differ from them in their curious ability to live upon very salt and soda-laden water. All through the great African desert region, in fact, most of the water is more or less brackish; "bitter lakes" are common, and gypsum often covers the ground over immense areas. These districts occupy the beds of vast ancient lakes, now almost dry, of which the existing *chotts*, or very salt pools, are the last shrunken and evanescent relics.

And this point about the water brings

me at last to a cardinal fact in the constitution of deserts which is almost always utterly misconceived in Europe. Most people at home picture the desert to themselves as wholly dead, flat, and sandy. To talk about the fauna and flora of Sahara sounds in their ears like self-contradictory nonsense. But, as a matter of fact, that uniform and lifeless desert of the popular fancy exists only in those sister arts that George II.—good, practical man—so heartily despised, “boetry and bainting.” The desert of real life, though less impressive, is far more varied. It has its ups and downs, its hills and valleys. It has its sandy plains and its rocky ridges. It has its lakes and ponds, and even its rivers. It has its plants and animals, its oases and palm-groves. In short, like everything else on earth, it’s a good deal more complex than people imagine.

One may take Sahara as a very good example of the actual desert of physical geography, in contradistinction to the level and lifeless desert that stretches like the sea over illimitable spaces in verse or canvas. And here, I fear, I am going to dispel another common and cherished illusion. It is my fate to be an iconoclast, and perhaps long practice has made me rather like the trade than otherwise. A popular belief exists all over Europe that the late M. Roudaire—that De Lesseps who never quite “came off”—proposed to cut a canal from the Mediterranean into the heart of Africa, which was intended, in the stereotyped phrase of journalism, to “flood Sahara,” and convert the desert into an inland sea. He might almost as well have talked of cutting a canal from Brighton to the Devil’s Dyke and “submerging England,” as the devil wished to do in the old legend. As a matter of fact, good, practical M. Roudaire, sound engineer that he was, never even dreamed of anything so chimerical. What he did really propose was something far milder and simpler in its way, but as his scheme has given rise to the absurd notion that Sahara as a whole lies below sea-level, it may be worth while briefly to explain what it was he really thought of doing.

Some sixty miles south of Biskra, the most fashionable resort in the Algerian Sahara, there is a deep depression two

hundred and fifty miles long, partly occupied by three salt lakes of the kind so common over the whole dried-up Saharan area. These three lakes, shrunken remnants of much larger sheets, lie below the level of the Mediterranean, but they are separated from it, and from one another, by upland ranges which rise considerably above the sea line. What M. Roudaire proposed to do was to cut canals through these three barriers, and flood the basins of the salt lakes. The result would have been, not as is commonly said to submerge Sahara, nor even to form anything worth seriously describing as “an inland sea,” but to substitute three larger salt lakes for the existing three smaller ones. The area so flooded, however, would bear to the whole area of Sahara something like the same proportion that Windsor Park bears to the entire surface of England. This is the true truth about that stupendous undertaking which is to create a new Mediterranean in the midst of the Dark Continent, and to modify the climate of Northern Europe to something like the condition of the glacial epoch. A new Dead Sea would be much nearer the mark, and the only way Northern Europe would feel the change, if it felt it at all, would be in a slight fall in the price of dates in the wholesale market.

No, Sahara as a whole is *not* below sea-level; it is *not* the dry bed of a recent ocean; and it is *not* as flat as the proverbial pancake all over. Part of it, indeed, is very mountainous, and all of it is more or less varied in level. The Upper Sahara consists of a rocky plateau, rising at times into considerable peaks; the Lower, to which it descends by a steep slope, is “a vast depression of clay and sand,” but still for the most part standing high above sea-level. No portion of the Upper Sahara is less than 1,300 feet high—a good deal higher than Dartmoor or Derbyshire. Most of the Lower reaches from two to three hundred feet—quite as elevated as Essex or Leicester. The few spots below sea-level consist of the beds of ancient lakes, now much shrunk by evaporation, owing to the present rainless condition of the country; the area around these is deep in gypsum, and the water itself is considerably saltier than the sea. That, however, is always the case with fresh-

water lakes in their last dotage, as American geologists have amply proved in the case of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers a large space in both divisions of the desert, but according to Sir Lambert Playfair, our best modern authority on the subject, it occupies not more than one-third part of the entire Algerian Sahara. Else-

where rock, clay, and muddy lake are the prevailing features, interspersed with not infrequent date-groves and villages, the product of artesian wells, or excavated spaces, or river oases. Even Sahara, in short, to give it its due, is not by any means so black as it's painted. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE NEW REFORMATION.

A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

IN a sitting-room belonging to a corner house in one of the streets running from the Strand toward the Embankment, a young man sat reading on a recent winter afternoon. Behind him was an old-fashioned semicircular window, through which the broad gray line of the river, the shipping on its stream, and the dark masses of building on the opposite shore could be as plainly seen as the fading light permitted. But a foggy evening was stealing rapidly on, and presently the young man dropped his book, and betook himself to his pipe, supplemented by a dreamy study of the fire. A sound was heard in the little hall down-stairs; the reader started up, went to the door, and listened; but all was quiet again, and he returned to his chair. As he moved he showed a figure, tall, and possessed of a certain slouching, broad-shouldered power. The hair was noticeably black, and curled closely over the head. The features were strongly cut, dashed in, a little by accident, as it seemed, so that only the mouth had fallen finely into drawing. But through the defects of the face, as through the student's stoop of the powerful frame, there breathed an attractive and vigorous individuality. You saw a man all alive, marked already by the intensity with which he had plied his trade, and curiously combining in his outward aspect the suggestions of a patient tenacity with those of a quick and irritable susceptibility.

"I must wait for him, I suppose," he said to himself, as he resumed his seat. "I wish it were over. Come here, Tony, and support me."

The Aberdeen terrier on the rug got up slowly, sleepily blinked at his master, and climbed into the chair beside him, where he had hardly established himself, after a long process of leisurely fidgeting, when the hall-door bell rang in good earnest, and Tony, hastily driven down, was left to meditate on the caprices of power.

His master threw open the door.

"Well, how are you, my dear old fellow?" said the new-comer. "I thought I never should get here. The lunch at Lambeth was interminable, and one saw so many people there whom one knew a little, and was glad to talk to, that even after lunch it was impossible to cut it short. But how are you? How glad I am to see you!"

And the speaker advanced into the room, still holding the other's hand affectionately. He was a slightly-built man, in a clerical coat, with a long narrow face and piercing eyes. The whole aspect was singularly refined; all the lines were thin and prematurely worn; but the expression was sparkling and full of charm, and the strong priestly element in dress and manner clearly implied no lack of pliancy of mind, of sensitiveness and elasticity of feeling.

"Sit down there," said the owner of the rooms, putting the new-comer into the chair he himself had just vacated. "Tony—you impudence!—out of that! Really, that dog and I have been living so long by ourselves that *his* manners, at any rate, are past praying for—and I should be sorry to answer for my own."

"Well, and where have you been all this time, Merriman?" said the man in

the chair, looking up at his companion with an expression in which a very strong and evident pleasure seemed to be crossed by something else. "Two years, isn't it, since we parted at Oxford, and since I went off to my first curacy? And not a line from you since—not one—not even an address on a postcard, till I heard from you that you would be in town to-day. Do you call that decent behavior, sir, to an old friend?"

"It is explainable, I think," said the other awkwardly, and paused. "But, however—So you, Ronalds, are still at Mickledown, and it is your vicar Raynham who has been consecrated to-day to this new South African see?"

"Yes," said Ronalds, with a sigh. "Yes, it is a heavy loss to us all. If ever there was a true and effective Churchman, it is Raynham. It is hard to spare a man like that from the work here. However, he is absolutely guileless and self-sacrificing, and I like to believe that he knows best. But yourself, Merriman; you seem to forget that it is *you* who are the riddle and the mystery! It is nearly two years ago, isn't it, since you wrote to tell me you had postponed your ordination for the purpose of spending some time in Germany, and going through further theological training? But as to your whereabouts in Germany I have been quite in the dark. Explain, old fellow."

And the speaker put up his hand and touched his companion's arm. Look and action were equally winning, and expressed the native inborn loveableness of the man.

Merriman named a small but famous German university. "I have been eighteen months there," he added briefly, his quick eye taking note of the shade which had fallen across his companion's expression. "I have had a splendid time."

"And have come back—what for?"

"To eat dinners and go to the Bar."

Ronalds started.

"So the old dream is given up?" he said slowly. "How we used to cherish it together! When did you make up your mind to relinquish the Church?"

"Some eight or nine months ago."

The speaker paused a moment, then went on: "That is why I did not write

to you, Ronalds. At first I was too undecided, too overwhelmed by new ideas; and then, afterward, I knew you would be distressed, so I let it alone till we should meet."

Ronalds lay back in his chair, sheltering his eyes from the blaze of the fire with one hand. He did not speak for a minute or two; then he said, in a somewhat constrained voice,—

"Is G—— one of their—what shall I call it?—liberal—advanced—universities?"

"Not particularly. The mass of students in the theological faculty there are on the road to being Lutheran pastors of a highly orthodox kind, and find plenty of professors to suit them. I was attracted by the reputation of a group of men, whose books are widely read, indeed, but whose lecture-rooms are very scantily filled. It seemed to me that in their teaching I should find that *historical* temper which I was above all in search of. You remember"—and the speaker threw back his head with a smile which pleasantly illumined the massive irregular features—"how you used to laugh at me for a Teutophile—how that history prize of mine on Teutonic Arianism plunged me into quagmires of German you used to make merry over, and wherein, according to you, I had dropped forever all chances of a decent English style. Well, it was nothing but that experience of German methods, working together with all the religious ideas of which my mind and yours had been full for so long, that made me put off orders and go abroad. I think," he added slowly, "I was athirst to see what Germans, like those whose work on the fifth and sixth centuries had struck me with admiration, could make of the first and second centuries. I was full of problems and questionings. The historical work which I had begun so casually seemed to have roused a host of new forces and powers. I was unhappy. The old and the new wouldn't blend—wouldn't fuse. I was especially worried with that problem of *historical translation*, if I may call it so, which had risen up before me like a ghost out of all those interminable German books about the Goths, in which I had buried myself. My ghost walked. It touched matters I tried in vain to

keep sacred from it. Finally it drove me out of England."

A new flame of fire had wakened in the black, half-shut eyes. With such a growth of animation might Richard Rothe have described the tumults of heart and mind which drove him from Germany southward into the land of art, from Würtemberg to Rome, from the narrow thought-world of Lutheran Pietism into the wide horizons of a humaner faith.

"Historical translation!" said the other, looking up. "What do you mean by that?"

"Simply the transmutation of past witness into the language of the present. That was the point, the problem, which seized me from the beginning. Here, for instance, in my work among the Goths, I had before me a mass of original material—chronicles, ecclesiastical biographies, acts of councils, lives of saints, papal letters, religious polemics, and so forth. And I had also before me two different kinds of modern treatment of it, an older and a newer; the older represented by books written—what shall we say?—broadly speaking, before 1840; the newer by a series of works produced, of course, in the light of Niebuhr and Ranke, and differing altogether in tone from the earlier series. What *was* this difference in tone? Of course, we all know—in spite of Gibbon—that history has been reborn since the Revolution. Yes; but why? how? Put the development into words. Well, it seemed to me like nothing in the world so much as the difference between good and bad translation. The older books had had certain statements and products of the past to render into the language of the present. And they had rendered them inadequately with that vagueness and generality and convention which belong to bad translation. And the result was either merely flat and perfunctory, something totally without the breath of life and reality, or else the ideas and speech of the past were hidden away under what was in truth a disguise—often a magnificent disguise—woven out of the ideas and speech of the present. But the books since Niebuhr, since Ranke, since Mommsen! *There* you found a difference. At last you found out that these men and wom-

en, these kings and bishops and saints, these chroniclers and officials, were flesh and blood; that they had ideas, passions, politics; that they lived, as we do, under governing prepossessions; that they had theories of life and the universe; and till you understood these and could throw yourself back into them, you had no chance of understanding the men or their doings. The past woke up, lived and moved, and what it said came to you with a new accent, the accent of truth. And all this was brought about by nothing in the world fundamentally but *improved translation*, by the use of that same faculty, half scientific, half imaginative, which, in the rendering of a foreign language, enables a man to get into the very heart and mind of his author, to speak with his tones and feel with his feeling."

The speaker paused a moment as though to rein himself up. Ronalds looked at him, smiling at the strenuous attitude—hands on sides, head thrown back—which seemed to recall many by-gone moments to the spectator.

"If you mean by all this," he said, "that the modern historian throws less of himself into his work, shows more real detachment of mind than his predecessors, I can bring half a dozen instances against you. When is Carlyle anybody but Carlyle, fitting the whole of history to the clothes- and force-philosophy?"

"Oh, the subjective element, of course, is inevitable to some degree or other. But, in truth, paradox as it may sound, it is just this heightened individuality in the modern historian which makes him in many ways a better interpreter of the past. He is more sympathetic, more eager, more curious, more *romantic*, if you will; and, at the same time, the scientific temper, which is the twin sister of the romantic—and both the peculiar children of to-day—is always there to guide his eagerness, to instruct his curiosity, to discipline his sympathy. He understands the past better, because he carries more of the present into it than those who went before, because the culture of *this* present provides him with sharper and more ingenious tools wherewith to reconstruct the building of the past, and because, by virtue of a trained and developed

imagination, he is able nowadays to live in the life, physical and moral, of the bygone streets and temples, the long dead men and women, brought to light again by his knowledge and his skill, to a degree and in a manner unknown to any century but ours."

"Well said!" exclaimed Ronalds, smiling again. "Modern history has earned its pæan—far be it from me to grudge it."

"Ah! I run on," said the other penitently, the arms falling and the attitude relaxing. "But to return to myself, if you really want the explanation——"

And he looked inquiringly at his friend.

"I want it," said Ronalds in a low voice. "But I dread it."

Merriman paused a moment, his keen black eyes resting on his friend. Then he said gently,—

"I will say no more if it would be painful to you. And yet I should like to explain myself. You influenced me a great deal at Oxford. I doubt if I should ever have thought of taking orders but for you. Constantly in Germany my mind turned to you with a sense of responsibility. I could not write, but I always looked forward to talking it out."

"Go on, go on," said Ronalds, looking up at him. "I wish to understand—if I can."

"Well, then, you remember that, during the time I was hunting up Goths, I had to break off divinity lectures. But the day after the prize was sent in I remember gathering together the old books again, and I took up specially Ederheim's *Jesus the Messiah*, which Haigh of Trinity had lent me some weeks before. I read it for hours, and at the end I laid it down with an inward judgment, the strength of which I shall never forget. 'Learning up to a certain point, feeling up to a certain point, but all through bad history—*bad translation!*' Six months before, I should have been incapable of any such verdict. But my Germans, with their vile type and their abominable style, had taught me a good deal in between. If Edersheim's ways of using documents and conceiving history were right, then theirs were all wrong. But I knew them, on the contrary, to be abundantly right—at any

rate within their own sphere. *Must* the Christian documents be treated differently—*could* they be treated differently, in principle—from the documents of the declining empire, or of any other historical period? That evening was a kind of crisis. I was never at peace afterward. I remember turning to books on Inspiration and on the Canon, and resuming attendance on old S——'s lectures on Apologetics, which had been interrupted for me by reading for the Essay. Many times I recollect going to see X—— at Christchurch. He saw I was in difficulties, and talked to me a great deal and very kindly about the impossibility of mere *reason* supplying a solution for any of the prevalent doubts as to Christianity. One must *wish* to believe, or belief was impossible. He quoted Mansel's words to me: 'Affection is part of insight; it is wanted for gaining due acquaintance with the facts of the case.' All this fitted in very well with the Neo-Kantian ideas I believed myself to have adopted during my reading for Greats; and when he sent me to Mozley, and Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, I followed his advice gladly enough. But the only result was that I found my whole conception of truth fissured and broken up. It came to this, that there were *two* truths—not only a truth of matter and a truth of spirit, but two truths of history, two truths of literary criticism, to which answered corresponding moods of mind on the part of the Christian. It was imperatively right to endeavor to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, or third, or second century; to see delusions in the Montanist visions, the growth of myth in Apocryphal gospels, or the Acts of Pilate, a natural credulity in Justin's demonology, careless reporting in the ascription by Papias to Jesus of a gross millenarian prophecy, and so on. But the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous, and however apparently akin to what surrounds them on either side, were to be treated from a totally different point of view. In the one case there must be a desire on the part of the historian to discover the historical under the miraculous, or he would be failing in his duty as a sane and competent observer; in the other

case there must be a desire, a strong 'affection,' on the part of the theologian, toward proving the miraculous to be historical, or he would be failing in his duty as a Christian. Yet in both cases—the reflection was inevitable—the evidence was historical and literary, and the witnesses were human!—At this point I came across the first volume of Baur's *Church History*. Now, Baur's main theories, you will remember, had been described to us in one or two of S——'s lectures. He had been held up to us as the head and front of the German system-making; the extravagance of his Simon Magus theory, the arbitrariness of his perpetual antitheses between 'Petrinismus' and 'Paulinismus,' 'Particularismus' and 'Universalismus,' had been brought out with a good deal of the dry old Oxford humor, and, naturally, not many of us had kept any thought of Baur in our minds. But now I began to read one of his chief books, and I can only describe what I felt in the words lately attributed by his biographer to Professor Green: 'He thought the *Church History* the most illuminating book he had ever read.' Clearly it was overstrained and arbitrary in parts; the theory was forced, and the arrangement too symmetrical for historical or literary reality. But it seemed to me you might say the same of Niebuhr and Wolff. Yet they had been, and were still, the pioneers and masters of an age. Why not Baur in his line? At any rate it was clear to me that his book was *history*; it fell into line with all other first-rate work in the historical department, whereas, whatever else they might be, Farrar's and Edersheim's were *not* history. That was my first acquaintance with German theology, except some translations of Weiss and Dörner. I had shrunk from it till then, and X—— had warned me from it. But after reading Baur's *Church History* and the *Paul*, I suddenly made up my mind to go abroad, and to give a year at least to the German critical school. Well, so far, Ronalds, do you blame me?"

And the speaker broke off abruptly, his almost excessive calm of manner wavering a little, his eye seeking his friend's.

Ronalds had sat till now shrunken together in the big arm-chair, which,

standing out against the uncurtained window, through which came a winter twilight, seemed lost again among the confused lines of the houses on the opposite bank of the river, or of the barges going slowly up stream. He roused himself at this, and bent forward.

"Blame?"—the word had an odd ring—"that depends. How much did it *cost* you, all this, Merriman?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It gives me a shiver as I listen to you. I foresee the end—a dismal end, all through—and I keep wondering whether you had ever anything to lose, whether you were ever *inside*? If you were, could this process you describe have gone on with so little check, so little reaction?"

The firelight showed a flush on the fine ascetic cheek. He had roused himself to speak strongly, but the effort excited him.

Merriman left his post by the fire and began to pace up and down.

"I had meant only to describe to you," he said at last, "an episode of intellectual history. The rest is between me—and God. It cannot really be put into words. But, as you know, I was brought up strictly and religiously. You and I shared the same thoughts, the same influences, the same religious services at Oxford. These months I have been describing to you were months of great misery on the side of feeling and practice. I remember coming back one morning from an early service, and thinking with a kind of despair what would happen to me if I were ever forced to give up the Sacrament. Yet the process went on all the same. I believe it is very much a matter of temperament. I could not master the passionate desire to think the matter through, to harmonize knowledge and faith, to get to the bottom. You might have done it, I think." And he stood still, looking at his friend with a smile which had no satire in it.

"Of course, every Christian knows that there are doubts and difficulties in the path of the faith, and that he may succumb to them if he pleases," said Ronalds, after a pause; "but if he is true he keeps close to his Lord, and gives the answer of faith. He asks himself which solves most problems—Chris-

tianity or Agnosticism. He looks round on the state of the world, on the history of his own life, and on the work of Christ in both. Is he going to give up the witness of the faith, of the 'holy men of old,' of the saints of the present, of his own inmost life, because men of science, in a world which is all inexplicable, tell him that miracle is impossible, or because a generation or two of German professors—who seem to him to spend most of their time, Penelope-like, in unravelling their own webs—persist, in the face of a living and divine reality, which attests itself to him every day of his life, in telling him that the Church is a mere human contrivance based upon a delusion and a lie? Above all, he will not venture himself deliberately, in a state of immaturity and disarmament, into the enemy's camp; for 'he is not his own,' and what he bears in his bosom, the treasure of the faith, is but confided to him to be guarded with his life."

The musical vibrating voice sank with the closing words. Merriman returned to his old position by the fire, and was silent a minute.

"But even you," he said presently with a smile, "cannot deny reason some place in your scheme."

"Naturally," said the other, his tone of emotion changing for one of sarcasm. "To the freethinker of to-day we Christians are all sentimentalists—strong in emotion, weak in brains. A religion which boasts in England a Newton, a Hooker, a Butler, and a Newman among its sons, is conceived of as having nothing rational to say for itself. The charge is absurd on the face of it. We say, indeed, that finally—in the last resort—a certain disposition of soul is required for the due apprehension of Christian truth; that the process of apprehension contains an act of faith which cannot be evaded, and that the rationalist who will accept nothing but what his reason can endorse is merely refusing the divine condition on which God's gift is offered to him. But that a religion which is not justified and ordered by reason is a religion full of danger—is not a religion, indeed, but a mysticism—we know as well as you do, and the English Church needs no one to teach her an elementary lesson. Eng-

lish theology wants no apologist, and the man who has not already gone over to the restlessness of unbelief need not leave his own Church in quest of guides. Will you find more learning in all Germany than you can get in Westcott and Lightfoot? a better historian than Bishop Stubbs? a more omniscient knowledge of the history of criticism and the canon than Dr. Salmon will give you. If you take the trouble to read his books? In all that you have been saying I see—forgive me!—a ludicrous want of perspective and proportion. Why this craze for German books and German professors? Are there no thinkers in the world but German ones? And what is the whole history of German criticism but a history of brilliant failures, from Strauss downward? One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the *Ur-Evangelist*, now Matthew—now the Synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the Synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first. Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philippians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap toward the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of all the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just about 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D. ! Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent; Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated; and Pfleiderer's fancies are now in the order of the day. Meanwhile, we who believe in a risen Lord look quietly on, while the 'higher criticism' swallows its own offspring. When you have settled your own case, we say to your friends and teachers, then ask us to listen to you. Meanwhile we are practical men: the poor and wretched are at our gates, and sin, sorrow, death, stand aside for no one!"

Merriman had been watching his companion during this outburst with a curious expression, half combative, half in-

dulgent. When Ronalds stopped, he took a long breath.

"I don't know whether you have read many of the books?" he asked shortly.

"No, I don't read German; and I am a busy parish clergyman with little time to spare for superfluities. But, as you remind me, S——'s lectures taught one a good deal, and I follow the matter in the press and the magazines, or in conversation, as I come across it."

Merriman smiled.

"I suppose your answer would be the answer of four-fifths of English clergymen, if the question were put to them. Well, then, I am to take it for granted, Ronalds, that to you the whole of German New Testament *Wissenschaft*, or, at any rate, what calls itself 'the German critical school,' is practically indifferent. You regard it, in the words of a recent *Quarterly* article, as 'an attack' which has 'failed.' Very well, let us leave the matter there for the present. Suppose we go to the Old Testament. Were you at the Manchester Church Congress last year, and, if so, what was your impression?"

Ronalds leaned forward, looked steadily into the fire, and did not answer for a moment or two. An expression of pain and perplexity gradually rose in the delicate face, in strong contrast with the inspiration, the confidence of his previous manner.

"You mean as to the Historical Criticism debate?"

Merriman nodded.

"It was extraordinarily interesting—very painful in some ways. I doubt the wisdom of it. It raised more questions than it solved. Since then I have had it much in my mind; but my life gives me no time to work at the subjects in detail."

"Did it, or did it not, prove to your mind, as it did to mine, that there is a vital change going on, not only in the lay, but in the clerical conceptions of the Old Testament? Did your memory, like mine, travel back to Pusey, to the condemnation of Colenso by all the Bishops and five-sixths of Convocation, to the writers in the *Speaker's Commentary* who refuted him?"

"There is a change, certainly," said Ronalds slowly; "but"—and he raised his head with a light gesture, as of one

shaking off a weight—"my faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews—'God spake through the prophets,' through Israel's training, through the Psalms—leave me that faith, which, indeed, in its broad essential elements, you have never yet been able to touch; give me the Gospels and St. Paul, and I at least am content."

"My faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews," repeated Merriman. "I noticed almost a similar sentence in an article by the Bishop of Carlisle rather more than a year ago. What it means is that you and he have adopted, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the standpoint of *Essays and Reviews*. He is a Bishop, you a High Churchman. Yet thirty years ago the Bishops and the High Churchmen prosecuted *Essays and Reviews* in two Ecclesiastical Courts; and Jowett's essay, in which the thoughts you have just expressed were practically embodied, cost him at Oxford his salary as professor. But to return to the Church Congress. The distinctive note of its most distinctive debate, as it seems to me, was the glorification of 'criticism,' especially, no doubt, in relation to the Old Testament. Turn to the passages. I have the report here"—and he drew the volume toward him and turned up some marked pages. "First, 'I hold it to be established beyond all controversy that the Pentateuch in its present form was not written by Moses.' That comes from the Dean of Peterborough. The same speaker says, further, 'Of the composite character of the Hexateuch there can be no question.' The proofs have been often set forth," says Dr. Robertson Smith, "and never answered." To say that they have any connection with rationalistic principles is simply to say that scholarship and rationalism are identical, for on this point Hebraists of all schools are agreed.'—But if the Hexateuch be composite, a reduction of different documents from unknown hands, by an unknown editor, what becomes of its scriptural authority—what especially becomes of the doctrine of the Fall?—Poor Pusey! with his 'amazement' that any mind could be shaken by such arguments as those contained in the first book of Colenso; or poor Wilberforce, with his contempt

for the 'old and often refuted cavils' brought forward by the assailants of the Pentateuch!

"But there is another passage a little further on in the Congress debate, which would have touched Pusey still more nearly. 'The certainties already attained by criticism,' cries Professor Cheyne triumphantly, 'are neither few nor unimportant. Think of the Pentateuch, Isaiah, Daniel, and Ecclesiastes!' 'Think of Daniel!' One can still hear Pusey thundering away: 'Others who wrote in defence of the faith engaged in large subjects. I took for my province one more confined but definite issue. I selected the Book of Daniel. What I have proposed to myself in this course of lectures is to meet a boastful criticism upon its own grounds, and to show its failure where it claims to be most triumphant.' 'I have answered the objections raised,' he declares; but he cannot 'affect to believe that they have any special plausibility.' What loftiness of tone all through! what a sternness of moral indignation toward the miserable sceptics, whose theories as to Daniel and the rest have been let loose, through *Essays and Reviews*, 'on the young an uninstructed'! Well, five-and-twenty years go by, and the Church of England practically gives its verdict as between Pusey and the German or English infidels whom he trampled on, and, in spite of that tone of Apostolic certainty, judgment goes finally, even within the Church, not for the Anglican leader, but for the 'infidels'! The Book of Daniel, despite a hesitating protest here and there, like that of Dr. Stanley Leathes, or some bewildered country clergyman writing to the *Guardian*, comes quietly and irrevocably down to 165 B.C., and the Hexateuch, dissolved more or less into its original sources, announces itself as the peculiar product of that Jewish religious movement which, beginning under Josiah, strengthens with the Exile, and yields its final fruits long after the Exile! . . .

"But this whole debate is remarkable to a degree—as a debate of a Church Congress. It is penetrated and preoccupied with the claims of 'criticism.' Its subject is whether 'critical results' (especially in connection with the Old Testament) are to be taught from the

pulpits of the Church of England, and these results, as described by almost all the speakers, involve a complete reconstruction of an English Churchman's ideas on the subject of the early history, laws, and religion of the Jews—matters which he has always regarded, and which, indeed, he logically must regard as intimately bound up with his Christian faith. Now all this, especially as one looks back twenty-five years, to the Synodical condemnation of Colenso, and of *Essays and Reviews*, strikes one as a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon. The question is, *what forces have brought it about?* Well, there can be very little debate as to that. No doubt science and Professor Huxley have had their way with the Mosaic cosmogony, and the methods and spirit of science provide an atmosphere which insensibly affects all our modes of thought. But we are passing out of the scientific phase of Old Testament criticism. That has, so to speak, done its work. It is the *literary and historical* phase which is now uppermost. And in the matter of the literary history of the Old Testament the present collapse of English orthodoxy is due to one cause, as far as I can see, and one cause only—the *invasion of English by German thought*. Instead of marching side by side with Germany and Holland during the last thirty years, as we might have done, had our theological faculties been other than what they are, we have been attacked and conquered by them; we have been skirmishing or protesting, feeding ourselves with the *Record* and the *Church Times*, reading the *Speaker's Commentary*, or the productions of the Christian Evidence Society, till the process of penetration from without has slowly completed itself, and we find ourselves suddenly face to face with such a fact as this Church Congress debate, and the rise and marked success of a younger school of critics—Cheyne, Driver, Robertson Smith—whom the Germans may fairly regard as the captives of their bow and spear.

"For look at the names of scholars quoted in this very debate—all of them German, with the great exception of Kuenen! And look back over the history of the Pentateuchal controversy itself! It begins in Holland with Spi-

noza, or in France with the oratorian Richard Simon, two hundred years ago. Simon starts the literary criticism of the Mosaic books, from the Catholic side. Jean le Clerc, a Dutch Protestant theologian in Amsterdam, about 1685, starts the historical method, inquires as to the time and circumstances of composition, and so on—first conceives it, in fact, as an historical problem. Seventy years later comes the Montpellier physician, Jean Astruc. He first notices the key to the whole enigma, the distinctive use made of the words 'Elohim' and 'Jahveh.' This leads him to the supposition of different strata in the Pentateuch, and from him descend in direct line Kuenen and Wellhausen.—It is instructive, by the way, to notice that all the time Astruc will have nothing to say to arguments against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. 'That,' he says scornfully, 'was the disease of the last century'—an 'attack,' in fact, which had 'failed'!—Well, then Astruc's *Conjectures* pass into Germany, and meet there at first with very much the same reception from German orthodoxy that English orthodoxy gave Colenso. Till Eichhorn's *Einleitung* appears. From that point the patient, industrious mind of Germany throws itself seriously on the problem, and a whole new and vast development begins. Thenceforward not a name of any importance that is not German, except that of Kuenen, who is altogether German in method and science, down to our own day, when at last among ourselves a school of English scholars trained in the German results, and enthusiastically eager to diffuse them, has risen to take away our reproach, and has hardly begun to work before the effects on English popular religion are everywhere conspicuous.

"Well, I don't know what you feel, Ronalds, but all these things to me, at any rate, are immensely significant. I say to myself, it has taken some thirty years for German critical science to conquer English opinion in the matter of the Old Testament. But, except in the regions of an either illiterate or mystical prejudice, that conquest is now complete. How much longer will it take before we feel the victory of the same science, carried on by the same methods

and with the same ends, in a field of knowledge infinitely more precious and vital to English popular religion than the field of the Old Testament—before Germany imposes upon us not only her conceptions with regard to the history and literature of the Jews, but also those which she has been elaborating for half a century with regard to that history which is the natural heir and successor of the Jewish—the history of Christian origins?"

"In your opinion, no doubt, a very few years indeed," returned Ronalds, recovering that attractive cheerfulness of look which was characteristic of him. "As for me, I see no necessary connection between the two subjects. The period covered by the New Testament is much narrower, the material of a different quality, the evidence infinitely more accessible, the possibility of mistakes on the part of the Church infinitely less. And whatever may be said of our Old Testament scholarship, not even the most self-satisfied German can speak disrespectfully of us in the matter of the New. As I said before, with men like Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, and Salmon as the leaders and champions of our faith on the intellectual side, we have very little, as it seems to me, to fear from any sceptical foreign *Wissenschaft*. Besides, what can be more unfair, Merriman, than to speak as if the whole of this *Wissenschaft* were on one side? Neander, Weiss, Dorner, Tischendorf, Luthardt; these are names as famous in the world as any of the so-called 'critical' names, and they are the names, not of assailants, but of defenders of our faith. And as to the assault on the Christian documents, we can appeal not only to Christian writers but to a sceptic like Renan, in whose opinion the assault has been repulsed and discredited. No! here at least we are stronger, not weaker, than we were thirty years ago. Every weapon that a hostile science could suggest has been brought to bear against the tower of our faith, and it stands more victoriously than ever, foursquare to all the winds that blow."

"And meanwhile every diocesan conference rings with the wail over 'infidel opinions,'" said Merriman quietly. "It grows notoriously more and more difficult to get educated men to take any

interest in the services or doctrines of the Church, though they will join eagerly in its philanthropy; literature and the periodical press are becoming either more indifferent or more hostile to the accepted Christianity year by year; the upper strata of the working class, upon whom the future of that class depends, either stand coldly aloof from all the Christian sects, or throw themselves into secularism; and Archdeacon Farrar, preaching on the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, passionately appeals to all sections of Christians to close their ranks, not against each other, but against the 'scepticism rampant' among the cultivated class, and the religious indifference of the democracy.—But let me take your points in order. No doubt there is a large and flourishing school of orthodox theology in Germany. So, seventy years ago, there was a large and flourishing school in Germany of defenders of the Mosaic authorship and date of the Pentateuch. One can run over the names—Fritzsche, Scheibel, Jahn, Dahler, Rosenmüller, Herz, Hug, Sack, Pustkuchen, Kanne, Meyer, Stäudlin—who now remembers one of them? Of all their books, says a French Protestant, sketching the controversy, *il n'est resté que le souvenir d'un héroïque et impuissant effort*. It is not *their* work, but that of their opponents, which has lived and penetrated, has transformed opinion and is moulding the future. They represented the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous, and they have had to give way to the school representing the normal, the historical, the rational. And yet not one of them but did not believe that he had crushed De Wette and all his works! Is not all probability, all analogy, all the past, so to speak, on our side when we prophesy a like fate for those schools of the present which, in the field of Christian origins, represent the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous? For what we have been witnessing so far is the triumph of a principle, of an *order of ideas*, and this principle, this order, belongs to us, not to you, and is as applicable to Christian history as it is to Jewish.

"Then as to our own theology. Let me be disrespectful to no one. But I should like to ask you what possibility is there in this country of a scientific,

that is to say an unprejudiced, an unbiassed study of theology, under present conditions? All our theological faculties are subordinate to the Church; the professors are clergymen, the examiners in the theological schools must be in priest's orders. They are, in fact, in that position to which the reactionary orthodoxy of Germany tried—unsuccessfully—to reduce the German universities after '48. Read the protest of the theological faculty of Göttingen against an attempt of the sort. It is given, if I remember right, in Hausrath's *Life of Strauss*, and you will realize the opinion of learned Germany as to the effect of such a relation between the Church and the universities as obtains here, on the progress of knowledge. The results of our English system are precisely what you might expect—great industry, and great success in textual criticism, in all the branches of what the Germans call the *niedere Kritik*, complete sterility, as far as the higher criticism—that is to say the effort to reconceive Christianity in the light of the accumulations of modern knowledge—is concerned.* When Pattison made his proposals as to the reorganization of studies at Oxford, he did not trouble himself to include therein any proposals as to the theological faculty. Until the whole conditions under which that faculty exists could be altered, he knew that to meddle with it would be useless. All that could be expected from it was a certain amount of exegetical work and a more or less respectable crop of apologetic, and that it produced. But he did not leave the subject without drawing up a comparison between the opportunities of the

* It is clear that Merriman has here overlooked certain names he might have mentioned—those of Dr. Hatch and Dr. Sanday for instance—and outside the Church of England and the theological faculties, those of R. W. Macan, the author of one of the most comprehensive and scholarly monographs that exist in English, of the veteran Dr. Davidson, of Mr. R. F. Horton, whose illogical and interesting book on *The Inspiration of Scripture* breathes change and transition in every page, of Dr. Drummond, whose admirable *Philo* is full of the best spirit of modern learning. But three or four swallows do not make a summer, and Merriman's mind is evidently possessed with the thought of that atmosphere, that vast surrounding literature which in Germany supports and generates the individual effort.

theological student at Oxford and those of the same student at any German university—a comparison which set one thinking. His complaints of the quality and range of English theological research have been often repeated; they were echoed at last year's Church Congress by Professor Cheyne—but, in fact, the matter is notorious. You have only to glance from the English field to the German, from our own cramped conditions and meagre product to the German abundance and variety, to appreciate Pattison's remark in the *Westminster*, in 1857. I forget the exact words—it is a misnomer to speak of *German* theology. It is more properly the theology of the age—the only scientific treatment of the materials which exists. Like other great movements, it rises in this country or that, but it ends by penetrating into all. For my own part, I believe that we in England, with regard to this German study of Christianity, are now at the beginning of an epoch of *popularisation*. The books which record it have been studied in England, Scotland, and America with increasing eagerness during the last fifteen years by a small class; in the next fifteen years we shall probably see their contents reproduced in English form and penetrating public opinion in a new and surprising way. A minimum of readers among us read German, and translations only affect a small and mostly professional stratum of opinion. But when we get our own English lives of Christ and histories of the primitive Church, written on German principles in the tone and speech familiar to the English world, then will come the struggle. With regard to the Old Testament, this is precisely what has happened—the struggle has come—and already we see much of the result.

“Finally as to Renan”—Merriman lay back in his chair, and a smile broadened over the whole face—“I am always puzzled by the readiness with which the Englishman uses Renan as a stick to beat the Germans. Forgive me, Ronalds—but doesn't it sometimes occur to you that the Germans may have something to say about Renan? Isn't their whole contention about him that he is a great artist, a brilliant historian, but an uncertain critic? Amiel,

who, though a Genevese, was brought up at Berlin, exactly expresses German opinion when he lays stress on the contradiction in Renan 'between the literary taste of the artist, which is delicate, individual, and true, and the opinions of the critic, which are borrowed, old-fashioned, and wavering.' In the course of time this judgment becomes patent to Renan, and the result appears in certain uncivil passages about young German professors in the preface to *Les Évangiles* and elsewhere. What matter? The face of knowledge remains the same. Renan is still, as Taine long ago remarked, the main expounder of German theological *Wissenschaft* for the world in general; in spite of his own great learning the *Origines du Christianisme* could not have been written without the thirty years of German labor lying behind it. And, as a principle—whether it is a great Frenchman determined to combine the artist with the savant, or an Englishman struggling to fuse Anglicanism with learning, as soon as it comes to serious differences between them and the German critical schools, I can only say that the impartial historical spectator will be all for the chances of the Germans, simply from his knowledge of the general lie of the field! Oh, these Germans!” and the speaker shook his head with an expression half humorous, half protesting. “Yes, we arraign them, and justly, for their type and their style, their manners or no-manners, their dulness and their length. And all the time, what Taine said long ago in his study of Carlyle remains as true as ever. Let me turn to the passage, I have pondered it often,” and he drew a little note-book to him, which was lying beside his hand.

Thus at the end of the last century there rose into being the philosophic genius of Germany, which, after engendering a new metaphysic, a new theology, a new poetry, a new literature, a new philology, a new exegesis, a new learning, is now descending into all the sciences, and there carrying on its evolution. No spirit more original, more universal, more fruitful in consequences of all sorts, more capable of transforming everything and remaking everything, has shown itself in the world for three hundred years. It is of the same significance, the same rank as that of the Renaissance and that of the Classical Period. Like those earlier forces, it draws to itself all the best endeavor of contemporary intelligence, it appears as they did in

every civilized country, it represents as they did "un des moments de l'histoire du monde."

The enthusiast dropped the book, with a smile at his own warmth. Ronalds smiled too, but more sadly, and the two friends sat silent awhile. Merriman filled a new pipe, his keen look showing the rise within him of thoughts as quick and numerous as the spirals of blue smoke which presently came and went between him and his friend.

After a minute or two he said, bending forward :

"But all that, Ronalds, was by the way. Let me go back to myself and this change of view I am trying to explain to you. You have given me your opinion, which I suppose is a very common one among English Churchmen, that the whole movement of German critical theology is an 'attack' which has 'failed,' that the orthodox position is really stronger than before it began, and so on. Well, let me put side by side with that conviction of yours, my own, which has been gained during eighteen months' intense effort, spent all of it on German soil, in the struggle to understand something of the past history and the present situation of German critical theology. Take it from 1835, fifty-four years.—Practically the movement which matters to us begins with the shock and scandal of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which appeared in that year. Strauss, who like Renan was an artist and a writer, derived, as we all know, his philosophical impulse from Hegel, his critical impulse from Schleiermacher. Philosophically he appealed from Hegel the orthodox conservative to Hegel the thinker. 'You taught us,' he says in effect to his great teacher, 'that there are two elements in all religion, the passing and the eternal, the relative and the absolute, the *Vorstellung* and the *Begriff*. The particular system of dogmas put forward by any religion is the *Vorstellung* or presentation, the *Begriff* or idea is the underlying spiritual reality common to it and presumably other systems besides. Why, in Christianity have you gone so far toward identifying the two? Why this exception? for what reasons have you allowed to the *Vorstellung* in Christianity a value which belongs only to the *Begriff*? Your reasons must rest upon the Christian evidence.

But the evidence cannot bear the weight. Examine it carefully and you will see that the particular statements which it makes are really only *Vorstellung* as in other religions, the imaginative mythical elements which hide from us the Idea or *Begriff*. The idea which is expressed in Christian theology is the idea of God in man. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of Jesus are shadows of the eternal generation, the endless self-repetition of the Divine life. The single facts are mere sensuous symbols. "To the idea in the fact, to the race in the individual, our age wishes to be led." Naturally to achieve this end the Gospels as history had to be swept away. And they were remorselessly swept away. Something indeed remained. There was a Jewish teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, in whom contemporary truth saw first the Messiah, then the Son of God, then the Logos. But his life and character were comparatively unimportant—so it stood, at least, in the earliest and latest *Leben Jesu*; what was important was the idealizing mythopœic faculty which from the Jesus of the Galilean Lake evolved the Christ of Bethlehem, of the miracles, of the Resurrection, of theology. Thus the whole method was speculative and *à priori*. There was in it a minimum of history, a minimum indeed of literary criticism. Strauss criticised the *contents* of the Christian literature without understanding the literary and historical conditions which had produced it. Of the real life and culture of the men who wrote it, of the real historical conditions surrounding the person of Jesus, he had almost as little notion as the dogmatic historians who undertook to answer him.

"Luckily, however, not only orthodoxy, but the spirit of history, took alarm, and from the revolt of history against hypothesis began the Tübingen school. Baur, that veteran of knowledge, was struck, in the first place, with the fact which Strauss's book revealed, that a scientific knowledge of Christian sources was as yet wanting to theology; in the next he was imbued with the conception that the Gospels had been till then placed in a false perspective both by Strauss and New Testament criticism generally—that not they, but the Pauline Epistles, represent the earliest and di-

rectest testimony we have to Christian belief. From this standpoint he began a complete re-examination of early Christian literature, conceiving it as a chapter in the history of thought. How did the circle of disciples surrounding Jesus of Nazareth broaden into the Catholic Church? Can the steps of that development be traced in the books of the New Testament? If so, how are the separate books to be classed and interpreted with relation to the general movement? We all know the famous answer, how the Catholic Church of the second century is but the product of a great compromise come to under the pressure of heresy by the two primitive opposing parties, the Petrine and the Pauline, which for about a hundred years had divided Christian literature between them, so that all its products, Gospels, Epistles, and Apocalypse, are, in a sense, pamphlets, controversial documents written in the interests of one or the other body of opinion. Well, here at last was history—as compared either with Strauss's philosophizing, or with the idyllic but unintelligible picture presented by the Early Church as it was drawn, say, by Neander. But it was not yet *pure history*. It was marred by a too great love of system-making, of arbitrary antithesis and formulæ, learned, of course, from Hegel, which took far too little account of the variety, the *nuances*, the complexity and many-sidedness which belonged to the early Christian life, as to all life, but especially the rich and fermenting life of a nascent religion. The clew was found, but in spite of the genius of Baur—and to my mind we owe to him all that we really *know* at the present moment about the New Testament—it had been too arbitrarily and confidently followed up.

"Again history protested, and again critical theology fell patiently to work.

"It was conscious of two wants—a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of the personality and work of Jesus, which Baur, who had thrown a flood of light on Paul, had notoriously left unattempted; and in the second place, it was striving toward a more life-like and convincing picture of the early Christian society. From a study of Christian ideas, it passed to a closer study of the conditions under which

they arose, of that whole culture, social and intellectual, Jewish or Hellenic, of which they were presumably the product. Collateral knowledge poured in on all sides—of the history of religions, of Roman institutions, of the developments and ramifications of Hellenic and Hellenistic thought. The workers following Baur fell into different groups: Hilgenfeld on the right, softening and moderating Baur's more negative conclusions; Volkmar on the left, developing them extravagantly, yet evolving in the process an amount of learning, ingenuity, and suggestiveness which will leave its mark when his specific conclusions as to the dates of the New Testament books are no longer remembered. Meanwhile two oppositions to the Tübingen school had shown themselves—the dogmatic and the scientific. Of the first not much need be said. Its most honored name is that of Bernhard Weiss, but the great majority of its books, written to meet the orthodox needs of the moment, are already forgotten. On the other hand, the scientific opposition represented by Reuss, Rothe, Ewald, and Ritschl did admirable work. It brought Baur's ideas to the test in every possible way, and it supplied fresh ideas, fresh solutions of its own. Reuss's cautious and exhaustive method led the student to think out the whole problem for himself anew; Rothe drew out the debt of Christianity to Greek and Latin institutions; while Ritschl tracked out shades and *nuances* in early Christianity which Baur's over-logical method had missed.

"The years went on. With each the spirit of the time became more historical, more concrete. The forces generated by the great German historical school, by Ranke, and Mommsen, and Waitz, and by the offshoots of this school in France and England, made themselves felt more and more on theological ground. A new series of biographies of Jesus began. Strauss, after an abstinence of twenty years from theology, issued a new edition of the *Leben Jesu*, largely modified by concessions to a more historical and positive spirit. Schenkel published his *Charakterbild Jesu*, by which, in spite of what we should call its Broad Church orthodoxy, German clerical opinion was almost a

violently exercised as it had been by Strauss thirty years before. Keim began his most interesting, most important, and most imperfect book, *Jesus von Nazara*, and beyond the frontier Renan brought the results of two generations' labor within the reach of the whole educated world by the historical brilliance and acumen thrown into the successive volumes of the *Origines*. In all this a generation has passed away since Baur died, and we are brought again to a point where we can provisionally strike a balance of results. Do you remember Harnack's article on the present state of critical theology in the *Contemporary* two years or more ago? Harnack is a man of great ability and extraordinary industry, largely read in Germany and beginning to be largely read here. Well—as compared with the state of knowledge thirty years ago, when the Tübingen school was at its height, his verdict on the knowledge of to-day is simply this—'richer in historical points of view.' Harnack himself has carried opposition to some of the most characteristic Tübingen conclusions almost to extravagance; but here in this careful and fair-minded summary is not a word of disrespect to a famous school and 'a great master,' not a word of an 'attack' which has 'failed.' Because the person who is speaking knows better! Yet he draws with a firm hand the positive advances, the altered aspects of knowledge. Why have we come to know more of that problem of the rise of Catholicism, to which Baur devoted his life, than Baur could ever know? Simply because 'we have grown more realistic, more elastic, the historical temper has developed, we have acquired the power of transplanting ourselves into other times. Great historians—men like Ranke—have taught us this. Then we have realized that all history is one, that religion and church history is a mere section of the whole history of a period, and cannot be understood except in relation to that whole.' And so on. My whole experience in Germany was an illustration of these words. As compared with my Oxford divinity training, it was like passing from a world of shadows to a world of living and breathing humanity. Each of my three professors on his own ground was grappling with

the secret of the past, drawing it out with the spells of learning, sympathy, and imagination, working all the while perfectly freely, unhampered by subscription or articles, or the requirements of examinations. Our own theology can show nothing like it; the most elementary conditions of such work are lacking among us; it will take the effort of a generation to provide them.

"Two books in particular occur to me—if you are not weary of my disquisition!—as representing this most recent phase of development; Schürer's *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi*, and Hausrath's *Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte*. In the first you have a minute study of all the social and intellectual elements in the life of Judæa and Judaism generally, at the time of the appearance of Christianity. In the second you have the same materials, only handled in a more consecutive and artistic way, and as a setting first for the life of Jesus, and afterward for the history of the Apostles. If you compare them with Strauss, you see with startling clearness how far we have travelled in half a century. There, an empty background, an effaced personality, and in its stead the play of philosophical abstraction. Here, a landscape of extraordinary detail and realism, peopled with the town and country populations which belong to it; Pharisee and Essene, Sadducee and Hellenist, standing out with the dress and utterance and gesture native to each; and in their midst the figure which is at last becoming real, intelligible, human, as it has never yet been, and which in these latter days we are beginning again to see with something of the vision of those who first loved and obeyed!—The contrast sets us looking back with wonder over the long, long road. But there is no break in it, no serious deviation. From the beginning till now the driving impulse has been the same—the impulse to *understand*, the yearning toward a unified and rationalized knowledge. Each step has been necessary, and each step a development. A diluted and falsified history was first driven out by thought, which was then, as it were, left alone for a time on ground cleared by violence; now a juster thought has replaced the old losses by a truer his-

tory, a fuller and exacter range of conceptions.—An ‘*attack*’ which has ‘*failed*.’—Could any description be more ludicrous than this common English label applied to a great and so far triumphant movement of thought? Looking back over the controversy, whether as to the Old Testament or the New, I see a similar orthodox judgment asserting itself again and again—generally as an immediate prelude to some fresh and imposing development of the critical process—and again and again routed by events. At the present moment it could only arise, like your quotation of Renan, if you will let me say so—and I mean no offence—in a country and amid minds for the most part willingly ignorant of the whole actual situation. Just as much as the criticism of Roman institutions and primitive Roman history has failed, just as much as the scientific investigation of Buddhism during the present century has failed, in the same degree has the critical investigation of Christianity failed—no more! In all three fields there has been the same alternation of hypothesis and verification, of speculative thought modified by controlling fact. But because some of Niebuhr’s views as to the trustworthiness of Livy have been corrected here and there in a more conservative sense by his successors—because Sénart’s speculations as to the mythical elements of Buddhism have been checked in certain directions by the conviction of a later school, that from the Pāli texts now being brought to light a greater substratum of fact may be recovered for the life of Buddha and the primitive history of his order than was at one time suspected—because of these fluctuations of scholarship you do not point a hasty finger of scorn at the modern studies of Roman history or of Buddhism! Still less, I imagine, are you prepared to go back to an implicit belief in Rhea Sylvia, or to find the miracles of early Buddhism more historically convincing!”

Ronalds looked up quickly. “We do not admit your parallel for a moment! In the first place, the Christian phenomena are unique in the history of the world, and cannot be profitably compared on equal terms with any other series of phenomena. In the second, the variations which do not substantially

affect the credit of scholarship in matters stretching so far over time and place as Roman history or Buddhism are of vital consequence when it comes to Christianity. The period is so much narrower, the possibilities so much more limited. To throw back the Gospels from the second century, where Baur and Volkmar placed them, to the last thirty years of the first is practically to surrender the bases of the rationalist theory. You give yourself no time for the play of legend, and instead of idealizing followers writing mythical and hearsay accounts, the critic himself brings us back into the presence of either eye-witnesses, or at any rate the reporters of eye-witnesses. He has treated the testimony as he pleased, has subjected it to every harsh irreverent test his ingenuity could suggest, and instead of either getting rid of it wholesale, or forcing it into the mould of his own arbitrary conceptions, he is obliged to put up with it, to acknowledge in it a power he cannot over-pass—the witness of truth to the living truth!”

“‘Obliged to put up with it!’” said Merriman with a smile, in which, however, there was a touch of deep melancholy. “How oddly such a phrase describes that patient loving investigation of every vestige and fragment of Christian antiquity which has been the work of the critical school, and to which the orthodox Church, little as she will acknowledge it, owes all the greater reasonableness and livingness of her own modern Christianity! On the contrary, Ronalds, men like Harnack and Hausrath have no quarrel with Christian testimony, no antipathy whatever to what it has to say. They have simply by long labor come to *understand* it, to be able to *translate* it. They, and a vast section of the thinking Christian world with them, have merely learned not to ask of that testimony more than it can give. They have come to recognize that it was conditioned by certain necessities of culture, certain laws of thought; that in a time which had no conception of history, or of accurate historical reporting in our sense—a time which produced the allegorical interpretations of Alexandria, the Rabbinical interpretations of St. Paul and the Gospels, the historical method of Josephus, the supersti-

tions of Justin and Papias, the childish criticism and information of Irenæus, and the mass of pseudepigraphical literature which meets us at every turn before, and in, and after the New Testament—it is useless to expect to find a history which is not largely legend, a tradition which is not largely delusion. Led by experience gathered not only from Christian history, but from all history, they expect beforehand what the Christian documents reveal. They see a sense of history so weak that, in preserving the tradition of the Lord, it cannot keep clear and free from manifest contradiction even the most essential facts, not even the native place of his parents, the duration of his ministry, the date of his death, the place and time and order of the Resurrection appearances, the length of the mysterious period intervening between the Resurrection and the Ascension; and in preserving the tradition of the Apostles, it cannot record with certainty for their disciples even the most essential facts as to their later lives, the scenes of their labors, the manner of their deaths. On all these points the documents show naively—as all early traditions do—the most irreconcilable discrepancies. The critical historian could have foretold them, finds them the most natural thing in the world. On the other hand, he grows familiar, as the inquiry goes deeper, with that fund of fancy and speculation, of superstitious belief, or nationalist hope, in the mind of the first Christian period, the bulk of which he knows to be much older than the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and wherein he can trace the elements which conditioned the activity of the Master, and colored all the thoughts of his primitive followers about him. He measures the strength of these fantastic or poetical conceptions of nature and history by the absence or weakness, in the society producing them, of that controlling logical and scientific instinct which it has been the work of succeeding centuries, of the toil of later generations, to develop in mankind; and when he sees the passion of the Messianic hope, or the Persian and Parsee conceptions of an unseen world which the course of history had grafted on Judaism, or the Hellenistic speculation with which the Jewish Dispersion

was everywhere penetrated, or the mere natural love of marvel which every populace possesses, and more especially an Eastern populace—when he watches these forces either shaping the consciousness of Jesus, or dictating the forms of belief and legend and dogma in which his followers cast the love and loyalty roused by a great personality—this also he could have foretold, this also is the most natural thing in the world. For to realize the necessity, the inevitableness, of these three features in the story of Christianity, he has only to look out on the general history of religions, of miracle, of sacred biography, of inspired books, to see the same forces and the same processes repeating themselves all over the religious field.

“So in the same way with the penetration and success of Christianity—the ‘moral miracle,’ which is to convince us of Christian dogma, when the appeal to physical miracle fails. To the historian there is no miracle, moral or physical, in the matter, any more than there is in the rise of Buddhism or of any other of those vast religious systems with which the soil of history is strewn. He sees the fuel of a great ethical and spiritual movement, long in preparation from many sides, kindled into flame by that spark of a great personality—a life of genius, a tragic death. He sees the movement shaping itself to the poetry, myth, and philosophy already existing when it began, he sees it producing a new literature, instinct with a new passion, simplicity and feeling. He watches it, as time goes on, appropriating the strength of Roman institutions, the subtleties of Greek thought, and although in every religious history, nay in every individual history, there remain puzzles and complexities which belong to the mysteries of the human organization, and which no critical process however sympathetic can ever completely fathom, still at the end the Christian problem is nearer a detailed solution for him than some others of the great religious problems of the world. How much harder for a European really to understand the vast spread and empire of Buddhism, its first rise, its tenacious hold on human life!

“But this relatively full understanding of the Christian problem is only

reached by a vigilant maintenance of that look-out over the whole religious field of which I spoke just now. Only so can the historian keep his instinct sharp, his judgment clear. It is this constant use indeed of the comparative method which distinguishes him from the orthodox critic, which divides, say a German like Harnack or Hausrath from an Englishman like Westcott. The German is perpetually bringing into connection and relation; the Englishman, like Westcott, on the contrary, under the influence of Mansel's doctrine of 'affection,' works throughout from an isolation, from the perpetual assumption of a special case. The first method is throughout scientific. The second has nothing to do with science. It has its own justification, no doubt, but it must not assume a name that does not belong to it."

"Now I see, Merriman, how little you really understand the literature you profess to judge!" cried Ronalds; "as if Westcott, who knows everything, and is forever bringing Christianity into relation with the forces about it, can be accused of isolating it! A passage from the *Gospel of the Resurrection* comes into my mind at the moment which is conclusive: 'Christianity is not an isolated system, but the result of a long preparation—Christianity cannot be regarded alone and isolated from its antecedents. To attempt to separate Christianity from Judaism and Hellenism is not to interpret Christianity, but to construct a new religion'—and so on. What can be more clear?"

"I speak from a knowledge of Westcott's books," said Merriman quietly. "The passages you quote concern the moral and philosophical phenomena of Christianity—I was speaking of the miraculous phenomena. No scholar of any eminence, whatever might have been the case fifty years ago, could at the present moment discuss the speculation and ethics of early Christendom without reference to surrounding conditions. So much the progress of knowledge has made impossible. But the procedure which the Christian apologist cannot maintain in the field of ideas he still maintains in the field of miracle and event. Do you find Westcott seriously sifting and comparing the narratives of healing, of rising from the dead, of visions, and so on,

which meet us in the New Testament, by the help of narratives of a similar kind to be found either in contemporary or later documents, of the materials offered by the history of other religions or of other periods of Christianity? And if the attempt is anywhere made, do you not feel all through that it is unreal, that the speaker's mind is made up, to begin with, under the influence of 'that affection which is part of insight' and that he starts his history from an assumption which has nothing to do with history? No! Westcott is an eclectic, or a schoolman, of the most delicate, interesting, and attractive type possible; but his great learning is for him not an instrument and means of conviction, it is a mere adornment of it."

There was a long pause, which Ronalds at last broke, looking at his friend with emotion in every feature.

"And the result of it all, Merriman, for Germany and for yourself? Is Germany the better or the nobler for all her speculation? Are you the happier?"

Merriman thought a while as he stood leaning over the fire; then he said, "Germany is in a religious state very difficult to understand, and the future of which is very difficult to forecast. To my mind, the chief evils of it come from that fierce reaction after '48 which prevented the convictions of liberal theology from mingling with the life and institutions of the people. Religion was for years made a question of politics and bureaucracy; and though the freedom of teaching was never seriously interfered with, the Church, which was for a long time the tool of political conservatism, organized itself against the liberal theological faculties, and the result has been a divorce between common life and speculative belief which affects the greater part of the cultivated class. The destructive forces of scientific theology have made them indifferent to dogma and formulæ, and reaction in Church and State has made it impossible for the new spiritual conceptions which belong to that theology to find new forms of religious action and expression."

"Religious action!" said Ronalds bitterly. "What religion is possible to men who regard Christ as a good man

with mistaken notions on many points, and God as an open question?"

"For me at the present moment," replied Merriman, with a singular gentleness, and showing in the whole expression of eye and feature, as he involuntarily moved nearer to his companion, a wish to soothe pain, a yearning to meet feeling with feeling, "that is not the point. The point is, What religion is possible to men, for whom God is the only reality, and Jesus that friend of God and man, in whom, through all human and necessary imperfection, they see the natural leader of their inmost life, the symbol of those religious forces in man which are primitive, essential, and universal?"

"What can a mere man, however good and eminent, matter to me," asked Ronalds impatiently, "eighteen centuries after his death? The idea that Christianity can be reconstructed on any such basis is the merest dream."

"Then, if so, history is realizing a dream! For while you and those who think with you, Ronalds, are discussing whether a certain combination is possible, that combination is slowly and silently establishing itself in human life all about you! You dispute and debate—*solvitur ambulando*. All over the world, in quiet German towns, in Holland, in the circles which represent some of the best life of France, in large sections of Scotch and English life, and in large sections of American life, these ideas which you ridicule as chimerical are being carried day by day into action, tried by all the tests which evil and pain can apply, and proving their power to help, inspire, and console human beings. All round us"—and the speaker drew himself up, an indescribable air of energy and hope pervading look and frame—"all round us I feel the New Reformation preparing, struggling into utterance and being! It is the product, the compromise of two forces, the scientific and the religious. In the English Reformed Church of the future, to which the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Independents, and the Unitarians will all contribute, and where in the Liberal forces now rising in each body will ultimately coalesce, science will find the religion with which, as it

has long since declared, through its wisest mouths, it has no rightful quarrel, and religion will find the science which belongs to it and which it needs. Ah! but when, *when?*"—and the tone changed to one of yearning and passion. "It is close upon us—it is prepared by all the forces of history and mind—its rise sooner or later is inevitable. But one has but the one life, and the years go by. Meanwhile the men whose hearts and heads are with us, who are our natural leaders, cling to systems which are for others, not for them, in which their faith is gone, and where their power is wasted, preaching a two-fold doctrine—one for the *élite* and one for the multitude—and so ignoring all the teachings of history as to the sources and conditions of the religious life."

He stopped, a deep momentary depression stealing over the face and attitude, which ten minutes before had expressed such illimitable hope. Again Ronalds put up his hand and laid it lingeringly on the arm beside him.

"And yourself, Merriman?"

Merriman looked down into the anxious friendly eyes, the moved countenance, and his own aspect gradually cleared. He spoke with a grave and mild solemnity as though making a confession of faith.

"I am content, Ronalds—inwardly more at rest than for years. This study of mine, which at first seemed to have swept away all, has given me back much. God—though I can find no names for Him—is more real, more present to me than ever before. And when in the intervals of my law-work I go back to my favorite books, it seems to me that I live with Jesus, beside Gennesareth, or in the streets of Jerusalem, as I never lived with him in the old days, when you and I were Anglicans together. I realize his historical limitations, and the more present they are to me, the more my heart turns to him, the more he means to me, and the more ready I am to go out into that world of the poor and helpless he lost his life for, with the thought of him warm within me. I do not put him alone, on any non-natural pinnacle; but history, led by the blind and yet divine instinct of the race, has lifted this life from the mass of lives, and in it we Europeans see certain ethical

and spiritual essentials concentrated and embodied, as we see the essentials of poetry and art and knowledge concentrated and embodied in other lives. And because ethical and spiritual things are more vital to us than art and knowledge, this life is more vital to us than those. Many others *may* have possessed the qualities of Jesus, or of Buddha, but circumstance and history have in each case decided as to the relative worth of the particular story, the particular inspiration, for the world in which it arose, in comparison with other stories or other inspirations; and amid the difficulties of existence, the modern European who persists in ignoring the practical value of this exquisite Christian inheritance of ours, or the Buddhist who should as yet look outside his own faith for the materials of a more rational religious development, is to my mind merely wasteful and impatient. We

must submit to the education of God—the revolt against miraculous belief is becoming now not so much a revolt of reason as a revolt of conscience and faith—but we must keep firm hold all the while of that vast heritage of feeling which goes back, after all, through all the overgrowths of dream and speculation to that strongest of all the forces of human life—the love of man for man, the trust of the lower soul in the higher, the hope and the faith which the leader and the hero kindles amid the masses.”

The two men remained silent a while. Then Ronalds rose from his chair and grasped his companion's hand.

“We are nearer than we seemed half an hour ago,” he said.

“And we shall come nearer yet,” said Merriman, smiling.

Ronalds shook his head, stayed chatting a while on indifferent subjects, and went.—*Nineteenth Century*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

(*First Notice.*)

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce, M.P., author of “The Holy Roman Empire.” In two volumes. Pp. 751 and 743. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

It is not exaggeration to say that this masterly study of the Anglo-Saxon Civilization developed under the Republic of the United States is the most important contribution ever made to the subject. We say advisedly “a study of civilization.” The first glance at the work indicates an analysis of our political institutions. But with this survey of our public methods, our complex national, state, and municipal systems, we have an elaborate examination of the general play of the historic and social forces which in the past moulded our system into its individual forms, and which in the present gives vitality and significance to them. Mr. Bryce very early in his work lays down the axiom that American politics can only be understood and properly estimated in close connection with the general conditions of American life and character; and even more as a part of the evolution of American history. It will thus be seen that Mr. Bryce's book covers a much more comprehensive scope than any of its predecessors. The best-known work

which will at once come to mind for comparison with this is De Tocqueville's classic. Stimulating as is that treatise, it is in great measure conceived from the standpoint of the theorist or the doctrinaire, and while the author had made some practical study of our institutions, the reader is much more struck by the clearness and suggestiveness of his generalizations than by the accuracy of his observations. De Tocqueville, too, wrote at a time so early in our national development that our governmental methods were only on their trial. They had been insufficiently tested by time and the proof of fitness—they had undergone but few of those modifications which have since rounded and perfected their practical mould. The errors into which De Tocqueville, clear as were his political deductions, was betrayed were almost inseparable from the time and conditions under which he wrote. We have a right to look for different results in Mr. Bryce's book, and we are not disappointed.

The critic whose study of American institutions lies before us is eminently fitted for his task. A distinguished lawyer, a statesman of long experience, a historian of recognized rank, a scholar of profound and varied acquirements in that line of studies which throw light on public institutions, the author unites to

his general equipment a moral factor essential to all sound criticism. Everything must be primarily measured by its best, not by its worst. Appreciation must dominate depreciation, and while the latter always plays a valuable part, it must be kept in subordination. It is, therefore, a standard canon of the ethics of criticism, that no man can properly judge any human work or institution with which he is not, in general, sympathetic. Mr. Bryce is in feeling and by party ties a British liberal, and of course keenly appreciative of the ideals which lie at the bottom of political forms in this country. Yet the American will find more than a little in his judgments which, as a fanatical optimist and patriot, will arouse his dissent, perhaps his anger. To the thoughtful student Mr. Bryce's attitude will seem to strike a happy medium, with a decided leaning toward cordial admiration. In many cases his opinions, where he condemns, are such as have been expressed by Americans themselves. The American in formulating his views of his own country and countrymen is unconsciously prejudiced, and becomes the retained attorney of the cause. The judicial instinct would rarely be strong enough to control this tendency of Chauvinism. The very force of habit, the intellectual familiarity of his opinions, would deaden the impact of impressions made by both good and evil on his perceptions. It is for this reason that it is doubtful whether any American could write a book, so illuminating and suggestive a study, though he would probably avoid some of the minor mistakes which disfigure the book—mistakes almost unavoidable in a foreigner in writing on so complicated a topic. But these mistakes happen to be such as do not in the least lessen the value and essential veracity of the whole. Mr. Bryce made three or four long visits to America, and has travelled in every portion of it. He shows close familiarity with nearly every phase of life; and his command of American political, legal, and historical literature, which crop out in the elaborate foot-notes and in the body of the work, is most extensive.

"The American Commonwealth" is made the vehicle of an interesting comparative study. Nearly every branch of the political analysis is illustrated with a statement or the corresponding machinery of government in England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, of which the second and fourth are republics modelled, though not slavishly, after our own. The working value of the various methods is explained in each case. For example, the pre-

cise definition of the functions and the powers of the executives of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Switzerland sheds a clearer light on the exact value of our presidential office than would be possible of attainment by any other method of discussion. Mr. Bryce follows this plan throughout, and the result is one of the amplest interest and value to the reader.

The somewhat severe criticism of our national legislative methods, the concentration of effective shaping and moulding legislation in the hands of standing committees, is a point which has directed no little dissent on the part of many of our people from Mr. Bryce's views. This manner of procedure is in no way a part of the Constitution. It has grown up in the practical development of legislative work. Our author's tendency is to recognize the higher value of precedent, experience and flexibility as compared with the rigid written forms of cast-iron constitutions, though he clearly suggests the frequent need of such limitations. His criticism is, therefore, that of the practical man of affairs, and he sees that in many cases it permits legislation to be shaped and run by rings and cliques; and that it puts an enormous power in the hands of the Speaker of the House often much abused, and which might in unscrupulous hands lead to very evil results. But Mr. Bryce is fair enough to recognize that in a Congress elected under our system such a plan of procedure is almost inevitable to get work done with any measure of wisdom. The large number of untrained legislators—men but little fitted by education or mental habits for their duties—which every election throws into the House of Representatives, makes it necessary that the responsible work should be thrown into the hands of the more experienced members, and that the fitness of the new men should be sifted and established by proof before they are permitted to take much part in the real work of the House. In the Senate it is different. The logical tendency of things is to put into that body only men of recognized experience and fitness, and to keep them there. Mr. Bryce finds, on the whole, much matter of admiration in that conjoint exercise of executive power which the Senate shares with the President in the confirmation of appointments, and the conjoint exercise of legislative power on the part of the President through his "veto" power. He calls special attention to the fact that this mixture of functions has been rarely abused, and has worked largely for good.

The section devoted to the Supreme Court is of special interest. We have never seen so clear, complete, and penetrating an analysis of its functions. No American institution has called out more cordial admiration from foreigners, not only as organized under our constitutional charter, but as a great working fact in our system, which has been of priceless importance in our history, by the ease with which the practical reversal of an unjust law, if it bears hardly on the individual, may be secured. So much has the working of this admirable institution impressed foreigners, that the creation of similar bodies with the same power has often been advocated. Mr. Bryce, in referring to this and to the agitation on the part of certain English critics of their own political methods, calls attention to the fact that in Great Britain there is no written constitution, their so-called Constitution being an enormous body of precedent and habit. Parliament could with a single act wipe off from the slate all the present laws and methods, even abolish royalty itself, notwithstanding the Act of Succession under which George of Hanover came to the throne. Parliament is the all-potent fountain of authority, it is practically the Constitution, and its own interpreter. So we see that Great Britain is in the most radical sense the most arbitrary and untrammelled democratic government in the world. Mr. Bryce more than once intimates, in spite of his love and natural partiality for his own institutions, that a written constitution with a more exact delimitation of authority and jurisdiction would offer many advantages. It would certainly be a buttress against that possible violence of reforming enthusiasm, which has sometimes run to such wild excesses, and against which England is now best protected by the political genius of her people, which is so essentially conservative in its nature, so little ruffled by the storms of temper and utopian passion which have rocked the foundations of government in other countries.

To the Englishman the chapters on State government, the relation of which to the federal system has always been to him a most perplexing fact, will be of the greatest interest. It may be remarked, in passing, that the American reader should always bear in mind that this book is primarily written for the Englishman, and to enlighten the people of another country on subjects with which our own people are perfectly familiar. This will explain why Mr. Bryce so often repeats himself, as if to enforce certain unfamiliar facts and truths on the mind

in their relation to the general argument. The truth is made evident in the analysis of State government, which is nearly alike in essential methods in all of the minor sovereignties, which constitute the Union. The latter, after all, ever since the foundation of the Government, both in its history and practice, is the State in a larger sense and with certain additional powers as having a national and not merely a local jurisdiction. The Federal Constitution was modelled after the charters and royal enabling acts, the methods of political organization and government which were in effect during Colonial times, and which thus became the basis and guide of constitution-making. The same forms and methods, the same divisions of responsibility, the same relations of the Executive, the legislative, and judiciary departments characterize our constitutions great and small. What is curious to the foreigner is the separation of function as between the Federal and State systems. Mr. Bryce makes this, so far as the ordinary practical working is concerned, as clear as daylight, and discusses the vexed question of State sovereignty with a good deal of acumen, though his views on this obscure problem—an irritating theme even yet to our own publicists—will hardly commend themselves to either of the contending camps. This, in fact, is the profoundest problem in our politics, and even the results of the late war only settled one side of the question—the right of a State to secede at its own will. Mr. Bryce acutely calls attention to the fact, however, that the controversy is gradually settling itself by the inevitable logic of necessity, and that the increasing complications of society, business, and government seek solutions, as if by the unwilling consent of all parties concerned, in ways which would once have caused most violent agitation. That State jurisdiction in many most important matters has yielded to national jurisdiction, and often with the approval of the "States-rights" advocates, who have been most blatant in crying their theory as an inflexible measure of things, is a fact that no observer can ignore. The ease and quietude with which local interests are settled at home in the State legislature or the township meeting under our State system excites the warmest admiration of our author, and justly so. In spite of the fact that there is no European analogue which at all illustrates the intricate working of our system in its distinctions and interlacings, our author makes it reasonably clear to the attentive reader. He never loses sight of one

thing, and this furnishes a luminous clew to the English public, to whom the book is addressed. Our whole organization, State and national, is an evolution. Given our English ancestry and inheritance of law and political tradition, the various charters and concessions under which the Colonial governments were founded; given the geographical and social conditions of Colonial growth, and the development of our system shows itself to be a logical outcome of natural causes. In spite of our Revolutionary and Secession wars, there have been in no organic sense violent and abrupt transitions, no steps of change not directly in the line of natural and inevitable progress.

NATURE AND MAN. Essays Scientific and Philosophical. By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With an Introductory Chapter by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this new tribute to the scientific ardor and research of one of the most eminent of Englishmen in those lines which he so steadfastly pursued, the general reader will turn with most interest to the biographical sketch by the son of the subject of the memorial. Dr. Carpenter lived to a ripe old age, one of the patriarchs among the scientists of England. Though more than one of his cherished convictions, conclusions on which his scientific eminence had been in some measure based, had yielded to fresh developments in biology and more extended use of the microscope, it is not to be contested that even his errors played a most important part in their day in stimulating scientific research. Before Dr. Carpenter's time, and it must be remembered that he was born in 1813, no attempt had been made in any serious fashion to correlate the facts of physiology, or the laws, methods, and functions of organic life in such a way as to bring them under one general system. Early in his medical studies, which Carpenter's genius at once extended even in his youth to original research, he became impressed with the grand truth that there was a unity of design extending through the animal and vegetable kingdom. This luminous thought once fixed in his belief, he gave up his career to its verification by the most profound and exhaustive studies. For this he sacrificed his active practical career as a medical man, and devoted himself to professional duties as a means of livelihood, as that form of work most consistent with his purpose. He labored incessantly with his pen. Treatise

after treatise not only on his favorite science, but on allied branches, poured from his pen. In 1841 he undertook single handed the issue of a cyclopædia of natural science, and soon after this became the editor of two medical journals, while he also lectured from the chair of physiology and anatomy and of medical jurisprudence in two different colleges. When the "Vestiges of Creation" appeared in 1841, a book which made an extraordinary sensation and foreshadowed Darwin's work in England, Dr. Carpenter was credited with the authorship, as its deductions were very similar to his own teachings. It was between the years 1838 and 1842 that his great works, "General and Comparative Physiology," "Animal Physiology," "Human Physiology," and "Vegetable Physiology" were brought out. These were issued in a series of editions, and fresh discoveries and developments embodied in them as scientific truth advanced. It may be said of him that he was the father of scientific biology in England, and indeed such authorities as Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall have enthusiastically acknowledged the debt which science owes to him by the wonderful impulse he gave to this line of research.

The publication of Grove's views on the correlation of the physical forces was an epoch in his life, and thenceforward he pursued the line of thought marked out in these magnificent generalizations, so brilliantly assisted by Joule in France, and by Meyer and Hemholtz in Germany, with striking results in his biological studies.

Dr. Carpenter became, when Darwin gave his revolutionary book, "The Origin of Species," to the world, a warm adherent of this scientific philosophy, which, though not absolutely new, was now for the first time marshalled into a battalion of brilliant and convincing facts. At no time, however, did the great biologist accept all of the Darwinian conclusions. In the main he preserved a strong bias of conservatism, though he recognized the tremendous importance of this solution of the problem which had been for many years the most fascinating and perplexing of all the mysteries presented by nature to man. Brilliant thinkers and observers had been stumbling toward this goal. Dr. Carpenter welcomed the Darwinian theory of natural selection, and thenceforward his own conclusions were profoundly modified by this belief. It is but just to say that neither this view nor any other of the new theories of the day ever swayed Dr. Carpenter from his Christian faith. He found

it possible to reconcile the claim of religion and science, though so many of his great contemporaries felt themselves compelled to reject all the postulates exacted by Christianity.

The scientific work of Dr. Carpenter, though it covered a vast number of studies covering nearly all the more important branches of science, will be best remembered in the domain of organic and comparative physiology, or, in a word, biology. Here he stood almost unequalled, though some of his views have not stood the test of time. He did more to advance this fundamental branch of research than all the men of his time, and as biology is now recognized as standing at the bottom of all intelligent investigation into the most obscure of all sciences—those which relate to the origin of things—he could have no grander monument erected to his memory. He died in November, 1885, in the fulness of years and intellectual fame. In addition to the very interesting sketch of his life, the volume before us contains the following essays, now published, we believe, for the first time in book form: "The Method and Aim of the Study of Physiology;" "The Brain and its Physiology;" "The Automatic Execution of Voluntary Movements;" "The Influence of Suggestions in Modifying and Directing Muscular Movement Independently of Volition;" "The Phasis of Force;" "Man the Interpreter of Nature" (Presidential Address at the British Association in 1872); "The Psychology of Belief;" "The Fallacies of Testimony in Relation to the Supernatural;" "The Doctrine of Human Automatism;" "The Limits of Human Automatism;" "The Deep Sea and its Contents;" "The Force behind Nature;" "Nature and Law;" "The Doctrine of Evolution in its Relation to Theism;" and "The Argument from Design in the Organic World." The immense industry of Dr. Carpenter is indicated in the fact that the list of his writings, books and essays, includes 293 works, the range of which is as astonishing as the learning and research they show.

CONVERSATION LESSONS ON PROMPT AID TO THE INJURED. By Henry Webb. With fifty-five Illustrations. Second Edition. New York: E. R. Pelton.

This useful little book is one of such practical importance that no family should be without it, or one which fills the same purpose. Many a life is lost through want of that elemental knowledge as to what to do, in cases of sudden injury or accident, prior to the arrival of pro-

fessional skill. Such knowledge is easily acquired, important as it is, and it is almost a sin for this reason to be without it. At least nineteen twentieths of men commit this sin of ignorance. Mr. Webb, in his little handbook, communicates his facts in the shape of questions and answers, and with such entire freedom from technical words and such clearness of statement, as to leave no question as to his instructions. The lessons, beginning with a clear and general account of the outlines of human anatomy and physiology, proceed to explain the methods of inducing artificial respiration, the different means of making knots, tourniquets, and bandages, and of applying them to the wounded; specific instructions for their use to wounds in all portions of the system; splints, and how they are used and applied; the easiest ways of carrying the wounded; and the fullest instructions as to litters and ambulances. Syncope, drowning, suffocation, hanging, sunstroke, wounds, burns, scalds, sprains, contusions, fractures, dislocations, disinfectants, fumigation, antidotes for poisons, are treated and explained; in a word, a thousand and one rules for treating all these dangers to human life or health are given to the reader. Such a book as this should be taught in the schools, and should certainly be in the hands of every policeman. We feel quite sure that any head of a family, knowing the value of such a little manual, will hardly fail to keep one in his house. There is hardly a month when its possessor would not find it useful.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

PROFESSOR NOIRÉ is lying dangerously ill at Mayence. Overwork has produced nervous prostration, and the doctors have enjoined complete rest. His work on "*Æsthetics*," with which he has been occupied for many years, and which was drawing to its conclusion, will not appear for the present.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON is writing an essay on magic horses, swords, mirrors, rings, etc., to form an introduction to John Lane's "*Continuation*" of Chaucer's "*Squires Tale*," which was issued to members of the Chaucer Society last year. Over seventy pages of the paper are already in type, comprising an English abstract of the old French romance of "*Cléomadès et Claremonde*," derived from a Hispano-Moorish source, and many Asiatic as well as European versions and analogues,

among which are two gipsy variants, and the probable original from the Sanskrit "Pancha Tantra," the story of the weaver who personated Vishnú and rode in the air upon a wooden garuda. The essay will be issued to the Chaucer Society shortly.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," an American novel which has had great success on both sides of the Atlantic, is issued in this country by Messrs. Longman & Co. by arrangement with the author and her publishers, and a royalty is paid to the author; but the book is not copyright in this country, having been issued in America before it was published here. A Canadian firm has taken advantage of the circumstances, and has issued a cheap pirated edition in Canada, and is now trying to induce some London firm to become partners in the piracy and to place the edition on the English market. Two or three firms whom they have already applied to have, much to their credit, declined to be parties to such a transaction, and it is to be hoped Mrs. Deland may not be deprived of the profit she is at present receiving.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD announce the publication, beginning in March, of another series of "Tales from Blackwood," uniform with the two former series under the same title, which now number twenty-four volumes; and also, beginning in April, an entirely new series, to be called "Travel, Sport, and Adventure, from Blackwood." As the prospectus states, some of the most distinguished travellers and explorers, from Sir Richard Burton downward, have first communicated their adventures to the public through the pages of *Blackwood*. And we may add that the succession is maintained in the current number by two notable articles—in one of which we have the fullest and most authentic account of the circumstances preceding the death of Major Barttelot, and in the other a charming picture of the little known island of Minicoy, in the Indian Ocean.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN—who, at the request of the Government, delivered some lectures on petroleum before the Royal Engineers at Chatham a fortnight ago—has in the press a new pamphlet, entitled *The Coming Oil Age*, which will contain the latest results in regard to the development of the petroleum industry. Among the topics touched upon will be the Government oil borings near Quetta, the discovery in Canada of the largest oil deposits in

the world, the rise of the oil tank steamer fleet (now consisting of nearly one hundred and fifty vessels), the adoption by Chicago of liquid fuel, the development of large power oil lamps, and the heavy oil problem—to solve which premiums have been offered by the Russian Government. The pamphlet will contain maps of the Canadian, Burmese, and other petroleum regions.

"THE city of Hamburg has endowed the Orientalische Seminar at Berlin with a "stipendium" of 1500 marks, which is to be enjoyed by a young mercantile student nominated by the Hamburg Stadtrath. The city of Bremen is taking steps to procure a similar capital for a Bremen stipend, and it is expected that other great trading towns will follow their example. Up to the present time the German mercantile classes have not availed themselves of the new institution to any great extent. Among the 115 students, 3 only are merchants; 64 are "Juristen," 18 are "Philosophen" or "Philologen," 3 are "Mediziner," 3 "Theologen," and 2 are naval officers. The teaching staff has been increased by the addition of a professor of the Suaheli language, a native who also has a fluent command of French and English.

THREE numbers have appeared in Madrid of a new bi-monthly periodical, entitled *El Ateneo*, giving full and detailed reports of meetings of the scientific, literary, and artistic sections of the "Ateneo de Madrid." The president is Señor Cánovas del Castillo, and the various divisions are presided over by the Marqués de Hoyos, Señores Pidal y Mon, Fernandez Villaverde, Juan Valera for literature, and the Conde de Morphy for fine arts. Foreign bibliography is confided to Señor Gayangos; in fact, the publication is evidently conducted somewhat upon the lines long since adopted by this journal.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER have in the press a work on ethics by Mr. S. Alexander, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, entitled "Moral Order and Progress: an Analysis of Ethical Conceptions." It will be in three books: Book I. Preliminary, dealing with conduct and character; Book II. Statical—Moral Order; Book III. Dynamical—Moral Growth and Progress. It treats ethics independently of biology, but the result is to confirm the theory of evolution, by showing that the characteristic differences of moral action are such as should be expected if that theory were true

In particular, Book III. aims at proving that moral ideals follow in their origin and development the same law as natural species.

THE important "Jahrbuch" of the Vienna heraldic society "Adler," which is now being issued to members, contains among other noteworthy papers a very full history of the Counts of Champagne, well supplied with illustrative genealogical charts. The heraldic student will also turn with pleasure to Freiherr von Biedermann's interesting explanation of difficult figures used on shields of arms. The late Prince Rudolph was a member of this society.

"THE publication of Professor Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' in the United States has," says *The Athenæum*, "we hear, done no good to the movement in favor of International Copyright. The price of the two volumes in which it appears is the same as would be charged for two volumes of the same size from Mr. Bancroft or any other American author, but certain members of Congress resent paying the sum for an English book which they must pay for an American one, and they have declared that they will not support International Copyright lest the cost of English books should be raised to that of American ones. The fact that the American edition is half the price of the English one is not admitted to have any weight, the contention being that stolen or appropriated goods are the cheapest—and such a contention cannot be disputed."

MR. BUCHANAN will issue this season his autobiographical Recollections, in which he will deal elaborately with the literary history of the last twenty-five years. This work will differ from the gossipy form of memoir now so popular, in so far as it will be occupied to a considerable extent with literary criticism as well as personal memoranda concerning contemporaries. It will be published by Messrs. Bentley in two library volumes.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, of London, recently sold the Hopetoun Library. The collection is not very large—only 1263 lots in all; but most of them are such as bibliophiles desire, and there are some extraordinary rarities. First, of course, comes the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, of which fresh copies are always turning up—we have just heard of one in the National Library at Rio Janeiro. In his note, the cataloguer quaintly remarks that it "must always rank as the foundation-stone for the library of

a divine." Scarcely less rare are Gutenberg's "Balbi Catholicon" (1460); the first edition of Virgil, printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz (1469); and some of the Aldines—notably the first Virgil, on vellum (1501), and the first Petrarch, also on vellum (1501). The introduction to the catalogue merely gives a list of the principal lots; we wish that it had supplied a history of the collection, which seems to have been inherited from two quarters—the Hopes of Hopetoun and the Johnstones of Annandale. There are included in the sale some account books and genealogical memoranda of Sir James Hope, the founder of the family in the middle of the sixteenth century; but we believe that the great collector was his grandson Charles, the first earl, and a famous dilettante (1681-1742), here erroneously called James.

THE Early English Text Society will next week send out its first two books for this year: (1) in the "Original Series," Part I., the text of Mr. F. Horsley's edition of Eadwine's "Canterbury Psalter," from the unique MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1150 A.D., with transitional forms from Anglo-Saxon to Early English, like "wyrchende" for Anglo-Saxon *myrcende*, "senfullen" for Anglo-Saxon *synfullan*; (2) for the "Extra Series" and last, the fourth part of Professor Skeat's edition of Barbour's "Bruce."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added "Two Years Ago" to their cheap edition of Kingsley's works, which they are issuing in monthly volumes. "Two Years Ago" was first published (as its title implies) in 1857, and a second edition was called for within two months. A one-volume edition was issued in 1859, and reprinted in 1866. But since 1871 a fresh reprint has been demanded in each successive year, so that the total number of editions now amounts to 22, as compared with 25 for "Westward Ho!" 19 for "Hypatia," and 15 for "Yeast." We suspect that most of Kingsley's admirers would put "Hypatia" above "Two Years Ago;" but the large circulation of all of them, in comparatively expensive editions—the cheapest hitherto has been 6s.—is a gratifying fact.

AN authorized memoir of the life and work of the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant is to be undertaken under the superintendence of his widow, and in the mean time premature attempts at biographies, which must necessarily be imperfect or misleading, are deprecated by

his representatives, who will be grateful for the co-operation of any of Mr. Oliphant's correspondents in their task. Copies or originals of any of Laurence Oliphant's letters will be received by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, 45 George Street, Edinburgh, and safely transmitted to Mrs. Rosamond Dale Oliphant.

THE venerable Bishop of Funen, Dr. Christian Thorning Engelstoft, who died in his palace at Odense on the 24th of January, in his eighty-fourth year, besides being a prominent Churchman, has enriched Danish literature by a variety of works, chiefly in ecclesiology. He published a history of the city of Odense in 1862, and he was the first editor of the leading Church review in Denmark, the *Theologisk Tidsskrift*, which he founded in 1837. He has been Bishop of Funen since 1852, with the exception of a short interruption in 1864, when for six months he accepted the portfolio of a cabinet minister during the war with Germany.

MR. JOHN DURAND, who has translated M. Taine's work on the "French Revolution," is now engaged in preparing a work, translated from documents in the archives at Paris, relative to the part played by many persons in the United States at and after the achievement of independence. The enigmatical dogs of Beaumarchais and an account of what took place in the Continental Congress when in secret session will be illustrated and made public in this work.

"THE WYVERN MYSTERY," a novel written many years ago by the late Sheridan Le Fanu, and published in three volumes, will shortly be issued in a single volume, with illustrations by Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu, a son of the author of "Uncle Silas." It is the only one of Le Fanu's novels which has not been reprinted.

WE understand that the two new volumes of Carlyle's letters, edited by Professor Norton, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish very shortly, afford a tolerably continuous account of Carlyle's life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his "French Revolution."

THE deaths are announced of M. R. Saint-Hilaire, of the Sorbonne, well known by his writings on Spanish history, and of Dr. W. Schott, the Berlin Orientalist.

To the already large number of books on Dickens will shortly be added a French work, entitled "L'Inimitable Boz : Étude Historique

et Anecdote sur la Vie et l'Œuvre de Charles Dickens," by M. Robert du Pontavice de Heussey. It will be illustrated with portraits and engravings.

THE Government of Denmark have recommended a grant of 4500 kroner (say £520) toward the proposal of the Society for the Publication of Old Norse Literature, to reproduce by phototype the unique MS. of Saemund's or the Older Edda, which is preserved in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

THE deaths are announced of Cesare Guasti, head of the Tuscan archives, editor of Tasso's letters, and author of various monographs such as "Le Commissioni di Rinaldo degli Albizzi;" of Mr. W. F. Tillotson, the founder of the *Bolton Evening News*, but best known by his arrangements for supplying fiction to newspapers, an enterprise which, owing to his untiring energy, assumed large proportions and earned him the gratitude of many novelists, whose incomes he largely increased; and of M. Claude Guigne, the learned keeper of the archives of the Department of the Rhone.

THE Florentine publisher, Signor Barbèra, has in the press a new life of the English condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, by Mr. John Temple Leader and Signor G. Marcotti. It is the most complete and authentic life of the "quattro cento" warrior that has yet appeared, being compiled from original Italian and other documents, edited and inedited. It is to be published simultaneously in English and in Italian.



MISCELLANY.

A ROMANCE OF THE MUTINY OF THE "BOUNTY."—The mutiny on board H.M.S. *Bounty* in 1789, the remarkable career of the survivors on the Pitcairn Islands, and the subsequent exodus of those people to Norfolk Island, are matters of history; but facts which have recently come to light revive interest in the event. John Adams, while serving on a man-of-war under his real name, Alexander Smith, saved the life of a midshipman on board by bravely jumping after him when he fell overboard. The young man, on returning home, related his narrow escape, and his relatives, desirous of acknowledging the brave conduct of Smith, who could not then be found, placed £100 to his credit in the bank, the interest to accumulate until the reward was claimed. Many Smiths have claimed that reward, but were unable to establish their

claims or identify themselves with the man-of-war or the incident. John Adams, the *Bounty* mutineer, or Alexander Smith, as he actually was, has left three grandsons in Norfolk Island. John, the oldest grandson, who is now sixty years of age, being informed of the circumstances, proceeded recently to Sydney to establish the claim of the family. It is said that he thoroughly succeeded in identifying his grandfather with the plucky seaman who rescued this officer from a watery grave, and, after placing the affair in the hands of a respectable firm of solicitors in Sydney, has now returned to Norfolk Island. Will it be believed that that investment of £100, some time prior to 1789, has now accumulated by interest and compound interest to the vast sum of £96,000? And yet that is the sum said to be now available for subdivision among the descendants of John Adams, the leader in the *Bounty* mutiny. The facts as connected with the mutiny of the *Bounty* are so much matters of history that it is hardly necessary to refer to them.—*New Zealand Herald*.

A JAPANESE PATIENT.—At Surugadai, in Tōk yō, we read in the *Sei-i-Kwai Medical Journal*, lives Mr. Tanabe, a gentleman in easy circumstances. His mother, an inmate of the same house, has attained her sixtieth year, but until quite lately was a hale and hearty lady, much beloved for her virtues and esteemed for her accomplishments. The changes of these topsy-turvy times have not shaken her adherence to the faiths and fashions of ancient days. In her eyes the Japanese *samurai* still exists, though his name has been erased from the national ledger, and his place usurped by inferiors. A few months ago her wonted health began to fail. She was attacked by a malignant disease formerly held fatal, and now known to be curable only by extreme measures. At the Hongo Hospital Dr. Sato told her that a severe surgical operation could alone save her life. Was it possible that a lady of her age should survive such a method of treatment? Dr. Sato said there was good hope, and after anxious consultation her family consented to follow his advice. The old lady at once became an inmate of the hospital. After she had undergone the necessary preparation, Dr. Sato himself undertook the operation, in the presence of the chief surgeons of the Naval and War Departments and of the Imperial University. Two deep incisions in the bosom had to be made, and the assistants were about to admin-

ister chloroform. The old lady asked what was the nature of the medicine. Being told that its function was merely to deaden pain, she said that she had no need of such things. She had heard of anodyne drugs that send patients to sleep under the surgeon's knife. She preferred to remain awake. Among her friends of former days was a loyal soldier, by name Miyoshi. Fate willed that he should die by his own sword. He had disembowelled himself in her presence, and with a wide wound gaping in his bosom, had composed and written his death song. She had witnessed this thing with her own eyes. It was her notion of the example a *samurai* ought to set, and though a woman, she preferred to emulate such a spirit rather than to take refuge from pain in narcotics. With that she lay down and bared her bosom to the knife. Dr. Sato proceeded with the operation. He made two incisions under the left breast, and two smaller incisions above. The morbid growth was removed, and twenty stitches were put in. During the whole process the old lady never made a movement or uttered a groan. Not until Dr. Sato asked whether she had suffered much pain did she open her eyes and reply quietly that the cutting of live flesh is never without suffering. Her son, who was by her side throughout, would now have answered the various inquiries that had come by telegraph and messenger, but the old lady insisted on writing four letters herself to reassure her friends. Dr. Sato declared, as well he might, that he had never, in all his experience, encountered so much fortitude and power of endurance. The *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* tells the story as an evidence that the old *samurai* spirit survives in Japan.—*British Medical Journal*.

SOME INDIAN FISHERMEN.—Let me try to describe some of the indigenous fishermen of Eastern Bengal, with the boats and nets which they use in their vocation. Anyone seeing them for the first time might imagine that he had fallen in with a set of those cannibals and savages who are pictured in books of travel among the islands of the Pacific Archipelago. Their boats are huge canoes, about one hundred feet long and four or five feet broad. A long carved prow projects for several feet, while the stern rises up into a high platform on which the captain or steersman stands erect, with the large steering-oar in his hands. He is usually a very big man, tall and muscular, and with the voice of a Stentor. His long un-

kempt hair and shaggy beard give him the wildest appearance, while his back and chest are usually covered with thick bristling hairs from exposure to the weather. As a rule his statuesque body is clad with very scant drapery. He is really terrible to look at, as he shouts and yells to the fifty or sixty rowers, all of them as wild and savage as himself, who in a double bank propel the long boat with their paddles at a pace with which a river steamer can hardly compete. At Dacca the wealthy natives used to get up boat-races with these boats, and some few rich men kept their own boats and crews for racing and other purposes. But I must confine myself now to the use of them as fishing-boats. When a suitable time had arrived, and the water in the river was favorable, the fishermen used to meet, with some fifteen or twenty of these boats, and their large strong nets, of great length and depth, with which they could sweep the whole breadth of the river Dulaiserry, where it was nearly half a mile in width. All the boats worked in unison and under the command of the oldest and most experienced captain. They dragged the river against the stream for several miles, their object being to drive all the fish toward a very deep hole in the river, at the point of its junction with another stream called the Bunsí, where the eddies of the two rivers had worked and burrowed into the soil, so that the water was said to be nearly a hundred feet deep in some places. The largest fishes all seemed to make for this deep water as a place of safety, and they stopped when they got there. The boatmen then surrounded them on all sides with their nets, and the fun became fast and furious. Great fish dashed about in all directions. Porpoises burst through the nets, or jumped right over the boats. There was occasionally a sawfish to be seen, whose curious sharp-toothed beak was greatly feared by the boatmen. There were shoals of large fish of many sorts, which must be nameless, because I do not remember their names. The uproar was tremendous. The boatmen have loud voices, and their shouts and yells, coming from nearly a thousand excited men, to say nothing of the villagers crowded on the river banks, made a perfect pandemonium. In every boat the large fish were rapidly collected, some being taken from the nets, others being speared with pronged spears, with which the natives are great adepts, and some being simply ladled out of the water with big landing-nets. But all things must have an end, and at last the cap-

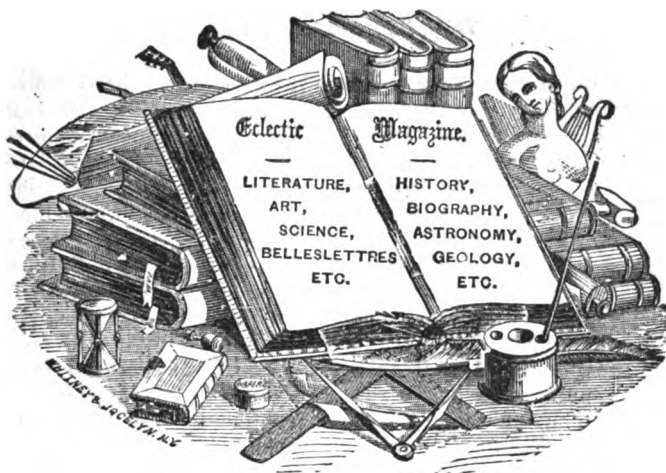
tain of the chase would order all his men to cease fishing and to haul in their nets, and to bring their spoil on shore to the place appointed for collecting and counting the fish. I will not pretend to say with any accuracy what the result of a day's fishing might be on a good day. With fair success twenty boats, with fifty men to each boat, would make an average of nearly half a ton of fish apiece. If this quantity seems extravagant, I can only say that the natives themselves would set the amount much higher, and when I have seen the huge heaps of fish all collected together, their estimate does not seem to me incredible. Much more incredible was the speed with which the piles of fish disappeared when a distribution of them had been made according to shares. Each boat promptly set off as fast as it could go for the village from which it had come, and there found a ready market among the purchasers from the surrounding villages, who had assembled in expectation of a great feast of fish. —*Longman's Magazine.*

ULTRA SENSITIVENESS.—Sir John Lubbock, in his fascinating experiments with the myrmidons of the insect world, found that ants are highly sensitive to colors imperceptible to human vision. When a ray of light was dissected into a spectrum and cast upon his colony of tiny pets, the red extremity of the rainbow (to us the most effective) had no influence upon them; but as they were placed under the violet end they became much disturbed, and the dark portion beyond that limit of human observation tormented them into a frenzy of agitation. It appears that they do not appreciate light-waves until they exceed the bounds of color—that is, of color visible to our eyes, though it is probable that the intensely active ultra-violet part of the spectrum, dark to us, is to them the most keenly brilliant of lights. Further experiments in the effect of sounds upon these insects showed that they hear none of the noises that enter our ears. A pistol-shot over them was unnoticed, except by the mechanical jarring of the air which it caused. These and similar tests have developed the conclusion that the insect world is wholly removed from the larger animals in its senses of color and sound, as of smell, taste, and feeling, and that the human ideas of sense-impressions are only a small section of the whole scheme of sense-life. It is understood by scientists that there are many strata of sight, hearing, etc., above and below the narrow plane of our own common perceptions.

The insects are almost as far removed from us as spirits in the inconceivable fineness of their senses. They move among us in a wholly different world, seeing things that are concealed from us, hearing what is as silent as the stars to us, smelling in a way that to us is miraculous, feeling with an exquisite daintiness that to our gross experience is angelic. The birds and the denizens of the deep know many secrets of physical activity that exceed our ken. Even our own neighbors in the animal scale enjoy faculties that we cannot understand. The scent of the dog, the sylphlike traits of the cat, the home-finding instincts of all domestic creatures astonish our own limitations. What are music and delight to us, to them are torture and discomfort. The shrill screeching of the bat is a beautiful note for ears pitched higher than ours; and the rumbling of sounds below the vibrations of any organ pipe is harmony for animals whose avenues of hearing are larger than those of mankind. The "lower" animals are far above us in sensitiveness to delicate impressions. They foretell the weather changes better than the best meteorologist. Their system of chronometry needs no machine to mark the hours and seasons. They are initiated into the movements of earthquakes better than seismologists. These instances serve to show the dulness of human senses in general, and prepare us to appreciate the higher sensitiveness of some individuals. There is a form of superior acuteness in certain persons which is seldom seen and therefore is commonly unknown; but it is a curious indication of what higher development humanity is capable of even in its physical embodiment. A wide observation gathers the fact that the world is full of eyes, that everything is a camera seeing and recording all that comes before it, that only our ignorant blindness veils the myriad panoramas that attach to the objects around us—panoramas that show in their order all the events that have taken place there. The substantial basis of these apparently extravagant deductions is confirmed by the words of Dr. J. W. Draper, an unquestioned authority upon physics: "A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. . . . Time seems to have so little influence on these effects that I conceive it possible, if a new vault should here-

after be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharaonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure."—*The Cosmopolitan*.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.—The country dance has nothing to do with the country; it has no smack of rusticity about it. The designation is properly *contre-danse*, or counter-dance, and is given to all that class of dances which are performed by the gentlemen standing on one side and the ladies on the other in lines. The quadrille—a square dance—does not belong to it, nor any of those figures where the performers stand in a circle. As a general rule, foreign dances are circular or square. In Brittany is *La Boulangère*, and in the South of France *La Tapageuse*, which are set in lines; but with a few exceptions most continental dances are square or round; the specialty of the English dance was that it was counter. Probably all old dances in this country, with the exception of reels, were so set. A writer at the beginning of this century said:—"An English country dance differs from any other known dance in form and construction, except *Ecossaise* and quadrille country dances, as most others composed of a number of persons are either round, octagon, circular or angular. The pastoral dances on the stage approximate the nearest to English country dances, being formed longways." The number of performers was unlimited, but could not consist of less than six. An English country dance was composed of the putting together of several figures, and it allowed of almost infinite variation, according to the number and arrangement of the figures introduced. Sir Roger de Coverley, which is not quite driven out, consists of seven figures. Some figures are quite elementary, as turning the partner, setting, leading down the middle. Others are more elaborate, as Turn Corners and Swing Corners; some are called Short Figures, as requiring in their performance a whole strain of short measure, or half a strain of long measure. Long Figures, on the other hand, occupy a strain of eight bars in long measure—a strain being that part of an air which is terminated by a double bar, and usually consists in country dances of four, eight or sixteen single bars. Country dance tunes usually consist of two strains, though they sometimes extend to three, four, or five, and of eight bars each.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



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THE PANAMA CANAL.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

"N'ayant rien à cacher, je veux un débat public, où la véritable situation de l'entreprise sera exposée."—M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, *Bulletin du Canal interocéanique*, February 2, 1888.

THE suspension of payments by the Panama Canal Company presents an occasion upon which some remarks may be offered without, it is to be hoped, necessarily incurring a charge of hostility to the enterprise or to the ex-*Président Directeur*. Adherents to his scheme seem, too commonly, to regard every one as an enemy who will not associate himself with it, and to think that those who are not with *them* must be against *him*. Not many persons, perhaps, are actuated by active hostility to M. de Lesseps at the present time, though the simple truth is that he is a disturber of the peace. He has enriched, and proposes still further to enrich, his supporters by interfering with existing interests.

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and, by revolutionizing trade routes. His clients are numerous, and in the aggregate form a very important body. They shout enthusiastically, "What a great man!" The persons whose fortunes are threatened, though naturally less filled with ardor for a gentleman who proposes to skin and dissect them, are not necessarily inimical to the ex-President and his schemes, and probably, just now, take rather more interest than usual in the history and progress of his Great Bubble on the Isthmus.

The initiative in this enterprise is due to an association which was formed under the presidency of General E. Türr, called the *Société internationale du Canal interocéanique*, with the objects of discovering a route for a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and of obtaining a concession. Under the auspices of this association several expeditions were sent out in 1876 and 1877. Various

routes which had at one or another time been proposed for a canal between Nicaragua and the River Atrato were examined more or less carefully by MM. Wyse and Réclus, two naval lieutenants who led the expeditions. These may be passed over, as our concern is with the Panama route alone. Until close to the end of their journeys they seem to have paid little or no attention to a route between Colon and Panama. It is not clear whether they had previously regarded this as the most promising route, or whether it was purposely left to the last in order to conceal their real intentions. As stated by themselves,* the time which they bestowed upon the actual examination of the ground between Colon and Panama extended from April 2 to April 16, 1878, added to two or three odd days which were devoted to the Pacific side. Somewhere about three weeks in all were given to the study of the line, levels, sections, and soil of a work of unprecedented magnitude, which has already involved the expenditure of seventy millions sterling!

Lieut. Wyse had been ordered by his committee to proceed to Bogota to obtain modifications in a concession which had been granted by the Colombian Government in 1876, and, it is curious to note, he was expressly directed to observe the "necessity" of getting rid of the restrictive conditions about locks;† and during his absence upon this mission, the work in the field (April 2-16) was performed by Lieut. Réclus and M. Sosa.‡ The details of the scheme which was presented to the Congress of Paris in 1879 were matured from the labors of these gentlemen, who frankly admit, among other things, in their Report, that their "work was reduced to taking some cross-sections in the *probable* direction of the canal, and to levels at the ends of the tunnel which was contemplated, and at such other points as seemed to them to be necessary;" but they made no cross-sections in the upper valley of the Obispo (the highest part of

the route to be traversed), or at the summit-ridge which they proposed to pierce with a tunnel 7000 mètres long, having an interior height of 34 mètres above the level of the water;* nor did they apparently consider it necessary, either here or at any other part, to make borings to assist them in forming an estimate of cost. Their personal observations, moreover, were almost entirely dependent upon a plan and longitudinal section of the Panama Railway, which was supplied to them by the company. Their distances were calculated from the mile-stones!

When Lieut. Wyse returned from Bogota with the concession, signed, sealed, and delivered, in his pocket, he found that Réclus had already returned to Europe, and he himself quitted the Isthmus immediately. The concession is a lengthy document, consisting of 26 articles, and is given *in extenso* in the two works, *Rapports* and *Le Canal de Panama*. Some of the more important passages for the present moment are given below. Many of the articles bristle with points which may give rise to disputes.

Article 1 gives the *exclusive* privilege of making a canal through Colombian territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the concession to last for 99 years from the date of opening the canal; provided that the canal is finished and opened for public use within 12 years of the date of formation of the company, though this period of 12 years may be extended for a further term of not exceeding 6 years if, after the construction of more than one-third of the canal, it is found impossible to finish it within 12 years.

Article 2 requires the concessionaires to deposit £30,000 in cash (on no account paper-money) in the Bank or Banks of London! This sum, with interest, to be forfeited to the Colombian Government if the canal is not navigable within the time fixed above.

Article 15 provides that the Colombian Government shall receive 5 per cent of the *gross* receipts for 25 years, 6 per cent for the 26th to the 50th year, 7 per cent for the 51st to the 75th year, and 8 per cent for the remainder of the term. These amounts are in no case to be less than £48,000 per annum.

Article 18 allows the head office of the company to be fixed at Bogota, if the concessionaires like!

Article 20. "The concessionaires, or those

* *Rapports sur les Etudes*, Paris, 4to, 1879, pp. 126-141, 241.

† It is interesting to compare this with the subsequent declarations that the canal was to be *without* locks.

‡ Part of this time, moreover, M. Sosa was disabled by illness.

* The depth of water in the canal was to be 9 mètres. The height, consequently, from the bottom of the canal to its roof would be 43 mètres = 141 feet!

who in the future may succeed to their rights, may transmit them to other capitalists or financial associations; *but they are absolutely forbidden to make them over to any foreign nation or Government.*"

At the beginning of 1879 Lieut. Wyse went to New York and concluded a treaty with the directors of the Panama Railway, by which the latter bound themselves to help the Canal Company (if it should be formed), and the Canal Company, on the completion of its works, was to buy the railway and its rolling stock for the sum of £1,400,000.* "These practical men," said M. Wyse, "understood immediately that it was to their interest to work harmoniously with us, who held in our hands the threads of this complicated business," and he frightened them by the suggestion of having a canal elsewhere. He then returned home joyfully, and the next thing to do was to get the project well advertised, and this was accomplished by means of the Congress of Paris.

This Congress was convoked by the Geographical Society of Paris. M. Wyse says "un peu sur mes instances répétées," while M. de Lesseps takes the credit of the Congress to *himself*. With some of his friends, he says, upon their own initiative, "they circularized the most famous engineers of the whole world to assemble at Paris to examine all the plans, all the projects, and all the materials gathered by explorers concerning an inter-oceanic canal. About three hundred circulars were sent out, and one hundred most eminent persons accepted the invitation, some of their own motion, and some by direction of their Governments." This is one of the boldest advertising strokes that has ever been attempted in this advertising age, and it succeeded perfectly. The Congress ultimately voted exactly as the promoters desired, and its members must now feel much flattered at the use to which they were put. By 74 votes to 8 the following resolution was carried:—

"Le Congrès estime que le percement d'un canal interocéanique à niveau constant, si désirable dans l'intérêt du commerce et de la navigation, est possible; et que ce canal maritime, pour répondre aux facilités indispen-

sables d'accès et d'utilisation que doit offrir avant tout un passage de ce genre, devra être dirigé de la baie de Limon à la rade de Panama."

M. Wyse terms this "a crushing success." M. de Lesseps says "*he* had gained a great battle." All the other schemes were driven from the field, and the whole civilized world was shortly deluged with announcements that the Congress of Paris, by a decisive majority, had voted for the Panama Canal.

If, however, this too cleverly drawn resolution is examined, it will be seen that the Congress did nothing of the kind. It only expressed an opinion that a level inter-oceanic canal was *possible*, and that it would be most advantageous to have such a canal between Limon Bay (Colon) and Panama. It is inconceivable that men of the eminence of those who formed this assembly, men who had reputations to lose, would or could have voted in favor of a project for which no proper plans or sections were presented, and of which, consequently, neither could the expense be estimated nor the feasibility discussed. They seem, rather, to have meant to say, "Having paid attention to the various schemes which have been placed before us, we are of opinion that a canal from Colon to Panama would be the most advantageous; and that a level canal is to be preferred to one with locks." And this, no doubt, is the opinion of the most eminent experts at the present time.

The Congress sat for a fortnight, and during that time sat heavily upon the tunnel of 7000 mètres length, and 141 feet internal height. The tunnel project may be said to have caved in. It disappeared, and was replaced by an open cutting, which will be referred to presently.

The syndicate of promoters now held the key to the situation. M. de Lesseps could do nothing without them, and he very shortly offered to buy them up; and on July 5, 1879 (just five weeks after the dispersal of the Congress), they signed an agreement with him, yielding up the concession, etc., on the condition of receiving as payment, *if he floated a company*, £200,000 in hard cash and £200,000 in shares. Considering that these present times are notoriously hard, this seems a pretty good

* Equal to about £29,500 per mile. The Panama Railway is 47½ miles long, and has only a single track.

bargain. "Our expenses," says M. Wyse, amounted to about £40,000.* Thus far, therefore, all went happily. The explorers accomplished what was expected from them, and were pleased with themselves; the syndicate of promoters saw its way to multiplying £40,000 by ten, and was pleased accordingly; the Congress had voted the right way, and had gone home; and M. de Lesseps, having obtained possession of the concession by a simple promise to pay £400,000 of other people's money, had every reason to be satisfied with himself.

Unfortunately, just at this point, a hitch occurred. The syndicate did not immediately realize its golden vision, for *the company would not float* † This want of buoyancy is explained in two ways, by two different persons—who ought to know. M. Wyse attributed it to M. de Lesseps, who, he said, "expected to achieve success by giving a series of lectures throughout France, bearing for the most part on subjects foreign to an American canal. His principal argument consisted in dissembling [*dissimuler*] as to the work which had been done, and the difficulties that there were to conquer, which he ill-understood. . . . When his age was objected to, he answered by referring to his numerous progeny, and exhibiting his little daughter [Tototte], who accompanied him on all his journeys." M. de Lesseps said, however, that one of the causes of the failure was "l'allégation accréditée que les travaux d'étude étaient insuffisants."

A new departure had to be made. More advertising was necessary, and a journal was founded ‡ to propagate the true faith, under the title *Bulletin du Canal interocéanique*. It is the organ of the *ex-Président-Directeur*, chronicling his movements and his words; and, ex-

tending as it now does to more than 2000 pages, it affords a large fund of material for the future historian of his Great Bubble. M. de Lesseps then paid his first visit to the Isthmus, accompanied by several persons, grandiloquently termed "La Commission technique pour préparer les études d'exécution du Canal maritime interocéanique." The names of the principal members of this company were: M. Dirks (Dutch), General Wright and Colonel Totten (U. S.); MM. Sosa and Ortega (Colombians), MM. Boutan, Dauzats, Couvreaux, and Blanchet (French).

Before continuing this history let us look back to the month of November 1879. Just prior to the first visit of M. de Lesseps to the Isthmus, there occurred an unusual downpour of rain, which flooded the interior by an almost unprecedented rise of the Rio Chagres, and totally stopped traffic on the railway. Steamer after steamer landed passengers at Colon for the Pacific, until the place was crammed to overflowing. Telegraphic communication with Panama was interrupted, and no information as to the prospects of transit could be obtained. I happened to arrive at Colon just at this time, and particular circumstances caused the general manager of the railway, Captain Dow, to read a letter to me that he was about to forward to his directors, in which it was stated that this "freshet" was the worst the line had experienced, and it gave such details of the damage which had been sustained as showed that the attention of the railway authorities was more than occupied. I had the opportunity subsequently of fully verifying his statements; but, before proceeding, a few remarks upon the topography of the Isthmus will render the extracts from my notes more readily understood.

The distance from Colon to Panama, as the crow flies, is about 37 miles. The whole of the intervening country is hilly. The highest points (about 1000 feet above the level of the sea) are situated toward the Pacific side, and the dividing ridge (or water-parting) of the streams with which we are concerned—the Rio Chagres* and the Rio Grande—

* M. Wyse says that up to this point M. de Lesseps had nothing to do with them, and that he had neither taken any share in the work nor in its expenses.

† The launch was attempted August 6-7, 1879, just one month after obtaining possession of the concession.

‡ The first number appeared September 1, 1879, and opened with the following sentence: "L'émission de 800,000 actions, qui a eu lieu le 6 et le 7 août, en Europe et en Amérique, n'a pas été couverte."

* The French estimate that the *entire* basin

is only $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Panama and about $28\frac{1}{2}$ from Colon. The basin of the former is much larger than that of the latter. The railway, starting from Colon, nearly on a level, touches the Chagres first at Gatun, and thence, on the whole, it follows the valley of the river as far as Matachin. It then keeps close to the branch of the Chagres called the Obispo, almost as far as the summit (Culebra), which used to be 260 feet above the sea.* From the summit it descends rather sharply upon Panama, following, generally, the valley of the Rio Grande.

The railway, while more or less following the Rio Chagres, keeps at what has been found to be a safe height above it, generally as much as 30 to 40 feet; and it was no doubt laid out in this manner in consequence of the traditions which prevailed on the Isthmus before the line was constructed, that the river was liable to abrupt rises of as much as 40 feet. This amount was equalled, or surpassed, in November 1879. On the 21st of that month rain fell torrentially over the whole of the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. In less than a day the Chagres covered the railway, over a great part of its course, with 10 to 15 feet of water; and it certainly rose 40 feet, perhaps considerably more. On the 25th, it was reported by natives, who came down in canoes, that there was still 15 feet of water over the line at several places between Gatun and San Pablo. Until the 28th, rain fell at intervals, in Colon, at the rate of several inches per hour, but, as there was no rain-gauge, accurate records were unattainable. Not being sure how many inches per hour was considered first-class raining in America, I asked the United States Consul if the showers which were falling would be called "a good square rain" in his country, and he replied with emphasis, "Yes, sir, this is a good square rain."

In the immediate vicinity of Colon the line was not inundated, as the water had ready access to the sea, but damage was done directly the railway was in any de-

gree closed in. On the 27th, at 4 miles from Colon, I found the line still covered with water. On the 28th it was nearly clear of water as far as Mindi, and I saw numerous stretches of rails, with ballast washed out, floating on the sleepers. At Mindi there was a breach in the railway about 150 feet wide, and beyond this place, it was apparent from the telegraph posts, the line was still submerged 6 feet or thereabouts. On December 1 the rails were exposed beyond Mindi, and in course of walking along I came upon a rail which had been broken by tension. It appeared that the water, running down the track in the direction of Colon, scoured out the ballast, and pressed against the sleepers with such extraordinary power as to break this rail.*

On the 4th the line was sufficiently repaired to allow the starting of a train from Colon with the overdue mails, and I accompanied them, by permission of the managers.† The flood had by this time subsided, and at Gatun, where we first sighted the Chagres, the river was fully 25 feet *below* us, though a week previously it had covered the line with 10 feet of water. Near Buena Vista, a framed wooden house was pointed out, about 25 feet long, by 18 wide, and 15 high, which had stood a little above the railway, that had been transported bodily by the flood, and been deposited in a rather twisted condition half a mile away from its original site, on the opposite side of the line. The rest of this village was almost entirely destroyed. A little farther on, two large, iron water-tanks, which had been erected on piers of masonry, and which had stood about 12 feet above the rails, and 40 feet or so above the ordinary level of the Chagres, were lifted from their supports by the flood. One had dropped down close to the line, and the other was carried some hundreds of yards toward the Atlantic. As these tanks could not have floated off unless they had been nearly submerged, they afforded clear evidence

contains about 2650 square kilometres. The Upper Chagres has not yet been thoroughly surveyed.

* In consequence of the canal works, the railway summit has, I believe, been altered.

* I understood the engineers of the line to say (in 1880) that this was an unprecedented occurrence, so far as they knew. Possibly the rail was faulty.

† Our transit from Colon to Panama (including nine hours' detention at the Barbacoas Bridge) occupied thirteen hours.

that the river at this point rose more than 40 feet above its usual level. Proceeding onward, a dead alligator was pointed out, lying alongside the railway, which was said to have been drowned by the violence of the "freshet." I do not depend much upon the evidence of this reptile, and therefore will not dwell upon its carcase. As there was no *post-mortem*, it may be alleged to have died from natural causes. The conductor of the train remarked, dryly, that "it certainly takes *some* water to drown alligators."

Near the centre of the Isthmus the train could go no farther, for the Barbacoas Bridge, which crosses the Chagres, was dislocated. This is the largest structure on the Panama Railway, and is in six spans 625 feet long in all, supported by five piers of masonry. The two piers nearest to Colon had settled down, and were each about 6 feet out of the perpendicular. The superstructure held well together, but the track was twisted into a double curve, and was impassable for trains. The line had evidently been covered right over by the flood, for it was encumbered with masses of twigs and branches, and it was further clear that the water had risen well above the rails; but, as there was no distinctly marked water-line, one could not say how much. Some of our party thought the entire structure had been submerged. The river had fallen to nearly its ordinary level, and I found (with a measuring tape) that its surface was 36 clear feet below the rails. Captain S. Griffen, who was with us (formerly of the U. S. Navy), commanding the mail steamer *Colon*, found with a sounding-line that there was $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 feet of water at the same point.* There was distinct evidence that the river had risen 40 feet, and possibly much more, at this place.

The bridge is situated at a sharp bend of the Chagres. The railway comes out of a small cutting from the side of the Atlantic on to the bridge, and, after crossing it, passes on to the top of a bluff, on which the village of S. Pablo is built. In order to rise to the level of the rails, the river had not only

to fill its entire bed, but necessarily extended over the bluff; and the interior of the Isthmus, when the flood was at its highest, must have resembled a vast lake. The mere statement that the river rose 40 feet and upward gives no idea whatever of the height to which the flood would have mounted had the bounding walls been sufficient to contain it. The settling of the piers is to be attributed to the scouring of their foundations, and is evidence that the water at the bottom of the river ran down with considerable velocity.

Some seven miles farther on, near Matachin, a length of 1800 feet of ballasting was washed out, and the village suffered considerably. There was abundant evidence that the rainfall which caused the "freshet" was widely distributed. The branch of the Chagres called the Obispo rose to a great height, as well as the Upper Chagres River, and it was certain that the first great and rapid rise of the river was due to a sudden and excessive rainfall over a large area, and that it was maintained by more or less torrential rain which fell intermittently in the succeeding week. While this happened on the side of the Atlantic, scarcely any rain fell on the other side of the divide, and the railway in the vicinity of Panama was uninjured.

Inundations of a very destructive character are rare in Great Britain. They occur more frequently on the other side of the Channel, and upon two occasions in quite recent times have caused losses estimated at *four millions sterling per occasion*. In 1846 Western France was devastated through a rise of the Loire of only 20 feet in one night; and in 1875 the elevation of the Garonne 26 feet above its ordinary level almost annihilated a large quarter of Toulouse, and did immense damage elsewhere. Yet, although the rise of the Chagres in 1879 considerably exceeded the above-quoted amounts,* and produced unfortunate effects, it did not cause very heavy pecuniary loss, for the natives of the interior are both few in number and sensibly place their dwellings at such a height above the ordinary level of the river as they are taught by experience is

* According to Wagner's *Geographisches Jahrbuch*, 1888, Captain Griffen died at Colon, July 4, 1887.

* Wyse, in *Le Canal de Panama*, Paris, 8vo, 1886, calls it "the most terrible on record."

safe. But if such an inundation had occurred in the valley of the Thames, most of South London would have been drowned, and a large part of the left bank of the river would have been submerged. Inundations of the character referred to above are caused by heavy rainfall which occurs over a considerable area being concentrated into a limited area of drainage, and the floods of 1879 came opportunely for the French engineers, as they indicated the maximum which would have to be dealt with.

Those who have been engaged in the construction of the canal do not appear to appreciate the situation, and have paid little attention to the rainfall of the Isthmus. They have established rain-gauges at Colon, Gamboa, and Naos (an island about three miles to the south of Panama), and their *Bulletin* exults over the fact that the fall at Naos is less than at Gamboa, less at Gamboa than at Colon, and that there are more rainy places in the world than Colon. It is indeed true that there are more rainy localities than Colon. There is one very damp place in Assam which is said* to have enjoyed a fall of 391 inches in one year, or more than an inch for every day in the year, and has been known to receive 40 inches in 24 hours †. But two blacks do not make one white. The thing to be learned is the rainfall at a number of points in the interior of the Isthmus, especially in the basin of the Chagres; and this, it appears, is still unknown.‡ The annual rainfall at Gam-

boa and in the interior generally may be less than at Colon, and yet be much more dangerous, through the severity of individual showers.

M. de Lesseps, with the *Commission technique*, landed upon the Isthmus at the end of December 1879; and, after enjoying festivities, they got to business on January 5. Mlle. de Lesseps (Tototte) gave the first blow with the pickaxe, and the Bishop of Panama blessed the undertaking. The Committee of the Commission commenced to prepare its Report on February 4, and the document as finally settled was dated February 14—just forty days after the commencement of the work. M. de Lesseps was enchanted. "I consider success assured." "I declare, on my word of honor, that our work will be *much easier* upon the Isthmus of Panama than in the desert of Suez." "The rock is much softer and easier to work than was thought by MM. Wyse and Réclus," whose scheme, on the whole, was adopted by the Commissioners. The axis of the canal, as settled by them, cuts the dangerous Rio Chagres in twenty-five different places, and M. de Lesseps approved this plan—it saved excavation, by utilizing the river-bed.

A. Alexandria, greatest recorded amount in any one month, . . .	140 mm.
B. Suez, greatest recorded amount in any one month,	26 "
C. Colon, greatest recorded amount in any one month,	646 "
D. Naos, greatest recorded amount in any one month,	210 "

From the above it is seen that a *month's* rainfall at Colon is sometimes more than three times greater than the mean *annual* rainfall at Alexandria, and nearly 30 times greater than the mean *annual* rainfall at Suez. If records could be produced of the greatest *daily* falls, the contrast would become the more striking.

A. Extracted from <i>Zeitschrift der österreichischen Gesellschaft für Meteorologie</i> .	
B. " <i>Atlas météorologique de l'Observatoire impériale, and Annales du Bureau central météorologique de France</i> .	
C. " <i>Ann. Bureau cent. météor. de France, and Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge</i> .	
D. " <i>Ann. Bureau cent. météor. de France</i> .	

* *Report on the Meteorology of India in 1882.* By Henry F. Blanford, F.R.S. Calcutta, 1884.

† *The Pioneer Mail* (Allahabad), July 5, 1885.

‡ The *Bulletin* makes frequent comparisons between the Isthmus of Suez and that of Panama to the advantage of the latter. To gain some idea of the relative rainfalls of the two, the following data have been brought together by the kindness of Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., of the Meteorological Office:—

A. Alexandria, mean annual fall (14 years),	205 mm.
B. Suez, mean annual fall (5 years),	23 "
C. Colon " " (9 "), 2883 "	
D. Naos (near Panama), mean annual fall (3 years),	918 "

From the above it appears that the mean annual rainfall at Colon is 14 times greater than that of Alexandria, and 125 times greater than that of Suez.

But the river had to go somewhere, and it was therefore proposed to construct side canals or trenches (called *rigoles de dérivation*) outside the canal itself, to connect the bends of the streams. These, they estimated, would cost three millions sterling. M. de Lesseps struck the entire cost out of the estimates (*Bull.*, pp. 116, 332). The Upper Chagres, which meets the axis of the canal nearly at right angles at Matachin, had still to be dealt with, and it was proposed (following a scheme broached by MM. Wyse and Réclus) to hold the river back, and to form a large lake, by the creation of an immense dam at Gamboa, near the village of Cruces. This they proposed to be 40 mètres high and 1600 long, and they estimated its cost at four millions sterling. M. de Lesseps highly approved this project (which he himself had told the Commission not to stint), and then cut the estimate down by £800,000, subsequently reducing it by two millions sterling more (*Bull.*, p. 170). Some of the *dérivations* have been made, but the dam has no existence,* and the whole of the canal works which are at a lower level than the village of Cruces, are liable to be drowned, perhaps almost annihilated, whenever the Chagres shall rise to an equal height again.

M. de Lesseps, therefore, deliberately approved, as a route for the canal, what may be termed "the line of the Chagres," after having received an impressive warning by the events of November 1879, what that line was likely to prove; and he did so for the sake of economy, economy which his Commissioners advised him would, in the first instance, cost seven millions sterling for protective works. He located his canal at the bottom of a great, natural line of drainage, which has been fashioned in the course of ages by tropical rains; and, this being so, it is not difficult to understand the slow progress of the works and

their enormous cost.* The rest of the story is equally extraordinary. The Commission estimated that the total excavations would amount to 75 million cubic mètres. M. de Lesseps reduced this by a stroke of the pen to 73 millions, though the only way of arriving at the larger figures is by pinching the sides of the cuttings to have slopes which will not stand. He sanctioned a calculation that all and every one of the slopes were safe at 45°, though a large part had to be made in loose soil, and all was to be well baked and cracked by a tropical sun, and well scoured by tropical rain. In the Summit (or Culebra) cutting, the calculation was that the slopes would stand at 75°, and this cutting is worthy of a paragraph to itself.

It was natural, in constructing the railway, and also for the canal, to seek the most depressed part of the Isthmus, and the lowest point anywhere near the line Colon-Panama appears to be at the foot of a hill called Culebra (the snake). The summit of this hill is said to be 190 mètres above the sea, and of the part crossed by the canal 109 mètres (= 358 feet). The surface of the water in the cutting was to be 91 feet from side to side. The cliffs, rising at an angle of 75° for a height of 358 feet, would be crowned at the top by slopes extending some hundreds of feet higher. It was never contemplated to face these cliffs with masonry, and nice, lively times passengers and crews would have enjoyed while passing them, through cascades of water or bombardments by falling rocks. Fortunately for humanity, should this cutting ever be opened, its slopes will be of a different character. MM. Wyse and Réclus did not think it necessary to take borings here, and leaped to the conclusion that there was solid rock. The *Commission technique* made only nine borings in the line of the canal, one of

* Mr. Melton Prior, the special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, visited the Isthmus in March, 1888, in order to obtain views of the chief and most striking works on the canal, and was taken about by the resident engineers. Mr. Prior tells me that he did not see the great dam, and is not aware that any material progress was made with it at the time of his visit. In a recently taken photograph of the river at Cruces there is no trace of it.

* M. de Lesseps was severely catechized on the subject of the Rio Chagres at San Francisco, by persons who understood the subject (*Bull.*, pp. 154-58), and had pointed out to him that by American engineers the river was considered to be a fatal obstacle to a level canal, without locks. They said they considered it the "key to the situation," and M. de Lesseps said that he and his engineers considered the barrage of the Chagres the most important point of all.

which was near the summit, and it was concluded and estimated on the strength of a boring not more than 40 feet deep (*Bull.*, p. 421), that this would be a rock cutting; but in 1881, pushing borings to a little greater depth, they came to loose soil, clays, and sand,* and the Culebra cutting, though apparently not very rocky, is one of the rocks which bids fair to wreck the enterprise. It has been found necessary to work back, and to clear away a great part of the hill. The operations are conducted on stages, rising in tiers one above the other. Of these there were fourteen at the time of Mr. Melton Prior's visit, and they are shown in his striking view which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* on June 16, 1888. Instead of 75° , the general angle of the work is less than 45° ; and, if this slope should be maintained to the bottom, the result would be that the opening at the top would be about 800 feet wide; in short, it would be as broad as the Thames at Southwark Bridge, and St. Paul's Cathedral, if placed inside it, would not reach to the top!

The tides of the two oceans received just about the same amount of consideration from M. de Lesseps as the floods of the interior. They were inconvenient matters, which had better be put aside, at least for a time. It was known long before the canal scheme was entertained that the tides in Limon Bay (Colon) were very small, and at Panama were moderately large. At the Atlantic end one may walk round the shore without troubling about the state of the tide, which seldom rises as much as 18 inches. At the Pacific end spring tides may rise 22 feet. It was pointed out at the Congress of Paris (I think by Sir J. Hawkshaw) that such differences of level as were inevitable would produce currents in the canal of several knots per hour. The *Commission technique* recognized the fact, and proposed to meet it by the creation of a tidal lock at the Panama end, at a cost of £800,000. M. de Lesseps praised the idea, and struck the entire cost out of the estimates. This was not, however, allowed to pass entirely unchallenged. In the United States,

persistent inquiries were made how the tidal question was to be solved; and at San Francisco (where he was a good deal cross-examined) they elicited from the Great Engineer the following remarkable statement:—"It will be the same thing as at the Suez Canal. On one side there is a rise and fall of 2 mètres, and upon the other of a few centimètres only. This creates naturally a kind of current. . . . The water will flow from the Pacific toward the Atlantic over a part of the canal, as at Suez,* and when the tide goes down, it will flow in the other direction." Or, inasmuch as the Suez Canal, length 87 nautical miles (having large lakes which neutralize its currents), is not embarrassed by a difference in the mean tides of the two ends amounting to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, I anticipate that the Panama Canal, length about 40 nautical miles (having no lakes to help to neutralize the currents), will not be inconvenienced by a difference in the mean tides of the two ends amounting to $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In an imperious manner, M. de Lesseps put the tidal lock on one side, and would have none of it. But this question must come to the front when the Panama Canal is treated seriously, for tides are most uncompromising things, which pay no respect to individuals, and even very superior personages—Canute, for example—have found them inexorable.

Upon quitting the Isthmus, M. de Lesseps proceeded to the United States, and said, among other things, with a view of captivating Americans,

"that he had long been struck with the immense advantages which would accrue to the United States by the opening of an inter-oceanic canal. The first and most indisputable would be the restoration, in a very short time, of the supremacy to the American mercantile marine which it possessed before the war. . . . Then, the United States was the first maritime nation in the world; its flag covered a third of the whole tonnage; England had a little less, and the remainder was divided between the other Powers. A canal giving Americans free intercourse over their whole littoral would promptly restore this supremacy."

* The Admiralty Chart of the Suez Canal states the tide at Port Said rises 6 to 18 inches, and at Suez 4 to 7 feet; and that at spring tides there is a $2\frac{1}{2}$ foot current between Suez and the Bitter Lakes.

* The secretary of the company was so overjoyed at this (!) that he gave a banquet at the top of the Culebra.

The tact and policy of publicly announcing that he aimed at destroying the maritime commercial supremacy of his best customer,* just at the time that he was about to ask her to subscribe to his project, makes this one of the noteworthy utterances of M. de Lesseps. He said many other interesting things besides. Curiosity apparently being expressed as to the source whence the money came for his *Commission technique*, he told his hearers (the Society of Civil Engineers of New York) that "in the most disinterested manner the sum of £80,000 had been given him to help the progress of a work which was so seductive to great minds. Out of this sum, £28,000 [? £30,000] had been turned over to the Colombian Government. The rest was employed for the expenses of the expedition. For these expenses are not at my cost; as my life has been consecrated to great works, I am not rich, and my *disinterestedness can't go beyond that which is possible*." The next paragraph is a commentary on this beautiful passage.

Shortly afterward, the company was again brought out, and this time it floated. The subscription list closed on December 10, 1880, twice the amount offered, it is stated, having been applied for; and at a general meeting of the shareholders held on March 3, 1881, certain gentlemen who had been appointed to examine and report upon the expenses which had been incurred made the following statement:—

"It remains, gentlemen, to let you know what are the expenses which M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has found himself under the necessity of incurring in order to float your company.

"Firstly, there is the expense of his failure to float a company in 1879; the 'propaganda' which preceded the formation of the syndicate for the second subscription; the expenses of the different expeditions to inaugurate the earliest work; and then there are stamps and postages, and personal expenses, besides commissions to bankers and promoters, both in France and abroad.

"The total of this batch, which includes the use of the £80,000 'versés' by the founders, amounts to £432,000.

"To this sum we must add the remunera-

* The importance of that customer to M. de Lesseps may be seen from the fact that out of the entire number of the ships which passed through the Suez Canal in 1887—namely, 3137—no less than 2330 were British, while only 2 were American.

tion stipulated for the profit of the members of the syndicate, which was good enough to advance considerable sums. This remuneration amounts to £472,000.

"If we put these two little items together, you will see that, after all, they amount to only 3½ per cent. on your capital.

"Our task would now be finished, if we had nothing more to say; but, as you have already heard, M. de Lesseps entered into certain engagements in the United States [with whom not stated] whereby you will have to pay the following annuities:—£124,000 on the formation of your company, £56,000 one year afterward, and five others of £60,000 payable at the end of five years."

To a simple mind, these huge sums may seem to include the £400,000 promised for the use of £40,000, but this is not the case. In the balance-sheet which was presented on June 30, 1881, the following items appear:—

Prix de la concession . . .	10,000,000 fra.
Cautionnement au Gouvernement col- ombien	750,000
Dépenses ratifiées par l'assemblée constitu- tive du 3 Mars 1881.	25,393,605

so that the total of the amount admitted up to this stage of the proceedings as having been spent in preliminary expenses and promotion-money amounted to 36,143,605 francs, or nearly a million and a half sterling.* The financial parts of the history of the canal, the payment of these preposterous sums in promotion-money, interest during construction, the raising of loans at large discounts, and the desperate lottery expedient, have received more attention than the other initial errors of the enterprise, and must be passed over here, as there is still to be considered the present condition of the works, and, before that, some statements by M. de Lesseps regarding the salubrity of the Isthmus.

To the continued declarations respecting the easiness of the work and the facilities for its execution as compared with the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps added many spontaneous assurances respecting the salubrity of the Isthmus of Panama. He asserted that it was "a very much calumniated climate—in reality, temperate and healthy." He de-

* They become lost sight of in course of time. In the balance-sheet of June 30, 1882, they figure in "expenses of construction of the canal."

clared that "the Isthmus was *perfectly healthy*;" and these repeated affirmations as to the ease and facility of the work and the salubrity of the country must have produced an effect upon the minds of his too credulous subscribers. But M. de Lesseps, though his own personal experiences may have been fortunate when living in the Grand Hotel at Panama, must be assumed to have been acquainted with the following passages in the semi-official *Handbook to the Panama Railroad* :^{*}—

At the very beginning of the railroad, when the first few miles were being constructed between Colon and Gatun, they found that "sickness, caused by exposure to the incessant rains and in an atmosphere saturated with malarious poison, soon made such sad inroads among the workmen that in a few weeks more than half their number were on the hospital records," and a little later, at the Barbacoas Bridge, the laborers "were soon so thinned by sickness and death that the contractor found himself unable to accomplish any part of the contract for the price agreed upon." Subsequently, as many as 7000 laborers were at work at one time, drawn from all parts of the world. "The Chinamen, one thousand in number, had been brought to the Isthmus by the company, and every possible care taken which could conduce to their health and comfort. . . . But they had been engaged upon the work scarcely a month before almost the entire body became affected with a melancholic, suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their unhappy existence by their own hands. Disease broke out among them, and raged so fiercely that in a few weeks scarcely two hundred remained. The freshly imported Irishmen and Frenchmen also suffered severely."—*Handbook of the Panama Railroad*, New York, 1861, pp. 31, 34-36.

He was, anyhow, speedily undeceived. Admonitions poured down sharply upon him. One of the first to perish was Henri Bionne, his secretary, "the right-hand man," who died after twenty-four days in "this healthy Panama." Then Blanchet, the vivacious and indefatiga-

ble, "the life of the enterprise," succumbed after a few weeks. The same number of the *Bulletin* announced the decease of M. Etienne (*sous-chef des travaux*) after a similar period, and in a week or two more that of M. Sharpe (superintendent at Gatun). After that, the *Bulletin* became more guarded in its necrology, though in a couple of years it was admitted that an hospital had to be established at Panama with 250 beds—a fact which speaks for itself. No more reliance can be placed in his professions about the climate than in his declarations about the date at which the canal will be finished. One fiction after another has exploded; the manifold deceits and wiles have ceased to draw money;† the company is in liquidation, and the unfortunate shareholders, who still seem to be far from disillusionized, must nevertheless be aware that the time is close at hand when their Great Bubble will collapse. What is the situation of the works?

The only length of the canal which is in an advanced state (though still far from completion) is that comprised between the entrance at Colon (kil. 0) and kilomètre 22.5. Upon this division a good deal has been done, among other things the uncleared portion at Mindi has been cut. This was accomplished upon February 22, 1888. But it is admitted in the *Bulletin* that in this, which is by far the most advanced portion, there still remained on August 1, 1888, no less than 4,276,000 cubic mètres to be excavated.

The whole length of the canal is divided into five sections, and the official statement, issued a few months ago, as to the condition of the works (in a pamphlet entitled *Situation des Travaux au 25 Août 1888*), gives the following particulars :—

Section	Extending over	Total Excavation necessary (in cubic mètres).	Excavation still to be performed (in cubic mètres).
1 . . .	Kilomètre 0.000—22.514	23,750,000	4,276,000
2 . . .	" 22.514—44.000	10,000,000	5,453,000
3 . . .	" 44.000—53.600	10,560,000	3,289,200
4 . . .	" 53.600—62.200	7,330,000	4,323,000
5 . . .	" 62.200—74.500	10,920,000	3,519,000
Locks (10) . . .	"	1,247,000	765,300
Totals		63,807,000	21,625,500

^{*} And also with the saying, "Only poor men come to the Isthmus."

† In the *Bulletin*, p. 2118, publicity is given to the statement that the subscription at the city of Panama to the *obligations à lots* amounted to 1,341,720 francs, subscribed by 1405 persons! This statement should be compared with the population of Panama.

If this official statement is examined, it will be found that the work to be executed per kilomètre in each section is as follows :—

1st .	190,000	cubic mètres	per kilomètre.
2nd .	250,000	"	"
3rd .	342,000	"	"
4th .	500,000	"	"
5th .	386,000	"	"

—that is to say, there is by far the largest amount per kilomètre to be done in the most difficult section, namely in No. 4, comprising the Culebra cutting. But let no one suppose that the excavation of 21 millions of cubic mètres will give that which M. de Lesseps promised his subscribers—a *level* canal. After disclaiming for seven years against the employment of locks, and declaring that his scheme (*i.e.*, the project of Wyse and Réclus) was the only one which could satisfy the requirements of the world, by giving a *level* canal, and pouring out endless jeers and ridicule upon the Nicaraguan route, because it must have *obstacles* (locks), the *ex-Président-Directeur* had to confess that the only way of *finishing* the Panama Canal was by making it *with* locks. In the *Bulletin* for March 2, 1888 (p. 1990), he explained that the manner in which it would be opened, “à la grande navigation en 1890,” would be by the construction of ten locks, five on each side, the uppermost being 170'6 feet above the sea. These locks are to be situated at kilomètres 22'5, 36'75, 43'5, etc.; and this result will be attained, so it is stated, *after* the excavation of 21 million cubic mètres more, at a further estimated outlay of 16 millions sterling. The average lift of the five locks is therefore about 34.1 feet.* Should this scheme be car-

ried out, the Panama Canal will then have a summit about 60 feet higher than the level of Lake Nicaragua! There is not, however, much prospect of the passage of ships through the locks, should they ever be constructed; for the Great Engineer proposes to supply his top lock from the waters of the Obispo and Rio Grande, insignificant streams at that altitude; and he is in the dilemma of having a great deal too much water below, and not nearly enough above.

A *dénouement* cannot be long delayed. The recent declarations of the Colombian Government are significant, and the concentration of vessels of war at Colon and Panama shows that the authorities are alive to the situation. Some apologies may be made for the shortcomings of MM. Wyse and Réclus; less can be said in favor of the calculations of the *Commission technique*; and very little indeed in defence of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. He has caused the loss of a sum greatly exceeding the capital of the Suez Canal and the whole of the earnings of that enterprise since its completion. He has promised his clients fortunes, and he has given them beggary. He says that he has nothing to conceal. This may be so; but the question is, “Has he anything to *show* at all commensurate with the enormous expenditure for which he is responsible?” and unless a satisfactory answer can be given to that question, there can be little expectation of extracting more from the pockets of the public; for those who have money to invest will probably entertain the opinion that they will be able to get rid of it with equal certainty, and with greater facility, by dropping it into the middle of the Atlantic.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE DECADENCE OF THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

BY MME. BLAYE DE BURY.

TEN years ago the representatives of the latest “school” of literature in France were called “les Jeunes,” at the present moment they call themselves

* According to the *Bulletin*, p. 1990, three locks will have lifts of 11 mètres each, and two others of 8 mètres each.

“les Décadents :” the offspring of decay—thus associating two ideas which apparently exclude each other, the ideas of decomposition and youth. We all of us know quite well what is the kind of life which is born of putridity, and we turn from it in disgust; we do not like

to rest our thought upon it ; they do ; there is the difference. From this foul element they have not only founded a "school," they have fabricated a man ; a new sort of humanity, the "man of the laboratory." *

All France was not the accomplice of these crimes. Not many years ago such men as Francisque Sarcey, for instance, began, in their critiques upon the modern theatre, to protest in the name of common decency against the language used, and the pictures presented on the Parisian stage, and as time went on there were signs of rebellion in the public against the abominable level to which morality was sinking. This was, however, mostly confined to the people who had passed their fortieth year. They were manifestly "old pigtailed" who could not understand "Les jeunes !" Everything was tolerated, for the consequences were not perceived. It was supposed you could pollute the springs, yet drink of the waters flowing from them without harm. A fact was required to prove that the cause had produced an effect, an effect the horror whereof did in good earnest "fright all France from its propriety."

Before dealing with the details of this Fact, it may be well to show the two or three important points connected with it : what had preceded it, and what was the real value of the indignation it provoked. In these several points are involved the important questions of the mental and moral condition of France and of her future capacity of right or wrong.

France was by no means unprepared for the loathsome infamy that with one accord shook society to its foundations not many weeks ago. For nearly half a century the Thought of France had been gradually, though intermittently, sinking lower, and her intellectuality was allowing itself to be subjected to debasing influences. Perhaps the first blow was struck in 1830, for, strange as it may seem, the monstrous immoralities of the

Napoleonic era produced no corresponding confusion in the sphere of intelligence. The vast tragedy of the Revolution and the Empire, which convulsed Europe from 1790 to 1814, did not contribute to originate it ; coincident with our own grand epoch at the commencement of the present century, were the works of some of the noblest thinkers of the French nation. Joubert and Jouffroy and Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël were all of this period, and many others, all idealists of the highest stamp among its secondary "thinkers of thoughts." * The fifteen years of the Restoration witnessed in every sense, whether political, moral, or intellectual, probably the brightest epoch of France's modern history. This is the moment when all the names that have cast lustre on her public life are blazoned forth by fame throughout the world. It would be too long to give the whole list of the illustrious men who followed and looked up to the masters of the time ; but it was only natural that under such chiefs as Lamartine, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Royer Collard, or Cuvier the entire tone of public opinion should be an elevated one, and that, whether in politics, science, art, or moral conduct, the currents of existence should flow toward dignified, noble aims. From the fifteen years of the Restoration proceeded no downward tendencies. Its first (perhaps irreparable) fault was its fatal, utterly unavoidable, overthrow. In 1830 disorder took its revenge, and the "old order" really began to change. All barriers were destroyed with a violence that proved in every sphere how the Revolt was really against Rule, against a limit, a co-ordination, an order of no matter what kind.

Splendid as may be his talent (grant him even genius, that portentous gift hardly to be attributed to mortals other than Homer or Shakespeare), immense as is his power of expression, mighty as has been his creative work, in short, vast as is the place which he fills in his country's literature, Victor Hugo remains responsible for a very considerable portion of the downward progress

* *Apropos* to the recent death of M. Caro, it was aptly stated how : " . . . il n'a jamais voulu voir dans la Philosophie qu'une affaire d'âme ; il n'y voulait rien voir des mathématiques ni de la science pure . . . on ne pourrait être en plus complète opposition avec la jeune école qui, elle, ne cherche toute la vérité que dans les laboratoires."

* Be it well understood that when I employ the term "secondary" it is always as applied to those who succeed the great inventors such as Pascal or Montaigne.

sion of thought in France and for the ravages made by the school of "false creation." With him first begins the cult of the ugly, the tenderness for crime, the admiration for lawlessness, the avowed principle of distortion. Take all his earlier works, those in which his temperament, the impulse of his being is strongest, and goes farthest. Take *Bug Jargal*, *Hans d'Islande*, *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, *Hernani*, *Marion Delorme*, you will in all find the apology of sin, the contempt for duty, the implied superiority of wrong over right. His earliest poems (coeval with these) are works of art, and beautiful art, but the others are works of nature. In *Notre Dame de Paris* you come (for the first time in French literature) upon the worship of deformity, which, more or less, never again at any moment ceases to exercise its fascination upon Hugo. From that hour it would seem that in Hugo's mind dramatic interest must always be inseparable from what is either physically hideous or morally reprehensible. His friends, his "school," represent this tendency—which they do not deny—as the result of his unbounded compassion for all suffering, and they pretend that the tyranny he had witnessed from his cradle (he was born in 1802), the oppressions of every sort that had graven themselves from infancy upon his senses, set loose in him a torrent of pity for all misfortune, all disgrace. Be it so, and let the pitilessness of other days—admitted by La Rochefoucauld—be accepted as a sufficient pretext for reaction and revolt, it is none the less certain that in Hugo the distortion of sympathy has led to deplorable effects in the intellectuality of France.

With the other writers, whether creators or critics, who (from 1830—40 to 1870—80) impress the general public in France this immediate pitifulness is less supreme, but one trait is common to all: the neglect, namely, of the really beautiful and of the really good.

There is always the same excuse for the fallen, the same exoneration for crime; there is almost always glory for the victims of passion; there is never any feeling of enthusiasm for worth. As we get on into the last decade or two we progress toward genuine degradation,

for we come to an avowedly larger measure of interest for the merely weak, the incapable of right! "J'étais un faible doux," whines the miserable wretch, Henri Chambige, when convicted of his monstrous crime, ranking under the head of "pollution of sepulchres," and in that confession of disease is established (it is now affirmed) the claim to the admiration of all superior men! Now at last we have reached the summit of intellectual perversion.

Many stages of relative perversity were attained ere this; the initiators were probably the brothers Goncourt with *Germinie Lacerteux*; then followed Zola introducing the element of unqualified useless filth into the domain of art, and then followed the gratuitous backslidings of others who, with greater capacity and talent, merely imitated the leaders, and bartered wares they themselves judged abominable, for coin they knew was pleasant. *Sapho* was the *Germinie Lacerteux* of a higher imagination that should have stopped at the *Arlesienne*; and *Cruelle Enigme*, the voluntary misdemeanor of a mind that might have advanced to undeniable altitudes in the sphere of æsthetics, or of historical criticism. *Germinie Lacerteux*, says Jules Lemaitre,* speaking of this book in politely disguised terms of indignation, "is undoubtedly the origin of the so-called Naturalist movement. M. de Goncourt stand alone among the elder writers in exciting the admiration of the young school, les jeunes ahuris de l'impressionisme et du symbolisme . . . les gros sons, le gros bruit, les traductions en Javanais ont été pour d'autres! c'est à peine juste! . . ." and Jules Lemaitre adds that the works of Edmond de Goncourt after his brother's death, "although still more étroits et tourmentés," were less remarked; but, he concludes, "ces livres plurent à Bourget et aux adolescents d'esprit trouble et inquiet."† But even

* *Journal des Débats*, 24th December. No one can question Jules Lemaitre's impartiality, for he began by belonging to the ultra-realists, and still, though mitigated now, belongs to "les jeunes."

† M. de Glouvet, of the *Siècle*, one of the manliest of French critics, writes on Christmas Day as follows: "Heaven be thanked, the diseased literature which lies at the root of

with *Germinie Lacerteux*, disgusting as it is, the lowest depth is not yet reached. These are only the exploits of Realism ; they take man at his basest, but they do not yet transform him. We have still to descend to the "Décadents" who proclaim themselves the heroes of decay, of decomposition, the offspring of "Le néant où ils seront engloutis."

To show to the entire public, to the whole nation, what was the direct consequence of this diseased literature, to what unnatural infamy this perversion of the intellect was reducing the French mind, we repeat it, a Fact was needed : —that which had hitherto been the word only, became a deed ; and the Chambige murder proved what was the consequence of the new brain creation ; of the "homme du laboratoire," of the irresponsible Frankenstein, that was to be set up beyond humanity, unconscious of duty, of nature, of passion even, amenable alone to the wild fancies of its own imagination. The Fact once apparent, the voice of public opinion spontaneously shouted forth its name, "*Le Crime Littéraire!*"

It was the "Crime of Thought," the crime of perverted intellect.

And now let us examine this "Fact" in itself ; it is well worth while, for it is typical of a very large part of modern French civilization. Two French families of the upper and educated middle class lived in daily habits of intimacy in the neighborhood of Constantine, in Algeria. One consisted of a mother, her son, and several married daughters ; the son was Henri Chambige. The other family was composed of M. and

our diseased morality has received another blow from which it will not recover. The verdict by which on the public stage the public has executed *Germinie Lacerteux* will meet with universal approval. The judgment is morally a final one, and is given so unanimously, with such loud overpowering enthusiasm, that no appeal can be made. You are—you of this ignoble 'school'—calumniators of all humanity, and in the face of the noblest 'examples' (whereof the writer adduces some by name) "you seek to annihilate all notion of virtue and worth—therefore do you arouse our indignation. I defy you to write the biography of the honest, of the pure—that is forbidden you—you dare not. Out of these is born that which lives and lasts, and that which all your hideous presentments can never generate : the Idea—which is eternal : the Idea of the beautiful !"

Mdme. Grille and two little girls, their children. Henri Chambige is twenty-two, and Mdme. Grille is twenty-nine. She is, by universal acclaim, a woman of pure, unsullied mind, and surrounded by the respect of all who knew her. Their intimacy was of a kind not absolutely usual in France, for it was held to be so entirely pure and innocent, that its character of fraternity does not admit of a doubt ; the daily, hourly intimacy is what might exist between families brought up together in England ; whatever service could be asked on one side would be gladly rendered on the other.

One day Henri Chambige comes to Madame Grille's abode (her husband had that morning started for France), and requests her to accompany him to his mother's villa, which is at a little distance, where, in the latter's absence, he has to search for something she requires. The unsuspecting victim consents at once, and gayly kissing her little girls, leaves readily with her neighbor on her errand of neighborly kindness. Hours pass. To visitors who call it is frankly replied that Madame Grille is gone to the villa with M. Chambige. It is quite natural that it should be so, and no one makes a remark. But as the afternoon wears on, two friends of M. Chambige, one his brother-in-law, think of walking to the villa to "join them." All is silent, and the windows of the empty house are closed. In the road below they find a hired carriage, and the cabman informs them that the "gentleman, who with a lady is inside the house, told him on entering the garden gate that he 'would have a very long while to wait.'" Even this does not awaken any suspicion ; the two visitors walk round the path skirting the ground floor, and after a certain lapse of time they hear the report of two pistol shots ! Not that even disquiets them. . . . For another three-quarters of an hour they walk about smoking their cigars !

At last, the day beginning to wane, they determine to enter the house. An entrance is forced ; and what do they find ? The corpse of Madame Grille, undressed, reclining upon a couch, the sweet smiling serenity of the countenance bearing witness to her uncon-

sciousness of the treacherous blow that sent her instantaneously from life to death. The couch whereon the body lies is strewn with the rarest flowers, for that conduces to what the murderer describes later on as "the sublime beauty of the whole." Henri Chambige is stretched at the foot of the bed, with a wound that does not prevent him from rendering his account of the horrible drama.

It will easily be conceived that the very proofs of the guilt (and above all the details of its heinous character) are such as cannot be given here. Suffice it to note that the proofs were convincing enough to oblige the jury, when called upon in the habitual form to declare, "Did the accused murder Madeleine Grille?"—to answer "Yes," adding what was not demanded of them, "and with premeditation!"

Let it parenthetically be brought home to contemporary readers what a difference is made by a lapse of forty years in the French mind. The *Antony* of Alexandre Dumas (the father) assassinates Madame d'Hervey, who is guilty, but bad and mad though he be, his impulse is yet a natural one: he does not dishonor his mistress. "Elle m'a résisté, je l'ai assassiné!" is his first cry. *Antony*, however contemptible (and above all ridiculous), does not kill his partner's fair repute; he preserves her honor, such as it is, and does succeed, at all events, in killing himself. But Henri Chambige, who had no "impulses," whose nature is of a totally different kind (belonging to the laboratory) dishonors the woman he does not love,* and cheats eternal justice by skilfully evading expiation. He does not destroy himself, though he makes a plausible appearance of attempting to do so.

If Henri Chambige were only an individual, he might be ranked as a curiosity, a kind of *lusus natura*, and set aside as accidental, but he is not so: he is one of a tribe, nay, more, of a species; he springs from a collective source and represents a numerous "collectivity," as the current phrase is. Henri Chambige is not alone one

of the Decadents, he is since his "completion by crime" the Decadent *par excellence*—the chief, the creature born of the New Thought of the age and carrying its principles into action. Listen to his own confession. "I read everything," he says, "I read, glutton-like, the books where I found answers to my solitary communings . . . a part of my mind saw more clearly the images borne in upon my disordered and smoking brain (*mon cerveau fumant et désordonné*!)." He acknowledges that what he is pleased to term the "earthquake of his soul" has been "too much for him," and he notes a state of "utter prostration." His expression is the following: "I was incapable of feeling anything. . . . I cannot love—I am exhausted—tired, worn out!" In another record of his impressions (for, one and all, these "men of the laboratory" are impressionists!), he states that "his virginity of soul, his vibrative nature" (we shall hear more of this) "conducted to a violence of suffering unknown to others"—but he is sincere enough in his self-appreciation to make the following admission without shame—

"More than women I loved the untrue!"
(*Plus que les femmes j'aimais le mensonge.*)"

Their aptitude for the lower vices of this wonderful race in the midst of their unhuman sublimation is well worthy of note, and their faculty of lying singularly marked. These "higher" beings are curiously complex, and unite to the immateriality of "minds that have wings" all the peculiar cunning of the original ape. Henri Chambige is so remarkable indeed in his affectionate appreciation of mendacity, that he prepares his crime with quite extraordinary cleverness, concocting a small collection of letters and telegrams from his intended victim, which, however, as forgeries, are clumsily enough executed to be evident at first sight to the most ordinary expert. The craft of the fingers is inferior to the wily conceptions of the brain.

* Quoted by M. Anatole France (from Henri Chambige's own publications) in one of the most eloquently indignant of the numerous protests printed by the press of Paris (*Temps* of December, 1888).

* A part of the creed of this new sect is, that they are "too superior, too sublimated," to be able to love.

As above stated, Henri Chambige stands not alone in the rank of contemporary French literature of fiction, he is not only one among the many moral and intellectual epileptics of our age. He is the head of a school, the leader of the transformed generation for which the "old order" is making place. It is enough to read the printed, and published declarations of the faithful alumni, of the adepts, who look up to him, venerate him, strive to imitate him, and on his condemnation send their delegates to him to shriek out in a scandalized assize court, "Le Bâgne ! c'est là que sont les honnêtes gens !"

It is this that concerns us, for it is in his following, in his school, that we have to mark the last stage of the downward progression of French thought. Henri Chambige is, for the wretched *décadents* of France, their "great, loyal, sincere, vibrative Henri,"* whom they surrounded with their "respectful affection," and who they affirm is destined to be one day "the judge of those wretched earthly judges who have dared to judge him."

He, Henri Chambige, has attained to the highest "sensation," has realized in action the supremest "impression." He is to be bowed down to, believed in ; for what is the profession of faith of these youthful geniuses ?

"Où ! nous sommes des *détraqués* parce que nos pères intellectuels, nos livres, ont tellement fait tressaillir toutes les cordes de notre être qu'ils en ont tari les harmonies. Nous sommes des *déséquilibrés* parce que nous élevons au dessus des plus hautes spirales de la tour montante de l'idée, nous sommes sans cesse ressaisis par la vie, sur laquelle nous venons nous briser, n'ayant plus le balancier du bon sens ni la cuirasse de la bravoure ! nous savons monter, mais la vie ne monte pas . . . et nous ne savons où redescendre. . . . Nous sommes des lâches parce que nous sommes des faibles ! . . ."

Here is the theory of Henri Chambige, who proclaims that his victim ought to love him because he was "a gentle weakling" (*un faible doux*). In all the sterility of these horrors—all "monsters," being, as science knows, unproductive—there is, however, one

good that is actually beginning to be perceptible in France, the abhorrence, namely, that the excess of wrong has called forth. Tolerance has broken down at last, and has done so step by step. *Sapho* already caused decent people to shake their heads ; but *Germinie Lacerteux*, following with such indescribable effrontery on the heels of the *Crime littéraire* of the Chambige crew (for it is in fact a collective crime), raised the anger of the Legislature itself, and last month witnessed in the French Senate a scene such as had never been enacted there before, a parallel to that which took place in the House of Commons a few months back. Senator after senator rose in revolt, and in the name of common morality and for the sake of the fair repute of the country before foreign nations, demanded of the Government that it should immediately forbid such scandals, at which the public was nightly showing its horror and disgust by its irresistible hissings and hootings.

The Minister's answer was a strange one ; in much embarrassment, he protested that M. de Goncourt was a *chef d'école*, and was looked up to by many followers as the head and founder of a new school that called itself "literary," but here he was stopped by the tumult, and came to an end by saying that "literary questions could not be discussed in Parliament."

"This is not a literary question," was shouted out, "it is a question of public morals, of public decency."

And so at last we have seen that rarest of all feelings in France : a genuine feeling of indignation openly expressed. You may find almost everything in French thought ; you will rarely if ever, in the noblest even, find indignation.

Molière and Saint Simon are here the only masters, but both lie out of my domain, for both are Specialists. Molière is by trade a dramatic creator ; his business is to show human beings in action, not to think thoughts whence generations of human beings shall spring. Saint Simon's *métier* is to narrate facts, the deeds of other people, and to comment upon what other people did. His trade is that of an autobiographer who makes the confession of those around him. Neither are specu-

* All these passages, and worse, are contained in the preface to one of their books entitled *Monsieur de Joyeux*, and read and sold by thousands of copies !

lative idealists or concerned in any way with what the Chambige criminals style "La tour montante de l'Idée" (!!!) But in both the note of indignation is loud and strong. *Alceste* is as implacable against the baseness of his fellow-men as Shakespeare's *Timon*, and the rude inimitable eloquence of St. Simon has the secret of a fiery scorn that is often held peculiar to Shakespeare himself.

But, above all, in the case of Molière there is life; healthy, vigorous, well-balanced life, and M. Brunetière may be not far wrong when he says, speaking of the idealism of the seventeenth century,* that the "most considerable influence," and most generative for the future, may perhaps be his, of whom, in that sense least has been said—of Molière. What M. Brunetière ventures to call "La Philosophie de Molière" is the very scourge of the school of decay; and if the miserable† group of *décadents* could appreciate such manliness and truth, they might—sicklied o'er as they are with their own pale cast of Thought,‡—cast off their grave clothes and crawl forth into the sunlight of life.

The idolatry of weakness leads to every possible evil, and has to be stamped out by any nation that means to endure. It is not good for cripples to wrestle with Hercules, or for dwarfs and pygmies to imitate the Gods.

II.

It would be a mistake to call the French a thoughtful race; collectively

* In a conference held last December.

† "What have we fallen to?" exclaims M. Anatole France, in the above-quoted article of the *Temps*. "You dare to glorify such crimes as these; the only name your wretched friend has a title to, is that of 'Misérable!' 'Misérable!' thrice 'Misérable!'"

‡ In his famous essay on Pascal, M. Villemain cannot avoid recognizing the influence of disease. "His entire activity," he says, "was confined to his intellect only, all the rest was destroyed"—and he quotes his own fearful words upon human life: "*Je n'ai pu m'y arrêter—je ne puis être dans la société de mes semblables—de personnes misérables comme moi, impuissantes comme moi!*" This is the despair of the unattainable—"Il portait tous nos maux en lui!" adds the great critic. True! and it is as despair sublime. But what a source for the Thought of a generation to "lodge" in!

they are to excess thoughtless; neither are they a reflecting nation—and yet, French society, that which once deservedly bore the name of "la grande société Française," was pre-eminently a society of thinkers, and more than any others, have the sons of France been shaped (rather than governed) by the thinkers of her thoughts.

The word itself has to be explained; it will be objected that without Thought nothing is and that the entire achievements of humanity rest on initiatory thought—quite so; but this implies the application of thought, its subordination to a perhaps circumscribed aim. This is not abstract thought, not the prime proof of Being proclaimed by the "cogito ergo sum" of Descartes; whereas what is peculiar to France is the existence of great men whose greatness lies in the fact that they have been thinkers of thoughts—of thoughts not to be vulgarly applied, discoverers of first principles, seers, like Euclid, of the "Shadow of the Divine."

In these men be it noted the thought does not suggest of necessity an act. The grandest thinkers of France rarely if ever think the thoughts of men of action. Their life is occupied by the perpetual exercise of the mind upon itself, the practice as it were of the gymnastics of the soul. And on this point it would be well to dwell, for it may be found to lead to much more in "our philosophy" than has commonly been supposed. Immediate results are unheeded by these thinkers, their interest attaches to the instrument, not to the accidents of being; creation no doubt is, but a much more important fact is, that these thinkers should reflect creation in the mirror of their brain. The business of their life is to think.

Undeniably it speaks highly for the intellect of France, that undying fame should be awarded to these seers. The English in this identical sphere can perhaps refer to Bacon only (for they are as a nation much given to positive results), but they do not keep Bacon forever before their eyes, whilst in France Pascal or Montaigne, for instance, are still generative powers, to whom whosoever resorts to the practice of mental anatomy consciously or unconsciously refers. They are the two sovereign

sources which, to this hour, feed the smaller streams. From their mighty depths spring the currents which—navigated by inferior though still illustrious geniuses—are, whether for good or evil, merging rapidly into the treacherous ocean, termed by moderns Psychology. Descartes, though of altogether a lesser order, is the first to say the word: "I am because I think!" Pascal follows, and proclaims the dogma of thought:—

"Toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée: c'est de là qu'il faut nous relever, non de l'espace ou de la durée!"

Thus making the fact of the thinking-power supreme.

We shall see how, in weaker natures, the perversion of this doctrine leads to the diseased intellectuality of the present age.

One curious circumstance becomes evident to the careful student of Pascal, and he himself has laid down the principle by which he must be judged if the whole significance of his teaching is to be seized. Apart from the value of the thought expressed, he lays stress of urgency on the origin of the thought. "Whence came it?" he demands. "Where," to use his own particular phrase, "was it lodged in the thinker?" That its existence may be of essential use is admitted, and generations may profit by it, but its derivation is of greater consequence still. Where lies its source? That is the question.

As far as the greatest idealist of modern ages is concerned, there can be but one answer: the thought of Blaise Pascal comes from Euclid; but comes direct, and here lies the truth which many who believe they know him well appreciate insufficiently.

The point to lay hold of, therefore, if the inmost recesses of Pascal's mind are to be penetrated, is the point of initial inspiration and the mode by which the thought attains its external shape, the ways it wanders over until revealed to the outer world. On this depends the possession of the true Pascalian idea, than which our time has few nobler gains, for it proves that he who is the fount of psychology (at least in his own country) rested his idealism on his instinct of mathematical truth.

III.

Montaigne bears date 1533-1592; Descartes 1596-1650; Pascal 1623-1662. Pascal is the latest comer, but with regard to the progression of French thought he must be taken first. Not only are the larger number of philosophical writers and moralists in France preoccupied mentally by him, but his peculiar transcendentalism has probably led, through strange and deviating paths, to the bewildering theories of the present hour; to the hallucinations inducing the belief that to be apart from common humanity is to be superior to it.

There is a want of humanity in Pascal. Nothing is furnished him by the experience of life. He has no fellows, but is the effect of a cause existing over two thousand years ago.

There is no greater error than to conceive of Pascal as "le premier des géomètres," and to esteem him learned in mathematics. He had learnt nothing, knew nothing of geometrical science, when suddenly the soul of Euclid was found incarnate in the child of twelve. There is the reason of Pascal's intellectual being; there the particular spot wherein the "thought is lodged." Now you understand his banishment of man "from space and time,"* and his creed of the "dignity" of humanity lying in the capacity of thought.

Read Condorcet; it is impossible too earnestly to reflect on the facts of his statement:—†

"Etienne Pascal had, on principle, kept out of his son's reach all books in any way touching upon geometry, fearing lest the mental absorption to which such studies lead might divert the boy's attention from more immediately useful studies, such as the two classical languages . . . the child, however, had, here and there, caught sight of figures which he copied, but the meaning whereof he had never heard explained."

Yes; but these "figures" were the signs of the child's language, in them spoke Blaise Pascal's mother tongue. With these signs lying dormant for two

* "C'est de la pensée qu'il faut nous relever—non de l'espace ou de la durée."

† A biography better even than Madame Perier's, because fuller of plain statements of fact.

thousand years in his inmost soul, the consciousness of Being broke over him as the light of dawn, and he expressed himself in the thirty-second proposition of the *Elements*, the key in him to everything else.

Hence the *Pensées sur l'homme*, on which alone rest his claims to immortality—the remainder of his works, however remarkable, being not out of mortal reach, whereas the *Pensées* are.

Dull-eyed commentators are wont to adduce as a proof of Pascal's extraordinary gifts that, besides his "literary work" (as they are pleased to term it) he had also guessed at a problem of mathematical science; in this they fail to perceive that the two are inseparable, and that the sublime simplicity of the written judgments come from the innate sense of the sovereign simplicity of geometrical truth. It is from this distinct vision of the true that is derived all Pascal's strength, and the natural unnaturalness of the process constitutes its incomparable grandeur. The term "literary" should never be linked with the name of Pascal. Literary, Pascal never was, and he is the greatest wielder of the French tongue only when he expresses transcendental thought.

The *Provinciales*, for example, are the production of a man endowed with the keenest aptitude for satire, and cunning exceedingly in words, but not always avoiding a certain coarseness in the ardor of attack. The *Provinciales* are wittily incisive in parts, not continuously so, and narrowly controversial.

But turn to the magnificence of such passages as the following:—

"Il ne faut pas que l'Univers entier s'arme pour écraser l'homme: une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer; mais quand l'Univers l'écraserait l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, *parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt*; et l'avantage qu'il a sur lui l'Univers n'en sait rien. . . . !

" . . . La grandeur de l'homme apparaît en ce qu'il se connaît misérable !"

There you are brought in full sight of the "source" of the thought; whence it comes and where it "lodges", in the thinker becomes plain. It proceeds from the clear vision of that which forever is, and the inconceivable beauty of its form reflects but the truth whereof it really is the splendor.

Points, lines, and angles, spaces, and

quantities, these are what the vulgar comprehend in the teachings of the arch seer; these are what they apply to their various terrestrial wants and uses.*

Pascal is himself a discoverer, nothing intervenes between him and the truth. He is himself in the *ombre de Dieu*, and knows that Euclid opens the wide portals of the Infinite. Granted that there is no humanity in Pascal (Villemain says, "*Pascal est accusé de ne jamais parler au cœur*"), granted that he wants sympathy, that there is no throb of the sentient flesh, no trace of indulgence, no impress of the weaknesses of passion; it is all true; it is idealism carried to its most formidable height and full of dangers, dangerous as the irresistible attraction of the Void.

Truly, here lies the secret peril. From such altitudes as these, frigid and dazzling as icebergs at the Pole, whither fall those when they do fall, who have imprudently sought to scale them—into featureless unfathomable space where the mind has no hold, the reason no refuge, where despair alone remains.

"What right has Wolfgang to aspire to be more than a man?" was a question of Herder's touching Goethe. In a certain degree the words are applicable to Pascal, only he was without the ambitious will to "aspire." There was nothing of Prometheus in him. He was born on the topmost peaks of an implacable idealism, where Nature is lost to view, and his own unnatural detachment from the common human element induces in his followers an unconscious perversity.

Humanity avenges itself.

Despair of superhuman attainment shatters the mind, destroys its balance, and it becomes clear too late, that, as already observed, to be out of humanity is not necessarily to be above it.

Closely examined, the germ of mod-

* The most enthusiastic lover of Euclid of whom we know, Dr. Hawtrey, condenses the whole grandeur of geometry in reality into the *Elements*, and never goes beyond the "glorious first six books," as far at least as concerns, not the application, but the thought of Euclid. It is with the *Elements* that he makes, as he himself says, "of Euclid a book of life and meaning." He, like Pascal, is animated by the joy of the truth—not its usefulness. See Hawtrey's *Introduction to the Elements of Euclid*.

ern pessimism in France is to be found in Pascal, and from him the progression of French thought has, in the end, led downwards.

IV.

Two things were wanting in the period when the faculties of Frenchmen were at their climax: the hard inglorious discipline of mere duty, and the occupation of politics. Without the former you may have what are termed "heroes"—Condés and Turennes or Maurice de Saxe—you can have neither Kaiser Friedrich der Dritte, nor Washington, nor Wellington, nor Gordon. Without the latter you lack the solid wholesome food which gives balance to speculative natures.

Had politics, as the public school of life, existed in their modern development in Montaigne's time, Montaigne might have been a statesman; as it was, he was the scholar *par excellence*, "le grand classique," the man in whom the public life of the Ancients is incarnate. Montaigne is an Ancient, his Thought is lodged in the classic ages. The progression of his thought leads direct toward the traditions of antiquity, revived as they were, in the works of the seventeenth century. There is more of Montaigne in Corneille than is suspected.

Montaigne overflows with life, and is no worshipper of abstractions. He personifies equilibrium physically and morally, and no healthier study than his works is anywhere to be found. No one places his thought higher than Montaigne, but it is always placed in life. He is never carried away by pure idealism, and the unreal-absolute has no charms for him. Still, it is the species that is forever before his eyes—what the Germans denominate the "Ur Typus." Later French writers write of men, whereas he is busy with his kind. It is always, essentially, of mankind that Montaigne treats.*

* I purposely avoid treating of Descartes, he is distinctly an applier of thought. "*Je pense, donc je suis*," lays down a theory, propounds a system, founds a method whereby Cartesianism shall become the law of the world. Descartes' trade is to establish his philosophy, and reconcile with it most other creeds and conventions. He serves a special purpose.

Above all other subjects his thought fixes itself upon the just and grateful appreciation of the gift of life. He prospectively anathematizes the gloom and ascetism of certain future moralists of the seventeenth century who "cease to live so long before they die," and his source of Thought is in the belief that life must be accepted as a boon and manfully made the best of. "J'aime la vie!" he exclaims, "et la culture telle qu'il a plu à Dieu nous l'octroyer . . . on fait tort à ce grand et tout puissant donneur de refuser son don, l'annuler et desfigurer." But Montaigne is no epicurean, no mere enjoyer of the pleasant circumstances of life. His doctrine is that man should be forever equal to his fate—the more so as his fate is mostly of his own making.

"Il faut être toujours botté et prest à partir" is his creed, and he treats death courteously, nor even rails or rages querulously against it. "There can be no ill in life," he says, "for those who esteem there is in leaving it no evil," and in the untroubled serenity of his nature-worship he foreshadows the inflexibility of the stoic of modern times: of Goethe. "Mehr Licht" is the eagle cry of the spirits who confront the Eternal without fear.

Montaigne's complaint is that man shrinks from nature: "Nous avons abandonné nature," he says, "et lui voulons apprendre sa leçon, elle, qui nous menait si heureusement et si sûrement!"

This wisdom he takes from his lifelong familiarity with the ancients,* as from them comes that elevated tone of human thought (for Montaigne is always human) that invariably ascribes to man the capacity of the noblest deeds. Socrates and Plato, Seneca and Tacitus, Miltiades, Leonidas, all those who by acts and words (more still by acts than words) taught the glorious lessons of self-sacrifice, enthusiasm, energy, and endurance—all these were not teachers whose doctrines he learned in books, but friends, companions, equals, in whose lives his own life was mixed up, and

* Montaigne's father had his son taught to know Latin and speak it before learning French. He in fact was born in Latin and learned French as a foreign tongue.

whose tongue he had lisped from his cradle.

What Euclid was to Pascal, that to Montaigne was the soul of the ancients who had felt the "God within them."

His thought lodges in antiquity, but in the living life and activity of its heroes, not in the dry chronicles of their passage upon earth.

Still in all this so real is Montaigne, so keen his vision, so unprejudiced his mind, and so open on every side to all possibilities, that he alone has an intuition of the strange truths to which our own immediate generation is tending. Let any unbiassed reader study the following :—

... " Je mets en doute que l'homme soit pourvu de tous sens naturels. Je vois plusieurs animaux, les uns sans la vue, autres sans l'ouïe—qui scait si à nous aussi, il ne manque pas encores un, deux, trois, et plusieurs autres sens. . . . *Il n'est pas certain que nous puissions cognaître toutes choses ni toutes les qualités des choses . . . que scait-on si le genre humain fait une sottise à faulx de quelque sens, et que pour ce défaut la plupart du visage des choses nous soit caché ? . . . nous formons une vérité par la consultation et concurrence de nos cinq sens ; mais a l'aventure fallait il l'accorde de huit ou de dix et leur contribution pour l'apercevoir certainement et en son essence.*" . . . " *Il est probable que nos sens ne sont ni assez nombreux ni de nature a pouvoir cognaître la vérité !*"

Here, then, we have the door opened not only upon Darwinism and Selection, and Origin of Species, but upon all the physiologico-psychological (a plague on such words !) theories of the present hour in France ! for what is the contention of the adepts in the new science of brain and nerve phenomena—branching into the occult, laying bare the pretended intersection of the physical and moral being, and compassing the ultimate destruction of man's individual responsibility ? It is that the complete "visage des choses" is hidden from us, not because it in itself is not, but because we are not endowed with the senses whereby to perceive it. This has perhaps been as imperfectly studied in Montaigne as the immediate Euclidean identity has been in Pascal.

Montaigne's thought, which rises in antiquity, proceeds towards the creators and poets of the seventeenth century, and through them to the critics of the eighteenth, until the scientific seekers

of our time, more and more disdainful of nature, invent a mankind unknown to our forefathers, but to whom, by a mixture of mysticism and materialism weirdly interwoven, is revealed the true aspect of things (the complete "visage des choses") hidden from our species by the deficiency of its senses.

V.

After Montaigne's death we come to the period of the Creators, of those who embody their conceptions ; for to think is not necessarily to create, and when Descartes says that because we think therefore we *are*, he simply affirms that, from the fact of thinking we take the proof of having been ourselves created ; he does not infer that any power is given us of creating.

The French were slow to take to romance, or indeed fiction of any kind, compared, for example, with other nations, and it is only after such men as Montaigne have "forged their minds,"* and such as Pascal have left the record of truth seen face to face, that another generation comes upon the scene, whose mission it is to "sing History."

In the seventeenth century France shows relatively little imagination, very little creative energy, and to this day she has in her annals no Shakespeare, and no Goethe, no Richardson, no Walter Scott to show. She has dramatists (for the drama is her particular form of fiction), and she counts very soon the first critical writers in the world. Corneille was a very young man twenty years after Montaigne's death, and the classical spirit of the grand old Girondin had been breathing its fire into the veins of France for nearly forty years when *Cinna* and *Les Horaces* were produced. The passage from the ancients to the moderns is opened by Racine in *Bérénice*, than which no novelist of our time (not Madame Sand herself) ever conceived a more touching tale, or wrote a more delicate analysis of the human heart.

Directly we have to do with the makers of men, with the creators, we come

* Montaigne's expression is "forger son âme"—but the whole context of his works tends to prove that "mens" is the truer equivalent.

to the critics, to the explainers of other men's works. Henceforth for the next two centuries the inspiring medium of French thought is criticism. With those who embody their thought in living forms we have those who discourse of them, and tell us what they mean. Let no one deem this an inferior vocation; there is as much imagination in La Bruyère, or, a hundred years later, in Diderot, as in the poets of their day. Those who will take the trouble of studying Jean Paul's *Æsthetik* or Matthew Arnold on Homer, or Ruskin on any subject, will find therein as much original fire as would furnish half-a-dozen works of fiction. No! criticism as the French practised it was a splendid art, and the advent of Nicolas Boileau was a great event, for he inaugurated it. The moralists became critical—namely, were the commentators of the inventors who went before.

La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, and the lesser writers who intervene between the rise of the seventeenth and close of the eighteenth centuries, from Montaigne, Descartes, and Pascal to Voltaire, through the encyclopædists to the Revolution are (with all respect be it stated) of a parasite species; they feed on the productions of others, and are to the original idealists what the composers of operas, such as Rossini or Meyerbeer, are to the great symphonists, such as Beethoven or Mozart.

In the realm of ideas positive proof is unattainable. There is no law, no text, to which to refer for authority; what is needed is the consent of those whose brains are cast in the same mould—more you cannot hope for. "Ces gens-là," said Paul Louis Courier of the *Idéologues*; "n'ont pas le crane fait comme moi."

I am laying down no principle to build theories upon that shall be strong as granite rocks, preaching no dogma that all men must acknowledge or be excommunicated as undeniable, hopeless heretics. I am seeking for appearances which, in a strongly impressionist sense, justify the assumption of certain moral relationships, and constitute the signs of a certain psychological condition. I want to find the "source" of the thought which at the present hour is

leading to such extraordinary results in France. I am seeking for signs, not dogmatical or legal evidence, of the connection between the hyper-idealistic element of two centuries and a half ago and the hyper-scientific creeds of the existing generation. I want to see where is "lodged" the thought of the unnatural sect who are now denying any superiority to man save that of the intellect only, and who in their ecstatic ravings, exalt crime into the sphere of sublimity.*

Where is then the link between the visionary to whom the abstract-absolute alone is real, and the "laboratory man" who recognizes no rule save the momentary impulse of his own imagination? Is it not in the being who is not to be referred to in space or time, but in the cloudy ill-defined regions of irresponsibility?†

If this strange mixture of science and ultra-idealism that is now actually inspiring a large proportion of the literary producers of France finds its sources of thought anywhere in the past, it is in the want of humanity of a certain philosophy. I must be allowed to coin a word, and say it is in the *unmoral, unhuman* element that it finds the home wherein to lodge.

Its ultimate aim is to liberate man from his noblest trust, responsibility, and cast him forth into infinitude . . . "Un néant . . . non moins distant de son être, du néant d'où il est tiré, que de l'infini où il sera englouti."‡

In the one theory man is isolated, cast to the winds, and utterly dis severed from his kind; in the other (which is equally adopted by "les jeunes") he is excused, held blameless for his crimes because of his connection with the past; for any sin he may commit his ancestors are really responsible. This is the pathological or positive scientific theory in which each individual escapes responsibility in the name of inheritance, and in which in the end the physical part of his nature is so identified with what was once denominated his soul, that from some quiver of some nerve or

* See *The Ethical Decrees of the Literary admirers of Henri Chambige*.

† Pascal's affirmation that "l'homme ne doit se référer ni de l'espace ni de la durée."

‡ *Pensées sur l'Homme*.

some palpable peculiarity of the gray substance of his brain are in reality derived all the soul-stirring events hitherto ascribed to his will, to his idea, to what has been reputed to be his mind. The appreciations of his very senses are swept away and replaced by others; and all the splendors of heroism, and all the appalling crimes that history has chronicled as due to the individual self of man, are to be henceforth regarded as the mere consequences of a physical disposition dependent in the last resort on some curious combination to be discovered in his material structure. The only reliable historian must henceforth be the anatomist. He does not deny the fact of the soul, but he tries to explain what it is made of.

Montaigne would really seem to have guessed at this when he hinted at a transformation of man's actual constitution, which should help him to perceive more accurately "*le visage des choses*," all the aspects of things now hidden to our imperfect view. The extremes meet. The grand seers of the past were strong enough to carry their discoveries and look the eternal in the face; the present race has been withered by the glare.

The achievements of our predecessors often rest on divination; those of their followers savor of dissection. But dissection implies the corpse! And it is on the decayed body they are at work. Healthy life resists the dissecting-knife, and lets no unholy hand snatch the secrets it freely gives up to the ini-

tiated and the pure. It is with decomposition that the young school is busy, and in decomposition that they are searching for some of the elements wherewith to complete their brain-creation—their "man of the laboratory." Unhappily the public of France has aided them. Money—representing in reality the coarse, debasing pleasures in which such unhealthy dreamers can quickest escape from themselves—money has been lavished on them as the reward for productions the very names whereof are unfit for honest ears.

With man, as we are forced to recognize, severed from his kind, placed out of human nature, freed from his responsibilities to others and to himself, exiled to a height where none of the attributes of his being find play—I am brought back to my original question: Whither fall those who attempt to scale such altitudes? The so-called modern thinkers of France—the *décadents*—may help to show.

To avoid all misconception, I would again formally disclaim any desire to deduce the "*jeunes ahuris*" of our day, as Jules Lemaitre styles them, from the grandest idealist of, perhaps, all time, but would suggest that in their incapacity to comprehend its beauty or its truth the "impression" may have been left upon their weakness, of a system which surpasses common humanity, and lands imperfect, finite, natural man in the atmosphere of the Unattainable.
—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE DECIMAL AND THE METRIC SYSTEMS.

AMONG the chief causes which operated to prevent the decimalization of our coinage at the time when the Royal Commission sat some thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, was the desirability of making such a change coincide with the decimalization of our weights and of the measures of length and capacity. This, together with the determined opposition of Lord Overstone, which could not fail to carry considerable weight, prevented its adoption for the moment. Since then, however, circumstances have greatly altered. All the great

countries of the world have either adopted a decimal system of coinage, or have declared themselves favorable to it, while no regret has ever been evinced at its substitution for the old, nor has the least complaint been heard of the difficulty of learning the new one. Experience also has proved the small amount of friction with which such a change can be introduced. Surely such a concurrence of testimony should suffice to make any one reflect; and yet we, with our insular prejudices and national obstinacy, are content to stand

aloof and protest. As if it were likely that we alone should be right, and all the world besides wrong.

Compulsory education has become law, and the trouble of the needless study of compound arithmetic and of learning our numerous and complex tables of weights, measures, and money is being keenly felt, while the embarrassment of our relations with other countries arising from our antiquated duodecimal system can hardly fail to interfere with our commerce in these days of close competition.

The fact that 10 is not divisible by so many whole numbers as 12 is more an objection in theory to the decimal system than in practice. No nation using it finds any inconvenience from that cause, and the fact of the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of decimals being performed as with whole numbers, care being only required as to the position of the decimal point, is an advantage that far outweighs every objection that can be made to their use.

It is indeed strange that in our schools the study of vulgar fractions should be made a primary consideration, and that of decimals, which are both easier and more useful, should be relegated to a secondary place. Decimals are used in all scientific calculations, and very frequently by commercial men, and, together with logarithms, for which they are necessary, greatly facilitate the keeping of accounts.

The pound sterling was proposed to be divided decimally into a thousand parts, called mils, as follows :—

2 <i>l</i> .	The sovereign of 20 florins	1000 mils
10 <i>s</i> .	The half-sovereign	500 "
5 <i>s</i> .	The crown	250 "
4 <i>s</i> .	The two-florin piece	200 "
2 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .	The half-crown (to be eventually withdrawn)	125 "
1 <i>s</i> .	The florin	100 "
1 <i>s</i> .	The half-florin	50 "
6 <i>d</i> .	The quarter-florin	25 "

New coins to be struck :—

Silver	10 mils
Nickel	5 "
Copper	4 "
Copper	2 "
Copper	1 mil

Under these circumstances, the decimal currency of any other country would be convertible into ours by the simple multiplication by a whole number, or by a decimal, or by the two combined, as the case might be.

Say, we wished to convert 15,690 fr. 20 c. into pounds and mils : as 1 fr. is, roughly speaking, 0·04 of a pound sterling, and $15,690 \cdot 20 \times 0 \cdot 04 = 627 \cdot 608$, this last will be the number of pounds and mils, or, at the rate of exchange of 25 fr. 26 c. = £1, the multiplier would be 0·03959, which would give £621·175. The comparison of equivalent values of any two decimal currencies would be made on the same principle, and the facilities of exchange would thus be greatly increased.

The fact also that multiplication or division by 10 in decimals consists in merely moving the decimal point one place to the right or the left, respectively, marvellously facilitates many calculations.

Although, however, such an arrangement as the above might do for our money, and although by it we might retain most of our present coins, it seems next to an impossibility to arrive at any convenient system of decimalization by which any important part of our present system of weights and measures could be retained.

We have troy, avoirdupois, apothecaries', coal, wool, and hay and straw weights. Then imperial, dry, coal, and wine measures. Next cubic, and builders' measures. Next land, and square or superficial measures. Lastly, linear, cloth, and nautical measures—seventeen in all, besides several supplementary ones, all differing more or less from one another. In some, for instance, the pound, the most important weight of all, differs very materially. The troy pound, for example, is 5760 grains, while the avoirdupois pound is 7000 grains. It seems, then, perfectly hopeless to attempt their decimalization, and still more so to render the measures of weight and capacity in any way connected with the linear one, as should be the case. In view, then, of this fact, and considering how many important nations have already adopted the metric system, why should we not adopt it offhand?

The French, or metric, system professes to start from a measurement of the earth's meridian at the latitude of Paris, the mètre being the forty-millionth part of such a circle. It is divided firstly into ten parts, each of which is

called a *décimètre*; each of these is further divided into ten, so that every one of the latter constitutes one-hundredth of the whole, and it is called a *centimètre*; lastly, each *centimètre* is divided again into ten, each division thus forming one thousandth of the whole, and it is called a *millimètre*. It has been found, however, that, tested by the more perfect instruments of the present day, notwithstanding the care used in the calculations, this measurement was inexact by nearly a *millimètre*.

The metric system has, however, been adopted in the following countries, and its use either has been, or soon will be, rendered compulsory in most of them:—

France	Austria	Spain
Belgium	Turkey	Portugal
Holland	United States	Sweden
Switzerland	Denmark	Peru
Greece	Argentine Republic	Brazil
Italy	Colombia	Chili
Russia	Ecuador	Mexico
Germany	Venezuela	

Any slight inexactitude, therefore, in the original measurement of the *mètre* becomes of but little consequence, seeing how many times the standard measure, originally deposited in the archives of Paris, must have been reproduced with the utmost attainable accuracy, and the models distributed all over the world. Some of the names may be thought long and unsuitable to the English language, but they can easily be shortened.

We know that in making such a proposal we are shocking the prejudices of some persons who are opposed to anything French, particularly anything which is the outcome of the French Revolution; but we have no right to let national feeling carry us thus far, especially when we see that our scientific men have already adopted the metric system on the score of convenience, and it is to be hoped that the majority of Englishmen are above such sentiments. Still, it is strange indeed to see a great nation, which professes to lead the very van of civilization, refusing what is acknowledged on all hands to be a most desirable reform on paltry grounds.

We have seen whence the *mètre* is derived and how it is divided. The *litre* is derived from it, being a measure the interior capacity of which is equal in bulk to the cubic *décimètre*, and the

kilogramme is the weight of one litre of distilled water, all these measurements and weighings being taken at the standard temperature of 4° above zero of centigrade, that being the point at which water is at its greatest density. The weighings are further made while the atmospheric pressure is equal to 760 millimètres of the barometer, that being the standard pressure. The gramme is one-thousandth part of the kilogramme, and is consequently the weight of one cubic centimètre of distilled water at 4° centigrade. A perfect cube of metal, of which the facets, measured at the standard temperature, are each one square *décimètre*, when weighed first in air and then in water, both being at the standard temperature, and the air at the standard pressure, should show a difference between the two weighings of exactly one kilogramme.

The multiplications and divisions of the *mètre* are as follows:—

ITINERARY MEASURES.

Myriamètre	10,000 mètres
Kilomètre	1,000 "
Hectomètre	100 "
Décamètre	10 "

LINEAR MEASURES.

Mètre—		
Décimètre	.	$\frac{1}{10}$ = 0.1 m.
Centimètre	.	$\frac{1}{100}$ = 0.01 m.
Millimètre	.	$\frac{1}{1000}$ = 0.001 m.
Also the decimal divisions of the millimètre used in scientific investigations	.	$\frac{1}{10000}$ = 0.0001 m. $\frac{1}{100000}$ = 0.00001 m.

LAND MEASURES.

Hectare, a square of which the side is 100 m.	=	10,000 sq. m.
Are	.	100 "
Centiare	.	1 "

MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

Kilolitre	1,000 litres
Hectolitre	100 "
Dékalitre	10 "
Litre—						
Décilitre	$\frac{1}{10}$	= 0.1 "
Centilitre	$\frac{1}{100}$	= 0.01 "
Also for scientific purposes the cubic centimètre, or c.c., and $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a cubic centimètre	$\frac{1}{1000}$	= 0.001 " = 0.0001 "

DRY MEASURE.

Décastère	10 stères
Stère	1 cubic mètre
Décistère	$\frac{1}{10}$ stère.

WEIGHTS.

Tonne, or Millier	Weight of 1 cubic mètre of distilled water at 4° Centigrade
Quintal	100 kilogrammes
Myriagramme	10 "
Kilogramme	1,000 "
Hectogramme	100 "
Déagramme	10 "
Gramme	
Décigramme	$\frac{1}{10}$ th of a gramme	= 0.1 gr.
Centigramme	$\frac{1}{100}$ th "	= 0.01 gr.
Milligramme	$\frac{1}{1000}$ th "	= 0.001 gr.
For scientific purposes $\frac{1}{10000}$ th of a milligramme	$\frac{1}{10000}$ th "	= 0.0001 gr.

It will thus be seen that the measures of capacity, as well as the weights, are derived by the most simple means from the mètre, and that the minutest fraction of the linear measure constantly bears the same order of relation to the unit in a way which would be next to impossible in the duodecimal system, so that, by the metric system it becomes possible to compare the most microscopic object, or even the length of a wave of light, and the almost incalculable distances of interstellar space. Is it possible to imagine a finer conception than this, as applied to this line of thought, where we make the same measure, divided on the same general principle, serve alike to estimate the size of the most inconceivably minute atom and to gauge immensities of the universe, and derivatives of which might be used equally to find the bulk of the merest grain of mist or to measure the volume of the ocean, to calculate the weight of the whole earth or to find that of the smallest particle of dust that floats before the wind? Such is the metric system.

The objection that the centimètre is inconveniently small as compared with the English inch, and the millimètre less handy than the eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-seconds of an inch, as also all the sentimental talk about the love of the British workman for his two-foot rule,

which he carries doubled up in his breeches pocket, is merely the dictum of a confirmed grumbler searching for an objection. The French workman also carries his mètre doubled up into three, and opens it more or less, as much as required for use. The objection as to the difficulty of a working man not grasping such an innovation is no more reasonable. As has been said already, though beforehand there were plenty of people to predict disaster, the metric system, when once introduced, produced nothing but universal satisfaction, and Englishmen are not usually considered to be more dense than their neighbors. As to the weights, the tonne is only about 35½ lb. less than our present ton, and the half-quintal about 1¼ lb. less than the hundred-weight, so that the prices for heavy goods would require but little adjustment. Then, as to the compound units, such as the kilogrammètre, corresponding to our foot-pound, or the calorie, corresponding to our unit of heat, or the cheval vapeur, corresponding to our horse-power, those derived from the metric system are just as convenient, only easier to use, and the English and French horse-power may practically be said almost to agree, so that, with all these advantages, the desirability of the change here suggested is evident.—*National Review*.

BUCHAREST IN WINTER.

In the angle between the Balkans and Carpathians lies Roumania, and in the middle of Roumania its capital, Bucharest, exposed to the full blast of winter from over the Russian steppes. Perhaps there is no corner of Europe where the variations of temperature are so great as in the north of the Balkan Peninsula. In summer the thermometer often ranges over a hundred degrees in the shade, and as these lines are being written it marks slightly under thirty-two degrees of frost, Fahrenheit. The aspects of all towns under a few feet of snow cannot vary much, and Bucharest in mid-winter has the same general appearance as London or Paris. A characteristic thoroughfare is the Calea Victoria, with

the Chaussée or public promenade at one end and the little river at the other. The snow is piled up as soon as possible off the pavements, and anywhere where it is out of the way, in the principal streets. If the visitor has never been in Russia, he will find plenty of interest in a stroll down the Calea. It is lined with handsome shops and public buildings, the former being stocked only a day behind the European capitals. Fresh herrings and soles from the Channel—which, after all, contains the only fish in the world worth eating—Ostend oysters, and Scotch grouse are displayed side by side with huge Turkey buzzards and deer from the neighboring forests. Here and there an advertisement ap-

pears in French; but almost all the notices and placards are in Roumanian, a language which gives a sort of impression that the printer originally intended to put something in French or Italian, but fell into confusion, and interposed letters where they were not wanted, truncating others where they seem most necessary. Nine words out of ten have a familiar look to any European polyglot; yet a first attempt to decipher them ends in ignominious defeat.

Every second or third man you meet is in uniform, which may give rise to the idea either that the Roumanian army is over-officered, or else that two-thirds of it must be in Bucharest. As a matter of fact, this is far from being the case, and it is probably owing to the stringent rules which preclude any officer from going abroad in *mufli* that the scarlet is so predominant. The ladies mostly wear coquettish fur caps and fur-lined cloaks, with big collars turned up about their ears, which is more becoming than it may seem on paper. One and all are shod with india-rubber-soled felt overshoes, without which it would be almost impossible to keep one's footing on the frozen, uneven snow. They also prevent the feet from getting cold and the boots from getting wet, and are altogether a capital invention, which might with advantage be adopted further west. The street itself is some ten or twelve inches deep in what might almost be mistaken for desert sand—powdered brown snow, over which hundreds of sledges career gayly day and night, making the air ring again with the music of their bells. The private sledges are very fine equipages, Russian steppers decked with scarlet and white plumes, and covered from crest to tail with a flowing embroidered sheet, bearing the arms of the owner, and flying to the wind on either side, like white wings. The drivers both of private and hired sledges are mostly recruited from a Russian sect, who, expelled from their own country, have settled in Bucharest, where they occupy themselves exclusively with horse-dealing and driving. They dress in neat blue coats, with black or gray Astrakhan cap, collar, and cuffs, silver buttons in profusion, and a broad belt studded with silver, or else a gay-colored sash bound round the waist.

They drive standing, and encourage their beasts with many a shout which the horses seem to understand perfectly. Here and there a spick-and-span brougham, on rails instead of wheels, spins past, but sledges are the universal order of the day. The drivers are models of politeness, and never grumble at their fares, the tariff being fixed at one franc a drive, from one spot in the city to another, and two francs an hour—a very cheap rate considering that the season only lasts for a few months. The contrast between a street full of sledges tearing over the noiseless snow to the jingle of the bells, slung in festoons down the horses' necks, and the same full of rumbling wheeled cabs and omnibuses is most striking. In Bucharest it is no disadvantage to sleep in a room over the street. Instead of being kept awake by the traffic, sleep is the rather invited by the continuous far-off tinkling. If we go up to the far end of the *Chaussée*, we leave the fashionable world behind in a very short time, and get into the country, where the road is lined with peasants going to and fro the market. Their sledges are of the roughest description, running on great broad smooth logs, and drawn by shaggy gray oxen or queer little ponies, instead of the fifteen-hand Russian steeds. They are all muffled from the feet to the eyes in sheepskins and swaddlings nondescript. They bring in wood for fuel, poultry, corn, blocks of ice for preserving, etc., and when their stock is disposed of, sit contentedly singing in the thick straw at the bottom of their sledges, very pictures of comfort.

The inner life of the middle and higher middle classes of Bucharest is marked by a great deal of attention to display, not incompatible with home luxury. The houses are almost all built over a good deal of ground, with only two stories, and surrounded, if possible, by a garden. The rooms are spacious and warmed by enormous porcelain stoves, which are designed so as to add to the ornamentation of the interior rather than detract from it, as stoves are apt to do. They consume an incredible quantity of fuel, but in return give out a wonderful supply of heat. All the better houses have parquet floors, and during the winter months

dancing goes on without intermission every night in the week at one or other of these. The Roumanians, as a rule, dine early, but go out late, and dancing rarely begins before eleven, or ends before five next morning. Besides private receptions there are the usual number of Charity Balls, patronized by the *élite*, and daily masked balls, beloved by the multitude. The Cafés Chantants are cosmopolitan, artists from Paris, Vienna, and London succeeding each other on the stage to meet with an equally rapturous welcome.

During the day the principal amusement to be had is to be found in the Cismegiu Gardens, where a military band plays on the ice two or three days a week, and where King Charles is fond of taking his afternoon walk. Skating is not in such favor at Bucharest as in other places where it is more rarely to be enjoyed, and the lake seldom has more than forty or fifty performers on its surface, except on Sunday afternoons, when it is crowded. The few who attend regularly, however, attain a degree of perfection which would astonish frequenters of the Serpentine, but which is not perhaps so great a matter of wonder when we bear in mind that they can count on three months' practice uninterruptedly every year. As a variation from skating, parties are occasionally formed for shooting, in which the ladies take their share of the rough walking and chilly waiting necessary to circumvent the hares, deers, and wolves which are the objects of the hunt. The cold to be experienced in the country on these expeditions is the principal drawback, and whereas in Bucharest itself no one ever suffers from the temperature, thanks to the precautions taken against it both indoors and out, it is a very different thing standing at the corner of a wood for an hour, waiting for the beaters, or trying to keep the frost out of a draughty bedroom whose windows rattle, and whose stove can only keep water from freezing at a radius of three feet.

Considering how close Bucharest has of late been brought to the other capitals of Europe by means of the Orient Express, and generally improved railway

and postal communication, it is astonishing that so little is known about the city and its people. We have on more than one occasion been called upon to correct a belief that Bucharest was the capital of Bulgaria, or "somewhere in Roumelia," and yet it contains 280,000 inhabitants, and covers an area a third of that occupied by Paris. There are only five towns in England and four in Germany of equal numerical importance, and, as far as the culture of its society goes, Roumania need fear no comparison with the so-called centres of civilization. There are some twenty or thirty daily newspapers in Roumanian and French, one of the latter even attaining the dignity of a third edition, and the French journals arrive at nine in the morning two days after publication. The English papers come in three days, and the questions of European politics are warmly discussed at the various political and social clubs with a keenness and intelligence which will often nonplus a foreigner. Every Roumanian, man and woman, with any pretence of education speaks French fluently and German well. Not a few also are well up in English—not only conversationally, but with a thorough acquaintance of history and literature. In winter the whole political world is at Bucharest, which it leaves in the summer for the summer retreat of Sinaï, some eighty miles away high up in the mountains. Party spirit runs very high, and impregnates every relation of daily life, where everybody has opinions, and very pronounced ones. The truth is that Roumania was born again some twenty years ago, and has been progressing with the exuberant vitality of youth ever since. Though her economy and administration are yet far from perfect, she has made giant strides in both, and takes a thoroughly well-earned pride in pointing them out. The energies of all are naturally concentrated in preserving the position they have so hardly acquired, and Roumania cannot but view with apprehension the warlike preparations of Europe, knowing, as she well does, that the predestined battle-field of Russia and Austria is the Balkan Peninsula. By falling back from Moldavia and Jassy, and strengthening the "line" of Focshani and Galatz, she hopes to

make a successful stand for independence; and the fortifications round the city of Bucharest itself are being pushed with all available expedition. If completed in time, they will consist in a chain of circumvallating forts, at a distance of some fifteen miles from the city; and this zone, if well garrisoned, would be able to hold out against the most formidable siege operations for a

considerable period. In the meanwhile—till such time as the war-dogs are let loose—Bucharest continues to enjoy its carnival in merriest fashion every winter; and any discontented person from the fog and slush of London might find plenty to amuse and interest him in a fortnight spent among the sledges, ice, and snow of the Roumanian "Little Paris."—*Saturday Review*.

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

BY A. P. SINNETT.

THE system of thought which has been described as "Esoteric Buddhism" deals with a highly practical matter—the leading conclusions of a living science closely associated with the welfare of the human race at the present day—in Europe as well as in Asia. The science to which I refer is Theosophy;—literally, Divine Wisdom—the science of spiritual things; and that science is closely associated in one of its aspects with the study of the essential principles of religious belief. Theosophists have no preconceived attachment to one presentation or form of religious belief rather than to another. They are in pursuit of truth pure and simple, convinced that there must be a real state of the facts in regard to such problems as the origin and destiny of the soul, as well as in reference to the chemical affinities of the elements, or the relations of heat and electricity. And they find that the comparison of various religious beliefs will often enable them to eliminate the superficial corruptions of each, so that the residual doctrines, reduced to their lowest terms, their most abstract expression, will then be found practically identical, even when the first glance at their esoteric aspects seemed to reveal great discrepancies. In this way the study of any great religion in its esoteric aspect is a theosophical undertaking. But some religions may be better adapted than others for such study; and special opportunities may present themselves to special groups of theosophical students which facilitate special lines of inquiry. In this way I have found one religion in particular especially instructive when examined in

the spirit just described, and that religion is Buddhism.

Ours has been an age of invention and discovery, and powers latent in those regions of Nature that used to be called the elements—in earth, air, fire, and water—have been called out of their hiding-places and trained to apply their energies to the daily service of man. They were all there long before we suspected their existence. Water must always have been converted into steam whenever it felt the influence of heat, long before mechanicians had perceived that light wreaths of vapors properly manipulated might drive machinery and ships. Every girl in the middle ages whose hair crackled in dry weather when she combed it, developed a certain amount of electricity, without having the faintest idea that the sparkles of light she drew forth could be made to travel thousands of miles in a second and carry messages. Now, however, our eyes have been opened, and we see a good deal more in the world than was seen by our ancestors. We see, not merely the mechanism which is our own handiwork, but laws of incomparable sublimity asserting themselves in the inter-actions of matter. We have grown used to working with ideas that are altogether intangible,—with such ideas as the conservation of energy, the principle of evolution, the molecular constitution of matter. These conceptions are great beams of light cast upon the immensity of Nature, by means of which we may come to understand, to some extent, mysteries that are being enacted within, around, and above us.

And surely the promise of such past

achievement may encourage us to expect the expansion of exact scientific knowledge into that still superior region of nature which has to do with the phenomena of human consciousness. People wedded to ecclesiastical systems are, it is true, generally opposed to inquiries in this direction. The Church has always resisted the growth of knowledge, from the days when it imprisoned Galileo to these, in which it is powerless to do more than avert its gaze, with an offended air, from the testimony of the rocks. Again, at the other end of the scale, other persons have so violently resented the superstitions and crimes of the churches that they have somehow come to dislike the whole subject of the future life, and to feel insulted if you talk to them about the Soul. But, midway between them, stand some observers of Nature who have become aware of the fact—perhaps by personal contact with some secluded phenomena—that it is possible to learn a good deal more about the Soul and the laws of its evolution than popular science has yet suspected. Such persons come to realize the stupendous importance of the knowledge they find themselves acquiring, and if they see the advantage of availing themselves not merely of their own opportunities, whatever these may be, but of the accumulated discoveries stored up, though guarded from rash intruders, in the past, they become theosophists, whether calling themselves by that name or by any other, and students perhaps, among other subjects, of "Esoteric Buddhism."

There have been theosophists in the world for long ages before that phrase was coined; but they knew it was quite useless to attempt the wide diffusion of their knowledge as long as ecclesiastical authority reigned supreme, torturing and killing all who were even a little in advance of their generation. So the true philosophers of olden times wrote only, in obscure symbolical or allegorical language, for the service of students abnormally developed like themselves, and for that, perhaps, of this later age, when we are in a position to unravel a good deal of their writing, finding it in exact harmony with our own latest discoveries in the psychic constitution of man. But now circumstances have changed. Mod-

ern adepts in theosophic wisdom show a more confiding spirit than their predecessors. Hence the sudden burst of information as to what the ancient wisdom teaches, which has been associated with the growth and development of the Theosophical Society, and has colored modern literature in so remarkable a way that great numbers of people have become familiar with its leading ideas without stopping to inquire from what fountain they flow.

The science of theosophy, therefore—the highly practical science of theosophy, as I have already called it—is that which seeks to push our knowledge of Nature's laws on in advance of the finest discoveries of modern civilization, keeping hand-in-hand with these, but ever pressing onward into the region of consciousness and super-material existence, guided by the light already in the world;—which has been in the world from the first beginnings of that union between divinity and matter which constitutes the sentient universe. The laws of divinity are the subject of the research, and in the essential principles of religion we must follow the suggestions of their working; not in creeds compiled by political priests, but in the fundamental beliefs of humanity. The soul of man is the phenomenon we have to investigate—the "first matter" of the alchemists—and the newest experiments in psychic sensibility may subserve the study.

Foremost among the conceptions to which the study thus conducted will bring us may be placed the doctrine or principle of re-incarnation, a law the discovery of which is as important to the student of spiritual science as that of the correlation of forces in the physical world. This doctrine has been caricatured by ignorant or profane writers in former ages—or perhaps disguised by those who knew better—in the shape in which it is commonly spoken of as the Transmigration of Souls. To this day non-theosophic persons will be found who imagine it to imply, for Oriental believers—the idea expressed by the latter phrase—namely, the passage after death of human souls into animal bodies. Nor am I asserting that *no* Easterns of the lower class are so ignorant as to take it in this signification. But the belief

of all cultivated Buddhists or Hindoos is identical with the doctrine as understood by theosophists—namely, the doctrine of the evolution of the human soul through a long series of human lives. In re-incarnation we recognize the method adopted by Nature for growing a human being,—for growing that which *is* the human being as distinct from the organism of flesh and blood through which it manifests on the plane of physical phenomena. The life-history of a human being is *not* supposed by theosophists to consist of a miraculous commencement *ex nihilo* at birth, a short run of physical existence for a handful of years, followed by an unalterable eternity of personal consciousness in heaven. The analogies of Nature are discerned by esoteric science to assert themselves in the growth of a soul, in the growth of vegetable organism, and in the growth of a solar system. The soul of a Papuan savage is seen to be as true a human entity as the soul of a Newton or a Shakespeare. But the laws of the evolutionary process on which it is launched provide for its gradual acquisition by an almost awfully protracted series of life experiences on the physical plane, of the intellectual capacities manifest in the more advanced types of humanity. From few of his earlier lives can the slowly evolving soul or ego gather a great deal of knowledge or experience; from some it may scarcely gather any. But as the dropping water in the limestone cavern gradually builds up the basaltic column, the successive life experiences of primitive man gradually mould his psychic consciousness and capacity.

But the modern critic of re-incarnation, bewildered and incredulous, objects, "We never remember any of these former lives." Of course we do not. If we did the system would fail in its operation, and would find itself bereft of the qualifications which render it endurable to the gradually evolving entity. For each successive life of the physical series is separated from its preceding and succeeding lives by intervals of spiritual consciousness on a plane of nature wholly imperceptible to ordinary senses. The personal consciousness of man is not annihilated by the death of the body. It passes on into a condition of con-

sciousness which is vaguely foreshadowed by the conception of heaven entertained by conventional theology. The similar conceptions of hell with which those of heaven are balanced in popular religion have realities behind them too; but, though it may be difficult to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is happily impossible for the purblind humanity of our epoch to acquire a lasting tenancy of the supreme realm of spiritual evil. Re-incarnation itself provides the punishment, or consequence appropriate to all commonplace forms of evil-doing; and the exquisitely scientific adjustment of moral cause and effect in this respect will be apparent as we go on.

For in most lives, it will be seen on reflection, there are some impulses of a spiritual character, however heavily loaded these may be, as a rule, with earthly desires and with sinful sacrifices on the altar of self. If there is nothing more in a life to associate it with spiritual conditions than *some* affection for other human beings, *some* unselfish admiration for the beauty of Nature, some passing aspiration in the direction of self-improvement, that would be enough to color a human consciousness with thoughts and feelings capable of vibrating on the plane of spiritual existence. And, forgetting the grovelling needs of the body, when these should be no longer emphasized for him by the union of his consciousness with a fleshly organism, the man, released from the physical plane by death, will find these higher thoughts and emotions, be they few or many, feeble or intense, filling the area of his new existence. There are, it is true, some intervening phases of purification through which he must pass before the old clinging to the habits of life—which beset the soul still when it first leaves the earth life—can be fully shaken off. And these phases of purification are profoundly interesting to all serious students of psychic phenomena. They have a great deal to do with the explanation of such phenomena, and the passage of an emancipated soul through these intervening states may be almost immeasurably brief or exceedingly protracted. But that is a branch of the subject which may be conveniently put aside while we are first studying the general principles of re-incarnation, associ-

ated as they are with the intervening periods of spiritual consciousness.

The soul, launched after death on its metaphysical period of consciousness, is existing in a condition of Nature in which there is no room for the play of the lower passions and desires belonging to the earth-life. The change that has taken place involves a forgetfulness of these for the time being; but it does not involve a forgetfulness of any personal emotion of a sufficiently elevated character to have free play on the conditions by which the soul-ego is then surrounded. The soul in heaven is never troubled with the thought of having died. It is simply filled with a blissful consciousness of the full fruition of its higher emotions. There may be human beings for whom even the full fruition of the higher emotions, supposing these to have been meagre or rare in earth life, is but a colorless existence compared to others; but, whatever there is of it, so to speak, is 'blissful in its character; while for others, in whom love has been a powerful factor of life, or in whom the upward aspirations, which make piety so beautiful an emotion, even when it is but little illuminated by an accurate comprehension of spiritual science, have been persistent and intense, will find the full fruition of *their* higher thoughts and feelings a gloriously vivid and intense existence. They may have done wrong, as most of us do, more or less, during life; they may have set in motion causes which must operate eventually to bring about an effect of suffering; but these causes may be only adapted to find their expression on the earth plane of existence, and will therefore await the next re-incarnation of the soul before they are developed. The spiritual period—the devachanic period, to give it the convenient Eastern name, which is passing into common use with most modern theosophists—is a period of rest and refreshment and enjoyment in the highest sense of the term.

And it will be seen that, just because its intensity and character are due to the spiritual forces which have been set in activity during the earth life of the ego, so also its duration depends upon the energy expended in providing for it. The "person" in question remains the

same person that he was on earth as long as the capacity for personal consciousness, that he has developed as such, continues in operation. He can only be drawn back to the earth life—to re-incarnation—when the force which has carried him into the spiritual plane of Nature—into heaven—has exhausted itself. And when we are talking of the exhaustion of a great human love, for example, we are talking of a process which necessarily takes a long time. There are people who with pardonable enthusiasm imagine such a feeling must last "forever." But effects are proportionate to causes; and though we need not even dispute the position as an abstract possibility,—that love may last forever,—it is destined in that case to undergo exaltations of character corresponding to the vast possibilities of cosmic progress which Nature reserves for humanity. Without going fully into these, we may recognize that in the majority of cases the personal relationships of any given individual resolve themselves into mysterious spiritual abstractions, no longer requiring for their expression the persistence of the personal consciousness out of which they may have taken their rise. And when this change is complete, the soul-ego has forgotten its last earth life. It is ready for re-incarnation, and it re-incarnates under the attraction of its latent affinities, as regards the physical plane of existence, carried over, though completely divorced from specific memories,—from the life it spent last on earth.

In this *statement* of the doctrine of re-incarnation, I have not paused to set forth the considerations which may almost be regarded as proving it to be in accordance with the real course of events. These proofs are elaborate and intricate, and claim the application of acute metaphysical insight to the phenomena of psychic experimentation. It is enough for the moment to say that the study of theosophy is one from which adequately qualified inquirers rise with a conviction as to the reality of the evolutionary process before us, as complete as those which relate to the inductions of physical science.

But the statement itself—from which in a brief treatise of this nature the long processes of demonstration must be

omitted—would be incomplete as such if it were not fortified by an explanation of the theosophic theory, or rather of the system of law on which re-incarnation depends,—that, namely, which is known to modern inquiry in connection with these subjects by the Oriental term “Karma.” Like re-incarnation itself, karma is the subject of gross misrepresentation by the esoteric students of Oriental religions. Karma is often described as a Buddhist idea, according to which one person dies and perishes outright, while later on some other person is born who becomes the unconscious heir of the former person’s “karma” or “doing.” The notion so defined is grotesque and ridiculous; but as with so many caricatures there is a truth behind it. To apprehend the true operation of the law we must realize the difference between the two ideas most conveniently defined in English speech by the terms “personality” and “individuality.” By individuality we mean the persistent self-consciousness of a true soul-ego. That consciousness is something quite independent of any specific adventures which may befall the individual during any limited period of its existence. Take any commonplace illustration from the experience of daily life. Five years ago let any one of us select, for example, in imagination, some single, uneventful, unremarkable day that he may have spent. During that day his consciousness may have been pretty completely concentrated on the trivial incidents of the moment. The newspaper he read, the work he did, the meals he ate, may have engaged his attention at the time, to the exclusion of loftier thoughts and pursuits. For the purpose of our hypothesis let us say they did. But underneath the consciousness of these there lay a potentiality of other phases of consciousness. Years revolve, and the man undergoes many serious changes of character and surroundings. But the inner ego, the centre of consciousness, the true individuality, is the same at the later period as during the former day, which by the hypothesis he will completely have forgotten. For the purposes of this rough illustration let us put aside possibilities concerning latent memory, though they would strengthen rather than weaken

the analogy if we went into them fully. All I wish to enforce for the moment is that just what the single forgotten day is to the whole life, our complete physical life may be to the whole individuality. The one life is the “personality”—in its true etymological sense, the mask,—which the individuality, the real ego, puts on for the time being. And it is the man himself, and no “other,” who is born again, when after a period of devachanic rest, in the course of which he has worked out and fully exhaled his last personality, he is invested, by the operation of karma, with a new one.

Now karma is the law of cause and effect in the moral world, as applied to life. It may be called, by rather a base degradation of the idea, a system of rewards and punishments; but a truly philosophical view of Nature prefers to regard suffering as a consequence of, rather than a punishment of, evil-doing, and happiness as a consequence in the other direction. Either way, in its operation on the processes of re-incarnation it constitutes the whole mass of affinities which cause the birth of each re-incarnating individual in such and such conditions of life, with such and such parents, destinies, organism, and so forth. It provides the apparently entangled web of opportunities, joys, and sorrows, which the human being has earned or merited during his last physical life, by all that other no less complicated entanglement of his deeds, good and evil, which had reference to the earth life. In the blissful repose of the devachanic period he may have exhausted some of his good karma, but natural law, which has been in no hurry to punish him when he died, must, nevertheless, exact its full due in the long run; and when his consciousness returns to the plane of its former physical misdeeds, it is in presence of conditions but too well adapted to bear their harvest of suffering. Not unjustly, therefore, may the earth life be described as the vale of tears, but it is none the less the sphere of beneficent causation, and from the midst of its tribulation, karma may be engendered that may lead to immeasurably more exalted conditions of consciousness and existence.

Or, to put the idea in more truly the-

osophic language, karma may be exhausted by an adequately sustained effort, and then re-incarnation itself may come to an end for the individual concerned. This is the true meaning of that aspiration toward non-existence *on the physical plane* which is a leading characteristic of Buddhistic literature, and which many ill-informed critics of Buddhism so absurdly misrepresent as equivalent to a craving for annihilation. When *bad* karma ceases to load the individual, it is no more drawn back into the physical earth life; but that spiritual condition which has been already described as enjoyed for limited periods by each human soul *between* its periods of physical existence becomes at once permanent for the enfranchised ego, and correspondingly exalted in character. It is toward this result, as the supreme achievement of his evolution, that the Buddhist is taught to strive.

In order that this hasty survey of the great esoteric doctrine may afford all necessary aids to reflection concerning its wonderfully comprehensive and harmonious character, it is necessary that I should say a few words in conclusion on one all-important point.

The human ego, as manifested in flesh, is after all the expression of only one phase of its being. Concurrently with its existence as an incarnate person, it is capable of an existence and of consciousness—alternating with its waking consciousness in the body—on higher planes of nature. The consciousness of the lower or physical phase of its ex-

istence does not embrace the higher or spiritual phase, but the higher does in a large degree embrace the consciousness of the physical personality. It is, therefore,—relatively to the more restricted personality,—the real ego, the inner man, or the "higher self," as it has most generally been described in recent theosophic writings. The consideration of all the characteristics and inherent possibilities connected with this higher self would claim very prolonged treatment. The full comprehension of the laws which govern its existence and progress, and of its capacity when functioning in the higher regions of nature to which it properly belongs, would, indeed, involve an amount of knowledge concerning spiritual conditions which could not be expressed in language, or condensed, so to speak, within a physical brain. But at the same time *some* knowledge concerning the higher self is essential to a correct appreciation of any problems connected with re-incarnation, devachanic existence, or spiritual evolution.

And the clew to the real identity of the individual through all the long series of physical lives, which from the point of view of each in turn he thinks he has forgotten, is to be found in reflections on the nature of the higher self, and on the insufficiency of the ordinary waking consciousness of a physical human being to reflect the whole consciousness of the real spiritual being which lies behind, within, or above the mask of personality.
—Time.

TWO POEMS.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

I.

AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Dost thou not hear? Amid dun, lonely hills
Far off a melancholy music shrills
As for a joy that no fruition fills.

Who dwell in that far country of the wind?
The unclaimed hopes, the powers but half-defined
The shy, heroic passions of mankind.

All, all are young in those reverberate bands ;
 None marshals them, no mellow voice commands,
 They whirl and eddy as the shifting sands.

Ah, there is ruin and no ivy clings ;
 There pass the mourners for untimely things ;
 There breaks the stricken cry of crownless kings.

There sounds the shepherd's pipe—a jarring strain
 Of migratory, restless, baffled pain,
 As in the sunshine he had never lain.

And ever and anon there spreads a boom
 Of wonder through the air, arrainging doom
 With ineffectual plaint as from a tomb.

But through the moving currents, more remote
 Than the lark's twinkling wings, a bell-like note
 Clear through the muffled turbulence doth float :

And there methinks that healing spirits live,
 Gracious, benignant creatures, who can give
 Welcome to errant thought and fugitive.

II.

BIRDS IN AN AUTUMN SKY.

WHEEL, wheel, ye birds, about the cheerless sky,
 Above the vapors, the rose winter-bloom
 Facing the sunset ; in clear circles high
 Rise with a shrill, preluding muster-cry,
 Since not for song but flight
 Ye curve and spread
 In such harmonious clusters overhead !
 The gale with a sea-strength doth doom
 Your woods ; ye have no nestward care.

 Why should ye stay ?
 The mist is full of burden and decay,
 The passing of the forest-leaves, the soft
 Drip of the hedgerows ; from the oak
 The acorn severs ; with victorious stroke
 Winnow the cumbered air, rise, eddy, sway—
 The sap is in your pinions—press aloft
 Through the illimitable gray,
 Compass sky-regions bare !

 Soon as I find
 That life's soft bowers lie ruined in my sight,
 Prompted as ye,
 Ah, if I might
 Rove with as confident tranquillity
 Athwart the uncommunicating wind !

—*Contemporary Review.*

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY SIR ROBERT S. BALL.

At the present time we are beginning to experience one of the greatest revolutions which the art of practical astronomy has ever undergone. Professor Young, in a very admirable article on the subject in a recent number of the "Princeton Review," has indeed regarded the impending metamorphosis as parallel in importance to that which followed from the invention of the telescope. Perhaps we should hardly speak of the new departure as impending; we might rather say that it has already been in some degree realized. We may fairly derive an illustration from the somewhat similar change that our methods of illumination seem likely to undergo. It will be generally admitted that the present state of electric lighting is still in the initial and tentative stages; yet the overwhelming advantages of electricity for many purposes is no longer disputed. Somewhat similar to the invasion of electricity on old-fashioned sources of light is the invasion of photography into the time-honored methods of conducting astronomical observations. We cannot indeed assert that the application of the photographic camera to the telescope is exactly novel. Nor can we for that matter deny that the electric light was invented half a century ago. But just as a few brilliant inventions have transformed electrical lighting from a scientific curiosity into an eminently practical reality, so the recent improvements in photography have rendered that art an indispensable auxiliary in the observatory of the future.

The applications of photography to astronomy are of the most widely diverse kind. We may employ it in the first place as an auxiliary in the production of accurate pictorial representations of particular objects in the universe, or in obtaining views of groups of such bodies: we may also employ it to aid the process of exact measurement. There are still other and more delicate branches of practical astronomy where the photograph is not merely a rapid or a convenient means of doing what could

otherwise not be done so conveniently. Photography is then a process for actually observing phenomena that entirely elude ordinary vision, and are only perceptible by the peculiar sensibility of the salts of silver.

We shall first say a few words with regard to the suitability of the new method for the purpose of recording the appearances of the different celestial bodies. In all the applications of this process to the heavens we must bear in mind how widely different are the conditions under which a celestial photograph is to be procured from those which are met with in the more familiar pursuit of the art. In taking a portrait with the camera, there is of course only a few feet between the plate and the sitter. In the application of photography to the representation of landscape the distance between the objects and the camera is greatly increased; but even here the length of air through which the rays have to traverse is generally much less than in the case where we attempt the portrait of a heavenly body. The atmosphere extends above our heads to an altitude which is still very uncertain. We learn however from the phenomena of shooting stars that the summit of the air is at least a couple of hundred miles aloft, and perhaps much more. The upper regions are so highly rarified that they are incapable of exercising much deleterious influence on the rays of light; it is in the lower and the denser portions that the atmosphere is chiefly inimical to the photographer. Now, though to the portrait-taker the atmosphere signifies but little, except in so far as questions of light are involved, yet it is well known that the state of the atmosphere is very significant in landscape-photography; while in the case of the celestial photographer the behavior of the atmosphere is of paramount importance. Even if the object be immediately over his head, the rays would have to make their way through two hundred miles of air before they entered his apparatus; while if the body lay far away from his zenith, as of

course it usually does, the air-journey of the rays of light would be considerably longer. Any imperfections which the atmosphere is capable of producing must therefore be felt much more keenly by the celestial photographer than by the brothers in the craft who confine their attention to mere terrestrial objects. The qualities which characterize a suitable sky are steadiness, though wind is not necessarily objectionable, and photographic transparency, which is a very different property from visual transparency. By steadiness is meant such a regularity in the variations of density that each ray of light is persistently refracted along the same course throughout the duration of the exposure. By transparency the celestial photographer will mean a state of the air which will permit the particular rays of light which he wants to pass through. It will often happen that two nights which to the unaided eye, or even in the ordinary telescope, will seem equally clear, may be of widely different clearness in so far as the photograph light is concerned.

To illustrate the opacity of the atmosphere to photographic rays I may mention a fact told me by the Rev. H. Swanzy, who accompanied the Rev. W. Green on his recent exploration of the Selkirk range in British Columbia. The plates they used required an exposure of three seconds or more in the valleys, while similar plates exposed at a height of ten thousand feet were found to be destroyed if the exposure was more than a small fraction of a second.

On the other hand the photographic transparency of some media opaque to visual light is curiously illustrated by the following circumstance. When the *Great Eastern* was in Dublin my friend, Mr. H. B. White, took some pictures of the vessel. She had previously come from Liverpool, I believe, where her colossal hull had apparently been made the vehicle for some gigantic advertisement. Before coming to Dublin the inscription had been completely obliterated by a liberal application of tar, yet the photographic plates *saw through the tar* and showed conspicuously the name of—well, these are not the advertising columns of this Magazine.

In the application of photography to celestial portraiture, we naturally first allude to the photographs of the sun, by far the most exquisite of which are those taken by Janssen at Meudon. His photographs, obtained by an extremely short exposure of a fraction of a second, display in a marvellous manner the actual texture of the sun under the conditions of its surface at the moment. They prove that the luminous parts are brilliant granules or cloudlets, floating, so to speak, in an obscure medium which is visible in the interstices between the cloudlets. Occasionally the openings between the small luminous portions are large enough to form dark spots. The photographic examination of the sun certainly bears out the view that the luminous surface is far from being continuous, even setting aside the presence of large spots. I must, however, say, that in none of the photographs that I have seen are the cloudlets at all of the willow-leaf or the rice-grain structure: they do not seem characterized by any specially elongated shape.

Photography has also been applied with success to the representation of the phenomena seen during the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun. On several occasions photographs of the corona have been obtained, and in the recent eclipse on January 1st, 1889, a splendid series of pictures has been obtained. In fact the single party sent from Harvard College to Willow, California, under Mr. W. H. Pickering, obtained between fifty and sixty photographs of the various phenomena, while other expeditions have also been successful.

Numerous photographs of the moon in very various phases have been taken. Among all that I have seen I think that of Rutherford, on March 6th, 1865, is still almost if not quite unsurpassed. Some very admirable pictures of the moon have, however, recently been obtained at the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California.

Though the lunar photographs are interesting, and make beautiful transparencies to show on the screen, yet it will, I think, be admitted that, so far as the representation of lunar details is concerned, they are disappointing. Even

the best of them will not bear much magnifying without becoming blurred and indistinct. The view that a photograph presents of any lunar mountain or crater cannot be compared either in beauty or in sharpness with the picture that a telescope of adequate power will give the eye. In fact we may certainly say that no material addition to our knowledge of lunar topography has been contributed by photography. We may, however, hope for better things; for, with the extremely sensitive plates now procurable, a picture of the moon obtained under favorable atmospheric conditions, with an extremely short exposure, might prove much more capable of being magnified than any of the photographs that have yet been taken.

In the delineation of the planets, photography has hitherto been but little applied, though the attempts which have been made are full of interest. The pictures of Jupiter which have been taken by the Brotheis Henry at Paris are very beautiful. The bands and other markings on the planet come out distinctly, and the renowned red spot is a very conspicuous object. In a few photographs, taken at intervals of half an hour, the gradual shifting of the features shows in an interesting manner the rotation of the planet on its axis. This very rotation is, however, one of the difficulties which impede successful photography of the planet. In the course of a long exposure the gradual displacement of the features by the rotation precludes the possibility of a sharp and well-defined picture. Here, again, very brief exposures and highly sensitive plates become the desideratum of the astronomer. I cannot but think that photography will have a considerable share in our further study of this the most gigantic of our planets. The marks on Jupiter are so incessantly varying that the photograph seems obviously the true method for recording its ever-fleeting details. It will be noticed that the circumstances are here quite different from those which attend the application of photography to the moon. In the latter the features are permanent, and the efforts of the eye and of artistic sketching can be persistently accumulated, with the result of giving us a delineation of the lunar sur-

face as faithful as the powers of our telescope will permit. But there is no permanency in Jupiter, and our only means of becoming acquainted with the marvellous meteorology of that planet must be derived from the bringing together of as many accurate pictures of its disk as can be obtained in its ever-varying moods. For this object photography seems most admirably adapted. There is, however, a point which should be mentioned, and it has been brought before us very strongly while examining the beautiful Jovian photographs taken by the Henrys. It is that the photographic Jupiter and the visual Jupiter are different pictures. This is no doubt largely due to the atmosphere of the planet, which exercises a different degree of absorption on the photograph rays from that to which the visual rays are exposed. Here again the difference between the problem of photographing the airless moon and photographing a planet becomes significant. In the case of the moon the visual picture and the photographic picture tend to coincidence in proportion as they both approach perfection.

Pleasing pictures have also been taken of Saturn, especially by the Messrs. Henry. Not only does the broad division of the ring, usually known as Cassini's line, appear very distinctly, but many of the more delicate features are also perceptible. But the point which has struck me very forcibly about this picture of Saturn is the remarkable amount of shading which it gives to the Saturnian globe. As is well known to every practical astronomer, this globe usually possesses no very striking varieties of shade or of coloration in the telescope, and the extraordinary darkness about the poles of Saturn in the photograph will arrest the curiosity of every one who is familiar with the ordinary telescopic spectacle. The cause of this phenomenon appears to lie not in the actual coloration of the planet's globe, but in the atmospheric shell within which it is contained. It would seem that the Saturnian atmosphere, whatever be its character in other respects, must at all events possess the power of largely absorbing the photographic rays of light. The sunlight which has gone to the Saturnian pole, and has returned

thence, will clearly have passed through a much greater thickness of Saturnian atmosphere than the rays which we receive from his equatorial regions; hence the light from the polar parts will have suffered more loss by absorption than will that from the central regions, and thus the darkness of the pole and the brilliancy of the equator in the photograph can be accounted for.

At the present time the question of the application of photography to the stellar regions is especially engrossing attention, and for this purpose it would seem that the new process is destined to effect a revolution in the arts of astronomical observation. We must therefore consider the question of sidereal photography with some detail.

When a telescope is directed toward a star, it brings all the rays of that star to a focus; and the more excellent the construction of the optical part of the telescope, the more accurately will the image of the star approximate to that of a mathematical point. In the ordinary use of a telescope for visual purposes, all the rays of light collected by the aperture of the telescope are condensed to a point on the retina, and if the image there produced be sufficiently intense the sense of vision is excited, and the star is seen. If, however, the star be not perceived at the first glance, there is but little object in prolonging the gaze. It is true that expert practical astronomers know that a star which they fail to see when directly looking at it can sometimes be glimpsed when the eye is moved slightly away; the explanation apparently being that some fresher and more sensitive part of the retina is by this act brought into use. But by merely steadily staring at a faint star which is not bright enough to be detected at the first glance, there is little success to be expected. The fact is that the retina can only retain an impression for a small time—perhaps about one-seventh of a second—consequently there is no cumulative effect of the luminous impression to be obtained by prolonged watching.

But the case is very different when we place in the focus of the telescope a highly sensitive photographic plate, and permit the instrument to depict thereon an image of the star. The vibrations

of the rays of light throw themselves assiduously on the plate, and steadily apply to the task of shaking asunder the molecules of silver salts in the gelatine film. Just as the waves of ocean by incessantly beating against a shore will gradually wear away the mightiest cliffs of the toughest rock, so the innumerable millions of waves of light persistently impinging upon a single point of the plate will at length effect the necessary decomposition, and so engrave the image of the star. It will be obvious that this process will be the more complete the longer the exposure which is permitted, and thus we see one of the reasons why photography forms such an admirable method for depicting the stars. We can give exposures of many minutes, or of one, two, three, or even four hours; and all the time the effect is being gradually accumulated. Hence it is that a star which is altogether too feeble to produce an impression upon the most acute eye fortified by a telescope of the utmost power, may yet be competent, when a sufficient exposure has been allowed, to leave its record on the plate. Thus it is that photographs of the heavens disclose to us the existence of myriads of stars which could never have been detected except for this cumulative method of observation that photography is competent to give.

There is another peculiarity about the photographic methods of observation which give them an importance from quite a distinct point of view. The radiation from a star consists of a number of rays of very varied hues all blended together. If they were separated out, we should find that they were divisible into two great groups—namely, the visible and the invisible. As to the former, they characterize the well-known hues of the rainbow: the red, the orange, and the yellow, the green, blue, indigo, and violet. It is to these rays in varying degrees of combination that we are indebted for *visibility* in the star, either to our unaided eye, or even to the eye aided by a telescope. But it is conceivable that a star might dispense a rich stream of rays, and yet be totally invisible from the fact that none of these rays belonged to the special group which can alone excite vision.

These invisible rays may be of different types. Some of them might be rays of heat, for the greater part of the rays of heat are of the invisible type; though no doubt some of them are also visible, as the red portions of the spectrum. I must also add that within the last few months wondrous possibilities have been opened up as to the discovery of innumerable other rays of much greater length, which do not directly appeal to any senses that we have been provided with. But with such extraordinary rays as those which can pass through a stone wall, and be refracted by a prism of pitch, we have not at this moment to do; though they are of the most intense interest, and possibly will admit of remarkable astronomical applications. The rays with which photography is concerned are mainly or largely of the invisible type, but they are rays of high refrangibility: they lie out beyond the violet, so that if we could imagine an eye modified to see beyond the violet end of the rainbow, the hues it would mainly obtain would be those of the photographic light.

Thus it happens that the rays from the star which are competent to excite an impression on the plate are partly in the visual portion, but chiefly in the invisible part of the total radiation. Now we can see another reason why the photograph may, and indeed must, largely extend our conceptions of the extent of the universe. It will grasp and depict light which would be utterly wasted so far as vision is concerned, for even were these rays poured in torrents into our eyes they could excite no sense of vision; and consequently all stars whose radiation did not contain a sufficient admixture of visual rays, no matter how copiously they diffused these ultra-violet rays, would be invisible in the most powerful telescope to the eye, though capable of being recorded by a photograph. It will thus be manifest that the grounds which the new method furnishes of increased powers to the astronomer are twofold. There is first the advantage of prolonged exposure; there is secondly the possibility of utilizing invisible rays.

Mr. Isaac Roberts, whose experience and marvellous success in celestial photography entitles him to speak with con-

fidence on the matter, gives us striking evidence of the detection of faint stars by the action of photography. With an exposure of an hour he has shown on a plate of about four square degrees a number of stars that he estimates at more than sixteen thousand, of which the brightest is less than the fifth magnitude. The circumstances appear to have been very favorable, for other photographs have been obtained of the same region and with exposures of equal duration. To all appearances the nights on the three occasions were equally clear; but clearness for visual purposes and clearness for photographic purposes involve different conditions; and this is remarkably illustrated by the three photographs referred to. One of them, by Messrs. Henry, showed three thousand stars; the next, by Mr. Roberts, showed five thousand stars; while the third, by the same observer and on the same region of the sky, disclosed more than three times the number.

It is of interest to attempt to estimate the total number of stars visible to the photographic eye over the entire surface of the heavens, assuming that the plate we have just referred to may be taken as an average specimen of the stellar richness of the entire firmament. The number of square degrees in the heavens is about forty-one thousand four hundred, and as the plate occupies four square degrees, it will follow that upward of ten thousand plates of this size would be required to cover completely the whole vault above the horizon and below. If, then, there be over sixteen thousand stars on one of these plates, it follows that the total number over the sky capable of being disclosed by photography cannot be less than one hundred and sixty millions. It will be instructive to compare these figures with the stellar statistics afforded by other methods. If we take a position on the equator, from whence, of course, all the heavens can be completely seen in the lapse of six months, the number of stars that can be reckoned with the unaided eye will, according to Houzeau, amount to about six thousand. If we augment our unaided vision by a telescope of even small proportions, such as three inches in diameter, the number of stars in the northern hemisphere alone is

about three hundred thousand, as proved by Argelander. We may assume that the southern hemisphere has an equally numerous star-population, so that the entire multitude visible with this optical aid is about six hundred thousand. Thus we see that the use of a telescope small enough to be carried in the hands, suffices to multiply the lucid stars one hundredfold. Great telescopes no doubt soon show us that the hundreds of thousands are only the brighter members of a host of millions, and now we receive the assurance of photography that the telescopic stars are only the more conspicuous members of that vast universe. Mr. Roberts indeed declares that the multitudes of stars on the photographic plate grow with each increase of exposure to such a degree that it would almost seem as if the plate would be a well-nigh continuous mass of stars if the operations could be sufficiently protracted.

The long exposures necessary for celestial photography have introduced a new class of requirements into the construction of astronomical instruments. The questions here involved are of much practical importance, and are exciting a good deal of discussion at present.

There are, as is well known, two different classes of astronomical instruments—namely, the reflectors and the refractors; and it is still a matter of debate as to which class of instrument is the more suitable for the purposes of celestial photography.

In the reflector the rays from the star fall on the brilliant surface of a mirror carefully wrought into a special form. Formerly mirrors were made of speculum metal, consisting of two parts of copper to one of tin. This material was difficult to cast and tedious to figure. Its great weight was also a drawback, while the reflecting power, though very considerable, was still short of that possessed by silver. At present most of the reflectors are made of glass, which, after being accurately ground and polished to the true form, is chemically coated with silver.

The mirror, when used for celestial photography, is at the lower end of a tube, and the rays falling upon it from the star travel again up the tube to a

focus on the plate, which is exposed with its face toward the mirror at the upper end. The plate is supported by slight arms from the side of the tube, and it offers of course an impenetrable obstacle to some of the rays from the star, and so far diminishes the effective size of the mirror. As however the diameter of the plate will not be more than perhaps one fifth that of the mirror, it follows that only about four per cent of light is lost by this cause. The chief recommendation of the reflecting telescope is found in the circumstance that the rays of light of every description are all brought to the same focus. Thus if the plate be placed at the correct point for visual purposes, it is also correctly placed for the photographic rays. There is here no troublesome question as to the difficulty of securing a confluence of all the rays at a single point where their united action shall be devoted to engraving a mark on the plate. On the other hand, it has been customary to believe that the support of the mirror, and the precautions necessary to prevent the distortion of its figure by flexure, went far to neutralize the advantage of the useful indiscriminateness with which all rays were conducted to the same focus. The remarkable achievements of Mr. Roberts and of Mr. Common have, however, been accomplished by reflectors, in a way which proves that the difficulties attendant on this form can be surmounted.

For most of the great photographic enterprises which are now proposed to be undertaken refractors are being erected, and here a difficulty of a peculiar kind is encountered. A glass lens of accurate figure, when it receives a parallel beam of any homogeneous light, will direct all the rays of the beam to concentration at a focal point. To this extent the action of the lens and the action of the reflector are identical. By homogeneous light we mean light which we may with sufficient accuracy describe as being one of the prismatic colors. Thus a beam of pure red falling in parallel rays on the mirror are all brought to the same focus. So also are the rays of a blue beam; but the point to which the blue rays are brought by a single lens is different from

that in which a beam of red would be concentrated. The blue focus is nearer to the lens than the red focus. There is here a radical difference between the action of the lens upon light and the action of the mirror. In the latter case, every hue, of whatever color, if in the visible part, or indeed whether the rays belong to the visible portion of the spectrum or not, are all brought to coincidence at the same point. The glass lens, however, has a different focus for every different quality of light which can fall upon it. Hence, when a beam from the sun or from a star, or indeed from almost any celestial source, falls upon a lens of glass, the composite nature of the light gives rise to the difficulty that the reds, the yellows, and the blues are all brought to different foci. It is therefore impossible for this reason to obtain a distinct and definite image of any celestial object with a single glass lens; for if the lens be focussed truly for some of the rays it is necessarily out of focus for others. This difficulty is well known, and was for a long time regarded as presenting an insuperable difficulty in the way of constructing efficient refracting telescopes with glass lenses. Indeed, it was the perception of this difficulty that led Newton to turn his attention to the construction of reflectors, the best known form of which still bears his name. By the capital discovery that what a single lens could not do a pair of glasses could certainly accomplish, the refracting telescope was made the valuable instrument we now find. The achromatic objective is formed of a lens of crown glass and a lens of flint. A beam of composite light, on passing through a powerful convex lens of crown, tends toward different foci. But in contact with, or very close to, the crown lens is a concave lens of flint glass, which proceeds to undo the bending which the beam has received from the crown. It fortunately happens that the flint lens exercises a more powerful discriminative effect on the different rays, so that a weaker lens of flint than the crown lens is sufficient to collect together the scattered foci. It will thus be possible by a combination of two lenses to produce a single objective which shall bring the foci for any two desired hues

into absolute coincidence. If, for example, we arrange the proportions of the lenses appropriately, the red rays and the blue rays will be conducted to a common focus, and all the other visual rays of the intermediate hues will be brought to foci so close to the main focus that the telescope will be practically perfect for optical purposes. Such is the modern achromatic object-glass.

When an objective is to be employed for photography a new class of considerations arises. The rays most specially potent in their action on the salts of silver are not visual rays. The focus to which they would be brought by a single lens is much nearer the glass than is the focus of the extreme violet. In the ordinary adjustment of the achromatic objective for visual purposes the photographic rays are, as the optician says, allowed to go wild, for there would be no object in leading them to the common focus, and the attempt to do so would seriously impair the visual performance of the telescope. Hence we see the important fact that an achromatic telescope, however perfect for the ordinary purposes of astronomy, would be unsuited for the photographer. If a plate be placed at the ordinary optical focus of such an instrument, the visible rays from a star are no doubt brought to a point on that plate, but the photographic rays, not having the same focus, will be spread over a little circle instead of a point, and the resulting photograph will be entirely wanting in delicacy. Nor will a mere alteration of the place of the plate suffice to give precision to the image, for there are so many different shades of photographic light that an ordinary objective when focussed for one kind of invisible light will be out of focus for another.

For photographic purposes we must therefore entirely reject the familiar objective of the observatory, and construct a different one. All the reds and yellows may with safety be permitted to run wild, inasmuch as their photographic capacities are insensible. But the true chemical rays, beginning in the blues and the violets and extending far off into the invisible portion of the spectrum, must be carefully garnered into one point. A pair of flint and

crown lenses must thus be so wrought that the two ends of the chemical parts of the spectrum shall be practically brought to a common focus, in which, of course, the photographic plate is to be placed.

We thus obtain an objective which is utterly unsuited for visual purposes, but which will give an exquisitely defined photographic image of a star. But now comes one of the practical difficulties of the optician. In forming the visual objective it is easy for him to test the successive approaches to the perfect form of the lenses, but how is he to test the achromatism of the photographic objective? Here the eye cannot so directly appreciate the degree of achromatism which has been obtained.

At the request of Signor Anguiano, the present writer has recently been testing the large photographic objective constructed by Sir Howard Grubb for the Observatory of Tacubaya belonging to the Mexican Government. A description of the test employed will show the peculiarities of a photographic objective. The instrument was directed on an artificial star a couple of hundred feet distant. The star was merely a reflecting bead, illuminated by a spectrum obtained by passing a beam from a small incandescent electric light through a prism: any part of the spectrum could be cast upon the bead, and thus stars of varied hues could be observed in the telescope. Were the objective designed for visual purposes, the focus of a star near the extreme red should coincide with the focus of a blue star, while the foci of all the other stars would be in the immediate vicinity. For the photographic telescope, however, the essential point is that all the bluish stars shall be brought practically to the same focus, and this being so for the visible stars, the invisible foci of photographic light will be all sufficiently concentrated.

Supposing that the photographic telescope, either reflector or refractor, has been prepared, the practical conduct of the work demands a few words of explanation. It is of course essential that the telescope be presented to the same part of the sky throughout the entire duration of the exposure. This condition is complied with by a simul-

taneous observation of the heavens through a visual telescope rigidly attached to the photographic tube with the axes of the two instruments parallel. The clock motion of the equatorial has to be of the highest order of excellence, but notwithstanding the exquisite refinement obtained by the electrical control of the driving clock, it is impossible to dispense with simultaneous watching through the guiding telescope. A star is chosen, and this star is brought on the intersection of a pair of spider webs in the guiding telescope. During the entire exposure this star must remain in the same position, and this the attending astronomer will secure by gently correcting the speed of the driving clock. When this fiducial star has been kept carefully on one point throughout the exposure, then, assuming that other obvious conditions are fulfilled, each star will have been constantly brought to a focus on the same point of the photographic plate. The condition is a somewhat trying one, when we remember that the image of the star is an extremely small point, and that the duration of the exposure is in some cases as long as four hours.

A combined effort is now being made to secure a representation of the entire surface of the heavens by photography. A Congress met in Paris, under the presidency of Admiral Mouchez, consisting of astronomers from all parts of the world, and the conditions under which this stupendous survey of the universe was to be undertaken were then decided on. The operations are divided among a number of observatories situated over the world, and each of them undertakes to photograph on plates of a uniform size a certain region of the heavens. The work has been entered upon with the heartiest enthusiasm, and ere many years have elapsed we may anticipate being in possession of what will practically be a photograph of the entire heavens. This great piece of work will provide us with the means of making a reasonably complete inventory of the entire contents of that small portion of the universe which lies within the reach of our instruments. That all the stars which can be exhibited on long exposed plates shall ever be completely catalogued is a task as much beyond

our power to obtain as it would be to obtain a descriptive list of the several pebbles on a sea beach or of the several leaves in an ample forest. The more modest scheme has, however, been suggested of taking the two million brightest stars and forming a complete catalogue of them, in which their brightness and their absolute positions in the heavens shall be given with all attainable precision. Even this is a sufficiently magnificent undertaking, but it is within the practical limits of scientific enterprise, and it ought to be done—it must be done. Not alone is it our manifest duty to obtain a comprehensive survey of that universe around us, but there are many other special astronomical problems that will be largely forwarded by its accomplishment. There are some problems indeed which must remain unsolved so long as this task remains unfulfilled. To mention only a single one of the questions for which the great survey is imperatively demanded, I may refer to the interstellar motion of our solar system. It is well known that our sun, accompanied by the whole system of planets, is at present bound on a voyage through space. Astronomy presents no grander problem than the discovery of the circumstances of this voyage. Whence has our system come, whither is it bound, and with what speed? We can never learn such particulars as these without the information that the great survey would be capable of giving us. It is impossible to allude to the present favorable aspect of this great undertaking without mentioning the name of Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. David Gill, to whose zeal in the pursuit of his science we are so much indebted for the initiative of the great survey.

Mr. Isaac Roberts has recently propounded and proved the practicability of making and engraving a chart of the heavens on which many more stars shall be depicted. He has devised a very ingenious and accurate instrument, by which a copy of the stars on the photographic plate can be faithfully engraved on copper. I have had the privilege of seeing and using this apparatus, and hardly know whether to admire most the accuracy of the measurements that can be made by it, or the

celerity with which the copper-plate facsimile of the heavens can be obtained. The measures of the distances between stars that can be made with this instrument, either on the photographic plate itself, or on the copper engraved plate, or almost on the impressions taken from that plate on paper, may favorably compare with the most exact and laborious measurements that can be obtained with the heliometer or the micrometer on the actual stars of heaven. The taking of the photographs being a comparatively simple matter, since an hour with a single telescope will book very many thousands of stars, the practicability of the completion of the entire chart of the sky depends on the rapidity with which the plates can be transferred to the copper. Mr. Roberts finds that he can easily engrave fifty stars in an hour; so that if twenty engraving instruments were steadily employed for ten years of reasonable working hours a magnificent celestial chart could be completely engraved, consisting of twenty-three millions of stars. This superb undertaking is quite feasible, and every one interested in astronomy would recognize its utility. Here is a splendid opportunity for some wealthy Englishman to accomplish a work which could be worthily mentioned beside the magnificent Draper Memorial now being reared by Professor Pickering in America.

Hitherto I have spoken of photography merely as an appliance for the simple purpose of charting or of mapping the stars. It remains to mention some of the numerous other applications of which it is susceptible. One of the most delicate problems of celestial measurement is the determination of the distance of a fixed star. This is derived from a series of measures made at varying seasons of the year between the star under examination and some more distant star which happens to lie nearly in the same direction of vision. If, therefore, a series of photographs at different seasons be obtained, the measurements made on these photographs will disclose the star's distance, if it be sufficiently near to admit of the application of the process. Professor Pritchard, who has been a diligent cultivator of the new photographic methods, has already made

several successful attempts of this description by measures on photographs which he has himself obtained in the University Observatory at Oxford.

The applications of photography to the stars which I have already mentioned are mainly only improvements on methods formerly used, except indeed in so far as they disclose to us stars which are not visually perceptible, but we have now to speak of the manner in which photography has laid open to us discoveries of the most remarkable character in a province peculiarly its own. I can only mention the two most remarkable instances.

The great nebula in Andromeda is a familiar telescopic object. It is indeed a unique spectacle in many respects, one of which is that it alone of all the thousands of nebulae is visible to the unaided eye. Many drawings of the nebula in Andromeda have been made, and since the era of powerful telescopes it was perceived that the spindle-shaped nebulosity was marked by two remarkable dark "lanes," parallel, or nearly so, to the length of the spindle. These lanes are well shown in the later drawings of the nebula, but they seemed devoid of significance till quite lately.

Mr. Isaac Roberts, on a favorable night, last December 29th, exposed one of the highly sensitive plates that he has to the nebula for four hours; and in developing and enlarging, a picture was obtained which struck me at the time I saw it, and which still appears to me, to be perhaps the most instructive portrait of any celestial object that I have ever seen. At once the significance of the mysterious lanes becomes apparent, and the structure of the mighty nebula is for the first time disclosed. It is obviously a somewhat disk-shaped or rather lens-shaped mass, tilted nearly edgewise toward us. The central portion is especially brilliant and greatly condensed, and it is surrounded by two or three rings of nebulous material. The lanes are thus shown to be merely the better marked portions of the divisions between these rings. They can be traced nearly the whole way round in the photograph, though, owing to the foreshortening, and the want of outline which is characteristic of nebulae, they become a little confused at the ex-

tremities. The two other well-known nebulae in the neighborhood are also shown: they are obviously parts of the same system:

This marvellous structure will naturally suggest that Laplace could have no more appropriate picture to illustrate his nebular theory than the photograph of the nebula in Andromeda. There seems no doubt, indeed, that this nebula is condensing down into some system, but the magnitudes involved show us that that can hardly be anything to which the solar system bears a resemblance. Look at the facts of the case. It fortunately happens that we have in the case of Andromeda that information as to its actual dimensions of which we are usually destitute in objects of this description. A few years ago a variable star broke out in Andromeda under circumstances which rendered it in the highest degree probable that the star was actually in the nebula, and not merely accidentally on the line of sight. The parallax of this star was sought for by astronomers—myself among the number—and we came to the unanimous conclusion that the star, and therefore presumably the nebula, was too remote for our methods of survey to be successful. The diameter of the earth's orbit cannot subtend an angle at the very most of more than a couple of seconds at the great nebula, which is itself more than a couple of degrees in length. We are hence assured that the diameter of the system which is being evolved in Andromeda, whatever it may be, is at the very least three thousand six hundred times as great as that of the earth's orbit round the sun.

Another superb achievement in the exclusive department of photography is the discovery of the nebulae which surround some of the stars in the Pleiades. We may look in vain for them with the ordinary telescope, but the exquisite pictures of Mr. Roberts demonstrate their existence, and show that the stars of the Pleiades seem to have resulted from the condensation of a mighty nebula, some portions of which are still in the vicinity of the group. It seems clear that the results obtained in the case of the nebula in Andromeda, and of the Pleiades, would be alone sufficient to justify all the expenditure of

time and trouble made on behalf of celestial photography.

Several photographs of the great nebula in Orion have also been taken, those of Mr. Common and Mr. Roberts being especially successful. It would seem, however, as if the bluish nebulae, such as Orion and the Dumb-bell, did not admit of such good photographic portraits as the nebula in Andromeda which is of a white hue. The drawback to all nebular photographs is that, to give sufficient exposure for the faint parts, the bright parts must be over-exposed, while the stars are of course burnt into disfiguring blotches.

It does not enter into the scheme of this paper to discuss with any detail the splendid applications of photography to the spectroscopic study of the heavens. Here, indeed, the pre-eminent utility of photography comes out most distinctly. I must, however, give a few concluding lines to the subject. In this department of celestial spectroscopy Dr. Huggins is the pioneer, and he has obtained exquisite photographs of the spectra of stars. The white stars, such as Sirius and Vega, show a truly marvellous spectrum; there are a few lines in the visible part, and a great number of lines in the photographic part, due to hydro-

gen. The spectra of comets and of nebulae have also been obtained, and are replete with truly marvellous interest and instruction.

But the most splendid piece of astronomical spectroscopy which is at this time in progress is the great Draper Memorial, at which Professor Pickering is laboring with such consummate skill at Harvard College, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Draper, in memory of her accomplished husband, has provided the means by which Professor Pickering is carrying on his work. The photographs of the stellar spectra which have been obtained present a magnificent display of lines. His operations are being conducted on such a comprehensive scale that a complete spectroscopic review of all the stars in the heavens to the ninth magnitude is in progress, and with a prospect of completion at no very remote date. One who has not visited Professor Pickering's Observatory, and seen the vast astronomical research that is there carried on can have hardly any idea of the magnificence of the great task. It will show us in these latter days how full of meaning are the words, "One star differeth from another star in glory."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

BY W. L.

(Conclusion.)

LET us now turn attention to the shore, which we can see is crowded with people. Those groups in dark long robes must be women. They have heard of our arrival, and as the boats are returned so early from the fishing-grounds, we must be coming on shore, and so they have come out to see and welcome us.

They are not disappointed. We land opposite the Government office of the island—a neat little thatched stone-and-mortar house, with a veranda running round it, and on the sea-front a large thatched *pandal* (structure raised on poles) to give additional shade, and to keep off the glare, while admitting every breath of air that blows.

We find it stocked with a table and one or two wooden chairs and benches, so we sit down to breakfast, and rest before starting to view the settlement.

As the meal is finished, and cheroots are lighted, a deputation is announced. Who? Only the ladies of the island come to pay their respects to the strangers. The deputation is ushered in, and, headed by a grave matronly lady, a bevy of modest-looking healthy girls, bearing island produce of all kinds, comes forward, and spreads at our feet a number of baskets containing eggs and vegetables and fruit, and an odd chicken or two. The striped silk gown worn by them extends nearly to the ankles, and has a hole for the head to

pass through, and short sleeves, in many cases very tastefully embroidered. The gown fits pretty closely to the figure, and shows off its wearer's charms very becomingly; and sometimes a white, sometimes a green, under-garment shows itself below the skirt of the gown. Although Mohammedan by religion, they are all unveiled and bare-headed. We ask a few questions through an interpreter, convey our thanks, and then, with much propriety, the deputation files out. What? Another deputation of ladies? Yes; in they come, and lay their gifts before us and depart. And another, and another, and another succeed each other in quick succession, till we are perfectly bewildered with deputations and gifts, and ask how many more there are to come. We are told there are ten altogether; and then we begin to wonder, Is there any magic in the decennial number? Why not eleven or nine?

Our interpreter begins to explain that there are ten *varāngis* in the island. But what is a *varāngi*? we perplexedly ask. A *varāngi* is a female institution peculiar to Minicoy; at least we have met the organization nowhere else.

The ladies are organized separately from the men, who again are organized into attiris. Happy matrons!—happy men!—we interject.

Let us investigate this a little. But, hilloa!—here come the deputations back again; for as we settle down to a cross-examination of our interpreter, a fresh bevy of girls and women comes filing into view, each carrying a water-pot. Why the water-pots? But we are speedily enlightened; for, just throwing a curious glance or two at us, they file past our veranda, and one by one pour water into a big tub. That water is intended for our use while ashore. We are proceeding to thank the women for their services, and begin to think of remuneration, when our interpreter stops us. It is the custom of the island for the women so to treat strangers, and no remuneration is either asked or expected; their head-women arrange it among themselves, we are told, and each *varāngi* takes its turn at the task. So we just throw a grateful glance or two at the bonniest and sonsiest of our fair servers, who receive the attention

nothing loath, but with much decorum, and then we settle down again, determined to get at the bottom of this *varāngi* and *attiri* business.

We find that the township is divided into ten *varāngis*, but into only nine *attiris*. Comparing the names, however, we discover that the two exactly correspond, except in regard to two of the former, to which there is but one corresponding *attiri*. These divisions of the township, then, are territorial in their character.

But for what purpose are these separate male and female divisions organized? is our next point.

The answer we receive is a curious one, and takes long to tell.

Did you ever hear of the discoveries of Trembley about the middle of last century? We presume not; so let us explain a little. Well, then, there is a zoophyte called *Hydra viridis*, of the order of *Acalephæ*, or Sea-nettles, which possesses certain extraordinary qualities. Those qualities Trembley discovered and made known to the astonished scientific world. With the aid of a thick pointless boar's bristle, and delicate manipulation, he turned that unfortunate zoophyte inside out, just as you might do the fingers of a kid glove. The polype died, of course, you suggest. No such thing. It lived: and, what is more, its stomach became its outer skin; and its outer skin, finding itself in such a novel position, adapted itself to circumstances and became its stomach, able to digest worms and other such succulent moists!

Now we are going to ask you to effect a somewhat similar operation on yourself! It is not, however, with your stomach we wish you to deal, but with your mind and its associations!

Take unto yourself a new understanding—we do not say that that is an easy matter, far from it. The needle stuck through the neck of the polype, which prevented its reversion to its original form, will be indispensable in your case if you wish clearly to apprehend what follows.

You have hitherto been brought up to consider that the man is the natural head of the house and of the family. Put that idea away from you for the present, and imagine a state of society

in which *the woman and not the man* is the recognized head of the house, and in doing so you will have taken the first and most important step toward a clear apprehension of the relations between the sexes in Minicoy.

Have you got that fact clearly and firmly fixed in your mind? Yes. Well, then, you are ready for the next step in advance, and you will accept without cavil or ungallant comment our next position, which is, that the ladies so placed manage their affairs far better than the gentlemen. You doubt the fact. Then go to Minicoy, and satisfy yourself how it can be done.

There the ladies will have no breaking up of homes, until sheer necessity from want of space compels them to it. There you may see with your own eyes grandmothers, mothers, and daughters all living peaceably together; and not only that, but grandfathers, fathers, and sons all members of the same household—eating out of the common pot, and living in peace and friendship *all under one roof*.

"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk," says the official report already quoted; and well they can afford it too, say we, for are not the economy of the plan and the wisdom of the ladies self-evident?

The houses belong to the women—everything in the house belongs to them; the men work hard as sailors and fishermen and tree-climbers, in plucking nuts, but whatever they earn goes into the family stock, and increases the family substance.

The men even belong to the women, and wise they are to accept the position, and to submit to their fate!

But, you suggest, you have already told us they marry among themselves—what happens, then, you ask.

There is, let us say, a household of Browns, and another household of Joneses. Moreover, A, a daughter of the household of Brown, loves, and is beloved by, B, of the household of Jones. B comes home from a voyage to Calcutta in the *Dharia Beg*. He brings with him in his sea-chest the silken gowns and other joys which A expects. Happy is their meeting, and in the great marrying month of May, when the island registrar is busy with

his books, they are duly wed. Well, what happens? Does Miss A. Brown become Mrs. B. Jones, and live happy ever after? Not a bit of it. *Au contraire*, Mr. B. Jones becomes—how shall we express the idea?—our English fails us to find an equivalent—but if we might, without unsexing Mr. B. J. (for he is far too smart a sailor to permit of us doing him that injustice), say that he becomes Mrs. A. Brown, we should be conveying as near an approach to the truth as our halting English will allow!

Anyhow, the result is that, with his acquisitions, either hereditary—for the Minicovites follow strictly the Prophet's law on that point—or self-amassed, Jones passes quietly into the Brown family household, sinks his Jones patronymic, and becomes a Brown!

Jones's children, who are, of course, like himself Browns and not Joneses, in due time succeed to Jones's separate property, for at his marriage the acquisitions he brought with him belong to him and his wife as long as they remain members of the Brown household. Following the Mohammedan law, Jones's sons get double the portions of his daughters. The sons in due course marry, and in like manner become, let us say, Robinsons, and take with them to the Robinson household their shares of Jones's goods. But Jones's daughters remain always Browns, and their shares go to swell the household stock of the Browns, augmented, of course, in due time by the goods their husbands bring with them from, let us say, the household of Smith, among whom they select their husbands.

Let us follow the fortunes of the Browns a little further. The Brown daughters are numerous and prolific; the Brown family house is incapable any longer of holding them all; there is no land adjacent whereon to build the additional accommodation required—what happens then? Such a contingency is not regarded with much equanimity either by the elders of the Brown household or by the younger members themselves; but of course necessity—and this applies more particularly to the poorer classes of the community—sometimes compels them to break up the household. And in such a case the husbands and men of the Brown household

select a fresh piece of land, and build for the eldest daughter and her husband and family a new house, to which the eldest daughter and her family are in due course transferred, thereby founding a fresh household of Browns, which, to distinguish it from the original house, is called, let us say, the household of the Brown-Smiths.

In like manner the second daughter and her family are next, if necessary, provided for, and so on until the original Brown household is reduced to manageable proportions once more.

Sheer necessity, from lack of space, however, alone compels the family thus to break up, and often the family house is much overcrowded by reason of the reluctance with which the members resort to the extreme step of founding fresh households. The ladies, in particular, endeavor most zealously to keep the family together, *for thus economy in management is most readily secured.*

But enough for the present of mere talk, let us go out and view the ladies in their own homes. The sun is high in the heavens, and although there is a strong breeze blowing, we shall be the better of white umbrellas and sunshades in the open spaces uncovered by trees. So, thus provided, we start. First we come across a group of children of both sexes crowding to the apothecary to be vaccinated or treated for petty ailments. A gateway to our right in a stone-and-mortar wall leads into the Great South Pandâram, a huge orchard of cocoanut-palm and other trees, of which more anon. But what is this tied conspicuously to a palm-tree at the gate? a bit of the tip end of a cocoanut-leaf, with part of the stem bared of the fronds, and the remaining fronds tied with a knot at the end of each, and so splayed out. That means that no islander may, without special orders from the headman of the island, pass into the orchard, which is strewn temptingly with nuts which have dropped from the trees.

We next pass some tanks of fresh water cut out of the solid limestone rock, which underlies the soil of the island at a depth of a foot or two. Sweet and wholesome the water is, as we have already tested, and yet it rises and falls with the tides!

Just before we enter among the houses

the pathway diverges, and at the angle is the dry leafless branch of a tree stuck into the ground. Pendent from the crooked points of the branch hang numerous vessels formed of double cocoanut-shells. One shell is placed end up on another shell, the joint is neatly fitted, and the two shells are tied together firmly by three strings of finely twisted coir yarn; to the lips of the upper shell a string is attached for the vessel to hang by, and the vessel itself is half full of a liquid which we find to be palm juice toddy of the unfermented kind. To prevent fermentation, a limestone pebble or two from the beach are placed in each vessel. But why are these hung here, we ask? And the answer is, that the toddy-drawer draws for several households, and the household vessels full of toddy are placed here, to be removed by the households at their leisure. It is clear that thieving is not common among the community, for the toddy-pots full of the liquid are left here in a retired but public spot without any protection against theft.

From the unfermented sweet toddy the islanders prepare sugar and sundry toothsome sweetmeats.

But here we come to the village—the sandy path is clean, and we fail to discover the slightest ill odor. Moreover, the path is neatly fenced off from the courtyards of the houses by rough stone walls or by plaited cocoanut-leaf hedges.

Passing a mosque, with its adjacent burial-ground, we are struck by the care taken to mark permanently the last resting-places of the community. At the head of each grave is a beautifully carved and inscribed headstone, a foot to thirteen inches in height, those of males being distinguished from those of females by having a square point to the rounded top of the headstone, while those of females have the top rounded off.

The path becomes very narrow, and the houses more and more numerous. The latter are all thatched. That havoc a fire would make, we imagine! but the danger is not really so great as it appears, first, because the township lies hidden in a regular blanket of lofty cocoanut-palm-trees which prevents the breeze from striking it severely; and next, because the islanders—the men—are admirably organized into *attiris*, and

one duty of the *attiri* is to assemble sharp at the point of danger directly three blasts on the island alarm-trumpet—a conch-shell with a bit broken off at the apex—go booming through their island homes.

But what jauntily decorated building is this on our right, with its gable-end set off with quaint designs in bright green, and yellow, and crimson? A low murmur of people talking reaches our ears—not men's voices clearly. As we approach the quaintly neat stone-built and plastered but thatched structure, our approach is observed, and there is a rush of silken-clad women and girls from the open gable-end lying away from us as we near it. They collect in a group a short way off, and watch our proceedings. A girls' school? No; for the ladies have left their work behind them in their flight, and that consists chiefly of coir fibre and coils of spun coir yarn. A manufactory, we ask? No; it is the *varāngi* meeting-house—the *varāngi* ladies' club! Its appropriation to female uses exclusively is manifest. It is a rectangular structure, with one gable-end open; round the three enclosed sides runs a low divan edged off with wood; divan and floor are beaten hard and worn smooth by naked feet; rows of cowrie-shells have been let into the hard surface of the floor and divan in elegant curves and figures. There are one or two small barred windows, and on the walls hang sundry flaming pictures, in the native style, of impossible heroes and heroines in the gaudiest of colors, varied by a stray picture or two from some illustrated English newspaper; and interspersed among these are various bits of mirror, sure proof that the Minicovite female society is not indifferent as to its looks. The floor and divan are strewn with the coir fibre and yarn in process of manufacture.

Let us call up the head-woman and ask her what functions are here enacted. Let us try to penetrate the mystery how she manages to restrain the tongues of her younger sisters, and keep scandal within due bounds. At our request the head-woman of the *varāngi*, a matronly, good-looking, self-possessed lady, advances, and in the simplest way, without any self-conscious shyness, tells us why they were there.

The *Malumi*, *Takkaru*, and *Khalu* women usually, she says, start for the coir-beating grounds, which lie behind the township, at 5.30 or 6 A.M. But who are these, we ask? And then it appears that the islanders, though exclusively Mohammedan by religion, are divided very strictly into *castes* after the Hindoo fashion. The *Malumis*, *Takkarus*, and *Khalus*, are respectively the pilots or superior sailors, the ordinary seamen, and the palm-tree climbers, or palm-toddy drawers of the community. There is one other class, the *Malikhans*, or chief men, who superintend the work of the other classes; but the *Malikhans* ladies do not belong to the *varāngi* organization, nor do they go with the other women to beat coir-husks into fibre, nor spin it into yarn at the *varāngi* meeting-house. The *Malumi* (pilot) women, too, though they take their turn at the out-door work of beating the husks, are not required to spin it at the meeting-house, nor are they in any way under the *varāngi* head-women. The common sailor and tree-climber women thus alone belong to the *varāngis*, and alone use the *varāngi* meeting-house. But, on the other hand, as there are in the whole island but 36 houses of the superior sailor caste, and 17 houses of the *Malikhans* caste, to 302 houses and 207 houses of the two lower classes (*Takkarus* and *Khalus*) respectively, it is clear that the bulk of the women in the island do belong to the *varāngi* organization.

Well, the *varāngi* women and girls go to the husk-beating ground behind the township in the very early morning. We visit this place afterward, and find it to be a maze of neatly swept, scrupulously clean, and shady walks among the palm-trees. By the sides of these shady walks, sundry pits have been excavated out of the coral limestone substratum of the island. These pits are full of fresh water; and in this water the outer husks of the cocoanuts are thoroughly steeped before being pounded into coir fibre on slabs of limestone placed for the purpose close to each pit. Considerable heaps of refuse beaten out of the husks lie round each pit. Interspersed too among the coir-soaking pits are numerous tanks of clear water, where the women bathe before returning to their domestic duties. No man may intrude

into this portion of the island in the early part of the day when the women are there. Even the headman of the island is particular in asking the head-women for permission for us to visit the place before the usual hour.

By 8.30 or 9 A.M., the women and girls have usually beaten out sufficient coir fibre for their day's work, and have completed their ablutions; so about that hour they return home with the fibre, take their breakfasts, and then proceed to the *varāngi* meeting-houses to spin their fibre into yarn.

From 2 to 5 P.M. the *mās* boats return from the fishing ground: the women then proceed to the shore to secure their household shares of the day's catch. With this they proceed home, and in home duties the rest of the day is spent.

Such is the ordinary life of the women. But on stated occasions, once a month, they have other duties to perform, which will be dealt with more appropriately when we visit the Great South Pandāram, or coconut-palm orchard, in the south of the island.

Each *varāngi* selects its own head-woman, and she has authority over all females in the *varāngi*, and over all boys up to the age (about seven years) when the latter are fitted for the duties of the community devolving on the men. The head-woman calls the *varāngi* together whenever the public services require it; and under her superintendence they plait coconut-leaves (*cadjans*) into mats, draw and carry water, etc., etc.

The men, as already said, of the two lower castes are similarly organized into *attiris*. Each *attiri* selects its own headman, and has its own meeting-house—a thatched wooden erection on the shore of the lagoon. There the men congregate to do the work of the community; the carpenter plies his instruments of carpentry; there they are shaved by the barber; it is there that they collect to debate on public questions, to cut the exquisitely elaborate, fancifully designed tombstones in vogue in the island, to haul up the boats as soon as the fishing season is at an end, and also the island vessels when their voyages have been completed, and they are hauled up to be placed in shelter for repairs during the monsoon months.

The Minicoy houses, owing to the

curious relations existing between the sexes, differ much from houses elsewhere. Among the well-to-do families, they are large rambling collections of stone-and-mortar thatched buildings, enclosed within either a dry-stone wall or a fence made of plaited coconut-palm leaves. The rooms in the house are few, and are chiefly utilized as store-rooms, but deep shady verandas are everywhere. The most noticeable feature about them is the number of swinging cots hanging from the rafters of the verandas, each cot having a set of thick cotton mosquito-curtains, which effectually provides such privacy as the Minicovites desire. Each daughter of the house has her own cot, occupied by herself and her husband when he is at home. The cots are made to swing, and so to keep the air in motion to prevent mosquitoes—surely there are nowhere mosquitoes so numerous or so bloodthirsty as those of Minicoy—from attacking the occupants of the cots while the mosquito-curtains are up. The children of the house have swinging cots of their own. The cots themselves are plain slabs of wood, of various patterns and devices, covered with gay quilts, and hung by a rope at each corner to the beams and rafters of the roof. A low railing runs round the edge of the bed, to keep things from falling off it, and here there is considerable room for a display of taste in the coloring, carving, and lacquering of the rails. A few large wooden bins for keeping grain, sundry very handsome grass mats for the floor or to serve as dinner-cloths, a chair or two of European pattern, a box or two, and perhaps a table, complete, along with flaring native pictures on the walls, almost the whole of the furniture. The wealth of the family is shown in tasteful carvings of veranda pillars and doors and windows, and in various cornices and brackets on the walls.

The township stretches along the shore of the lagoon a distance of three-quarters of a mile to a mile, but inland it is not more than 100 to 200 yards in width. In this space there is congregated a population of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants—the females being by far the most numerous. Behind the houses lie the gardens, which are cultivated with much care, and produce vegetables of

various sorts—particularly the sweet potato and several kinds of yams, betel vines, and a little Indian corn. The fruit-trees comprise, besides cocoanut-palms, limes, citrons, and a large number of the seedless variety of the bread-fruit tree. There is no authentic record of when and how this latter tree was introduced: the old people say it was brought from Point de Galle in Ceylon. It is believed to be indigenous to the South Sea Islands only; and it is well known that about a century ago the Bounty, rendered famous by the mutiny of its crew, was sent to those islands to procure a supply for introduction into the West Indies. The tree is propagated by suckers, which spring plentifully from its roots. The coast natives call the fruit the *divi chakka*—that is, the island jack-fruit, from its resemblance to the fruit of the real jack-tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*). The fruit is usually boiled for the table.

The township is very clean; its streets and by-lanes are swept daily, and all rubbish removed and burned or cast into the waters of the lagoon. This latter practice leaves something to be desired in the matter of sanitation; for the waves cast up the light floating refuse on to the foreshore, which is in consequence always more or less in a filthy state.

But the sanitary arrangements of the community do not end here. The quarantine islet of Viringilly we have already noticed. Thither the islanders send all cases of infectious disease—smallpox, cholera, etc.—for treatment. Moreover, they have separate burial-grounds for persons who die of these diseases. And away to the north of the township lies a small collection of miserable thatched huts, in which there dwells, in great discomfort and under many privations, a small colony of lepers.

"The islanders have," says the official report from which we have already quoted, "from time immemorial adopted the precaution of separating lepers from among them. On the appearance of the disease the sufferer is called before the *kāsi* (priest), and if the leprosy is pronounced to be contagious, he is expelled to the north end of the island, where a place is set apart for the purpose. A hut is built for him, and he subsists on supplies of food and water, which his relatives bring at intervals and leave on the ground at a safe distance."

The Minicovites, it will be seen from the above, follow the Old Testament ordinance in regard to lepers (Leviticus, chaps. xiii., xiv.); and the interesting question arises how such a custom was imported into the island, for nowhere else that we know of is it followed among races connected with India. Moreover, it is not a Mohammedan institution in any way.

Were the Minicovites at any time Christians? One Christian custom they certainly have, "which," says the official reporter already quoted, "as far as I know, is without parallel among any society of Mussulmans—namely, that the men are monogamous. I was assured that it was an established custom that no man could have more than one wife at one time." Can this be the "Female Island" spoken of by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century A.D.? Marco Polo's male and female islanders, if such ever existed anywhere, were undoubtedly "baptized Christians," and maintained "the ordinances of the Old Testament," he tells us. Moreover, they had "no chief except a bishop, who is subject to the archbishop of another island, of which we shall presently speak, called Socotra. They have also a peculiar language." *

However, Marco Polo (A.D. 1292-93) insists that there were two islands, in one of which dwelt the women alone, and in the other the men. The two islands again, he said, lay about thirty miles distant from one another, and some 500 miles south of the Mekran coast. But let us quote his exact words:—†

* Yule's "Marco Polo," 2d edition, vol. ii. pp. 395, 396.

† The account of a similar island given by the Chinese traveller Hwen Thsang (A.D. 629-645), may be fitly introduced here for comparison: "Au sud-ouest du royaume (Po-la-sse-Persia) dans une île, se trouve le royaume des femmes d'occident; on n'y voit que des femmes et pas un seul homme. Ce pays abonde en productions rares et précieuses; il est sous la dépendance du royaume de Folin (Byzantine Empire), dont le roi leur envoie chaque année des inaris qui s'unissent avec elles; mais lorsqu'elles mettent au monde des garçons, les lois du pays défendent de les élever."—"Histoire de la vie de Hiouen Thsang, etc." by Stanislas Julien (Paris, 1853), p. 208. It is noteworthy that Hwen Thsang connects the story of the founding of

Let us consider how all these statements of fact fit in to what we know of Minicoy and its people.

First of all, we may notice that Messer Marco's islands were Indian islands ("Marco Polo," ii. 393). Minicoy is certainly an Indian island; and the "peculiar language," of which Marco makes mention, may well have been Mahl, the language common to the Maldive islanders and to Minicoy. Of the peculiarities of their language we cannot say very much, because there has been as yet no adequate opportunity of studying it; but we may note that, although living in an island, they have no word expressive of the idea conveyed by our word island: they call it "country." Again; their system of notation is duodecimal to a certain extent. Seventeen

is with them not 7 and 10, but 12 and 5. One hundred is 96 and 4; but here their duodecimal notation ends, for they have borrowed a word to signify a hundred; and so 101 is, as with us, 100 and 1, and so on, with duodecimal numbers until the next hundred is reached. And so it goes on; for 1000 there is a special word. The Koran they call *Tiriss*, which is the Hindustani word (corrupted) for 30; and their reason for calling it so is, that in the big copy of the Koran in their chief mosque the Scripture is written on 30 portions, each consisting of 12 leaves, or 360 leaves in all. But let us pass to other matters.

It does not appear that Messer Marco ever visited the islands themselves, so his ideas in regard to distances must be accepted as only roughly approximate. And his statement that there was a special island for the males can be explained only by the suggestion that the men did in his days, as they do still, proceed to the Maldives proper, and to Ceylon and elsewhere on trading voyages. It is certainly still the fact that a large majority of the men remain away from the island on trading voyages during seven or eight months every year, and return to Minicoy in March and April annually, and May is down to the present day the great marrying month. Let us quote from the island marriage registrar's books on this point. In the year 1885, 67 marriages in all were registered in the island, of which number 34 took place in May, the next largest figure for any month being 7 in March. In 1886, there were 49 marriages, of which 24 took place in May and 8 (the next largest figure for any month) in June.

If Marco's account of the time during which the men remained in the Female Island be correct, the custom must have changed since his day; for the men return from their voyages nowadays about April, and remain in the island with the women during the southwest monsoon months of May, June, July, and August. When the island was officially visited in 1876, there were 1179 women on the island and only 351 men, while 383 men were absent on voyages. The official report adds: "But when all are present in the island, the women exceed the men by 26 per cent."

"Ambergris," of which Marco Polo

this "royaume des femmes d'occident" with that of the settlement of Ceylon from South Indian sources.—*Ibid.*, pp. 194-198. The connection with the Byzantine Empire, moreover, accounts very naturally for the facts stated by Marco Polo that in his time the islanders were "baptized Christians," ruled by a bishop subject to the Archbishop of Socotra. No traces of Christianity have as yet been discovered on the island, notwithstanding a diligent search. A copper image, 12 to 18 inches high, was found some years ago, it is said, and sent to Cannanore. Three or four or five earthen figures were likewise found about the same time in a search for hidden treasure at the site of a church or temple still pointed out—but none of these could be traced.

"In the island, however, which is called Male, dwell the men alone, without their wives or any other women. Every year when the month of March arrives the men all set out for the other island, and tarry there for three months—to wit, March, April, May—dwelling with their wives for that space. At the end of those three months they return to their own island, and pursue their husbandry and trade for the other nine months.

"They find on this island very fine ambergris. They live on flesh and milk and rice. They are capital fishermen, and catch a great quantity of fine large sea-fish, and these they dry, so that all the year they have plenty of food, and also enough to sell to the traders who go thither.

"As for the children which their wives bear to them, if they be girls they abide with their mothers; but if they be boys the mothers bring them up till they are fourteen, and then send them to their fathers. Such is the custom of these two islands. The wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces; for their husbands do furnish them with all necessities."

makes mention, continues down to the present day to be a royalty. As regards their food, it may be noted, in passing, that the islanders live principally on the dried flesh of the *bonito*, which they call *más*. They have no special word for flesh, which they also call *más*. There is at the present time a considerable export of dried fish (*más*), so that Marco's account, if it applies to Minicoy at all, is even yet literally true of this branch of their industry, which is still—as will be gathered from what has already been said above—in a flourishing condition.

As to the age when the boys pass from under the jurisdiction of the head-women to that of the headmen of the *attiris*, that has already been stated to be seven years, and not fourteen, as it seems to have been in the time of Messer Marco. Lastly, as to Marco's statement that "the wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces, for their husbands do furnish them with all necessities," we have already quoted an official report detailing what things are brought home annually to the women from the trading voyages to Bengal and other places; and we will now proceed, if you please, to follow the crowd of women in one of their periodical visits to the great orchard known as the Great South Pandáiam, "to gather such fruits as their island produces," to use Messer Marco's own words.

The great orchard stretches away to the south of the township, a distance of about three miles, and extends to the whole breadth of the island, from the shore of the lagoon to the sea-shore on the opposite side. It is nowhere more than 500 or 600 yards wide, and toward the lighthouse end it tapers considerably. It is densely crowded throughout with trees, among which the cocoa-nut palm predominates.

But the ladies are just gathering at their *varáñgi* meeting-houses with their baskets, and are not yet ready to start. Let us go on with the *Khalu* men, who have turned out in great force to climb the trees, and who are mostly provided with short sticks attached by cord to their right wrists.

Just as we enter the great orchard through the gateway already mentioned, where is posted the splayed-out cocoa-

nut-leaf—the sign that it is forbidden ground—a dozen fine athletic fellows begin swarming up the smooth stems of a dozen palm-trees. Are they going to pluck the nuts? No; we will attend to that presently. Their present objective is—rats!!

Nowhere, we fancy, on the whole globe is *Mus rattus* (or is it *M. decumanus*?) so abundantly supplied with food and drink, or so comfortably quartered, as he is among the branching crown of leaves of a productive Minicoy cocoanut-palm tree. The coarse fibrous sheath which protects each tender frond as it shoots into the upper air from the head of the palm-tree bursts asunder as the frond swells out. Shreds of it may be seen still hanging from the parent frond, other shreds fall down and lodge at the roots of the mature fronds beneath. When the palms are systematically handled, as they are on the coast, this fibrous matter is all cleared away regularly by the tree-climber; but in Minicoy, in the great southern orchard, the trees are allowed to grow as nature listeth, the head of spreading fronds is never cleared of this refuse fibre, and comfortable, not to say luxuriously warm and snug, quarters are thus provided in the top of each palm-tree for the innumerable colonies of rats which swarm up the trunks to feast on the abundant supplies of food and drink which the nuts afford. Look around and you will see nuts in all stages of their existence strewn about upon the ground. Here is a green tender nut, which had not reached the age when the milk contained in it had even begun to deposit itself in the shape of kernel, lying apparently uninjured on the ground; turn it over with your foot, and there at the swell of the lower end is a neatly excised hole in the fibrous husk, showing where a thirsty rat had worked his way through to the sweet waters within. There is a fully matured nut lying on the ground, with a similar gaping wound fully exposed to view; take it up, and you will find that Master Rat has gnawed away every particle of the sweet kernel, slaking his thirst no doubt the meanwhile on the milk which he also found there. It is barely a month since the last gathering of nuts was made, and yet the ground is thickly strewn with the remains of the rats' feast.

Nature has, in this isolated spot, failed to provide any natural enemies to the rat tribe. Owls, except such as have been imported on Government account, do not exist. The mongoose and the rat-snake are not indigenous to the island, and even cats are scarce, and when imported are not easily kept alive, owing to the great plague of mosquitoes.

But the fun is becoming fast and furious around us,—the tree-climbers, with their short sticks, have reached to the crowns of a dozen trees, and poking among the refuse fibre collected there, have disturbed a number of rats, some of which—the young and inexperienced of the flock—have incontinently taken headers from the tree-tops in the hope of eluding their enemies aloft. Worse awaits them below, however, for they are caught like cricket-balls by eager upstretched hands before they can touch the ground, and are instantly hurled violently to earth, and then thrown to the boys, who have come provided with collecting baskets for carrying them. Others run down the trunk, hoping thus to evade the enemy aloft; a shout proclaims that this manoeuvre has been observed, and as Master Rat, suddenly taking in the situation, makes a dive for safety from high up the trunk into the low brushwood below, half-a-dozen hands pounce down upon him among the bushes and weeds, and secure him, and next instant he is dashed a lifeless corpse against the trunk of the tree he has just left. Still others, the knowing ones who have been at this business before, scurry along the mid-ribs of the branching fronds, passing with agility and much ludicrous screwing of their tails from one frond to another, till they meet with fate from the short stick of the tree-climber on the neighboring tree, in which they have endeavored to take refuge. It is reserved to the experienced patriarch of the colony to make for safety to a tree which does not yet hold a climber; but his movements have been watched from below, and as he reaches his fancied secure retreat, the avenger is already several feet up the trunk after him. Beaten out of this tree, he seeks shelter in another, and yet another if that be possible, and not unfrequently he drops or dives unscathed from the trunk or branching fronds into a bush

of prickly screw-pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), whither the yelling crowd below cannot follow to overtake him.

The boys with the baskets have been busy meanwhile collecting the slain; several scores of victims have already fallen; nearly every adult of the crowd has taken his turn at climbing the trees. This has been only an overture to the serious business of the day; here come the ladies in detachments, under their commanding officers of the *vardangis*, so let us break off and see how the fruit is collected.

On inquiry we find that the great southern orchard is divided administratively into twenty-seven compartments. The boundary-mark between one division and another is not easy to discover to the unpractised eye; but, as a rule, a narrow pathway leading inward from the shore of the lagoon serves to show where one compartment ends and the next begins; a more or less imaginary straight line right across the island to the sea-shore completes the boundary.

In the first five compartments which lie nearest to the township, and which, in consequence of their accessibility, receive more attention than the others from the island headmen, the nuts are gathered by plucking. The *Khalus*, or tree-climbers, swarm up the trunks and throw down all the mature nuts, which, with those already on the ground, are gathered by the women and conveyed to the store at the Government office already described. The men receive 20 per cent of all the nuts they pluck as remuneration, and the women for gathering them get four nuts each, and 4 per cent more of all they gather.

In the three next compartments the fallen nuts only are collected, and this duty is assigned to the boys of three *Kôyilams* (properly *Kôvilagams*, a Malayâli word, signifying originally king's houses). The boys are remunerated with seven nuts apiece, and 4 per cent more of all they collect. Why this departure has been made from the original island custom of allowing the women only to collect the nuts we cannot on inquiry ascertain; but it was instituted long ago, and was probably meant to secure some extra remuneration for the boys belonging to the houses which manned Mammâli's (the island chieftain's) fleets.

Mammâli, you must know, was a great corsair in days gone by. His descendants still live at Cannanore on the mainland, and are still chieftains of this island and of some of the Laccadive Islands, also belonging to Malabar, and lying to the north of Minicoy across the 9° channel, formerly known as Mammâli's canal or channel. On the mainland the family holds only a few square miles of territory; but in former times not only the Laccadives and Minicoy, but the Maldivé Islands also, were subject to their sway. The Minicovite tradition is that their island was so subjected to harries and oppressions by sea-robbers of all sorts, that they eventually placed themselves under Mammâli's (properly Mohammed Ali's) protection. If the islanders were "baptized Christians" in Marco Polo's time, their conversion to Islam must have taken place some time subsequently, say, about the date of the traditionary "great Mammâli's" reign—A.D. 1364-65—when a great extension of the family influence took place. The political history of the island, however, rests in great obscurity.

The remaining nineteen compartments of the great southern orchard are allotted among the women of the various *varângis*, according to population. No attempt is made to pluck the nuts or cultivate the trees, which are largely smothered by dense growths of impenetrable screw-pine and other jungle. The rats reign supreme, and what nuts they spare are collected from the ground by the women, each of whom receives as remuneration eight nuts on each occasion, and 4 per cent more of all she collects.

The nuts thus collected are piled into rough stores at various points along the lagoon shore of the island, and, after being stripped of their outer husks, are exported to the mainland, and sold on behalf of the Government revenue.

Let us walk down the central pathway of the island to the lighthouse, and pay a visit to the two solitary Europeans whom we shall find there installed as custodians of the light. It will be a pleasant walk, for the sun, though now at mid-day in the zenith, will be screened by the dense foliage of the palm-trees meeting overhead, and a fresh northerly sea breeze coming in from the lagoon

will likewise tend to keep things cool and comfortable for us. Moreover, for thirsty souls a well of sweet water will be found at each of the nut-gathering stores.

These wells are square in form, about four feet each of the sides, and surrounded by a low parapet of rough limestone. To each well there belongs a long stick, with a cocoanut-shell cup at the end with which to draw the water. The water is, we find, at most five or six feet below the surface of the ground; and we begin accordingly to have doubts regarding the existence of certain caves about which we heard when talking of the piratical harries to which the island was subjected long ago.

The islanders, they said, used to take refuge from the buccaneers in the caves, which are still to be seen in this uninhabited portion of the island; so let us see the caves *en route*. To do this we diverge from the central pathway, and dive, with much stooping, into thickets of dense screw-pine. After considerable search, for the places are now deserted, and allowed to go to ruin, a shout at last proclaims that the caves have been found. Hurrying to the spot, we find that the caves are indeed myths, as we had judged from the proximity of the water to the surface-soil. But here is a neat hole in the ground, disclosed by removing a rough slab of limestone, which served to conceal it. Peering down we discover that, instead of a cave, we are looking down into a shallow narrow burrow, the sides of which are built up, and the roof constructed of rough limestone slabs taken from the great piles of this material which have been heaped up by the force of the waves on the sea-shore side of the island. *Did the islanders thus burrow underground like rabbits?* It must have been so, for a little farther on we find a place where the roof has fallen in, and disclosed the run of the burrow. One of our guides descends into it to test the size, and we find that there is just room enough for him to sit squatting inside. The place is overgrown with trees and brushwood, and we cannot arrive at any definite conclusion as to the extent to which these burrows prevailed in former times; but we are told that the remains of them are by no means uncommon in the isl-

and, and that some of these remains are of considerable size, as if some of the burrows had had many ramifications, and had had, like those of rabbits, many bolt-holes. Surely never was there elsewhere such a device to enable human beings to escape enemies of their own race? The hardest of buccaneers would hardly have cared to crawl on hands and knees into these dark places of refuge in quest of their victims; and even if they did so, unless all the bolt-holes were watched, their labor might be in vain. We can see at a glance that to have laid bare the burrow, and thus found its occupants, would have been a work of time and difficulty—a work which any one who ever attempted to lay bare a rabbit-burrow among the roots of a quick-set-hedge would well appreciate. Buccaneers were not gentlemen accustomed to labor hard under a tropical sun; and we may conclude, on the whole, that the device must have afforded an effective escape for the people under the circumstances of a temporary occupation of the island by pirates.

Marvelling much at the sight, and speculating largely as to when these burrows were last used, and contrasting the then and the now to the poor inhabitants of the island, we return to our pathway, and proceed onward toward the lighthouse. Is it possible that the men alone used these burrows to conceal themselves while the women remained at the township to receive and entertain the interlopers? It is easy to understand, if such was the practice formerly, how mariners casually visiting the island would be astounded to find none but women to receive them, and everything arranged and managed by the women. So much is certain, that this island was notoriously the prey of sea-robbers in former days, and it would have fared badly with the men who were not absent on trading voyages if they had shown themselves or offered resistance. In the "Lusiad" of Camcêns there is a vivid description of a company of Portuguese mariners running riot in an island like this.

On the whole, we conclude that there is a good deal to be said in favor of the view that Minicoy is Marco Polo's Island of the Women; and the facts set forth above, tend not a little to give to his

and other similar legends a local habitation and a name.

Pursuing our way southward, we come suddenly on a clearing in the forest where the sun's rays beat fiercely down on the scorched earth, and as we step into it we find that we have reached the lighthouse site, a narrow belt stretching from the lagoon to the sea having been cleared of all the forest-growth. At the one end, on the slightly raised sea-shore, stands the lighthouse, a fine modern structure, furnished with all the latest improvements, towering high above the palm-trees in the vicinity. At the other end of this belt, built out into the water on wooden piles driven into the sandy bottom of the lagoon, stands the rough wooden shanty which was used as a dwelling by the builders of the lighthouse. Passing over the rough plank-bridge which connects the shore with the structure on piles, we find that the place is now used by the light-keepers as a working-shed and boathouse. Myriads of the brilliantly colored fish-fry have taken shelter from their enemies among the piles on which the structure is raised; and as we enter the veranda fronting the lagoon, large shoals of them flash for an instant into the sunlight, disturbed by our intrusion.

Our presence has not yet been discovered at the lighthouse; but as we turn to come ashore, and the creaking planks give forth a sound underfoot, we hear a yap-yap in the lighthouse direction, and find that our presence is at last detected by the one solitary dog that the island can muster—an affectionate little beast of a nondescript breed, yearning for society, as we afterward find him to be. Attracted by the barking, as we approach the lighthouse a window high above us opens, and the cheery bronzed English face of one of the keepers appears.

"May we see the light?" we shout upward.

"Oh, yes; wait a minute."

The door at the foot of the tower is locked; but we hear footsteps rapidly descending the winding staircase inside, and in a few seconds the bolt inside is shot, the door thrown open, and next instant we are receiving a hearty welcome from the two light-keepers, who, aided by a native assistant from Ceylon, have the sole charge of the light.

Breathlessly and half-giddy we toil up the rounds of the staircase, passing store-houses neatly fitted up with huge oil-cans, spare machinery, and goods and chattels belonging to the keepers. On a landing immediately below the light itself, the keepers have fitted up their cots, so as to be within instant call in case of accident. Passing upward through a narrow trap-door in the floor of the light-room, we find ourselves among gun-metal machinery and big dioptric lenses, built up of huge glass prisms, which slowly revolve at night round the intensely brilliant light cast by the cylindrical burners in the centre of the chamber. But where is the motive power? we ask. And in reply we are shown an endless chain with heavy weights attached, which slowly descend through a hollow cast-iron shaft reaching from the light-chamber down to the lowest story of the tower. The weights descending actuate the machinery, and as they approach the bottom an alarm-bell is rung to warn the keepers that it is time to recommence the winding-up process. But what if the chain should break, or other accident happen to the machinery? Then, until this breakage is repaired, the lenses must be kept revolving by means of this crank, which, as we see, can be done by manual labor independently of the driving machinery.

Having satisfied our curiosity in regard to the internal arrangements, we next pass out through a low narrow door into the cool breezy balcony running round the structure, immediately beneath the diamond shaped panes of plate-glass which enclose the light-chamber. And there spread out before us, as on a map, lie the tiny island and its lagoon and enclosing coral-reef. Down below us there, hidden by the forest, lie the curious burrows we have just been visiting, and the contrast between the state of the island then and what it is now, once more comes home forcibly to our minds. There rides our trim little steamer at anchor almost on the reef itself it seems; there goes a great three-masted liner, ploughing its way steadily homeward, with its rich freight of silk or tea from China, studiously unobservant it seems of the gay Union jack, that emblem of world-wide peace, which our worthy light-keepers have run up to re-

mind them of the care that the great Trinity House Brethren take of the lives and property of those engaged in the Eastern trade. Perhaps she was too far off to think of sending us a kindly greeting; but here comes a Messageries Maritime boat, making straight for the southern-most point of the island; we shall be able to look down upon her decks as she passes almost within stone's throw, as it seems, of the point of land. We can see the tricolor run up as she approaches—she at least means to take some notice of us; and as she comes abreast, we can see the flag hauled down and then snarply run up again, in answer to the responding dip from our ensign.

It is such interchange of courtesies as these that again take our thoughts far away back to the time when the islanders watched in dread for any stranger-sail bearing down upon their helpless little island. Who can picture without a shudder the breathless provisioning of these wretched human burrows among the screw-pine thickets, and the crowd of trembling women thronging to the beach with their poor little gifts of fruits and eggs to welcome the intruders, and learn their fate? Will the rough sailors, mindful of mothers and sisters left in far-distant lands, be merciful to these kindly women in their solitary island abode? Or must recourse be had to the darksome stifling burrows, the last island-refuge of the distressed? We can imagine the crowd of women melting imperceptibly away before scowling looks and harsh treatment, the organization of parties to search whither they have disappeared, and the blank amazement on finding no trace of them anywhere above ground. But let us turn to the happier picture of a kindly reception from the bearded seafaring men, and the gradually increasing crowd of girls and boys drawn from the screw-pine thickets as the benevolent character of the intruders becomes known, and let us imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding the island tenanted chiefly by women and girls and boys. What wonder that in seafaring yarns the account of a visit to the *Island of Women* should ever after be one among the choicest stories for recital to gaping crowds in far-away sailor homes!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

BY J. D. BOUCHIER.

No royal house in Europe can equal the illustrious race of the Hapsburgs in the grandeur and romance of its historic past, the sad mystery of its present, and the vast possibilities of its future. No realm in Europe can vie in interest with the strangely-compacted mosaic of nationalities which forms the heritage of that ancient dynasty. The Hapsburgs, who in the time of our Tudor kings ruled not only Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, but Central Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and the Indies, have since then encountered a long series of disasters with noble fortitude; they have learned wisdom in the bitter school of misfortune, and to-day they hold a firmer place than ever in the affections of the heterogeneous multitudes that own their sway. The tragedy at Meyerling has given rise to a display of grief both touching and real among all the races and peoples of the polyglot empire. In Pesth, and throughout Hungary, a hush fell upon a scene of strife which had almost assumed the character of a revolution. In Vienna the demeanor of the many-tongued crowd which flocked from all parts of the empire to witness the obsequies was as though each member of it had lost a dearly-loved friend or brother. There was everything in the last sad ceremonial that can kindle the historic imagination or touch the springs of human sympathy; the strange mixture of simplicity and magnificence, recalling alike the greatness and the antiquity of the Hapsburgs, the silence in the gay season of the Carnival, the visible grief and distress of a usually light-hearted population, even the abandonment of etiquette, when at the last moment the desolate father descended into the vaults of the Capuchins, and knelt by the coffin of his only son. "Would that I could have died for thee," exclaimed M. Jokai, the Hungarian poet; and there were few who could not breathe the same wish over the tomb of the gifted young prince, with whom the brightest hopes of a vast empire have sunk into the grave.

A year has now passed, and yet it seems

but yesterday that I saw the Archduke Rudolph on social occasions in Vienna and Buda-Pesth, his well-proportioned figure shown to advantage by his handsome dark blue uniform, and his bright intellectual face lighted up with the fire of animation as he spoke to his friends with the eager impassioned utterance of one whose thoughts are too many for words. He was one of those who speak, not for the sake of saying something, but because they have something to say; and his flow of ideas seemed almost too rapid for his power of expression, although this was considerable. There were traces of a slight restlessness in his manner, such as one sometimes notices in the case of those whose brain has been overtaken, or who have attempted to burn the lamp of life too brightly; and there can be no doubt that the strain of his multifarious tastes, interests, and duties was too much for his highly-strung nervous temperament, with its dash of melancholia derived from his Wittelsbach blood. He was a good soldier, but his tastes were mainly directed to science, art, literature, and especially natural history. Like Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, he was particularly devoted to ornithology. A traveler for the love of knowledge and information, an orator of no mean power, an excellent linguist, speaking all the languages and many of the dialects of the polyglot empire of his house, he had also sought distinction as an author; and together with many eminent Austrian and Hungarian men of letters he labored at the production of the monumental work *Oesterreich-Ungarn in Wort und Bild*, for which he both wrote and sketched, in addition to reading and revising all the proof-sheets. A mind so well informed, and with such catholic tastes, could not fail to develop itself in the direction of broad liberality of thought, philanthropy, and a desire for the peaceful improvement of mankind; and it was this progressive tendency which attracted the Archduke Rudolph so strongly to the late Emperor Frederick, just as it estranged him from the reactionary

soldier who now fills the throne of Germany. This estrangement can hardly have been lessened by a conversation which is stated on good authority to have taken place between them within the last year. "I mean," said the German Emperor, "to follow the programme of Frederick the Great." "That programme," replied the descendant of Maria Theresa, "implies the destruction of Austria."

The last time I saw the Crown Prince was at Abbazia, whither he used to come to visit the Crown Princess, who spent some months of last spring in that sunny corner of the Adriatic. The *Kronprinzpaar* would sometimes come to *déjeuner* in the restaurant of the hotel, seating themselves at one of the ordinary tables with Count Bombelles, the master of their household. The fact that the august guests were never stared at or mobbed speaks much for Austrian good breeding. The Crown Princess would sometimes sit in the public garden listening to the band, and apparently attracting no more attention than an ordinary visitor; and I have often seen her walking alone in the woods or on the roads, the Istrian peasants lifting their hats as they passed by, and apparently feeling no temptation to stare at the Imperial lady. How greatly the Empress of Austria must have felt the contrast between English and Austrian manners when during her stay at Cromer she found herself compelled to bathe before sunrise in order to escape the molestations of our countrymen! There was, of course, much conversation at Abbazia and elsewhere with regard to the private affairs of the Crown Prince, but of this I shall not repeat one word, lest I should throw carrion to the ghouls who batten on the failings of their fellow-creatures. That he ever deliberately meditated suicide, I do not believe; the elaborate attempts which have been made to spread that impression have defeated their object. But any one who knows Vienna is aware that in that city young couples who have been crossed in love often run away to some hotel and commit suicide together, acting upon a sudden impulse. There is now a melancholy interest in the words addressed by the Crown Prince to the Congress of Hygiene assembled in Vienna last year under his presidency, in

which he dwelt upon the importance of each individual life as a possible means of good to the community, and the duty of prolonging it by all the resources of science. A life of the brightest promise has now been wantonly sacrificed, and for what cause? Nothing more than a paltry love affair! The tragedy deepens when we reflect that opinion on the Continent, and especially in a semi-oriental State, such as Austria-Hungary, does not regard such matters from the standpoint of what it calls Anglo-Saxon fanaticism. In England a *faux pas* in private life excludes an able man from a career of usefulness; in America the unearthing of some such peccadillo in a statesman's domestic history brings wealth to the discoverer, if he knows how to sell his treasure, and destruction to his victim. The death of the young Prince was more gratuitous, so to speak, than if he had been an Englishman, and a heavy responsibility rests with those to whom his safety was entrusted. But he is gone; and it is time for the slanderers and busybodies to cease from their clamor. Let him rest in peace.

All eyes now turn to the bereaved monarch, who has ruled for forty years with such benefit to his people and such credit to himself. Called upon, when a lad of nineteen, to steer the ship of state already foundering amid the waves of revolution, Francis Joseph I. was compelled to look on while the troops of a foreign Power were shedding the blood of his subjects in his name. Never did a sovereign begin his reign under circumstances of greater difficulty. Though compelled in his youth to adopt a centralizing and reactionary policy, he now presents the rare spectacle of a ruler in whom the load of increasing years and troubles has not engendered a leaning toward Conservatism. *Justitia erga omnes nationes est fundamentum Austria* has ever been his motto, and he has carried out this principle with a rare political insight of which posterity alone will form an adequate judgment. *Cedendo vinces*: the general who can profit by defeat is the real hero. Notwithstanding all her disasters and her critical internal condition, Austria-Hungary, is stronger to-day than she has been for a hundred years. The feeling of relief and gratitude which has followed the

Emperor's announcement that he will continue to occupy the throne, and to follow the well-known principles which have hitherto guided him, shows the extent to which his subjects appreciate his rule. The delicate problems of internal government with which he has to deal are such as to require the utmost sensitiveness of appreciation, a sympathetic treatment, and a spirit of fairness and compromise. If, during the last forty years, the destinies of Austria-Hungary had been entrusted to a man of "brutal frankness" and inflexible will, such as the Iron Chancellor, the horrors of 1849 would have been repeated again and again within her boundaries. However great may be their mutual jealousies, the many races of his realm turn to their Emperor with a filial love and veneration. The disappointment which followed his rejection of all gifts and his discouragement of all displays on the occasion of his Jubilee was great; but it gave way to admiration of the simplicity and humanity of his character, when he begged that any memorial of the occasion should take a charitable form; and withdrew to pass the day in retirement with the Empress at Miramar. It is such indications of character as this that kindle the affections of a nation. There is scarcely a village throughout the Empire in which a tree was not planted in honor of the day, and vast sums were devoted to charitable foundations. The recent great outburst of sympathy is still fresh in our memories. In Hungary, and even in superstitious Tyrol, the people, in sympathy for their sovereign, compelled such of the priests as were unwilling to do so to celebrate requiem masses; and in Carinthia they threatened the Prince-Bishop of Laibach with violence if he would not permit the cathedral bells to be tolled. There is much of traditional devotion to the Hapsburgs in this; but still more there is recognition of the Emperor's great services to his people and of his amiability of character. "We are one family, one people," were his touching words to one of the deputations which, notwithstanding his great grief, he consented to receive. We are tempted to ask, Can this be the sovereign against whom his whole people were in revolt some

forty years ago, the master of Windischgrätz, and Jellachich, and Haynau?

The great results achieved by the Emperor Francis Joseph serve to emphasize the unique position of the Hapsburgs as a link between so many discordant nationalities, and throw a light upon the infinite possibilities of the future of the dynasty. A crisis has now occurred to which there is only one parallel in the history of the monarchy. In 1740 the Emperor Charles VI. died leaving an only daughter, the Empress Maria Theresa. He had moved heaven and earth to obtain the assent of the European Powers to the Pragmatic Sanction, which he had framed to secure his daughter's succession. A number of rival claimants arose, and the Empress fled for refuge with her infant, afterward Joseph II., to Pressburg, where the Hungarian Diet was assembled. Here the historic scene occurred when the Magyar magnates drew their swords and vowed to die for their "King" Maria Theresa. A million lives were sacrificed in the wars which followed. It is hardly possible that the present crisis could involve any such consequences, but the situation is nevertheless full of serious import. The internal condition of the Empire is such that a rare and almost impossible combination of qualities will be requisite for the future occupant of the Hapsburg throne.

The Pragmatic Sanction, though framed to legalize the accession of Maria Theresa, excludes the present Emperor's daughters and his grandchild by postponing the succession of females to that of males in the family of Charles VI. The Emperor's next brother, the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, whom Napoleon III. beguiled to a tragic fate in Mexico, would now, were he living, be the next heir. There are two surviving brothers, the Archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor; and the former now becomes heir-presumptive, though he is understood to have renounced his claims in favor of his son. He is a general in the cavalry, and a good officer, but he has principally devoted himself to the patronage of art, science, trade, and commerce, and has been president of various industrial exhibitions held in Vienna. He has always been subject to

Ultramontane influences, and his family has been brought up under ecclesiastical control. His eldest daughter, though only nineteen, is already abbess of a convent of noble ladies at Prague. His eldest son, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who has inherited the patrimony of the Modena branch of the family, resigns his vast estates to his brother, the Archduke Otto, in order to qualify himself to succeed to the still greater heritage of his imperial ancestors. He is a young man of inoffensive character, delicate, and subject to epileptic fits. Whether he will prove himself equal to the great position which has suddenly devolved upon him can only be revealed by time; but the state of his health makes it not improbable that the Archduke Otto will eventually become heir to the throne. The numerous escapades of this eccentric and headstrong young prince have tried even the tolerance of Austrian society, and have been such as to render the contingency of his succession a subject of deep concern to the Emperor, though it may be that, as in the case of our own Henry V., a plentiful crop of royal virtues may arise from an abundant sowing of wild oats. It is said at Vienna that complications may still arise in case the Archduke Otto should contest his brother's competency to resign the Modena inheritance, which at present disqualifies him from accepting the position of heir-presumptive. The elaborate ceremonies which attended the inauguration of a memorial to Maria Theresa last summer gave rise to persistent rumors that an attempt was being made to accustom the public mind to the idea of another Empress-Queen. It is useless to speculate what might have occurred in the future if the Crown Prince had lived. An attempt to alter the succession would have involved a family quarrel; but this would have been the least part of the danger. An amendment of the Pragmatic Sanction would have had to be submitted to the various diets and parliaments of the Empire, and many of them would probably have seized the opportunity to demand concessions, or by taking different sides might have given an opening to foreign intrigues for the dismemberment of the Empire.

Wherever we look dark storm-clouds

are gathering thickly round the monarchy. The dangers from without are great, the dangers from within are still greater; and it is only the centripetal force set in motion by the former which counteracts the process of internal disintegration. Austria-Hungary is compelled to maintain military armament altogether disproportionate to her economical resources. Her financial condition is alarming; she supports a load of taxation so overwhelming that it paralyzes her recuperative power; her fiscal arrangements, in which the protective system is carried to its utmost extent, are in a disorganized condition, being at best but a compromise between the warring interests of industrial Austria and agricultural Hungary; she is carrying on a war of tariffs with Roumania, and her customs arrangements with Germany and Italy are anything but satisfactory. Her deficits are increasing year by year; in fact she can no longer afford to hold the position of a Great Power. Meanwhile Russian plots in the Balkan States and the accumulation of Russian troops on the Galician frontier still continue, and force her to take precautionary measures and increase her military expenditure. The intolerable strain may soon compel her to throw down the gauntlet once for all to her gigantic neighbor. If she does so it will be at her own risk, for the League of Peace is strictly defensive, and Prince Bismarck will not help her in the Balkans. Lastly, she has to grapple with the discontent of her own non-German and non-Hungarian populations, not to speak of the excitable Magyars, and to assure herself that she can count on the loyalty of her seventeen millions of Slav subjects before entering into a contest with a great Slav empire.

The economical condition of a country in which an annual deficit has come to be regarded as inevitable can hardly be contemplated with satisfaction, and the only question is, How long can this state of things last? Newly liberated states, like young men when they come of age, often plunge into a career of extravagance; and the dashing and adventurous Magyars have shown anything but a disposition to husband their resources since the time when they succeeded in obtaining the management of

their own affairs in 1867. All heads were filled with the magnificence of Hungary's destiny, and no sordid considerations of expense were to be allowed to stand in the way of her development. Directly after the *Ausgleich*, or compromise with Austria, Hungary laid claim to Fiume, and gained her point, as she has always done since the institution of Dualism. Immediately costly harbor works were taken in hand, and immense warehouses erected; and any one who remembers what Fiume was some fifteen or twenty years ago would now hardly recognize the once unpretending little port. Fiume, the port of Hungary, was to rival Trieste despite all difficulties, and what mattered a few millions of florins? A serious loss has resulted from the immense network of State railways with which the Hungarian landowners have covered the country. They were determined to develop their estates; it did not matter whether the railways paid or not, and some of them never will pay. Strategical considerations have been lost sight of in the construction of these lines, and the military communications in Galicia are notoriously inadequate. Again, Pesth has been transformed into a magnificent capital; everywhere costly and imposing buildings meet the view, designed to demonstrate to the world the renascent splendor of the Hungarian kingdom. Another source of loss is the war of tariffs with Roumania, which has crippled the trade with that country by eighty per cent. This is also the work of the Hungarian landowners, who object to the importation of Roumanian cattle.

But the principal cause of the financial difficulty, and the tremendous taxation with which it must be met, is, of course, the army. The forces of Austria-Hungary on paper amount to more than a million and a half of men, exclusive of the *Honved* or Hungarian militia, which has a separate organization. But in reality, owing to sheer want of money, there are hardly more than three hundred thousand men under arms. The officers are badly paid, and the men badly fed; indeed, an accurate knowledge of the means whereby body and soul are kept together in an Austrian soldier might bring some consolation to those who mourn the short rations of

Tommy Atkins. Political causes have done much to weaken the efficiency of the army; the ministries of National Defence, for instance, at Vienna and Pesth are independent of the common Ministry of War; there are neither permanent *corps d'armée* nor systems of local recruiting. The army, however, is composed of admirable material and animated with an excellent spirit. It is thoroughly loyal to the Emperor, its *Kriegsherr*, and knows nothing of the King of Hungary. The steadiness and fidelity of the Imperial troops have been very remarkable, even in times of great internal discontent, such as the year 1866, when Prince Bismarck was distributing revolutionary manifestos in the Czech language throughout Bohemia, and organizing a guerilla force of exiled Hungarian patriots under Klapka. The Hapsburgs have always been soldiers, and the present generation needs not fear comparison with any of its predecessors. The Archduke Rainer commands the Austrian militia, and the Archduke Wilhelm the artillery. The latter, a brave man and a first-rate soldier, received a wound at Sadowa; he is an excellent artillery officer, with a thorough knowledge of every matter connected with the scientific branch of the service. But the two most remarkable military men among the Hapsburgs are the Archdukes Albrecht and Johann. The former, who is virtually commander-in-chief, is a very distinguished soldier. After gaining a brilliant victory at Custoza in 1866, he hastened back to Vienna to take over the command of Benedek's defeated army, and succeeded in checking the advance of the Prussians upon the capital. He is now past seventy, a strict disciplinarian of the old school, but at the same time an amiable man, loved as well as feared by those under his command. Even the ruggedness of his features seems to lend individuality to his character, and the soldiers talk of him as "father Albrecht." He is to some extent a repository of old Austrian traditions, but he is not popular in Hungary, having had the misfortune to be military governor of that country after the unhappy events of 1849. His antipathy to the military despotism at Berlin is an open secret, and he is consequently subject to the at-

tentions of a detachment of the army of Bismarckian spies who swarm in the Dual Empire. The Archduke Johann, a young man of remarkable ability, energy, and originality of character, has also seen active service, having taken part in the Bosnian campaign in 1878. His career has been a checkered one, for like his veteran relative he is by no means a *persona grata* at Berlin: *hinc illae lacrymae*. In 1874, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he published a *brochure* containing a slashing onslaught on the obsolete usages then prevailing in the artillery, and full of the liveliest satire; but he did not confine himself to military questions, and launched into an invective against the alliance with Germany. "a treacherous Power," he said with admirable frankness, "which for more than a century has exhausted every means to weaken and humiliate Austria." He continued to protest against German influence and the introduction of German methods into the army, when all of a sudden, a little more than two years ago, he disappeared from the service. The edict, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," had been pronounced at Berlin.

The race-hatreds prevailing in the Empire have hitherto had little effect upon the loyalty of the army; but the next great war will be different from anything that has gone before. For the first time Austria-Hungary will stand face to face with a great Slav empire. Her Slav populations outnumber her Germans and Hungarians combined, and her army is made up in the same proportions. The Slavs make excellent soldiers, obedient, brave, and with remarkable powers of endurance. They have fought admirably against the French, the Italians, and the Germans; but it remains to be seen whether they will display the same energy when marshalled against a kindred nationality. The vital question arises: Are the Slavs of the Dual Empire loyal? Will they stand by the House of Hapsburg in its hour of need? The answer, I think, is that the Slavs are devotedly attached to the reigning house, but that they have become so exasperated by the working of the dual system that their loyalty will hardly stand the strain of a war with Russia. Since 1867 they have been

serving two masters instead of one. They remember that liberal concessions followed the unsuccessful wars of 1859 and 1866. Must Austria be beaten a third time that the Slavs may have their rights?

The accompanying figures will show the relation in point of numbers between the two dominant races and the Slav populations. If we assume the population of the empire to be about thirty-eight millions inclusive of Jews, foreigners, gypsies, etc., not mentioned below, we find the Germans constitute but twenty-five per cent. and the Hungarians but sixteen per cent., while the Slavs are forty-six per cent. of the whole.

AUSTRIA (CISLEITHANIA).

Germans,	8,500,000
Slavs:—	
Czechs,	4,480,000
(Bohemia and Moravia).	
Poles,	2,370,000
(West Galicia).	
Ruthenians,	3,360,000
(East Galicia).	
Slovens,	1,220,000
(Styria, Carinthia, Carniola).	
Dalmatians and Istrians,	700,000
Italians,	515,000

HUNGARY (TRANSLEITHANIA).

Magyars,	5,590,000
Slavs:—	
Slovaks,	1,940,000
(Northern Carpathians).	
Serbo-Croats,	3,120,000
(Croatia, etc.).	
Roumanians,	2,940,000
(Transylvania).	
Germans,	500,000
(chiefly Transylvania).	

To the Slav races enumerated above, we must add the populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have practically become Austrian provinces. The Slavs have hitherto been the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the Empire, but their powers of self-assertion have largely increased with greater material well-being, the spread of education, and the development of representative institutions since 1860. Their geographical distribution has been a serious hindrance to unity of action, as they lie along the northern and southern borders of the Empire, separated from each other by the Germans and Hungarians. The institution of dualism has had the effect of dividing them into four

sections, the artificial line from north to south bisecting the ethnographical parallels from east to west. *Divide et impera*. The ideal of the Hungarian patriot Deák was made a living reality by Von Beust after Königgrätz, and the years of its infant progress were watched over by Count Julius Andrassy amid the encouraging smiles of Prince Bismarck, the determined enemy of the Slav race. The practical effect of the *Ausgleich* has been twofold : to establish the Magyars as the ruling race of the Empire, and to exercise a fatally disintegrating influence upon the German and Slav groups. The Prussomaniac section of the Germans casts longing eyes toward Berlin ; the northern Slavs look to Prague as their future capital, while the Serbo-Croats are already fixing their hopes upon Belgrade. One connecting link, however, remains stronger than ever—the universal devotion to the House of Hapsburg.

The Emperor Francis Joseph and Count Taaffe are completely in accord as to the necessity of conciliating the Slav races, but the Magyars are determined that the principle of Home Rule shall go no further than themselves. They dislike the Germans, but they detest the Slavs ; and a strange stroke of destiny has now subjected to their rule those very Croats who, under Jel-lachich, trampled upon them in 1849. Fierce, self-asserting, domineering, the vigorous and energetic Magyar race has arrogated to itself an influence altogether disproportionate to its numbers and its wealth ; scarcely counting six million souls, it controls a mixed population of over ten millions in its own half of the monarchy, and speaks with the voice of authority in the other half ; while it practically directs the fiscal and foreign policy of a vast empire. It still retains the dash and ferocity of its Asiatic ancestors, the wild Mongolian horsemen, who drank human blood and the milk of mares, and were still pagans at the beginning of the eleventh century. There is something at once terrible and fascinating in the history of this interesting people—their furious raid into Central Europe, their long and desperate conflict with the Turks, their chivalrous defence of Maria Theresa, their determined struggle for national inde-

pendence. Hungary is the land of tragedies—where cities and vast plains are inundated, and the wood-built villages burn to ashes during the high winds ; where one hears of overwhelming snowstorms, and ravages of wolves, and terrible droughts, and famines and hunger-typhus. Aristocratic traditions still prevail, and a nobleman thinks nothing of flogging a peasant whom he finds straying in his park, or directing his gamekeeper to set man-traps for poachers. A friend of mine who lately rented some shooting from a Hungarian nobleman, was informed by the gamekeeper of the latter how he had treated a poacher whom he once found in his master's preserves with some wires in his hand. He twisted the wire into a noose, with which he hung the man to a tree, and waited till his victim's face became black before letting him down ; this process he repeated three or four times, until he considered the punishment adequate. He was much surprised at my friend not enjoying the recital, and a little disgusted at his failing to perceive the appropriateness of punishing the man with his own wire. It is sad to see the wretched peasants, who are requisitioned as beaters, paraded before a *battue* on a bitterly cold winter morning, and again paraded in the evening, while their clothing is searched by the gamekeeper before they are given their scanty pay, and allowed to return to the villages, sometimes many miles distant, from which they have been summoned. The peasants in northern Hungary are almost entirely of Slovak race, and the fact does not tend to make them more contented with their lot.

With all its faults the Magyar nobility is the most interesting, the most cultivated, and the most chivalrous aristocratic caste in Europe ; and any one who has seen these handsome descendants of Arpad assembled in their national costume to meet their King at Carnival time in Pesth, cannot have failed to be struck with their fine bearing and the remarkable stamp of character on their features. Count Julius Andrassy is a typical specimen of a Hungarian magnate. Condemned to the gallows for his participation in the revolution of 1849, he escaped from Hungary and spent several years in the enjoyment of

aristocratic pleasures in Paris and London. A thorough sportsman and a man of pleasure, versed in all the mysteries of *la vie à grandes guides* and *la vie galante*, Count Andrassy is supremely contemptuous of pedantry in politics and deals off-hand with problems which perplex the faculties of low-born drudges. When he returned to his native country after the general amnesty, he assumed the cares of office with the same natural aptitude as he would have taken the reins of a four-in-hand. He established the most intimate relations with Prince Bismarck, which continued when he became Foreign Minister, and are still fostered by M. Tisza; for in many respects the Iron Chancellor finds it most convenient to rule the Dual Empire through Pesth, especially since the dissolution of the *Dreikaiserbund*. The rage of the Hungarians at the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which added two millions of Slavs to the population of the Empire, compelled Count Andrassy to retire from office; but he had already established Hungarian autonomy upon a firm basis. When conversing with him recently I touched on the topic of Ireland, being interested to discover in what way the Irish Question would present itself to one who had so successfully developed Home Rule in his own country. He professed himself to be insufficiently informed as to the merits of the Irish case, but said that the *methods* of the agitation had alienated his sympathy, and that the employment of intimidation deprived the movement of any appearance of spontaneity. He seemed not to be aware how cleverly two really distinct issues—the land and the national questions—have been fused together by Mr. Davitt. From what he subsequently said I gathered that he did not attribute great importance to Mr. Gladstone's adhesion to the movement, as he seemed to think the right hon. gentleman is afflicted with a congenital restlessness. That Count Andrassy should have forgotten Mr. Gladstone's well-known utterance about Austria could hardly be expected; but as a Magyar he would scarcely be enthusiastic about Home Rule for others, and as a landlord he would hardly sympathize with revolted tenants.

One of the most remarkable results of

dualism has been the progress of the Czech movement in Bohemia and Moravia and the development of what was once a mere question of race-hatred into a national demand. The connection between Bohemia and Austria is historically on the same footing as that between Austria and Hungary. In both cases the pressure of Ottoman invasion was the cause of union. Bohemia had maintained its independence for centuries under a long line of monarchs, of whom the most illustrious were St. Wenceslaus and Ottocar the Great. French writers who manifest a sentimental feeling for the Czechs are fond of remembering how blind King Charles of Bohemia, "*li vaillans et gentils rois de Be-hagne*," as Froissart calls him, fell fighting for France at Crécy, and certain recent antics of Madame Sara Bernhardt at Prague were apparently designed to fan the flame of international affection. It is an interesting fact that the Bohemian Diet was the only representative body in Europe that protested against Prince Bismarck's seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. The Czechs, on the extinction of their native dynasty in 1526, elected Ferdinand of Austria as their king, and the Hungarians followed their example in the next year, after they had been routed by the Turks in the famous battle of Mohacz, and their young king Ludwig had been drowned in the marshes. The right of each of these nations to be regarded as an *independent kingdom* was expressly guaranteed, and it is therefore evident that Bohemia stands *de jure* in precisely the same relation to the Hapsburg dynasty as Hungary. Ferdinand, after succeeding to the immense possessions of his brother, Charles V., became the ruler of half Europe, and adopted as his device the arrogant motto A. E. I. O. U.—*Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo*. Such was the beginning of federalism under pressure from the Turks. Who can tell whether the Hapsburgs may not yet be called to preside over a still greater confederation under pressure from Russia?

The Czechs in Bohemia are in the proportion of three to two as regards the Germans; but the Ultramontane Germans are inclined to join the national movement, and the arrogance of Prince Bismarck has contributed not a little to

this result. The kingdom of Bohemia was actually restored by the present emperor in 1849, but the new constitution was withdrawn, like all the concessions of that eventful year. Ten years of reaction followed; but the doctrine of nationalities proclaimed by Napoleon III., and the misfortunes of 1859, bore fruit in the "Constitution of February," 1861, by which Bohemia and the other sections of the Empire obtained local self-government in the shape of a provincial Diet and representation in the Reichsrath at Vienna. From this time dates the parliamentary struggle which has continued up to the present, and during which the Czechs have had the mortification to find themselves outstripped by the Magyars in the race for home rule. The Germans in the Reichsrath were unwilling, as they are now, to part with their Imperial traditions; and the Czechs, led by Count Clam Martinitz—unlike the Irish, they have their ancient nobility at their head—withdrew from the Reichsrath rather than be bullied at Vienna. In the year of the Hungarian compromise, the policy of abstention reached its utmost point when the Bohemian Diet dissolved itself after refusing to send deputies to the Reichsrath. Government by "coercion" followed with the usual features of police espionage, press prosecutions, and suppression of meetings. The Government declared the seats of the recalcitrant deputies vacant, and the people with perfect good humor met again and again to vote for the same individuals, until the elections could be counted by hundreds, and the peasants, before separating at the polls, got into the habit of saying to each other, "Good-by till next month." At length the Emperor, whose inmost sympathies have always leaned toward the Czechs, directed Count Hohenwart, in 1871, to draw up a scheme of home rule for Bohemia. When the draft of the constitution was completed, he could hardly restrain his delight. "Let it be put in force," he cried, "out of hand—*Schlag auf Schlag!*" It would occupy too much space to relate the intrigues which, emanating from Berlin, put an end to Francis Joseph's good intentions and the hopes of the Czechs. They could not expect much from Count Andrassy, who in the interest of his

countrymen continued carefully to foster the *entente* with Prince Bismarck. Count Taaffe, however, has adopted a different attitude toward the Slav populations, and is consequently the object of violent antipathy at Berlin.

Count Taaffe, an Irish viscount as well as an Austrian peer, celebrated last month the tenth anniversary of his accession to office. The intimate friend and former playmate of his Imperial master, he is thoroughly in accord with him in his programme of concession to Slav aspirations. The ill-treatment which he received from the German Emperor last autumn, and the attacks of the reptile press which followed this premeditated slight, caused the deepest pain to the Emperor Francis Joseph and the late Archduke Rudolph. Count Taaffe, however, gained one advantage from the onslaught. There are reptiles by the Danube as well as by the Spree; but the wave of resentment which arose throughout Austria-Hungary swept them away with it, and even certain well-known Bismarckian journals were compelled to put on a show of indignation. The German Chancellor had in fact over-estimated the extent to which he could bully a high-spirited people, and the chorus of defiance was loudest among his own *protégés*, the Hungarians. The whole affair formed but a single incident in that series of blunders which has disfigured the conduct of German politics for the last year, and originates in that grotesque alliance of juvenile rashness with senile vindictiveness which of late has so gratuitously estranged the sympathies of all moderate men. Count Taaffe relies for support on the non-German element in the Reichsrath, and the Czechs have consequently been induced to abandon their attitude of passive resistance, and now support the Ministry in concert with their Slav brethren from Galicia and the Southern provinces, and a small number of German Conservatives. For in Austria, strange to say, the Conservative and Ultramontane factions are allied with the cause of nationalism, while the German element inclines to Liberalism and free-thought, and is only Conservative in its adherence to centralization and its resistance to Slav aspirations.

The veteran leader of the Czech party,

M. Rieger, is now seventy-two years of age. He took an active part in the revolution at Prague in 1848, and he has now struggled for more than forty years for the independence of Bohemia. His habitual leaning toward moderation has been increased by age, and his opinion commands the highest respect; but his methods are being gradually superseded by those of the Young Czech, or active parliamentary party led by the brothers Edward and Julius Gregř, the former a member of the Reichsrath, the latter editor of a Czech journal at Prague. These vigorous champions of Bohemian nationalism preach an active crusade against the German centralists, and endeavor to force the hand of Count Taaffe; they harangue political "tabors," or meetings, at Prague, where race-hatred has reached such a point that German and Czech working-men refuse to speak to one another and organize boycotting clubs, while university students of the opposing races condemn each other to a reciprocal Coventry. The Slav majority in the Reichsrath, on which Count Taaffe depends, gains strength from the internal conflicts of the German Opposition. The Catholic or Ultramontane section of the German party, of which Prince Liechtenstein is leader, votes with the Slav majority, contrary to the counsels of Mgr. Galimberti, the papal nuncio, whom Prince Bismarck contrived to get sent to Vienna, and who strangely enough leans to the free-thinking "Liberal" Germans. The "Austrian-German" section of the Teutonic Opposition is thoroughly *Kaisertreu* and loyal to the Hapsburgs; the "National German" section is composed of Prussomaniacs, whose sentiments find utterance in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, and whose race prejudices have driven them dangerously near to Pangermanism and disloyalty. A sub-section of this party is composed of Radical free-thinkers and anti-Semitic enthusiasts led by M. Schönerer, the *bête noir* of the Vienna press, which is almost entirely under Hebrew control, and hits around impartially at Czechs, clericals, and anti-Semites alike. The Jewish influence which directs the principal Vienna journals should not be lost sight of by foreigners who wish to form an

independent judgment upon Austrian politics.

One of the organs of the Prussomaniac party is the *Kyffhauser*, a provincial journal. The name is that of a mountain beneath which, according to tradition, the Emperor Barbarossa and his knights still sleep in a trance, from which they are destined to be roused when the German race attains its unity. The fact that the Government finds itself compelled to prohibit the display of the German flag in Vienna speaks for itself. It is quite conceivable that Prince Bismarck should coquet with this treasonable party; but that he meditates an absorption of the German provinces of Austria is, I think, highly improbable, owing to the vast accession which it would bring to the strength of the German Ultramontanes. But it may be otherwise with the young man who means to follow "the programme of Frederick the Great."

The attitude of the Poles in Galicia presents an interesting contrast to that of the other Slav races in the empire. The atrocities perpetrated by Russia on their kindred have effectually alienated them from any sympathy with Panslavism; the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns in Posen has made them thankful for the gentler rule of the Hapsburgs, and has by no means increased their affection for the German race. In their suspicion of the centralist Teutonic party they vote with the Slav majority in the Reichsrath, and their deputies are able to hold a commanding position, inasmuch as they can vote with freedom, having no special grievance of their own to press, while they are sufficiently numerous to convert either side into a majority. The Poles of Galicia enjoy a liberal autonomy, and have even the gratification of domineering over another race. The Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia are rising from a state of serfdom, but are still oppressed by the Polish landowners. They are thoroughly Slav in their sympathies, and somewhat inclined to listen to the seductions of Russian agents coming from over the frontier. Their estrangement from the Poles is heightened by the fact that they adhere to the Eastern Catholic ritual, while the Poles follow that of Rome.

They have hitherto secured but a very inadequate representation in the Reichsrath; and their deputies, though violently Slav in sentiment, vote with the German minority to spite the Poles.

The Slovans and Dalmatians in Southern Austria have been cut asunder from their kinsmen, the Croatsians, by the institution of Dualism. Moreover, they have to contend against a double foe, for the Italians on the sea-coast, the descendants of the lordly Venetians, treat them with disdain; while on the north they come in contact with the Germans of the Archduchy. The Slovans are a mild and inoffensive race, with apparently little power of self-assertion; the peasants in Istria give one the impression of being undeified, and devoid of vitality and energy. The Dalmatians are an interesting, seafaring race, manly, active, and intelligent, from which the crews of the Austrian navy are almost exclusively drawn. It is well worth while to visit these hardy sailors in their sunny archipelago, where a hundred islands lie basking in the blue Adriatic, and the snowy summits of the Dalmatian Alps seem to lift themselves from out of the sea. I was surprised to find myself frequently accosted by the islanders in English, even in the remote little port of Lussinpiccolo, for many of them had often been to England and America.

The Serbo-Croatsians who have thus been separated from their brethren, have fallen under the yoke of the Magyars, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of the Germans. There is a diet and a semblance of self-government at Agram, but the "ban" or governor is appointed on the recommendation of the Hungarian ministry, and the Magyar officials know how to manage the elections as elections are managed in Oriental countries. There is a philo-Magyar majority in the diet at Agram, just as there is a compact Magyar majority in the Reichstag at Pesth. How is this to be explained, seeing that only a third of the population of Transleithania is Hungarian? How does it happen that the majority in the Vienna Reichsrath is anti-German while the majority in the Pesth Reichstag is pro-Hungarian? The fact is that the Magyars possess the instincts of a dominant race; and the ability with which their officials manipu-

late the elections is only one among many signs of Hungarian determination to have the best of it at all costs. Agram is the focus of the southern Slav movement as Prague is of the northern. Like Prague, it possesses a university, which is at once a centre and a monument of Slav culture and learning. The Academy of Fine Arts, which forms part of the university, the museum, and numerous other institutions bear witness to the munificence and patriotism of Mgr. Strossmayer, Bishop of Diakovar, one of the most remarkable men, not only in Austria-Hungary but in Europe. This is not the place to speak of his vigorous stand against the dogma of infallibility at Rome. But any sketch of the progress of the Slav races in Austria would be imperfect without some mention of this distinguished prelate, patriot, and man of letters, who is literally adored in every Croatian cottage. He has devoted his long life—he is now past seventy—to the material, moral, intellectual, and political advancement of his countrymen. He has published several works bearing on Slav history and literature, as well as collections of songs and popular editions. His promotion to the See of Agram was resisted by the Hungarian Government, who appointed Mgr. Michaelovitch, a strong Magyar partisan, with a view to counteracting his influence.

The Slovaks in northern Hungary are as a rule little more than serfs to the great Hungarian landholders, but their political development will come in time. Of the strange mixture of races in Transylvania, I say little, as the Slav question is not concerned. The Roumanians, who are in the majority, are implacably hostile to Hungarian authority, and resist "Magyarization" with a will. A Roumanian statesman with whom I conversed at Bucharest last spring assured me that there is a stronger feeling of sympathy in Roumania for the Transylvanian Roumanians than exists on behalf of those whom Russia has absorbed in Bessarabia; for the Russians, more politic than the Hungarians, have done much to make the Bessarabians an object of envy to the oppressed Moldavian peasantry. Last of all, the beautiful and almost unknown little province of Bukowina forms a remote corner in

the realm of the Hapsburgs, with its population of half a million, partly Roumanian, partly Ruthenian, its separate diet, and its five deputies to the parliament at Pesth.

The Slavs of the Dual Empire have everything on their side—material progress, increasing numbers, and the spread of constitutional ideas. They are not gifted with the self-assertiveness of the Magyars, but they are beginning to be conscious of their strength. The institution of Dualism, if it has checked their power of combination, has also braced them to greater efforts by the spectacle of successfully achieved Magyar autonomy. The present condition of Dualism cannot be permanent; it is but a step to a wider scheme of federation under which all the races of the empire will be able to realize their national aspirations under the paternal sway of the Hapsburgs. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of such a scheme, and it is easy to prophesy disaster; but prophets of evil abounded in 1867, who declared that Austria could not survive the establishment of Hungarian independence. Once the aspirations of its Slav subjects are satisfied, the House of Hapsburg may look forward to a destiny recalling the splendors of the sixteenth century. It has already won the loyalty of the Poles, and detached them from sympathy with Panslavism; if it can only give contentment to the other Slav races, who are really but little inclined to listen to Panslavist doctrines, and who have nothing in common with the Russians, whether in language, religion, or political sentiment, there is no reason why the progress of federalism should stop at the frontier. Why should not the small states of the Balkans range themselves under the presidency of an illustrious dynasty which has frankly accepted constitutionalism, and respects the idiosyncrasies and susceptibilities of its heterogeneous subjects?

A Balkan Confederation under the hegemony of Austria would be the best and most permanent solution of the Eastern Question. The nationalities which cluster round the central artery of the Danube would then command the great waterway from its source to its mouth. Constantinople might again

become the eastern metropolis of a great empire, with Vienna for its western capital, though it would probably be best if Constantinople never fell into the hands of any great European power. The dynasties now ruling at Bucharest, Belgrade, and Sophia would remain *in statu quo*, but acknowledging fealty to the Imperial house. Servia would receive Bosnia and Herzegovina, which she has never ceased to claim, and would in return allow Bulgaria to "rectify" her frontier in Macedonia, which is mainly Bulgarian, and to establish herself at Salonica. The adhesion of Greece would be rewarded with a portion of Southern Macedonia and Albania, while Roumania would again claim her Transylvanian children, from whom she has been separated for more than three centuries. Of course such a programme cannot be carried out till the great war has come and gone. Meantime Austria should lose no time in establishing her position as the natural protectress of the Balkan Slavs, and the first step in this direction must be the conciliation of her own Slav subjects, on whose attitude so much depends when the inevitable conflict with Russia begins. The Magyars, who have already accustomed themselves to a position altogether disproportionate to their numbers, may clamor against a project of Slav unification, but they are not so blinded by race-hatred as not to see that this is the only programme that can make Austria a match for Russia in the Balkan peninsula.

It would have been well for the House of Hapsburg if from the day when, at the beginning of this century, it exchanged the *Deutsche Reich* for the *Oesterreich*, it had finally abandoned the affairs of Germany and recognized the destiny which makes the *Drang nach Osten* a necessity to its future empire. It would at least have been spared a portion of that long series of misfortunes which it has borne with such fortitude, and to which the tragedy of last month is the latest accession. The dynasty once built up a splendid inheritance by political sagacity and profitable alliances, as well as by the illustrious marriages alluded to in the famous lines:

"Bella gerant alii—Tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quae Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus."

It has advanced in the paths of con-

stitutionalism, notwithstanding the reactionary example of the two great neighboring despotisms. But if it is ever to preside over a vast Eastern Confederation it must realize the position of Aus-

tria-Hungary as a great Slav Power. And if it can do this, it will perhaps one day read its ancient motto thus :—*Austriac Est Imperare Orienti Universo.*—*Fortnightly Review.*

PROHIBITIONISM IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT is evident that English politics are beginning to be disturbed, like those of the United States and Canada, by the formation of a Prohibitionist party. The party usually calls itself that of Temperance. But though we may wish to be courteous, we cannot concede a name which not only begs the question at issue, but is a standing libel on those who take their glass of wine or beer without being in any rational sense of the term intemperate. Temperance is one thing, total abstinence is another, and coercion, at which these reformers aim, is a third. As temperance implies self-restraint, there can be no temperance, in the proper sense of the term, where there is coercion.

The "Temperance" people on this side of the water are not much inclined, so far as I have come into contact with them, to listen to anything so rationalistic as the lessons of experience. They tell you that with them it is a matter not of experience but of principle; that their cause is the cause of Heaven; yours, if you are an opponent, that of the darker power; and they intimate, with more or less of gentleness and courtesy, what, if you persist in getting in Heaven's way, will be your deserved and inevitable doom. To those however who in practical matters regard the dictates of experience as principles, and who wish before committing themselves to a particular kind of legislation to know whether it is likely to do good or harm, the result of Canadian or American experiment may not be un instructive.

In 1878 the Canadian Parliament passed the Canada Temperance Act, more commonly called the Scott Act. The purport of this Act may be described as county and city option. It enables any county or city adopting it by a simple majority of the electors to

prohibit the sale of any liquor within the district for local consumption under penalty of a fine of fifty dollars for the first offence, a hundred for the second, and two months' imprisonment for the third. When adopted, the Act remains in force for three years, after which, upon a petition signed by one fourth of the electors, it may again be submitted to the vote, and if there is a majority against it, repealed.

In this Province of Ontario there are forty-two counties and eleven cities. Twenty-eight counties and two cities adopted the Act. The other day ten counties (nine of them at once) repealed it, and in eighteen counties and two cities petitions for repeal either have been lodged or are understood to be in preparation. In Ontario the Scott Act is generally regarded as dead, and the advocates of prohibitive legislation are turning their minds to other measures. This is a genuine verdict of the people. The liquor-trade had exhausted its powers of opposition in the early part of the contest; in fact it hardly appeared in the field without doing mischief to its own cause.

The general result where the Act has been tried appears to have been the substitution of an unlicensed and unregulated for a licensed and regulated trade. The demand for drink remained the same, but it was supplied in illicit ways. It was found by those who were engaged in the campaign against the Scott Act that the lowest class of liquor-dealers were far from zealous in their opposition to prohibitive legislation. They foresaw that the result to them would be simply sale of liquor without the license fee. Drunkenness, instead of being diminished, appears to have increased. A memorial signed by three hundred citizens of Woodstock, including nearly all

the principal men of business and professional men, but nobody connected with, the liquor-trade, says: "The Scott Act in this town has not diminished but has increased drunkenness; it has almost wholly prevented the use of lager beer, which was becoming an article of common consumption; it has operated to discourage the use of light beverages, substituting therefore in a large measure ardent spirits, and it has led to the opening of many drinking-places which did not exist under the license law and to the sale of liquor being continued till hours after midnight." "From my own observation," says a leading physician of the same place, "and the most trustworthy information privately and publicly received, I am satisfied that the most extensive illicit traffic prevails in Woodstock, that the abuse of intoxicating liquors is greatly on the increase here, and that there is a lamentable increase of drinking among the younger men of the community." At Milton, in the county of Halton, the effects were found to be the same as at Woodstock. Before the adoption of the Act there were but five places in which liquor was sold; after the adoption of the Act there were no fewer than sixteen, and owing to the persecution of the hotels the traffic was thrown into the lowest and worst hands. Forty-eight men of business, including the Mayor and Chief Constable, signed a declaration that the Act had signally failed to reduce intemperance; that the trade, instead of being in respectable hands, was in those of the bottle-hawkers and keepers of low dens; that the effect of the Act has been the substitution to a great extent of spirituous liquors for malt, wine, or cider as beverages; that drunkenness, lawlessness and perjury were much more prevalent than they had been under license; and that the Scott Act instead of removing temptation from the young had had the contrary effect, and cases of juvenile drunkenness had become shockingly frequent. Scores of petitions were sent to Parliament from county councils or other municipal bodies declaring the failure of the Act.

Wine, beer, and cider may or may not be injurious, but at all events they are not so injurious as ardent spirits; they

stimulate less to criminal violence, the evil against which, in dealing with this subject, society is most concerned to guard. A natural tendency of prohibition however, as the evidence cited seems to show, is to substitute ardent spirits, which, containing a great amount of alcohol in a small bulk, are more easily smuggled, for the lighter drinks of which the bulk is greater. It is well that the attention of philanthropy, of practical philanthropy at least, should be specially called to this point. Not only does Prohibition appear practically to encourage the use of ardent spirits; the spirits which it encourages, being sold by the lowest dealers, are apt to be of the most pernicious kind: sometimes they are literally poison.

It is true that where Prohibition prevails the liquor-shop no longer invites the passer-by with open doors. But the illicit liquor-seller is probably more active than the licensed publican in thrusting his temptation upon those who are most likely to yield to it, especially on the young. A clandestine drinker is sure to be a deep drinker. He is sure to drink, not with his meals, but in the specially pernicious form of drams. He is sure to drink in bad company. He is sure also to contract sneaking habits, and to lose respect for himself as well as respect for the law.

Witness after witness testifies to the prevalence of perjury in liquor-cases, and this evidence is supported by that of judges and magistrates in the United States and England. The people were morally dragooned by a powerful organization and strong ecclesiastical influence into voting for the Act. The pulpit of the Methodist Church, which is very powerful in Canada and has thoroughly identified itself with Prohibition, thundered in favor of the measure, and the Methodist farmers obeyed. But no pulpit-thunder will make the people in their hearts believe that to drink or sell a glass of beer is really criminal or support the execution of the law as if they did. Archdeacon Farrar himself, in his controversy with Baron Bramwell, repudiates as uncharitable and absurd the doctrine that there is anything morally wrong in the use of fermented liquor. He says that he has never preached abstinence as a matter of duty, even to

confirmation classes or to national schools. He admits that moderate drinking is a perfectly lawful enjoyment, and that multitudes of men indulge in it who are wiser and better than he is himself. Agreeing at heart with this, the people, though they have voted as their preacher bade them, cannot bring themselves to take part in ruining a neighbor, sending him to jail, and perhaps making his wife and children destitute, for that which in their conscience they do not regard as criminal. They refuse to back the ministers of the law. When forced to give evidence they prevaricate and too often commit what is morally perjury. The "Bruce Herald" declared that the Act in that county, though nominally in force, was "dead as Julius Cæsar," adding that the idea that the law would be sustained by reverence for authority soon vanished, and that prosecutions failed from the unwillingness of witnesses to give evidence against the hotel-keepers who had public sympathy on their side, the people feeling that the Act sought to destroy a business and to confiscate property erected under the sanction of previous law. Have we not in the history of the poaching bred by tyrannical game-laws and the smuggling bred by excessive customs duties, abundant proof of the danger of putting the moral sense of the people at variance with the law? To break the law is always wrong, but it is also wrong to make laws which, as they are unsupported by any moral obligation, the people are sure to break.

The testimony borne by municipal councils in all parts of Ontario to the fact that there has been an increase of drunkenness under the Act is not invalidated by the decrease, in some counties, of the number of arrests for that offence. Under the prohibitive system the liquor-seller, his trade being illicit, is afraid to call, as the licensed tavern-keeper does, for the intervention of the police. He does his best to conceal the drunkard whose detection would be the betrayal of his own breach of the law.

The Prohibitionists themselves hardly show confidence in their own moral code. They never propose to punish a man for drinking a glass of ale, though the drinking and the selling being parts of the same transaction, both must be

criminal or neither. Nor do they, with us at least, venture to propose that the manufacture of liquor shall be made a crime. They confine themselves to harassing the retail trade, as though, so long as the drink was made, it could fail to find its way through some channel to thirsty lips.

In the Province of Quebec the Act has been adopted only by six counties, of which two have now repealed it. In the French province this question, like all other public questions, is apt to become one of race. In the maritime provinces the Act has been extensively adopted, and up to this time there has been no repeal. But the organized public opposition, independent of the liquor-interest which in Ontario arrested the progress of the Act and has now turned back the tide, has hitherto been wanting in the maritime provinces. The people of those provinces, moreover, to judge from their behavior in the political sphere, are peculiarly submissive to pressure of the sort which the Prohibitionist party and the clergy who support it bring to bear. But the Act, though not repealed, is described as practically a dead letter by provincial journals which call for its repeal on that account.

I was myself the other day in our North-West Territories, where the law imposed by the central Government under pressure of the temperance vote is Prohibition qualified by a power of giving permits, which is vested in the Lieutenant-Governor, I was assured, on what appeared to be the best possible authority, that the law was a disastrous failure, that anybody could get liquor who wanted it, and that the only fruits of the system were smuggling, perjury, secret drinking, and deterioration of the liquor. The liquor is sure to be of the worst quality, because the dealer will thus indemnify himself for the risks of a contraband trade, while his own character and that of his drinking-place will inevitably be low. I would once more call attention to this feature of the question, and to the tendency of the system which makes the trade contraband to the displacement of the lighter drinks by ardent spirits which are easily smuggled.

Besides contempt of the law and perjury the country has been filled with ill blood. Nothing is more odious or poi-

sons the heart of the community more than the employment of spies and informers, to which it has been necessary and will always be necessary for Prohibitionism to resort. Dickens holds up the mirror to nature in his description of the Claypoles and their trade. Men who have been imprisoned and ruined for plying a trade which, as only the other day they were holding licenses for it from the State, they can hardly feel to be criminal, are naturally not grateful for such treatment. Their vindictiveness and hatred of the spies has led to several outrages and once or twice to the use of dynamite.

To force the sentiment of the people into accordance with the law is the more difficult, since all the time their Church is holding up for their imitation a model of character which is not "temperate" in the Prohibitionist sense of that term. In commenting on the miracle at Cana, Archdeacon Farrar contrasts the "genial innocence of Christ's system" with the "crushing asceticism of rival systems." By way of reconciling this discrepancy desperate efforts are made to uphold the astonishing theory that the *oinos* of the Gospel was not fermented wine but syrup. The ruler of the feast at Cana, it seems, expressed his surprise that the best syrup had not been produced till the guests had well drunk: the accusers of Christ in calling Him a winebibber meant only that He was a syrup-drinker: it was on syrup that the Corinthians got drunk at the celebration of the Lord's Supper: Paul advised his friend to take a little syrup for his stomach's sake; and the same Apostle enjoined the Church in electing deacons not to choose those who were given to excess in syrup! To such paltering with what every one educated enough to be a clergyman must know to be the truth, we rather prefer the preacher who said boldly that if Christ were again to come on earth and persisted in celebrating the Eucharist with wine He would have to be excluded from His own Church. To drag the Gospel into this discussion on the Prohibitionist side is hopeless. There is no more of fanaticism than there is of formalism in that volume. When St. Paul bids us not drink wine if thereby our brother is made to stumble, he

couples eating meat with drinking wine, showing that in his opinion both in themselves are innocent. The Gospel bids us have regard to the weakness of our brother; but it does not bid our brother be weak or us to countenance his weakness by unjust and unwise legislation.

The effect even of less violent and hazardous measures of coercion in Canada appears to have been pretty much the same. The supporters of the Scott Act have not ventured to put it to the vote in Toronto, but finding themselves powerful in the City Council they proceeded to wage a war of extermination on the taverns. At one stroke they cut off seventy-five licenses. They were warned that this arbitrary measure, while it might ruin the tavern-keepers, would not diminish the demand for drink, that while there was a demand there would be a supply, and that the tavern-keepers whose licenses were withdrawn would not starve if they could help it, but would ply an illicit trade. The result was a large increase of the number of cases of drunkenness before the magistrate and an unusually drunken Christmas. Nor could the Prohibitionists find any way of parrying the natural inference better than by an insinuation that drinking had been promoted by the powers of darkness for the special purpose of discrediting their policy.

It may be argued with some force that when the Scott Act was adopted by some counties and not by others the moral perceptions of the people in the counties that did adopt it would be disturbed by the vicinage of a different code. But even if the Prohibitionist code were imposed on a whole nation the difficulty though diminished would not be removed. To make an Eleventh Commandment you must obtain the concurrence of the civilized world, intercourse and communication between all the parts of which are now active for a sectional morality. Put all Canada under Prohibition, and every Canadian who visits a foreign country will be apt to come back a heretic and to propagate his heresy on his return. Literature moreover from Homer to Dickens is full of the other view.

The results of coercive legislation in the United States, wherever the experi-

ment has been tried seem to tally with those of coercive legislation in Canada. Maine is the "banner-state" of Prohibition. It has been trying the system for thirty years, more than time enough to kill the liquor-traffic, if the liquor-traffic was to be killed. Yet of Maine Gail Hamilton, who must know it well, said in the "North American Review": "The actual result is that liquor is sold to all who wish to obtain it in nearly every town in the State. Enforcement of the law seems to have little effect. For the past six years the city of Bangor has practically enjoyed free rum. In more than one hundred places liquor is sold and no attempt has been made to enforce the law. In Bath, Lewiston, Augusta, and other cities no real difficulty is experienced in procuring liquor. In Portland, enforcement of the law has been faithfully attempted, yet the liquor-traffic flourishes for all classes from the highest to the lowest. . . . In a journey last summer for hundreds of miles through the cities and through the scattered villages and hamlets of Maine the almost universal testimony was 'you get liquor enough for bad purposes in bad places, but you cannot get it for good purposes in good places.'" "What works against Prohibition," Gail Hamilton adds, "is that in the opinion of many of the most earnest total-abstinence men, the original Maine Law State after thirty years of Prohibition is no more a temperance state than it was before Prohibition was introduced." It appears that upward of five hundred people in the state pay United States retail liquor-tax, though Archdeacon Farrar was informed that the trade had been completely driven out of sight. The Maine Prison Report for 1884 says "intoxication is on the increase; some new legislation must be made if it is to be lessened. In many of our counties Prohibition does not seem to affect or prevent it." In the city of Portland (pop. 34,000) in 1874 the arrests for drunkenness were 2,318. But drunkenness is not confined to the cities. Every one of the sixteen counties furnishes its quota. The number of committals for drunkenness for one year was 1,316 for a population of 648,000, while in Canada, an area at that time not under the Scott Act, with a population of 661,000

and a town population as large as that in Maine, showed only 593 committals, less than half the number of those in the model state of Prohibition. General Neal Dow himself, upbraiding his political party for its slackness in the cause, complains of the number of low drinking-places which infest the cities of Maine. The New York "Sun" of September 9th last, after investigation carried on through its correspondent, said, "The actual state of affairs in Maine is perfectly well understood by every Maine man with eyes in his head, and by every observant visitor to Maine. In no part of the world is the spectacle of drunken men reeling along the streets more common than in the cities and larger towns of Maine. Nowhere in the world is the average quality of the liquor sold so bad and consequently so dangerous to the health of the consumer and the peace of the public. The facilities for obtaining liquor vary in different parts of the state from the cities where fancy-drinks are openly compounded and sold over rosewood bars to the places where it is dispensed by the swag from flat bottles carried around in the breeches pockets of perambulating dealers. But liquor, good or bad, can be bought anywhere." Perjury, the "Sun" correspondent also states, as usual, is rife. Nor does Maine fulfil the golden promises held out by Prohibition of immunity from crime and increase of prosperity. Though the population of the state has been stationary, the statistics of crime have increased. In 1873 the number of committals to jail was 1,548; in 1884 it was 3,672. The pauper rate in the cities is larger than in those of any other state.

Vermont has also been trying Prohibition for more than thirty years. Here the city population is comparatively small, so that the system has the fairest chance; while the legislature, under the pressure of the "Temperance Vote," has piled one repressive enactment upon another, heaped up penalties, and at last given the police power to enter any house without a warrant in search of liquor. The result is reported by Mr. Edward Johnson in the "Popular Science Monthly" for May, 1884. He states that "for all practical purposes the law is an absolute dead letter." There

were at the time of his writing in the state four hundred and forty-six places where liquor was sold, and though the population is well-nigh stationary there was a marked increase in their number. "A large proportion of the dram-shops are on the principal streets, and there is no concealment of the illegal traffic. Spasmodic attempts to enforce the law are made in the larger places, but are utterly futile. Of enforcing the law, as the laws against burglary and larceny are enforced, nobody dreams for a moment." "Such," says Mr. Johnson, "is the unsatisfactory result of Vermont's thirty years' experience of the Prohibitory liquor-laws." "One might," he adds, "go still further and speak of the perjury and subornation of perjury for which the law is in a sense responsible, of the disregard and contempt of all law which the operation of this law tends to foster and encourage, and of cognate matters which will occur to the reflective reader; but perhaps enough has been said in showing the failure of the law to accomplish the object for which it was enacted." No attempt, so far as we know, has been made to controvert Mr. Johnson's statements, or to refute the conclusion which he draws from them, and which is that men cannot be dragooned into virtue. That is not by State interference with practices not in themselves criminal, but only by State interference with positive crime.

Massachusetts also for a series of years tried Prohibition. The result is embodied in the report of a joint committee of both Houses of the Legislature (1867), which ought to be in the hands of all those who wish to be guided by experience in this matter. That report, founded on the best evidence, states that the law, if by its operation it diminishes the number of open places of drinking, does so only to multiply the secret places, that more liquor and worse liquor was drunk, that drunkenness had increased almost in direct ratio to the closing of public places of sale, and that there was more of it in Boston than there had been at any previous time in the history of the city. "The mere fact," says the Report in words to which we would call special attention, "the mere fact that the law seeks to prevent them from drinking rouses the determination to

drink in many. The fact that the place is secret takes away the restraint which, in more public and respectable places, would keep them within temperate bounds. The fact that the business is contraband and liable to interruption and that its gains are hazardous, tends to drive honest men from it and to leave it under the control of dishonest men who will not scruple to poison the community with vile adulteration." In conclusion the Report submits that so long as there is a demand for liquor there will be a supply, licensed or illicit, and recommends regulated freedom as the best policy.

In Iowa again Prohibition has been on its trial. A correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," recommended as thoroughly trustworthy by a journal itself very careful of its statements, reported that Prohibition in the cities of Iowa meant free liquor. A correspondent of the New York "Nation" testified to much the same effect, adding that the local organ of Prohibition itself admitted the failure. Dr. Dio Lewis, the Cato of dietists, said that he had touched at several of the large cities on a tour to the Rocky Mountains, and among other things had inquired into the practical benefits reaped from Prohibition. In places where he had been assured that drink could not be had for love or money he had seen drunkards reeling in the streets. In Iowa city, where Prohibition was supposed to be enforced, he saw from seventy-five to a hundred kegs of beer delivered on trucks from a brewery. His practical conclusion was that Prohibition was a wild theory; "that as a preventative it had not met the claims of its supporters, and as an aid to the cause of temperance was a failure." In Kansas, the state of Governor St. John, the chief of Prohibitionism, where the most stringent Prohibition had been enacted, the result, according to Dr. Gardner, was that the drug-stores were little more than rum-shops, and that their number was astonishing. In one town of four thousand people, fifteen of them were counted on the main street.

It seems that experience has always pointed the same way. Under James I. and Charles I. a series of Acts was passed to suppress tippling, the effect of

which evidently was only to suppress the respectability of the tavern-keepers who at last were found to be unable to pay fines, so that Parliament had to resort to flogging as a penalty. The failure is the more significant because the Executive was so strong, and was sure to be backed in this case by the Puritan Parliament. The Gin Act of George II. was found to have made bad worse, and had to be repealed. Even in Puritan Connecticut, where the pressure of ecclesiastical authority was tremendous, the historian tells us that "rules against excess in drinking and in apparel were attempted with the usual want of success." Heaven appears in no place or time to have prospered its own cause.

The difficulty of even enforcing vaccination in places where it is widely resisted, shows how arduous a task is coercive legislation when it is not backed by popular conviction, which, if it is in favor of the principle, will produce the effect without coercive law.

On the 19th of last November, a mass meeting of the friends of Temperance, connected with the Church Temperance Society, was held at Chickering Hall, at New York. The hall was full to overflowing; speeches were made by Mr. Warner Miller, Rev. Dr. Greer, the Bishop of Delaware, Mr. Seth Low, and Father Osborne. The sense of the meeting was evidently in favor of high license, as practically the best safeguard against intemperance. Dr. Greer dwelled on the failure of Prohibition in Rhode Island, declaring that "the state was not less wicked as a Prohibition state than as a low-license state; that the tactics to which reputable citizens resorted to evade the law created a spirit of lawlessness; and that, with regard to the City of Providence, numerous clubs had sprung up there, where the citizens could drink their fill and be sheltered from publicity or arrest."

By voluntary associations, such as Teetotalism and the Bands of Hope, and still more by the general advance of morality, of intelligence, and above all of medical science, great improvement has been made in Canada as it has elsewhere. Old inhabitants tell you that forty or fifty years ago drunkenness was very common among our farmers, and that many of them regularly went home

from market the worse for liquor. Now the Canadian farmers are a very sober race. There is a certain amount of drunkenness as well as of other vices in our cities, but a large proportion of the cases are those of immigrants and, to put the matter delicately, must be set down to the account of English tyranny in Ireland, which causes the sons of Erin to occupy so distinguished a place in the criminal statistics of this continent. I should say, judging from outward appearances, that Toronto compared with other cities in which I have lived is sober as well as orderly. It has indeed been proclaimed from the Prohibition platform that there are seven, or even ten thousand deaths from drinking in this country every year. This would be from a third to one half of the total number of male adult deaths. But about the time when this fearful announcement was made, the Mortuary Statistics gave the total number of deaths from alcoholic causes in eight of our principal cities and towns as two. In England likewise the evil habit of drinking has been greatly reduced without any restrictive laws or restraint of any kind, mainly by the increasing influence of medical science, and in connection with the general progress of physiological reform. It should be observed that voluntary effort will be weakened by coercive legislation. Prohibition if universally enforced would break up teetotal fraternities and Bands of Hope; and unless it was itself successful in extirpating the desire for drink, that desire might any day break out again on a large scale, and find no organization on foot to resist its sway.

Before the British Parliament consents to extreme legislation let it at all events appoint a commission of inquiry to report to it on the results of prohibitory legislation in Canada and the United States. The commissioners, if I mistake not, will find that impartial opinion on this continent pronounces Prohibition a failure, and inclines decidedly in favor of the plan of high licenses with stringent regulation. That stringent and exceptional legislation is required for the liquor-traffic nobody doubts. Nor do the respectable members of the trade deprecate it: for nothing can be less conducive to their interest than drunken-

ness and disorder on their premises. It is quite possible that a stricter code may be necessary in England than is necessary here. We have nothing, thank Heaven, on this side of the water like the gin-palaces of London.

A license fee as high as a thousand dollars (200*l.*) is being proposed, and the prospect of revenue is tempting to the municipalities. But if the system is overstrained its effect will practically be the same as Prohibition; it will call into existence an illicit trade, which of all results is the worst. To diminish the demand for liquors by moral agencies has been shown to be practicable both in Canada and among the upper classes in England: to diminish the supply without diminishing the demand seems to be impracticable, resort to what expedients you will.

It is as needless to dilate on the evils of intemperance as it is to dilate on the evils of small-pox. The only question is whether prohibitive legislation cures or rather aggravates and propagates the disease. But the advocates of coercion have surely overstated the connection between drinking and crime. From their language it might be supposed that if we could only stamp out drinking, crime of all kinds would cease, our jails would stand empty, and we should be at liberty to disband the police. If it were so, no measures, provided they were effective, could be too strong. But can we believe that cruelty, lust, covetousness, vindictiveness, malice, and the other evil tendencies of human nature in which crime has its source, are all the offspring of drink, and that with drink they would depart? Do they not manifest themselves, in germ at least, in children whose lips have never touched the glass? Among the poorer classes seasons of distress are seasons of crime, though the power of buying liquor is diminished. Is there no crime in Mohammedan countries which keep the prophet's law? Is there none in Spain, the people of which are remarkable for their temperance? It is natural that the criminal classes should also be given to drink, as they are to gross sensuality of other kinds; but it does not follow that their addiction to drink is the sole or even the principal source of their crime. Prisoners, too, are apt to plead

drink in extenuation of their offences, especially since they know that philanthropy will hail their plea. A remarkable article on diet appeared some time ago from the pen of Sir W. Thompson, in which he avowed his belief that not only the bodily but the moral evil arising from intemperance in eating was as great as that arising from intemperance in drink. Certainly I should not look for more malevolence in a drinker of any but the worst whiskey or rum than in one who, like too many people on this continent, overeats himself daily with fat and ill-boiled pork or beefsteak cooked in the deadly frying-pan, as well as with half-baked bread and greasy pie, washing down the whole with copious draughts of the most abominable green tea. The Maine Prison Report for 1884 says: "Intemperance is not a cause of crime; it is a crime more against society and against the family than against the state." The words are a little ambiguous, but they certainly do not mean that intemperance is the sole source of crime.

Whether we or any of us ought entirely to renounce alcohol it is for science to determine. If science pronounces that we ought, there can be little doubt that the growing intelligence of humanity will gradually conform to the decision, as it is already conforming to the decision of science by other changes of habit. But one can hardly help thinking that even with regard to the physical effects of alcohol there has, at all events, been a good deal of exaggeration on the "Temperance" platform. The sort of spirits to which Prohibition drives people, as we have seen, is poison indeed. But surely it is only in a highly metaphorical sense that the name of poison can be applied to liquors which a man has drunk for eighty, ninety, even a hundred years. In Manitoba there are two bodies of Mennonites, of which one drinks spirits or fermented liquors while the other abstains; and a person who has a great deal to do with the Mennonites, and whose evidence is certainly to be trusted, tells me that the section which drinks is rather superior in progressive energy to the section of abstainers. No part of our Canadian population is more industrious or worthier than the Germans of Waterloo

County, Ontario, who, like all Germans, drink beer. That alcohol does not nourish, supposing it to be true, is not much to the purpose. If alcohol does not nourish, it exhilarates. Tea, which some prohibitionists drink in floods, and on which they spend as much money as others do in beer, does not nourish, but it soothes. Possibly the exhilaration produced by wine may sometimes have been a necessary antidote to melancholy, which would otherwise prey fatally on the mind. The Psalmist, who praised wine as making glad the heart of man, though he lived before science, may have spoken with the voice of Nature. But, I repeat, let medical science decide: to her, not to the religious or political platform, the question belongs.

The Temperance platform has also beyond doubt grossly exaggerated the effect of moderate drinking, in tempting onward to excess. To maintain that a man who is in the habit of taking daily a glass of wine or beer must inevitably contract a craving which will lead to his becoming a drunkard, is necessary no doubt for the justification of those who advocate indiscriminate repression; but nothing can be more flagrantly at variance with obvious facts. An ordinary English gentleman takes a glass of wine daily at dinner without feeling any more tempted to swallow the whole contents of the decanter than he is to swallow the whole contents of the mustard-pot from which he takes a spoonful with his beef. A man may play a game of cribbage with his wife without becoming a gambler. If Johnson found abstinence easier than temperance, it was because he had once been intemperate. He knew that his own case was peculiar. To most men, as they require physical enjoyment of some kind, temperance is easier than abstinence. The Spaniards regularly drink wine, yet Croker in his "Travels in Spain," says, "The habitual temperance of these people is really astonishing; I never saw a Spaniard drink a second glass of wine." Another English tourist says: "In all our wanderings through town and country, along the highways and byways of the land from Bayonne to Gibraltar, we never saw more than four men who were the least intoxicated." Mr. Bryant, the American author, has confirmed this ac-

count. I heard a clerical advocate of our Scott Act, say that he would no more think of putting liquor within reach of the people, than of putting a knife within reach of a baby. Supposing a glass of ale to be a knife, the reverend gentleman's fellow-citizens are not babies. Among the extreme advocates of coercion are, I believe, men who have themselves been given to drink, and who cannot understand the existence of self-control.

The taste for fermented liquors, if not congenital, seems to be immemorial and almost universal. Its traces appear in all the mythologies, Hindoo, Hellenic, Roman, and Scandinavian. Probably the use of such liquors is coeval with cookery, which also has been the source of much evil as well as of much pleasure to mankind. It is very likely that a great change in human diet, as well as in human beliefs and institutions is coming; but it is not likely that this change will come suddenly, or that diet, being complex, will undergo a revolution in one of its elements without a corresponding revolution in the rest. Vegetarianism has many advocates, and there are symptoms of gradual progress in that direction since the days in which a Homeric hero devoured a whole joint of meat and the bard sang of the work of the shambles with as much gusto as he sang of the harvest and the vintage. It is certain that most people eat too much meat and are the worse for it, though it has not yet been proposed on that account to shut up the butcher shops and send the butchers to jail. Fermented drinks may be discarded and cookery with them; a refined and intellectual world may be content to sustain its grosser part with bread and water from the spring; and our Christmas cheer may be remembered only as the habit of primeval savages with wonder and disgust. But in questions of diet, as I have already said, it is for medical science, not for the sentiment of the platform or for Methodist enthusiasm, to decide.

We have seen how in Vermont, Prohibitionism, exasperated by its inevitable failure, has heaped up penal enactments, and at last invaded the most sacred liberties of the citizen and the sanctuary of his home. It is the tendency of all

tyranny, whether it be that of a sultan, a crowd, a sect, or a party of zealots, when it finds itself baffled, to pile on fresh severities instead of reconsidering the wisdom of its own policy. Prohibitive legislation in Canada has not failed to betray the same arbitrary spirit. There is a clause in the Scott Act (sec. 12) setting aside the common legal safeguards of innocence. It provides "that it shall not be necessary for the informer to depose to the fact of the sale as within his own personal or certain knowledge, but the magistrate, so soon as it appears to him that the circumstances in evidence sufficiently establish the infraction of the law, shall put the defendant on his defence, and in default of his rebuttal of such evidence shall convict him accordingly"—convict him, in short, and send him to prison on hearsay, if in the opinion of the magistrate, who may be a strong partisan, he fails to prove his innocence. There is a clause (122) requiring a man when interrogated respecting previous convictions to criminate himself, which seems intended for the very purpose of breeding mendacity. There is a clause (123) compelling husband and wife to give evidence against each other. When the wife has sent the husband to prison, what will the wedlock of that pair thenceforth be? Which of the two is the greater sin, to refuse to give evidence under the Scott Act, or to break the marriage vow which bids husband and wife to cherish and protect each other? There is no appeal on the merits from the arbitrary decision of the magistrate, and zealots have not been ashamed to demand in the plainest terms the appointment of partisans to the bench. It never occurs to them to consider whether intemperance itself is a worse vice than injustice.

The treatment of the hotel and tavern-keepers has also been utterly iniquitous. These men have been earning their bread by a trade which, when they entered it, was not only licensed by the State, but deemed by everybody perfectly reputable; and therefore when their trade is suddenly suppressed they are apparently entitled to the same compensation which any other trade in the same circumstances would receive. But compensation is inconvenient and might fatally

weight the measure. It is necessary, therefore, to put the tavern-keeper out of the pale of justice; and to do this pulpit and platform vie with each other in kindling popular passion against him. He is represented not only as the agent of a traffic to which it is desirable to put an end, but as a criminal and the worst of criminals, as a poisoner and a murderer "steeped to the elbow in the blood of civilization." Yet money made by the poison which he sells is accepted even by the most scrupulous of the Churches for its religious objects, while one Church at least, which has synodically declared for total Prohibition, counts many dealers in liquor among its members.

We do not want a selfish and isolated liberty. Milton himself did not want a selfish and isolated liberty; at least he deliberately sacrificed his eyesight rather than decline to serve the State. But after all this struggling against the paternal despotism of kings and popes, we do want a reasonable measure of freedom and of self-development. We do want it to be understood, as the general rule, that,

All restraint
Except what wisdom lays on evil man
Is evil.

In case of extremity, such as war or plague, we are of course ready for strong measures, provided they are effectual. Not only war or plague, but any peril of such a kind that the State alone can deal with it, warrants the intervention of the State. Nobody would desire to set arbitrary and pedantic bounds to the common action of the community for the preservation of the whole. It might be necessary and therefore lawful to close the taverns of the nation, were the nation becoming the hopeless slave of drunkenness, as it might be necessary and therefore lawful to close the race-courses if the nation were becoming the hopeless slave of turf-gambling. But in an ordinary way we submit that, whether in the hands of kings or majorities, political power is a trust held for definite purposes which do not include interference with your neighbor's diet or any of his personal habits any more than they include the limitation of his industry or the confiscation of his property. The Prohibitionist thinks that by doing a lit-

the injustice he can do a great deal of good, and so probably have thought all tyrants who were not absolutely insane.

If fanaticism in pursuit of the one cherished object tramples on justice and natural affection, how can it show any more regard for the claims of political duty? A citizen is manifestly bound in the exercise of his suffrage to consider all the qualifications of the candidate and all the interests of the State. But temperance-organizations in Canada have formally resolved to exclude, so far as they can, from all public offices, even from that of a school-trustee, any one who will not pledge himself to the support of their policy. There may be other issues before the country of the most vital importance, but they are all to be sacrificed to the one end of the sect. The man may be qualified in every respect to be a legislator: he may even be a total abstainer; but if he does not believe in Prohibitory legislation, and refuses to submit his conscience to that in which he does not believe, he is to be excluded from public life, and the State is to be deprived of his services. On the other hand, the most transparently dishonest submission is accepted as a title to support. A fierce electoral contest is going on with forces evenly balanced, and everybody is in doubt

about the result. Suddenly it is announced that one of the candidates has consented to take the Prohibition pledge. There is no concealment as to his motive; but he gets the Prohibitionist vote, and by its help rides in over the head of his more scrupulous rival, while eminent Christians and religious journals applaud a triumph gained over public morality by fraud and lying. It is needless to say that Prohibitionism becomes a marketable commodity among politicians, and furnishes the ladder by which knavery climbs to the mark of its ambition. It is now, perhaps, after Irish clanship, the most noxious of the sectional organizations, the number of which is always on the increase, and which are destroying the character of the citizen and rendering elective government impossible by treating the State as an oyster to be opened with the knife of their vote for their own particular end.

Once more then, and with increased emphasis, let me suggest that before the British Parliament commits itself to Prohibitive legislation it should send a Commission of Inquiry to the United States and Canada.

TORONTO, *January 25.*

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE DRUNKENNESS OF SPECULATION.

THERE must be something of intoxication in exceedingly large gains made with unusual rapidity. At least, that is the only way in which we can account for the extraordinary stupidity which men of undoubted ability sometimes exhibit when their speculations grow too big. Look at this copper monopoly, for example, as its history is now becoming revealed. Any mere arithmetician ignorant of business, but with the figures before him, would have said, we think, two years ago, that copper was a very dangerous article to monopolize. After many years of steady and very profitable prices, some mines with enormous quantities of the metal in them were opened in America, and its price began to sink with a steadiness which was openly pronounced by some of the

oldest dealers absolutely "bewildering." They expected a turn from month to month, but it never came, and the fall continued even after the price had sunk below the point at which ordinary mines can be made to pay expenses. Company after Company reported a distinct though usually a small loss, and Chairman after Chairman comforted his shareholders with the assertion, made, we believe, in honest faith, that that kind of thing could not last, and that copper must rise. We very much doubt if it would have risen but for the speculation, for what had happened was sufficiently clear. More copper was being produced by the great, and therefore cheaply worked mines, than the world would buy, perhaps at any price, certainly at any price which would pay the owners

of the smaller mines. The demand might be endless at a figure, say £20 a ton ; but at £40 a ton it was limited, and the market was over-supplied. The cure, of course, was to shut up the small mines and drop the price of the copper yielded by the great mines until a demand had arisen sufficient to eat up their supplies, and, therefore, gradually to raise prices again. Instead of this, a group of unusually able and experienced Frenchmen, with a command of resources large even for this era of "corners," took it into their heads that if they could buy the existing stocks of copper, and contract for a year or two to buy the produce of the great mines, they might, by doubling the price of the metal, secure an enormous profit, six millions, perhaps, on a venture of six millions sterling. No sooner said than done, and to all appearance successfully done. The able men formed a syndicate, and bought the stock of copper, not, however, at its lowest figure, for huge buying soon runs up prices ; then made their contracts with the great mines ; then ran up the price to more than double the minimum level,—indeed, to a much higher nominal figure ; and then felt at once triumphant and perplexed. They had made millions, literally millions, on paper ; but there was still a little flaw in their calculations. If the world wanted all their copper at that price, they were rich beyond the dreams of avarice ; but then, did the world want it ? It was the old puzzle of the eggs. Clearly, if a farmer can get 5s. profit on fifty eggs, he can get £5 on a thousand eggs ; and if he can rear millions of chickens and produce billions of eggs, he can pay the National Debt with his surplus receipts ; but then, a new world must be specially created to eat the eggs. Very few people, comparatively, were ready to buy copper at the new price, and of those few a large proportion were supplied in other ways. First of all, the little mines which were expecting liquidation all postponed that process, collected funds by sending to market the stocks they had held back, and strained every nerve to increase their output, and, as their Chairmen remarked with chuckles, to make hay while the sun shone. Three years of £75 a ton would give them all dividends,

and great reserve funds besides ; and as to working "captains" and miners to death, miners and captains who had expected dismissal were only too delighted. Little streams of copper, too small individually to be reckoned upon by the syndicate, kept pouring into the market, and constituted in the aggregate a supply approaching to that which a few years before had satisfied the world. Moreover, there was another source of supply which it is said the ablest man in the syndicate admits that he had totally forgotten. According to our experience as onlookers, it always has been forgotten, is forgotten now—witness the wild talk about rubies—and, whenever the next monopoly is started, will be forgotten again. The world's stock of any article whatever which is indestructible, or nearly so, and which has been produced for hundreds of years, must always be enormous in proportion to the demands of any one year. Copper, it is true, is not an indestructible article. A good deal of it goes to the bottom of the sea every year, a great deal is worn away by mere attrition and use, and the surface of the metal decays up to a certain point with most exasperating rapidity. Nevertheless, copper cannot exactly be classed among the perishable articles of commerce. The rusting process stops at a point ; tools of copper exist which are as old as man ; and if you were to put an old twopenny-piece on the pediment of Somerset House, and leave it alone, it would survive the building. The stock of old copper in the world must always be enormous, and under the temptation of the great price, a good deal of it came forward. Every sleepy shipyard in Europe, to begin with, turned out its old sheathing. The enormous profit made on paper by the syndicate was, therefore, not realizable, was, in fact, a mere dream, like the dream about the eggs ; and they had before them two alternatives, a stupid one and a wise one. The wise one was to take a small yet substantial profit—say, a million on the adventured six millions—and sell their copper at a small advance on the old price, as fast as they could. The stupid one was to venture more money, "absorb" more copper, make longer contracts—though the longer the contracts, the more new mines

would be opened—and hold on till the world was compelled to take copper at their price, which was fixed, it is said, in their minds at an irreducible minimum of £67 per ton. They chose the latter, with the results which ought to have been foreseen by their own clerks,—that the stock of unsalable copper grew larger month by month; that the loss of interest told on their expected profits like a wasting disease; and that with that huge avalanche of copper, 200,000 tons, a whole year's supply, certain to descend into the market some day, if only to avoid interest and storage, nobody who could help it would buy one pound to keep in stock. He might as well buy eggs for next month's consumption. The evidence, therefore, is, as shown in the copper barometer, the price of shares in the great *Société des Métaux*, that the monopoly must break down, and the magnificent profit on paper must final'y melt away, even if enormous losses are not incurred. The end is not yet, for great capital and wonderful brain-power will be expended in causing rallies; but the result, not, indeed, to individuals or companies, but to the total body of "bulls" in copper, is a mere matter of the slate. The accumulated metal in sellers' hands must be sold some day; and if, when interest has been allowed for, it fetches more than the price given for it,—well, economists will have a new problem to consider. We venture to predict that, although it is said copper costs £40 a ton to send to market, if anybody wants copper on the big scale, and can wait a year or two for it, he will get it, if he seizes his moment, at £30 a ton.

Now, why do unmistakably able and experienced men, men who have succeeded in business, make blunders of this kind, and risk splendid fortunes in speculations almost palpably impossible? That they should buy up perishable articles of prime necessity, we can understand, for they are sure of an unending market, and therefore of a long time to "get out;" but that they should buy up a perishable article, not of absolute necessity except for some limited electrical requirements, and this in the face of an over-supply which was ruining little producers, and then, in the

teeth of statistics, should buy more and more copper, and make longer and longer contracts, this is to mere observers a real intellectual puzzle. We shall be told that with some of them the compelling force was vanity, which is as strong with some business men as with *littérateurs* and poets; that with others it was the well-known dislike to make a loss and be done with the matter; and with others, positive inability to face their bankers and other lenders of necessary cash. But there must be some reason beyond all this. Our contention, and, right or wrong, it is that of persons far more qualified than ourselves, is that at one time everybody in the speculation could have got out with a moderate profit, and that the amazing thing is not the original operation—which had only this fault, that it was too big for any ordinary knowledge even of one trade—but the later undertakings. We cannot but suspect that cool business men get intoxicated with gain, even if it is only visible on paper; that they think anything possible, that they lose the sense of proportion, and that the impulse which so often destroys conquerors comes upon them also. Their brains cease to act steadily. We see that in small individuals every day, and the big men have no exemption from human disqualifications. It is not at all likely that any man at the centre of the copper speculation was more qualified to conduct it than Napoleon was to conduct his later wars. He could not know his maps better, or have the essential figures more perfectly at his fingers' ends. Yet we all know that Napoleon was beaten, and not wholly by Providence or fate; that success had, in some way which none of us quite understand, but which all of us instinctively compare to drunkenness, impaired his mental power. We do not see why a speculator should not suffer from deterioration of brain or *morale*, or both, as well as Napoleon; and believe that it happens much oftener than is at all suspected. At a point in his career, the great financier has, in fact, no judgment, is subject to the mania which infects speculators in Mississippi or South Sea stock, and *must* land all who follow him in greater or less loss. That, and not ill-intent, is our own explanation of

M. de Lesseps, whose "campaign of Russia" was the Panama Canal; and it is one which our readers will do well to recollect, for the special peculiarity of the speculation of to-day is the readi-

ness to follow successful and wealthy individuals into anything, however wild, or however demonstrably certain to end in final disaster.—*Spectator*.

THE NEWEST REFORMATION.*

IN an attic belonging to a house in the middle of the street between Piccadilly Circus and the Crimean Monument a young man sat reading on a recent summer afternoon. The window was bolted and the shutters screwed up; he was wearing an ulster, all his shirts, and a dressing-gown, and he had put all the coals and most of the furniture on the fire. Therefore when you saw him you saw a man all alive, instead of an icicle, which would be more natural at that time of the year. You might have been surprised at first at observing that his face was of a deadly white hue, with a spot of scarlet on each cheek. But he was not in a consumption; he was only marked already by the intensity with which he had plied his trade. It may be added that his name was Funniman.

"I must wait for him, I suppose," he said to himself. "I wish it were over. Get up, Toby."

A half-bred pug stood sulkily on his head in answer to this appeal; but at the same moment the door-bell rang, and Toby, neglected by his master, was left to meditate on the hollowness of canine dignity. The door opened.

"Well, how are you, my dear old fellow?" said the new-comer, a tall, slightly-built man, with a long, narrow face and Early English eyes.

"Here we are again," said Funniman rapidly. "How are you to-morrow? Sit down on that dog, will you, and let us lose no time in beginning our soul-ripening argument, because it is not amusing in itself, and I should like to get through as quickly as may be."

"Well, where have you been, what are you, and why do you look so gashly?" asked St. Ronan.

Funniman named a famous and rather disreputable *quartier* of Paris. "I have

been eighteen months there," he added briefly. "I have had a splendid time."

St. Ronan blushed and said, "And have come back—what for?"

"To learn tumbling and be a clown."

St. Ronan started.

"So the old dream is given up?" he said slowly. "How we used to cherish it together! When did you make up your mind to relinquish the Stock Exchange?"

"Some eight or nine months ago."

The speaker paused a moment, and then went on. "I know this will distress you. Let me tell you at once all about it. You remember that prize I got for proficiency in Ollendorff? Well, that experience of German methods, working together with all the speculations of which your mind and mine had been full for so long, made me put off entering 'the House' and go abroad. I was full of problems and questionings. I was unhappy. American rails and African gold-mines wouldn't blend—wouldn't fuse. My ghost walked. It drove me out of England."

"I should think it would," murmured St. Ronan in a deep but not loud voice expressive of keen mental suffering. The other did not appear to hear him, but went on.

"Here, for instance, in my ordinary work every day, I had before me a mass of original material—the *Financial News*, the *Economist*, the *Bullionist*, *Vanity Fair*. But then how could I tell that they were really to be depended upon? The results, when I tried to profit by their suggestions, were either merely flat and perfunctory, or unpleasantly expensive. But those Germans! I shall never forget the impression left on my mind by a copy of *Fliegende Blätter*, lent to me by Grumpwitz of Corpus. The pictures seemed to live and move, and when I had studied the

* See article, "The New Reformation," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the April *ECLECTIC*.

text, differences seemed to be real, and Contango was comparatively pellucid. At this point I came across Selterswasser. His main theories, you will remember—though a brilliant succession of such men as Krackenwitz, Fooligensee, and Hunyadijanos endeavored to confute them—led directly to the priceless investigations of the venerable Schplach. The great work of the latter upon the Dubiousness of Dealings in Rubies Before Allotment seemed to me, in the words of our dear old Professor Scruggins, 'the most *illuminating* book I had ever read.' It fell into line with Flüfflicher and Kabagie, and I saw that Schplach was Speculation, while the *Financial News* was only book-making."

And the speaker broke off abruptly, his almost excessive calm of manner wavering a little, his eye seeking his friend's.

St. Ronan had sat till now shrunken together in the big arm-chair, furtively doing sums on his cuff, and muttering to himself. He now roused himself to say:—

"Speculation?"—the word had an odd ring—"That depends. How much did it *cost* you, all this, Funniman?"

"Well, really——"

"It gives me a shiver as I listen to you. I foresee the end—a gaudy end, but unattractive—all through, and I keep wondering whether you really ever had anything to lose. If you had, how could you have acted on these views without going through the Court?"

Funniman gave a hearty kick to Toby, who, in falling, turned four somersaults accurately enough, and landed on the mantelpiece.

St. Ronan pursued his advantage:—"Of course every one knows there are difficulties. But if you go straight, and invariably sell on the top of the market and buy at the bottom, it comes out right in the long run. Why, in this England of ours there are Jones, Smith, Jenkins, Nokes, Hobbs, and Robinson, and every one of them has his villa, and a modest nest-egg of something safe settled on his wife. Your Schplach is out of fashion now, and Fooligensee is clamoring for his certificate."

Funniman was looking half-combative and half-indulgent.

"I don't know if you've studied the German lists?" he asked shortly.

"God forbid!" said St. Ronan; "I have my living to make. But I see paragraphs on the subject in the papers now and then."

Funniman smiled.

"I suppose that would be the answer of almost any man in Capel Court," he said, "but I assure you that, if you would look into it, you would see that the whole thing is all rot. Your entire method of proceeding is a fallacy. It has been demonstrated again and again. Mackschmicher, Druffelmar, Schinder-shoo, Brusselsprowt, Barndooraur, Schweppeshock, Nodesheimer, Pannekinling, Rubeldoyer, Wachtschmeyer—"

"Schniggeldudel, Bleitschogrre, Daffreuthel—" yelled St. Ronan, now fairly aroused.

"—Baunder, Fritschbube, Rossentacher"—gabbled Funniman.

After both young men had spoken at once to an accompaniment of terrified howls from Toby, for a reasonable time, quiet was restored, partly from natural exhaustion, and partly because of the inquisitiveness of a policeman who was anxious to have the corpse produced and identified, and any clues there might be made over to him for careful preservation at Scotland Yard.

Funniman got his wind first and said, speaking rather hurriedly, as if he were afraid of being interrupted:—

"I am content, St. Ronan. In the intervals of my appearances in the ring I go through mental calculations of what I should make if I beared foreign stocks with judgment at the right moment or brought off a corner in tinfoil labels. I assure you it is desperately exciting at moments, just like the real thing, only when the tension is relieved and you've done it one way or the other, you find there's nothing to pay, or, on the other hand, that you haven't got the bother of finding safe investments for any number of millions. Now everybody can do this, from the duke in his mansion to the cabin-boy in his fore-castle. I look forward to the time when you and I may do it together, and there will be no necessity for difference of

opinion, because whether we go according to Schplach's rules or anybody else's, we can always rig our imaginary market for ourselves so as to make things turn out as we wish."

The two men remained silent awhile. Then St. Ronan rose from his chair and grasped his companion's hand.

"Perhaps you are not such a fool as you look," he said.

"Or as you are," said Funniman, smiling.

St. Ronan trod on the pug, stayed to make a few rather commonplace observations concerning the late Mr. Pigott, and went.—*Saturday Review*.

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN AS CRITIC.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FRANKLY, I do not know what the Modern Young Man is coming to! The young man of my own early experience was feather-headed, but earnest; impulsive and uninstructed, but sympathetic and occasionally studious; though his faults were many, lack of conviction was certainly not one of them. He dreamed wildly of fame, of fair women, of beautiful books; and when he read the Masters, he despaired. A great thought, even a fine phrase, stirred him like a trumpet. For him, in his calm and waking moments, female purity was still a sacred certainty, and female shame and suffering were less a proof of woman's baseness and unworthiness than one of man's deterioration. He lifted his hat to the Magdalen, in life and in literature. The human form, even when wrapped in the robes of the street-walker, was still sacred to him, and he would as soon have thought of laying sacrilegious hands upon it as of vivisectioning his own mother. In Bohemia he had heard the bird-like cry of Mimi; in the forest of Arden he had roamed with Rosalind. For him, in the light-heartedness of his youth, the world was an enchanted dwelling-place. The gods remained, with God above them. The heaven of his literary infancy lay around him. Out in the darkened streets he met the sunny smile of Dickens, and down among the English lanes he listened to the nightingales of Keats and Tennyson. But *now*, with the passing of one brief generation, the world has changed, the youth who was a poet and a dreamer has departed, and the modern young man has arisen to take his place. A saturnine young man, a young man who has never

dreamed a dream or been a child, a young man whose days have been shadowed by the upas-tree of modern pessimism, and who is born to the heritage of flash cynicism and cheap science, of literature which is less literature than criticism run to seed. Though varied in the species, he is invariable in the type, which includes the whole range of modern character, from the young man of culture expressed in the elegant humanities of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Marion Crawford, down to the bank-holiday young man of no culture, of whom the handiest example is (as we shall see) a certain egregious Mr. George Moore. The modern young man, whether with or without education, has no religion and no enthusiasm. Nourished in the new creed of Realism and *Art pour Art*, he is ready, with De Goncourt and Zola, to "throw a woman on the dissecting table," and cut the beautiful dead form to pieces, and content, with Paul Bourget (*ridiculus mus* of a social mud-heap in parturition), to take Love "as a subject," and call it a cruel enigma. Even the insufferable Gautier was superior to all this; he was not too clever to live, not over-full of insight to write. But the modern young man is the very paradox of prescience and nescience, of instruction and incapacity. He writes books, which are dead books from the birth; he formulates criticisms, which are laborious self-dissections, indecent exposures of the infinitely trivial; he paints, he composes, he toils and moils, and all to no avail. For the faith which is life, and the life which is reverence and enthusiasm, have been denied to him. The sun has gone out above him, and the earth is arid dust beneath

him. He has scarcely heard of Bohemia, he is utterly incredulous of Arden, and he is aware with all his eyes, not of Mimi or of Rosalind, but of Sidonie Risler and Madame Bovary. He has looked down Vesuvius, out of his very cradle. In Boston he has measured Shakespeare and Dickens, and found the giants wanting; in France he has talked the *argot* of *L'Assommoir* over the grave of Hugo; even in free Scandinavia he has discovered a Zola with a stuttering style and two wooden legs, and made a totem-god of Ibsen; while here in England he threatens Turner the painter, and has practically (as he thinks) demolished the gospel of poetical sentiment. And yet, curiously enough, he has done nothing, he has given us nothing; for he *is* nothing. He is appearing before us, however, in so many forms of pertinacious triviality, that it behoves us to take a passing glance at him, and to inquire, however briefly, into the phenomenon of his existence. To study that phenomenon completely would far transcend the limits of a brief article; so I must confine myself at present to the consideration of the young man in one capacity only, that of Critic, though he is nothing indeed if not critical, as we shall see. From the day when Goethe sent forth his "plague of microscopes," to the day when Matthew Arnold defined poetry itself as a "criticism of life" (committing poetical suicide in that preposterous definition), everybody has been critical, and of course our young man is no exception to the rule. Of the Modern Young Man as Critic, then, I propose to furnish some few easily selected illustrations, subdividing my types as follows: (1) The Young Man who is Superfine; (2) the Detrimental Young Man; (3) the Olfactory Young Man; (4) the Young Man in a Cheap Literary Suit; and (5) the Bank-Holiday Young Man—the last pretty much the same as discovered in real life and classified by Mr. Gilbert. All these young men have drifted into literature, and, though there is an immeasurable distance between the distinction and culture of type number one and the unkempt barbarity of type number five, they have all certain characteristics in common—an easy air of omniscience in dealing with the great

problems of life and thought, an assumption of complete familiarity with the "facts" of existence (they are all, in a word, wonderfully "knowing"). an open or secret disrespect for average ideals, a constitutional hatred of "conventional morality," an equally constitutional hatred of "imagination," and, above all, a general air of never having been *really* young, of never having loved or worshipped, or been mastered by, anything or anybody, on the earth or above it.

Taking the types in their intellectual and natural order, for I propose to work down the scale from the highest note to the lowest, I can find no better example of the Superfine Young Man than Mr. Henry James, well known as the author of several minor novels and numerous minor criticisms. Highly finished, perfectly machined, icily regular, thoroughly representative, Mr. James is the educated young or youngish American whom we have all met in society; the well-dressed person who knows everybody, who has read everything, who has been everywhere, who is nebulously conscious of every astral and mundane influence, but who, as a matter of fact, is most at home on the Boulevards, and whose religion includes as its chief article the well-known humorous formula—that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. No one can dispute Mr. James's cleverness; he is very clever. He is, moreover, well-spoken, agreeable, good-tempered, tolerant. He can even upon occasion affect, and seem to feel, enthusiasm; can talk of Tourgenieff as "lovable," of Daudet as "adorable." For the first quarter of an hour of our conversation with him we are largely impressed with his variety, his catholicity; after that comes a certain indescribable sense of vagueness, of superficiality, of indifferentism; finally, if we must give the thing a name, a forlorn feeling of vacuity, of silliness. With a sigh we discover it: this young man, with all his information, with all his variety and catholicity, with all his wonderful knowledge of things *caviare* to the general, is, *au fond*, a fatuous young man. Startled at first by our discovery, we turn away from him; then, returning to him, under dishallucination, we perceive that he does not really

know so much, even superficially, as we imagined, that his easy air of omniscience is a mere cloak to cover complete intellectual indetermination. For him and his, great literature has really no existence. He is secretly indifferent about all the gods, dead and living. He takes us into his confidence, welcomes us into his study; and we find that the faces on the walls are those, not of a pantheon, but of the comic newspaper and the circulating library. He appears to recognize the modern Sibyl in George Eliot; and why indeed should he not take that triumphant Talent seriously, when the inspiration of his childhood was the picture gallery in *Punch*, when he sees a profound social satirist in Mr. du Maurier, and when he can fall prone before the masterpieces of that hard-bound genius *in posse*, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson? These, then, are the glorious discoveries of the young man's omniscience—George Eliot, Alphonse Daudet, Flaubert, du Maurier, Mr. Punch, and the author of "Treasure Island." With these, one is bound to say, he is, like all well-bred Americans, thoroughly at home. He says charming things concerning them. He finds more than one of them (adopting that hideous French phrase) "adorable." He becomes the little prophet of the little masters, and he publishes a little book* about them—a book full of the agreeable art of conversation, such as we listen to in a hundred drawing-rooms. Nor is it at all out of keeping with this elegant young man's character that his talk about his literary ideals is, when it is most admiring, most patronizing. He keeps in reserve a latent scepticism even concerning the *dii minores* of his microscopic religion; nay, he suggests to us that his remarks concerning them are merely lightly thrown-out illustrations of his own superabundant sympathy—that, if you really put him to it, he *would* read Shakespeare with appreciation, and *could* share the boy's enthusiasm about Byron.

Very characteristic of Mr. James is his neat little paper on Alphonse Daudet—a quite marvellous example of how not to commit oneself in criticism, how to burn incense with one hand and snap the fingers of the other. He begins by

saying that "a new novel by this admirable genius is to my mind the most delightful literary event that can occur just now;" he ends by "retracting some of the admiration" he has "expressed for him," and saying that he has "no high imagination, and, as a consequence, no ideas;" and finally, as an afterthought, to conciliate his Famulus Mr. Facing-both-ways, he cries, "And then he is so free!" and "The sight of such freedom is delightful." This inconsistency, it will be admitted, is rather hard on an author of whom Mr. James also remarks: "If we were talking French, nothing would be simpler than to say that Alphonse Daudet is *adorable*, and have done with it." The "admirable genius," a book from whose pen is "the most delightful literary event that can occur," who is so "free," and whose delight and freedom consist in "having no imagination, no ideas," must be a little puzzled by such treatment; but after all, it is only the superfine young man's way of telling us that he is really so omniscient as to have no clear opinion at all on that or any subject. In one of the best things in the book, a conversation about "Daniel Deronda," in which the interlocutors are a literary gentleman and two talkative ladies, he is seen at his best, or worst—now panting with admiration for George Eliot's genius, again inferring that she had no genius at all, trimming, finessing, explaining, blaming, excusing, till the poor puzzled reader exclaims in despair, "O this superfine young man! What *does* he mean? What *does* he feel? Why does he not speak out his mind, and have done with it?" This, however, is not Mr. James's method. His desire is to convince us at any expense that he sees every side of a question, is familiar with every *nuance* of a subject; and in the eagerness of this desire he is paralyzed out of all conviction. His perceptive faculties are good enough, naturally; his temper is highly agreeable and his style affable in the extreme; but his courage is as non-existent as his opinions. So clever yet so half-hearted a gentleman never yet committed himself to criticism. Not less amazing than the fact that he should consider a drawing-room discussion on "Daniel Deronda," really worth printing, is the fact that he

* *Partial Portraits.* By Henry James.

should labor under the impression that he has really pronounced any dictum on any subject. One can understand the critics who *have* opinions, wise or unwise. One can follow with amusement the subacid sneers of Hazlitt, the florid flourishes of Macaulay, the sledge-hammer blows of Carlyle, the screaming invective of Mr. Ruskin, because all these writers have something to say and contrive to say it; but when we enter the *salon* and encounter the superfine young man, who is neither bitter, nor florid, nor brutal, nor shrewish, but is in all respects perfectly well-behaved, we are not amused or edified—we are bored. It matters little whether he is pattering to us about George Eliot, or about "his friend" Tourgenieff, or about Alphonse Daudet, or about the caricatures in *Punch*, or about the Art of Fiction—the effect is invariably the same. No sooner is one opinion advanced than it is qualified with another; scarcely is one view taken when another is substituted; an endless succession of personal pronouns—"I think," "I will admit," "I consider," "I suspect," etc.—covers a total absence of critical personality. The young man's very religion is "qualified." His mind is bewildered by its dreadful catholicity. He has not a spark of hate in him, because (with all his admirations and "adorations") he has not a spark of love. As was said long ago in another connection, "How sad and perplexing it must be to be *so* clever!"

One regrets not a little that the final impression left by a young man of such cultivation should be one of dullness, of silliness; yet so it is, and it is only another proof that education is sometimes a very misleading thing. I can quite imagine that Mr. Henry James, had he read less, travelled less, known less, might have become a highly interesting writer; but early in his career he appears to have quitted America for Europe, and to have left the possibilities of his grand nativity behind him. To be born an American is surely a great privilege; yet nearly all Americans of talent flit moth-like toward the garish lights of London or Paris, and hover round these lights in wanton, not to say imbecile, gyrations, till they pop into the glare, drop down singed and wingless, and are for-

gotten. No individual is so catholic as an average American of culture; no individual is, *au fond*, so worldly, so supremely trivial; and Mr. Henry James is this average American *in excelsis*. A good deal of this is, of course, matter of temperament; a good deal more, matter of training. Youngish men like Mr. James have refined their perceptions to so thin a point that they are only fit to commemorate the judgments of the drawing-room on the one hand and the smoking-room on the other. The air of free literature asphyxiates and paralyzes them. Outside of society and Paris, they are far too clever, far too educated, to breathe or live at all.

It is Mr. James's privilege, or perhaps his misfortune, to write for the English public, but I strongly suspect him of a hidden longing to cater for the public which is Continental. If he were not doomed by his nationality to be a superfine young man, he would perhaps choose to become a Detrimental one, like his friend M. Paul Bourget, who dedicates a book to him and claims at least two-thirds of him as thoroughly Parisian. The Detrimental Young Man, to whom I now come by a very natural transition, is quite as pertinacious as Mr. James, though far less cautious; fully as omniscient, but not nearly so self-assured; far more audacious, but in reality quite as dull. He is a refined or superfined sort of naturalist, to whom the coarse method of Zola appears very shocking, and who, before he "dissects" the human subject, is careful to *wash his hands*; nay, he goes further, and washes his subject too, that the spectator may be spared disgust and pain as far as possible. An elegant young man, with a certain amount of surgical skill, he affects to have studied profoundly the morbid anatomy of the female character; but alas! we soon discover that his elegance is merely that of a man about town, while his science is only a device to hide the tastes of the *boulevardier*. Two or three feeble novels, and a few flabby criticisms, form his literary credentials; so that he would be scarcely worth considering if he were not the type of a very numerous class. Like his fellows, he parades a "method;" like his superiors, he vaunts the dogma of *Art pour Art*, which, in other words, is Art with-

out the aspirate, without any heart at all. The world is beginning to discover, by the way, that the moment a writer begins to talk about his Art, he is forfeiting its privileges. It is quite true, moreover, that Art has nothing to do with morality, directly; but it has a great deal to do with it, indirectly; for (as I attempted to show years ago) if a work of Art is beautiful, it *must* be moral. This, of course, is not saying that it may not offend against conventional canons. But all the palaver about Art of such writers as Flaubert was merely a feint to disguise a radical defect in sympathy, an incapacity for imagining greatly and feeling either deeply or profoundly; and it will be found generally that the writers who echo the palaver are, like Flaubert, workers in *mosaic*—artists who, instead of working under special inspiration or with inspiring passion, take little bits of subject and piece them together, sometimes with very charming effect, but never with the genius of great literature. The talk of Art for Art is, in short, disingenuous, being used almost invariably to excuse or to justify trivialities of invention and temperamental want of creative insight.

What kind of a person the Detrimental Young Man is may be gathered from a reference to one of his well known stories, "*Un Crime d'Amour*,"* a work so far critical that it seems to embody the writer's theory of social life. It is the very commonplace history of a *boulevardier's* love for his friend's wife, his seduction of her, and the consequent misery and dishallucination. In the opening chapter we are introduced to the only three *dramatis personæ*—the husband, the wife, and the lover. "Le petit salon était éclairé d'une lumière douce par les trois lampes—de hautes lampes posées dans les vases de Japon, et garnies de globes sur lesquels s'appuyaient des abat-jours simples de nuance bleu pâle." This "nuance bleu pâle" is the only thing which differentiates "*Un Crime d'Amour*" from other idyls of adultery, and the only quality which distinguishes M. Paul Bourget's "method" from that of other foolish young men. It permeates the story and the style, it sicklies o'er the

countenances of the adulterers and the author, it is used in lieu of honest daylight to give artistic seeming to a theme which is radically prurient yet absurd. In one consummate chapter we are treated to a detailed description of the furnished house which Armand, the lover, takes for his mistress, and in which, dazzled by the "nuance bleu pâle," "elle venait de sentir, sous les caresses de cet homme qu'elle aimait si profondément, une émotion inconnue s'éveiller en elle." Then the same "nuance" travels on to the husband, who in course of time, poor fellow, gets very blue indeed; rests on the wretched woman, who deceives her lover as well as her husband and then cries, *in articulo mortis*, "C'est cette souffrance qui m'a sauvée, c'est par elle que j'ai jugé ma vie;" and finally transfigures the Detrimental Young Man himself, while he informs us that "une chose venait de naître en lui, avec laquelle il pourrait toujours trouver des raisons de vivre et d'agir: la religion de la souffrance humaine." This is the moral, that experiences of the sort I have described make even a detrimental young man alive to the fact that treachery and seduction turn life into Dead Sea fruit and lead married ladies into much trouble. We have heard it a thousand times before, we shall hear it a thousand times again; for our modern young men are honest enough to admit that love is not a thing of cakes and ale. No; it is the prerogative, it is the glory, of the detrimental young man to pose himself in the pale blue "nuance" of a picturesque unhappiness. In his sad perception of the sorrows of *crim. con.* and the dreariness of infidelity, he resembles our own glorious Ouida; and he resembles that classic of the Langham in other respects—in a feverish appreciation of millinery and upholstery, in a love of subdued lights and soft odors, in a rapturous inspiration to paint the splendors of the bedpost and the mysteries of the bathroom. Indeed, if we could imagine Zola and Ouida collaborating on a story to be afterward revised by Mr. Henry James, we should get a very good idea of a work by M. Paul Bourget. We should have all the nastiness *plus* all the niceness, and the whole carefully supervised by a master of the superfine.

* *Un Crime d'Amour*. By Paul Bourget.

In another novel, "Cruelle Énigme," the detrimental young man goes further, and for the edification of his friend Mr. James, to whom the work is dedicated, "throws a woman on the dissecting-table" and vivisects her, arriving, after much more millinery, at the conclusion that Love, like life, is "a cruel enigma." The poor woman deceives everybody, even the very young lover whom she adores, and is, in fact, just the familiar tame-tigress of French fiction, but she is specialized again for us by the pale blue "nuance" producing in this case an anatomical study much in the manner of the eccentric artist Van Beers. All this might be very interesting, no doubt, if there were any science in it. Readers who know what Balzac has done in this way would certainly not deny the attraction to be found in the morbid pathology of the female character. But Balzac was a Man, not a *boulevardier*; and even Zola is a Man deformed. One page of the "Human Comedy," or one chapter of "La Joie de Vivre," is worth all that M. Paul Bourget or Mr. Henry James ever wrote or dreamed of writing. And if I return without apology to our superfine young man in this connection, it is not that I am unaware of the ethical distinction between him and the detrimental young man. But there is an ethical resemblance also, though it does not lie upon the surface. It is the business, it may, for all I know, be the boast and pride, of Mr. James and his compeers, to translate the fiction of the French Empire and Republic into a vocabulary suitable for the perusal of young American ladies; and young ladies, in England and America, read their dreary books—compared with which, the literature of the "Lamp-lighter" and the "Old Helmet" is edifying. To call *them* immoral would be exaggeration; they are not vital enough to be immoral. But they, too, parade the pale blue "nuance" which is to redeem insipidity and impertinence, and turn commonplace into Art. In their cold-blooded self-sufficiency, in their indomitable triviality, in their stupendous dulness and omniscient vacuity, they suggest Zola (a dullard *au fond*) under ruthless expurgation and Gautier without the flesh. For, the modern French theory of writing being that nothing is

too trivial for a subject so long as it gives opportunity for narrative and analysis, French novelists escape dullness by choosing subjects which, though trivial, are suggestive or unclean; and our *Art pour Art* novelists of English race choose, in secret emulation, subjects which, though trivial almost to fatuity, are prurient in their supreme affectation of moral catholicity.

But let me put it in plainer words, in clearer English. There is neither flesh and blood, nor virility, nor manly vigor, in these young moderns, either in France or England; they breathe no oxygen; they display no intellectual or moral health. They hang about the petticoats of young women, in the "nuance bleu pâle" of a moral atmosphere of their own making. Contrast a book like "Un Crime d'Amour" with a book like Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," and note the difference between two generations. Compare the "Sappho" of 1887 with even the "Dame aux Camélias" of 1850. To go even a little further back, the jaded young man of Alfred de Musset still preserved his hallucinations. Rolla saw his ideal naked, not on the dissecting table, but *alive*—

Et pendant un moment, tous deux avaient aimés !

He was not a nice young man, with his shirt-collar turned down *à la* Byron, and his addiction to absinthe; but, compared with this modern young man, he was a gentleman, a poet, and a dreamer. And then, if you will, compare such books as "The Portrait of a Lady" with the early girl-studies of Trollope, a novelist ever thin and trivial enough in all conscience. *There* was the fresh flush of English life, the breath of English homes; *here* we get only the simper of the superior person, the drawl of the superfine young miss etherealized into a heaven of small sensations, small intuitions, and small, infinitesimally small, conversation. It is nothing to the purpose to explain that Mr. Henry James is a strictly moral writer in the ordinary sense of the word, and that M. Paul Bourget is a highly immoral one. My own impression is that the two gentlemen are more nearly akin, both in mind and morals, than either would care to admit. Though one is superfine, while the other is detrimental, both are

omnisciently silly; neither has one spark of the vitality, one flash of the insight, which made young men write books a generation ago.

Whose children are these? Who is responsible for the appearance of these young men in society and literature? I think their literary genealogy, though here and there obscure, may be traced with quasi-Biblical accuracy on both sides of the Channel. *There*, our own Byron begot Alfred de Musset, and Alfred de Musset begot Dumas *fils*, and Dumas *fils* begot Daudet, and Daudet begot Paul Bourget. *Here*, Richardson begot Jane Austen, and Jane Austen became the mother of Theodore Hook, and Theodore Hook begot Anthony Trollope, and Anthony Trollope begot Henry James. In either succession there was a gradual process of deterioration, resulting at last in what physiologists call "an exhausted breed;" nor is the present threatened intermarriage between Parisian impertinence and English triviality likely to improve the stock. Meantime, the great masters, Balzac and Hugo, Fielding and Dickens, appear to have left no lawful descendants. Look back again at the Paris and the London of a generation ago! How fresh and living, how full of wild enthusiasm and delightful temper, was literature! Here and yonder, the breeze blew lightly from Bohemia. Art was sunny, life was free. The young Frenchmen swaggered like Fluellen, forcing all and ready to honor the green leek of Romanticism. The young Cockneys swarmed everywhere, full of the new gospel of Dickens and a robustious Fairyland. Young writers were neither cynical nor cautious nor "knowing;" they were mad with the exuberance of their vitality. Since the old boys were childishly reverent and happy, why should not the young boys be so too? In those days there was little or no thought of "dissecting" women, only of loving and honoring and embracing them; no care to hang round the skirts of young ladies, analyzing their intuitions, but rather a desire to roam in Arden with them, or to join them at "Roger de Coverley." There were girls then, as there were boys. Alas, there are now neither girls nor boys, only nasty little men and women! I rather fancy that the easy descent of

Avernus was begun when Thackeray drew Blanche Amory and Becky Sharp, and painted his good women without brains; for though Thackeray had been in Bohemia, and never quite forgot the soft sylvan susurrus of its green glades, he created a school of young cynics who have something in common with the young realists of to-day. Be that as it may, the time of cheap pessimism has come, and good cheer and animal spirits, poetry and enthusiasm, have now no abiding-place in literature.

Next on my list comes the Olfactory Young Man, whom I shall deal with very briefly, as he differs from the Detrimental Young Man only in a few minor particulars, and, like him, is French by nationality. M. Guy de Maupassant, in his introduction to Flaubert's "Correspondence with George Sand," entreats us not to get angry with any one artistic theory, "since every theory is the generalized expression of a temperament asking itself questions;" in other words, he contends that it is the business of the artist, not to ascertain truth absolute, but to describe the effect of social phenomena on his own organs, his own temperament. This being admitted, he contends, taking his own point of perception, the only point of view possible to his temperament, that it is a very ugly and a very nasty world. His sense of unpleasant odors in life leads to the most grievous of all afflictions, naresmia. He goes through life and literature following his unlucky *nose*. All the meaner phenomena of life, all its baseness, all its triviality, allure and fascinate him, while he is blind, and glories in being blind, to its subtle suggestions, its higher meanings. A critic and a novelist, he parades his little gospel of realism, and declines to subject either his thought or his style to any disturbing influence. But after all the main thing in life of which he is conscious is the sexual instinct, and the sexual instinct on its most physical side. His lovers find out each other, like animals, by the sense of *smell*. From the scent of a rose to the perfume of a petticoat, life is conditioned by its olfactory peculiarities; beneath and within it all is the odor of decaying moral vegetation, the stench, faint or overpowering, of the human dead body, of the tomb. I sup-

pose M. de Maupassant is an artist ; he is careful to tell us that he is. For my own part, I am content, with only this stray reference, to pass him by. A young gentleman who threatens to become, like the famous Slawkenbergius of Sterne, "all nose," would be very useful company for a sanitary inspector or a member of the Board of Works, but fortunately, literature is much more than osmology, and the world contains something beyond and above its social sewers.

It is a relief, after discovering such subtleties of refinement, literary and olfactory, to come face to face with the good, square, honest, unintelligence of the Young Man in a Cheap Literary Suit. Mr. James, M. Bourget, and M. de Maupassant are models of literary elegance, and would look aghast on the loud, showy, every-day dress of tweed which forms the literary attire of Mr. William Archer, a young gentleman from Scotland who has attained to the proud dignity of being dramatic critic of the *World*; a saturnine and severe young gentleman, a young gentleman who has taken the drama under his protection, and writes in all seriousness about plays and players.* I have on a former occasion, in a very rough *ad captandum* fashion, described Mr. Archer's literary gifts. It is a curious fact, not to be overlooked in the present survey, that while the critics of twenty years ago were recruited from the ranks of literary aspirants, with special gifts and ambitions of their own in other directions, and while such critics were young men of enthusiastic temperament and with minds nourished on free literature, the most boisterous critics of the present moment are recruited from the ranks of the uninspired and unaspiring, are, in other words, young men who seem never to have studied seriously or felt profoundly any literature at all. A little knowledge, a very little English, and much pertinacity, are at any rate Mr. Archer's equipment, enabling him to pronounce judgment on works of art, to talk glibly about the drama and its professors, and to deliver a lecture on his favorite subjects at the Royal Institution. The pet object of Mr. Archer's

aversion is Mr. Irving. Our young man began his career by an attack on that gentleman, consisting chiefly of "Bank-holiday" personalities. He qualified this attack a little later on by a pamphlet on "Mr. Irving as Actor and Manager," while his friend and quondam *collaborateur*, Mr. Low, laid at the popular idol's feet the dedication of a voluminous work on the drama. Still, Mr. Archer has nothing but scorn, open or disguised, for Mr. Irving as an actor, and for the "poetical" productions of the Lyceum. Ranging further afield, he inveighs against the "fanfaronade" of Victor Hugo, and finds his best dramas "about on the level of Italian Opera;" while in Zola and Flaubert he discovers the kind of beauty which enables him to exclaim, "This is true! this is real!" The public, it seems to Mr. Archer, "is beginning to demand more and more imperatively that the dramatist shall be, not indeed a moralist (that may come later on), but an observer, and shall give us in his work, not a judgment or an *ideal*, but a *painting*;" and on this score, and on the score that he finds indications among dramatists of increased observation, he thinks that the drama is "advancing."

Mr. Archer, in fact, is nothing if not "critical;" that is to say, his cheap literary suit is worn by him as armor against all the shafts of imagination. He pines for a drama where there shall be no "ideals," and which shall be an absolute and accurate "transcription of life," and he sees hope for it, finds hints of it, when he contemplates such splendid experiments as Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons," Mr. Grundy's "Snowball," and the "Great Pink Pearl." Poetical and imaginative plays he finds, on the whole, dull and uninteresting; not nearly "knowing" enough, or severe enough, for this generation; and in his gloomy expectation of the hour when the dramatist shall be a "moralist" (which is "to come," *mirabile dictu*!) he turns with all the eagerness of which he is capable to the latest dramatist of Scandinavia—to Ibsen, who is "stumping" the North of Europe in the interests of so-called Scientific Realism.

Shrewd, clever, fearless, individual if not original, Ibsen has produced certain

* *About the Theatre.* By William Archer.

pamphlets which he calls plays, and in each one of which he advances one of those dreary ethical propositions which the world is now receiving *ad nauseam*. A quite loathsome piece of morbid pathology called "Gengangere" is considered his masterpiece. It is a story of heredity, showing with what has been called "relentless fidelity" how the sins of the parents are visited on the children—a thesis chiefly illustrated by two characters, a miserable and depraved young man who inherits insanity from a dissipated father, and a perky young woman who takes her foibles from a mother who "went wrong." As a realistic experiment this play is not uninteresting; as a work of art, it is on the intellectual level of De Goncourt; for it means nothing and is nothing, except a disagreeable reminder of facts with which every thinking man is familiar. A poet might have taken the subject, and stirred us by it. A dramatist would have made it live and move. Ibsen, after disgusting and horrifying us beyond measure, leaves the subject exactly where he found it—in the region of dreary and dirty commonplace. And as this arid writer deals with the subject of heredity, so does he deal with sociology, with morality, with religion, placing a smudgy finger on the black marks which disfigure the map of life, but seldom or never assisting us with any flash of poetic vision. Unfortunately for literature, his audacity in attracting the modern young man has infected a far nobler writer of his own nationality, the Björnson who imagined what is perhaps the divinest love-episode in any language, that of Audhild in "Sigurd Slembe." Of late years Björnson has been drifting toward the shifting sands of realism, attracted thither by the false lights set by Ibsen *et hoc genus omne*. But not in that direction, not in the way of cheap science and hideous human pathology, lies the freedom of art or the salvation of literature. When the prose of truth has been said, its poetry remains to be told; and when the great writer comes to deal with such themes as physical disease and moral responsibility, he will show us how impossible, how hopeless, how heartbreaking it is, to view these themes from the point of view of the pessimist

or of the modern young man as critic. Fortunately, Shakespeare and fresh air remain, while the artistic progeny of Schopenhauer asphyxiate themselves in close chambers and try experiments on the dead or living subject.

If Ibsen is a great or even a good writer, as Mr. Archer and his friends assure us that he is, then the great writers of all countries have been from time immemorial hopelessly in the wrong—then we must accept M. Zola's dictum that the true method of literature is only just discovered. In that case, to be a great writer it is only necessary to be stupendously and supremely unimaginative, and to see nothing beyond the bit of tissue at the point of the scalpel. But Æschylus and Sophocles, Shakespeare and Fielding, Balzac and Victor Hugo (to go no further for examples) have warned us that literature can glorify Science while embracing it. Take a work of any of those masters, no matter how gross or how revolting the *subject*—choose the "Agamemnon" or the "Antigone," "Macbeth" or "Lear," "Tom Jones" or "Joseph Andrews," "Père Goriot" or the story of *Fantine*—and what impression remains? The terror, the sadness, the pity, or (as it may be) the mad absurdity of life, but above all, its divine suggestions. What holds true of the masterpieces holds true of all literature which is sound and hale; such literature explains by insight what is dark and horrible, redeems by insight what is base and mean, and instead of leaving the wound of a moral sore wide open to horrify humanity, heals it with the balm of a subtle interpretation. It is because Zola justifies himself thus occasionally, that even he, with all his banalities, is worth considering.

But naturally, the young man in a slop literary suit, sunk in the self-satisfaction of being completely though inexpensively rigged out and consequently overpowering, resents imagination. Great is the truth; he says, and it shall prevail; but there is truth and truth, and what satisfies the needs of a small critic is wormwood to the soul of a thinker or a poet. A little culture is a dangerous thing; for it encourages a dull young man of saturnine proclivities to decry the masters, to extol the dullards, and

to pose as a superior person. Writers like Mr. Archer assert that literature may go wrong through too much sentiment, too much imagination, and that realism has been sent to put it right. Yet the outcome of the teaching of all great literature is that, while realism is the device of blind men and feeble intellects, poetry, not pessimism and cynicism, is the living *truth*.

It would be vain to follow our present young man through all the perversions caused by a hasty literary equipment and a morbid intellectual appetite. As the absinthe-drinker, rapidly losing the sense of taste, finds that only acrid wormwood will suit his palate, so Mr. Archer takes his Ibsen with a relish, and even thanks the gods for Mr. W. S. Gilbert. While he has not one good word for a Titan like Mr. Charles Reade, he waxes almost eloquent when his theme is a small cynic or a huge duldard. Great sentiments, great motives, great emotions, great conceptions, great language, alike repel him. By temperament and by education, he is, like his superiors with whom I have placed him in juxtaposition, wholly unimaginative and unsympathetic—a dreary young man, without one solitary redeeming literary vice, if we except bad English.

One word, before I proceed, on a point suggested by the growth in art of that diabolic love of the Horrible which is to be found among the class of realists so much admired by Mr. Archer and his friends. To those who imagine, as I do, that the world has been growing too cruel and cynical to exist in any sort or moral comfort, there is more than mere social significance in the occurrence of such hideous catastrophes as Whitechapel murders and other epidemics of murder and mutilation; for they show at least that our social philosophy of nescience has reached a cataclysm, and that the world, in its despair, may be driven back at last to some saner and diviner creed. The lurid and ever-vanishing apparition known in the newspapers as "Jack the Ripper" is to our lower social life what Schopenhauer is to philosophy, what Zola and his tribe are to literature, and what Van Beers is to art: the diabolic adumbration of a disease which is slowly but surely destroying moral senti-

ment, and threatening to corrupt human nature altogether. "Jack the Ripper," indeed, is a factor to be reckoned with everywhere nowadays, and it behoves us, therefore, to study him carefully. To begin with, he is an instructed, not a merely ignorant, person. He is acquainted with at least the superficialities of science. His contempt for human nature, his delight in the abominable, his calm and calculating though savage cruelty, his selection of his victims from among the socially helpless and morally corrupt, his devilish ingenuity, his supernatural pitilessness, are all indications by which we may know him as typical, whether in literature or in the slums, in art or among the lanes of Whitechapel. Most characteristic of all is his irreverence for the human form divine, and his cynical contempt for the weaker sex. As the unknown murderer of the East End, he desecrates and mutilates his poor street-walking victims. As Zola or De Goncourt, he seizes a living woman, and vivisects her nerve by nerve, for our instruction or our amusement. To him and to his class there are no sanctities, physical or moral or social; no mysteries, human or superhuman. He believes that life is cankered through and through. And as he is, let it be clearly understood, so is the typical, the average, pessimist of the present moment. Everywhere in society we are confronted with the instructed person for whom there are no gods, no holy of holies, no purity, and above all, no feminine ideals. Contemporaneous with modern pessimism has arisen the cruel disdain of Woman, the disbelief in that divine *Ewigweibliche*, or Eternal Feminine, which of old created heroes, lovers, and believers; and this disdain and unbelief, this cruel and brutal scorn, descends with the violence of horror on the unfortunate and the feeble, on the class called "fallen," which in nobler times supplied to humanity, to literature, and to art, the piteous type of the Magdalen. To understand the revolution in human sentiment which has taken place even within the generation, contrast poor Mimi once more with even Madame Bovary! With the decay of masculine faith and chivalry, with the belief that women are essentially corrupt and fit subjects for mere

vivisection, has come a corresponding decline in the feminine character itself ; for just as pure and beautiful women made men chivalrous and noble, so did the chivalry and nobility of men keep women safe, in the prerogative of their beauty and their purity.

For myself, who write as a pure optimist and sentimentalist, and still preserve the illusions of my foolish youth, I see in the change around me only a lurid and hideous nightmare. It cannot be real, it cannot be the living waking truth, for if so, life is a lazar-house and a slaughter-house, and there is nothing left but despair and death. I know (am I not told so on every hand ?) that this is mere "sentiment." I know that to believe in the Magdalen is almost as retrograde as to believe in the Christ. I am referred, for my guidance, to a whole literature dealing with the morbid pathology of the female character, and am left free to consult my Thackeray of the drawing-rooms or my Zola of the sewers. Neither Becky Sharp nor Blanche Amory, however, any more than Madame Bovary or the wife of the painter Claude, has any power to interest me, any skill to convert me. My own experience, though poor and uneventful, has shown me that womankind is *not* entirely composed of silken monsters and ferocious tigress-cats. I have with my own ears heard the cry of the Magdalen, just as certainly as I have listened to the bird-like laugh of Mimi and have stood by the bedside of Camille. I am aware, in a word, that what is known as the "sentimental" view of evil is corroborated by my own knowledge of the world and of human nature. Pessimism is a lie ; that basest of lies, which is half a truth, it attracts by its special pleadings, its triumphant reference to hideous facts, the half-instructed among human beings. It is a creed for the semi-cultivated, for the men of some knowledge and little understanding, and from the bulk of these issue our "Jack the Rippers"—in life, in literature, in art, and in criticism.

I have now arrived at the bottom rung of the ladder, where Mr. George Moore, the last young man on my list, is waiting for me, ready, nay determined, to throw off the mask and let us see the modern young man as critic exactly

as he *is*. It is doubtless a far cry from Mr. Henry James to Mr. Moore ; but though the one is a barbarous and the other a superfine young man, they have certain typical qualities in common, as we shall discover. In a recently published masterpiece,* Mr. Moore paints his own portrait for a faithless generation. His book goes straight to the mark. Its vanity, its ignorance, its courage, is colossal. Its self-exposure amounts to the sublime.

I for one am very glad that, after all the lamentable want of candor characteristic of our Harries with the "H," the world is treated at last to a complete revelation of the type which has discarded its "H" forever. The typical young man of this generation, the 'Arry of literature and the music-halls, has broken out in criticism. A problem well worth studying is this young man of boisterous indecency, with his incidental acquaintance with the *argot* of Paris and the studios, and his general incapacity for consecutive thought of any kind—this young man who, like those others, has never been young, and will never, we know, be old or wise. I have read his book with no little pleasure, for it is, at any rate, thoroughly candid and representative. The high jinks of the excursion train developed into criticism in which everybody is "bonneted," even poor Shakespeare, the wild revel of the penny steamboat, the Bacchantic romps of Hampstead Heath, are expressed at last in a malodorous but honest book. The Belshazzar's feast of small beer and skittles, the Bohemianism of bad tobacco, the exuberant Cockney horseplay, all is here ; and to crown all we have the portrait of the young man, not the 'Arry of the revels, but the penitent 'Arry of *next day*, after the trying excursion to Gravesend or Hampton Court, exclaiming to himself, "Oh, I do feel so bad !" The doleful 'Arry countenance, the 'Arry coat, the 'Arry tie, are all typical of the young man who has never had a clean mind, who glories in his uninstruction, yet who is so far from happy ! A noticeable experience in his life has been a holiday trip beyond the Thames, to

* *A Young Man's Confessions*. By George Moore.

Paris. He has seen the photographs in the Rue de Rivoli, and visited the Eden Theatre. He talks complacently of his experiences and his predilections—of the great Balzac, of “his friend” Zola (whom he bonnets, too, quite merrily), of girls, of artists, of pictures, of books, of a general ramble and scramble through cafés and bagnios, always ending in the same Elysium of unsavory jokes and pipes and beer.

This young man was never a child, never had any eyes to see what ordinary people see. His earliest remembrance is of a miracle—“*plover rising from the water*”—so that even as a child he was incapable of observing correctly the simplest natural phenomena. In later life, his reading has embraced, among other works, a book called “The Rise and Fall of Rationalism”—doubtless some *prophetic* history, which in his Wegg-like way he mingles up with a certain “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” If he has studied any books, he is completely fogged as to what books. He knows literature as he knows Nature, out of his own confused, ill-balanced head. He hates everything—Shakespeare, Art, Poetry, Religion, Decency—everything but pipes and beer. When he goes to the theatre and sees Mr. Wilson Barrett as Claudian, he beholds “an elderly man in a low-necked dress, posturing for the applause of some poor trull in the gallery.” He brands Mr. Irving scornfully as a “mummer,” and describes all actors and actresses as idiotic marionettes. His dream is that the tongue of the music-hall shall be loosened, and that we shall then have a new drama, free, unfettered, primitive; meanwhile he is careful to tell us that “Whoa, Emma!” “Charley Dilke,” and other ballads of the music-hall, are of far deeper artistic value than any more sober productions of the modern stage. For novelists and poets he has as profound a contempt as for “mummers;” the only English writer he professes to admire being Mr. Walter Pater, whose jejune essays he assumes to have read with rapture. For himself, he frankly informs us that he is immoral and indecent, and asserts that those who pretend to be otherwise are simply “hypocritical.”

Now, all this, horrible as it may sound,

is better than “trimming”—better, to my mind, than the superfinites of Mr. James or the literary pretences of Mr. Archer. The young man really respects nothing under the sun, and is honest enough to say so. His more ornate brethren respect and love quite as little, but, unlike him, have not the courage of their emotions. They accept themselves dismally, as omniscient spectators of the human comedy; he accepts himself savagely, as a Cockney Bohemian of the Latin Quarter. But Mr. Moore is frank and fearless, while they are merely polite or saturnine. He goes on his trip to Paris, and thinks he is “seeing life.” Truth, Reality, Naturalism, is his cry, as it is theirs; but while they keep to the pavement, he dances in the mud, reels along mud-bespattered, talks and yells, and thinks, *C’est magnifique, et c’est la vie!* There is no nonsense about him—he does not pretend to be virtuous or literary—virtue particularly is all “gammon;” everything is gammon, except indecency, except horseplay, except the jolly Bank-holiday and all its concomitant delights. The superfine and the saturnine young men secretly detest the proprieties of life and literature. He utters his detestation, and boldly pictures to us the literary future: ‘Arry triumphant, the tongue loosened, the morals and manners free and easy, the old gods of letters set up for cockshies, the music-hall turned into a temple of all the arts, and ‘Arriett, *alma Venus* of Seven Dials, *hominum divumque voluptas*, at her apotheosis. Well, all this is infinitely refreshing, after so much disingenuous respectability. The age of Sham is over, and the new prophet of straightforward animalism is Mr. George Moore. We are at last returning to Nature, *viâ* Rosherville Gardens and the Alexandra Palace. The young man as critic triumphs after all. He is found everywhere, in varied forms; with Mr. James, writing little novels, studying the little masters; with Messrs. Bourget and de Maupassant, studiously detrimental and avowedly olfactory; with Mr. Archer, grimly intolerant of imagination; at the Universities, lecturing on Art for Art; on the newspapers, giving up religion and morality as a bad job; to be known everywhere by his leading characteristics, a tempera-

ment which forbids enthusiasm, and a character which is heterodox, not merely by constitution, but out of predetermination to be "knowing;" but this honest young man of "A Young Man's Confessions" is the spokesman of all the rest. He, at all events, is not disingenuous. He, at all events, has shown his class as it is, in all the nudity of its cynicism, in all the plenary audacity of its unbelief. We ought not, therefore, to be very angry with him after all.

So far as the Young Man as Critic is concerned, there is little more to be said. It is with him, under the various forms which I have described, and under others with which my readers are doubtless familiar, that the men of thought, the men of another and I think a nobler temperament, have to reckon. It is he who will criticise us or ignore

us, praise us or abuse us; from him the rising generation will learn, at least for a little while, how to estimate us. He it is who is talking imbecilities about *Art pour Art* in a thousand magazines and newspapers. He it is who is filling the free air of literature with the chatter of the *salon* and the *argot* of the studio. He is fundamentally and constitutionally cynical and destructive, as opposed to those individuals who, be they small or great, are fundamentally and constitutionally sympathetic and creative. Fortunately for Art, for letters, he is fast becoming a public bore, a crying scandal. But for this fact, which may ensure his summary extinction and self-effacement, this woful young man might succeed in destroying creative literature altogether.—*Universal Review*.

AGNOSTICISM.

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BY REV. DR. WACE, PRINCIPAL OF KING'S COLLEGE.

It would hardly be reasonable to complain of Professor Huxley's delay in replying to the Paper on "Agnosticism" which I read five months ago, when, at the urgent request of an old friend, I reluctantly consented to address the Church Congress at Manchester. I am obliged to him for doing it the honor to bring it to the notice of a wider circle than that to which it was directly addressed; and I fear that, for reasons which have been the occasion of universal regret, he may not have been equal to literary effort. But, at the same time, it is impossible not to notice that a writer is at a great advantage in attacking a fugitive essay a quarter of a year after it was made public. Such a lapse of time ought, indeed, to enable him to apprehend distinctly the argument with which he is dealing; and it might, at least, secure him from any such inaccuracy in quotation as greater haste might excuse. But if either his idiosyncrasy, or his sense of assured superiority, should lead him to pay no real attention to the argument he is attacking, or should betray him into material misquotation,

he may at least be sure that scarcely any of his readers will care to refer to the original paper, or will have the opportunity of doing so. I can scarcely hope that Professor Huxley's obliging reference to the *Official Report of the Church Congress* will induce many of those who are influenced by his answer to my Paper to purchase that interesting volume, though they would be well repaid by some of its other contents; and I can hardly rely on their spending even twopence upon the reprint of the Paper, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I have therefore felt obliged to ask the editor of this Review to be kind enough to admit to his pages a brief restatement of the position which Professor Huxley has assailed, with such notice of his arguments as is practicable within the comparatively brief space which can be afforded me. I could not, indeed, amid the pressing claims of a College like this in term time, besides the chairmanship of a Hospital, a Preachership, and other duties, attempt any reply which would deal as thoroughly as could be wished with an

article of so much skill and finish. But it is a matter of justice to my cause and to myself to remove at once the unscientific and prejudiced representation of the case which Professor Huxley has put forward; and fortunately there will be need of no elaborate argument for this purpose. There is no occasion to go beyond Professor Huxley's own Article and the language of my Paper to exhibit his entire misapprehension of the point in dispute; while I am much more than content to rely for the invalidation of his own contentions upon the authorities he himself quotes.

What, then, is the position with which Professor Huxley finds fault? He is good enough to say that what he calls my "description" of an Agnostic may for the present pass, so that we are so far, at starting, on common ground. The actual description of an Agnostic, which is given in my paper, is indeed distinct from the words he quotes, and is taken from an authoritative source. But what I have said is that, as an escape from such an article of Christian belief as that We have a Father in Heaven, or that Jesus Christ is the Judge of quick and dead, and will hereafter return to judge the world, an Agnostic urges that "he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world or of the future;" and I maintain that this plea is irrelevant. Christians do not presume to say that they have a scientific knowledge of such articles of their creed. They say that they believe them, and they believe them mainly on the assurances of Jesus Christ. Consequently their characteristic difference from an Agnostic consists in the fact that they believe those assurances, and that he does not. Professor Huxley's observation, "are there then any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professed theologian," is either a quibble, or one of many indications that he does not recognize the point at issue. I am speaking, as the sentence shows, of scientific knowledge—knowledge which can be obtained by our own reason and observation alone—and no one with Professor Huxley's learning is justified in being ignorant that it is not upon such

knowledge, but upon supernatural revelation, that Christian belief rests. However, as he goes on to say, my view of "the real state of the case is that the Agnostic 'does not believe the authority' on which 'these things' are stated, which authority is Jesus Christ. He is simply an old fashioned 'infidel' who is afraid to own to his right name." The argument has nothing to do with his motive, whether it is being afraid or not. It only concerns the fact that that by which he is distinctively separated from the Christian is that he does not believe the assurances of Jesus Christ.

Professor Huxley thinks there is "an attractive simplicity about this solution of the problem"—he means, of course, this statement of the case—"and it has that advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked, which is so dear to the less refined sort of controversialist." I think Professor Huxley must have forgotten himself and his own feelings in this observation. There can be no question, of course, of his belonging himself to the more refined sort of controversialists; but he has a characteristic fancy for solutions of problems, or statements of cases, which have the "advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked." Without taking this particular phrase into account, it certainly has "the advantage of being offensive to the persons attacked" that Professor Huxley should speak in this article of "the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief"—the word "honest" is not a misquotation—"honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder or robbery," or that he should say, "Trip in morals or in doctrine (especially in doctrine), without due repentance or retraction, or fail to get properly baptized before you die, and a *plébiscite* of the Christians of Europe, if they were true to their creeds, would affirm your everlasting damnation by an immense majority." We have fortunately nothing to do in this argument with *plébiscites*; and as statements of authoritative Christian teaching, the least that can be said of these allegations is that they are offensive exaggerations.

It had "the advantage" again, of being "offensive to the persons attacked," when Professor Huxley, in an article in this Review on "Science and the Bishops," in November, 1887, said that "Scientific ethics can and does declare that the profession of belief" in such narratives as that of the devils entering a herd of swine, or of the fig-tree that was blasted for bearing no figs, upon the evidence on which multitudes of Christians believe it, "is immoral;" and the observation which followed, that "theological apologists would do well to consider the fact that, in the matter of intellectual veracity, science is already a long way ahead of the churches," has the same "advantage." I repeat that I cannot but treat Professor Huxley as an example of the more refined sort of controversialist; it must be supposed, therefore, that when he speaks of observations or insinuations which are somewhat offensive to the "persons attacked" being dear to the other sort of controversialists, he is unconscious of his own methods of controversy—or, shall I say, his own temptations?

But I desire as far as possible to avoid any rivalry with Professor Huxley in these refinements—more or less—of controversy; and am, in fact, forced by pressure both of space and of time to keep as rigidly as possible to the points directly at issue. He proceeds to restate the case as follows:—"The Agnostic says, 'I cannot find good evidence that so and so is true.' 'Ah,' says his adversary, seizing his opportunity, 'then you declare that Jesus Christ was untruthful, for he said so and so'—a very telling method of rousing prejudice." Now that superior scientific veracity to which, as we have seen, Professor Huxley lays claim, should have prevented him putting such vulgar words into my mouth. There is not a word in my paper to charge Agnostics with declaring that Jesus Christ was "untruthful." I believe it impossible in these days for any man who claims attention—I might say, for any man—to declare our Lord untruthful. What I said, and what I repeat, is that the position of an Agnostic involves the conclusion that Jesus Christ was under an "illusion" in respect to the deepest beliefs of His life and teaching. The words of

my paper are: "An Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which He lived and died." The point is this—that there can, at least, be no reasonable doubt that Jesus Christ lived, and taught, and died, in the belief of certain great principles respecting the existence of God, our relation to God, and His own relation to us, which an Agnostic says are beyond the possibilities of human knowledge; and of course an Agnostic regards Jesus Christ as a man. If so, he must necessarily regard Jesus Christ as mistaken, since the notion of His being untruthful is a supposition which I could not conceive being suggested. The question I have put is not, as Professor Huxley represents, what is the most unpleasant alternative to belief in the primary truths of the Christian religion, but what is the least unpleasant; and all I have maintained is that the least unpleasant alternative necessarily involved is, that Jesus Christ was under an illusion in His most vital convictions.

I content myself with thus rectifying the state of the case, without making the comments which I think would be justified on such a crude misrepresentation of my argument. But Professor Huxley goes on to observe that "the value of the evidence as to what Jesus may have said and done, and as to the exact nature and scope of his authority, is just that which the Agnostic finds it most difficult to determine." Undoubtedly, that is a primary question; but who would suppose from Professor Huxley's statement of the case that the argument of the paper he is attacking proceeded to deal with this very point, and that he has totally ignored the chief consideration it alleged? Almost immediately after the words Professor Huxley has quoted, the following passage occurs, which I must needs transfer to these pages, as containing the central point of the argument. "It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects. Now it is unnecessary for the general argument before us to enter on those questions respecting the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, which

ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case. *Apart from all disputed points of criticism, no one practically doubts that our Lord lived, and that He died on the Cross, in the most intense sense of filial relation to His Father in Heaven, and that He bore testimony to that Father's providence, love, and grace toward mankind. The Lord's Prayer affords sufficient evidence upon these points. If the Sermon on the Mount alone be added, the whole unseen world, of which the Agnostic refuses to know anything, stands unveiled before us. There you see revealed the Divine Father and Creator of all things, in personal relation to His creatures, hearing their prayers, witnessing their actions, caring for them and rewarding them. There you hear of a future judgment administered by Christ Himself, and of a Heaven to be hereafter revealed, in which those who live as the children of that Father, and who suffer in the cause and for the sake of Christ Himself, will be abundantly rewarded. If Jesus Christ preached that Sermon, made those promises, and taught that prayer, then any one who says that we know nothing of God, or of a future life, or of an unseen world, says that he does not believe Jesus Christ."*

Professor Huxley has not one word to say upon this argument, though the whole case is involved in it. Let us take as an example the illustration he proceeds to give. "If," he says, "I venture to doubt that the Duke of Wellington gave the command, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' at Waterloo, I do not think that even Dr. Wace would accuse me of disbelieving the Duke." Certainly not. But if Professor Huxley were to maintain that the pursuit of glory was the true motive of the soldier, and that it was an illusion to suppose that simple devotion to duty could be the supreme guide of military life, I should certainly charge him with contradicting the Duke's teaching and disregarding his authority and example. A hundred stories like that of "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" might be doubted, or positively disproved, and it would still remain a fact beyond all reasonable doubt that the Duke of Wellington was essentially characterized by the sternest and most devoted sense of duty, and that he had inculcated duty as the very watchword of a soldier; and even Pro-

fessor Huxley would not suggest that Lord Tennyson's ode, which has embodied this characteristic in immortal verse, was an unfounded poetical romance.

The main question at issue, in a word, is one which Professor Huxley has chosen to leave entirely on one side—whether, namely, allowing for the utmost uncertainty on other points of the criticism to which he appeals, there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching. If they do—then I am not now contending that they involve the whole of the Christian Creed; I am not arguing, as Professor Huxley would represent, that he ought for that reason alone to be a Christian—I simply represent that, as an Agnostic, he must regard those beliefs and that teaching as mistaken—the result of an illusion, to say the least. I am not going, therefore, to follow Professor Huxley's example, and go down a steep place with the Gadarene swine into a sea of uncertainties and possibilities, and stake the whole case of Christian belief as against Agnosticism upon one of the most difficult and mysterious narratives in the New Testament. I will state my position on that question presently. But I am first and chiefly concerned to point out that Professor Huxley has skilfully evaded the very point and edge of the argument he had to meet. Let him raise what difficulties he pleases, with the help of his favorite critics, about the Gadarene swine, or even about all the stories of demoniacs. He will find that his critics—and even critics more rationalistic than they—fail him when it comes to the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, and, I will add, the story of the Passion. He will find, or rather he must have found, that the very critics he relies upon recognize that in the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, allowing for variations in form and order, the substance of our Lord's essential teaching is preserved. On a point which, until Professor Huxley shows cause to the contrary, can hardly want argument, the judgment of the most recent of his witnesses may suffice—Professor Reuss of Strasburg. In Professor Huxley's arti-

cle on the "Evolution of Theology" in the number of this Review for March 1886, he says: "As Reuss appears to me to be one of the most learned, acute, and fair-minded of those whose works I have studied, I have made most use of the commentary and dissertations in his splendid French edition of the Bible." What then is the opinion of the critic for whom Professor Huxley has this regard? In the volume of his work which treats of the first three Gospels, Reuss says at p. 191-2: "If anywhere the tradition which has preserved to us the reminiscences of the life of Jesus upon earth carries with it certainty and the evidence of its fidelity, it is here;" and again: "In short, it must be acknowledged that the redactor, in thus concentrating the substance of the moral teaching of the Lord, has rendered a real service to the religious study of this portion of the tradition, and the reserves which historical criticism has a right to make with respect to the form will in no way diminish this advantage." It will be observed that Professor Reuss thinks, as many good critics have thought, that the Sermon on the Mount combines various distinct utterances of our Lord, but he none the less recognizes that it embodies an unquestionable account of the substance of our Lord's teaching.

But it is surely superfluous to argue either this particular point, or the main conclusion which I have founded on it. Can there be any doubt whatever, in the mind of any reasonable man, that Jesus Christ had beliefs respecting God which an Agnostic alleges there is no sufficient ground for? We know something at all events of what His disciples taught; we have authentic original documents, unquestioned by any of Professor Huxley's authorities, as to what St. Paul taught and believed, and of what he taught and believed respecting his Master's teaching; and the central point of this teaching is a direct assertion of knowledge and revelation as against the very Agnosticism from which Professor Huxley manufactured that designation. "As I passed by," said St. Paul at Athens, "I found an altar with this inscription: 'To the unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly—or in Agnosticism—worship, Him declare I unto you." An Agnostic withholds his assent from this

primary article of the Christian creed; and though Professor Huxley, in spite of the lack of information he alleges respecting early Christian teaching, knows enough on the subject to have a firm belief "that the Nazarenes, say of the year 40," headed by James, would have stoned any one who propounded the Nicene creed to them, he will hardly contend that they denied that article, or doubted that Jesus Christ believed it. Let us again listen to the authority to whom Professor Huxley himself refers. Reuss says at page 4 of the work already quoted:—

Historical literature in the primitive Church attaches itself in the most immediate manner to the reminiscences collected by the Apostles and their friends, directly after their separation from their Master. The need of such a return to the past arose naturally from the profound impression which had been made upon them by the teaching, and still more by the individuality itself of Jesus, and on which both their hopes for the future and their convictions were founded. . . . It is in these facts, in this continuity of a tradition which could not but go back to the very morrow of the tragic scene of Golgotha that we have a strong guarantee for its authenticity. . . . We have direct historical proof that the thread of tradition was not interrupted. Not only, does one of our Evangelists furnish this proof in formal terms (Luke i. 2); but in many other places besides we perceive the idea, or the point of view, that all which the Apostles know, think, and teach, is at bottom and essentially a reminiscence—a reflection of what they have seen and learned at another time, a reproduction of lessons and impressions received.

Now let it be allowed for argument's sake that the belief and teaching of the Apostles are distinct from those of subsequent Christianity, yet it is surely a mere paradox to maintain that they did not assert, as taught by their Master, truths which an Agnostic denies. They certainly spoke, as Paul did, of the Love of God; they certainly spoke, as Paul did, of Jesus having been raised from the dead by God the Father (Gal. i. 1); they certainly spoke, as Paul did, of Jesus Christ returning to judge the world; they certainly spoke, as Paul did, of "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. xi. 31). That they could have done this without Jesus Christ having taught God's love, or having said that God was His Father, or having declared that He would judge the world, is a supposition which will

certainly be regarded by an overwhelming majority of reasonable men as a mere paradox ; and I cannot conceive, until he says so, that Professor Huxley would maintain it. But if so, then all Professor Huxley's argumentation about the Gadarene swine is mere irrelevance to the argument he undertakes to answer. The Gospels might be obliterated as evidence to-morrow, and it would remain indisputable that Jesus Christ taught certain truths respecting God, and man's relation to God, from which an Agnostic withholds his assent. If so, he does not believe Jesus Christ's teaching ; he is so far an unbeliever, and "unbeliever," Dr. Johnson says, is an equivalent of "Infidel."

This consideration will indicate another irrelevance in Professor Huxley's argument. He asks for a definition of what a Christian is, before he will allow that he can be justly called an infidel. But without being able to give an accurate definition of a crayfish, which perhaps only Professor Huxley could do, I may be very well able to say that some creatures are not crayfish ; and it is not necessary to frame a definition of a Christian in order to say confidently that a person who does not believe the broad and unquestionable elements of Christ's teachings and convictions is not a Christian. "Infidel" or "unbeliever," is, of course, as Professor Huxley says, a relative and not a positive term. He makes a great deal of play out of what he seems to suppose will be a very painful and surprising consideration to myself, that to a Mahommedan I am an infidel. Of course I am ; and I should never expect a Mahommedan, if he were called upon, as I was, to argue before an assembly of his own fellow-believers, to call me anything else. Professor Huxley is good enough to imagine me in his company on a visit to the Hazar Mosque at Cairo. When he entered that mosque without due credentials, he suspects that, had he understood Arabic, "dog of an infidel" would have been by no means the most "unpleasant" of the epithets showered upon him, before he could explain and apologize for the mistake. If, he says, "I had had the pleasure of Dr. Wace's company on that occasion, the indiscriminative followers of the Prophet would, I am afraid, have

made no difference between us ; not even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary." Probably not ; and I will add that I should have felt very little confidence in any attempts which Professor Huxley might have made, in the style of his present Article, to protect me, by repudiating for himself the unpleasant epithets which he deprecates. It would, I suspect, have been of very little avail to attempt a subtle explanation, to one of the learned Mollahs of whom he speaks, that he really did not mean to deny that there was one God, but only that he did not know anything on the subject, and that he desired to avoid expressing any opinion respecting the claims of Mahomet. It would be plain to the learned Mollah that Professor Huxley did not believe either of the articles of the Mahommedan creed—in other words that, for all his fine distinctions, he was at bottom a downright infidel, such as I confessed myself, and that there was an end of the matter. There is no fair way of avoiding the plain matter of fact in either case. A Mahommedan believes and asserts that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is the Prophet of God. I don't believe Mahomet. In the plain, blunt, sensible phrase people used to use on such subjects, I believe he was a false prophet, and I am a downright infidel about him. The Christian creed might almost be summed up in the assertion that there is one, and but one God, and that Jesus Christ is His Prophet ; and whoever denies that creed says that he does not believe Jesus Christ, by whom it was undoubtedly asserted. It is better to look facts in the face, especially from a scientific point of view. Whether Professor Huxley is justified in his denial of that creed is a further question, which demands separate consideration, but which was not, and is not now, at issue. All I say is that his position involves that disbelief or infidelity, and that this is a responsibility which must be faced by Agnosticism.

But I am forced to conclude that Professor Huxley cannot have taken the pains to understand the point I raised, not only by the irrelevance of his argument on these considerations, but by a misquotation which the superior accu-

racy of a man of science ought to have rendered impossible. Twice over in the article, he quotes me as saying that "it is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ." As he winds up his attack upon my paper by bringing against this statement his rather favorite charge of "immorality"—and even "most profound immorality"—he was the more bound to accuracy in his quotation of my words. But neither in the official report of the Congress to which he refers, nor in any report that I have seen, is this the statement attributed to me. What I said, and what I meant to say, was that it ought to be an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly "that he does not believe Jesus Christ." By inserting the little word "in," Professor Huxley has, by an unconscious ingenuity, shifted the import of the statement. He goes on (p. 184) to denounce "the pestilent doctrine on which all the Churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye." His interpretation exhibits, in fact, the idea in his own mind, which he has doubtless conveyed to his readers, that I said it ought to be unpleasant to a man to have to say that he does not believe in the Christian Creed. I certainly think it ought, for reasons I will mention; but that is not what I said. I spoke, deliberately, not of the Christian Creed as a whole, but of Jesus Christ as a person, and regarded as a witness to certain primary truths which an Agnostic will not acknowledge. It was a personal consideration to which I appealed, and not a dogmatic one; and I am sorry, for that reason, that Professor Huxley will not allow me to leave it in the reserve with which I hoped it had been sufficiently indicated. I said that "no criticism worth mentioning doubts the story of the Passion; and that story involves the most solemn attestation, again and again, of truths of which an Agnostic coolly says he knows nothing. An Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in

which He lived and died. It must declare that His most intimate, most intense beliefs, and His dying aspirations were an illusion. Is that supposition tolerable?" I do not think this deserves to be called "a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character." I think it ought to be unpleasant, and I am sure it always will be unpleasant, for a man to listen to the Saviour on the Cross uttering such words as "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and to say that they are not to be trusted as revealing a real relation between the Saviour and God. In spite of all doubts as to the accuracy of the Gospels, Jesus Christ—I trust I may be forgiven, under the stress of controversy, for mentioning His sacred Name in this too familiar manner—is a tender and sacred figure to all thoughtful minds, and it is, it ought to be, and it always will be, a very painful thing, to say that He lived and died under a mistake in respect to the words which were first and last on His lips. I think, as I have admitted, that it should be unpleasant for a man who has as much appreciation of Christianity, and of its work in the world, as Professor Huxley sometimes shows, to have to say that its belief was founded on no objective reality. The unpleasantness, however, of denying one system of thought may be balanced by the pleasantness, as Professor Huxley suggests, of asserting another and a better one. But nothing, to all time, can do away with the unpleasantness, not only of repudiating sympathy with the most sacred figure of humanity in His deepest beliefs and feelings, but of pronouncing Him under an illusion in His last agony. If it be the truth, let it by all means be said; but if we are to talk of "immorality" in such matters, I think there must be a lack of moral sensibility in any man who could say it without pain.

The plain fact is that this misquotation would have been as impossible as a good deal else of Professor Huxley's argument, had he, in any degree, appreciated the real strength of the hold which Christianity has over men's hearts and minds. The strength of the Christian Church, in spite of its faults, errors, and omissions, is not in its creed, but in its Lord and Master. In spite of all the critics, the Gospels have conveyed

to the minds of millions of men a living image of Christ. They see Him there ; they hear His voice ; they listen, and they believe Him. It is not so much that they accept certain doctrines as taught by Him, as that they accept Him, Himself, as their Lord and their God. The sacred fire of trust in Him descended upon the Apostles, and has from them been handed on from generation to generation. It is with that living personal figure that agnosticism has to deal ; and as long as the Gospels practically produce the effect of making that figure a reality to human hearts, so long will the Christian Faith, and the Christian Church, in their main characteristics, be vital and permanent forces in the world. Professor Huxley tells us, in a melancholy passage, that he cannot define "the grand figure of Jesus." Who shall dare to "define" it? But saints have both written and lived an *imitatio Christi*, and men and women can feel and know what they cannot define. Professor Huxley, it would seem, would have us all wait coolly until we had solved all critical difficulties, before acting on such a belief. "Because," he says, "we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent." Certainly not ; but it is strange ignorance of human nature for Professor Huxley to imagine that there is no "pressure" in this matter. It was a voice which understood the human heart better which said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;" and the attraction of that voice outweighs many a critical difficulty under the pressure of the burdens and the sins of life.

Professor Huxley, indeed, admits, in one sentence of his article, the force of this influence on individuals.

If (he says) a man can find a friend, the hypostasis of all his hopes, the mirror of his ethical ideal, in the pages of any, or of all, of the Gospels, let him live by faith in that ideal. Who shall, or can, forbid him? But let him not delude himself with the notion that his faith is evidence of the objective reality of that in which he trusts. Such evidence is to be obtained only by the use of the methods of science, as applied to history and to literature, and it amounts at present to very little.

Well, a single man's belief in an ideal may be very little evidence of its objective reality. But the conviction of millions of men, generation after generation, of the veracity of the four evangelical witnesses, and of the human and Divine reality of the figure they describe, has at least something of the weight of the verdict of a jury. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Practically the figure of Christ lives. The Gospels have created it ; and it subsists as a personal fact in life, alike among believers and unbelievers. Professor Huxley, himself, in spite of all his scepticism, appears to have his own type of this character. The apologue of the woman taken in adultery might, he says, "if internal evidence were an infallible guide, well be affirmed to be a typical example of the teachings of Jesus." Internal evidence may not be an infallible guide ; but it certainly carries great weight, and no one has relied more upon it in these questions than the critics whom Professor Huxley quotes.

But as I should be sorry to imitate Professor Huxley, on so momentous a subject, by evading the arguments and facts he alleges, I will consider the question of external evidence on which he dwells. I must repeat that the argument of my Paper is independent of this controversy. The fact that our Lord taught and believed what Agnostics ignore is not dependent on the criticism of the four Gospels. In addition to the general evidence to which I have alluded, there is a further consideration which Professor Huxley feels it necessary to mention, but which he evades by an extraordinary inconsequence. He alleges that the story of the Gadarene swine involves fabulous matter, and that this discredits the trustworthiness of the whole Gospel record. But he says :—

At this point a very obvious objection arises and deserves full and candid consideration. It may be said that critical scepticism carried to the length suggested is historical pyrrhonism ; that if we are to altogether discredit an ancient or a modern historian because he has assumed fabulous matter to be true, it will be as well to give up paying any attention to history. . . . Of course (he acknowledges) this is perfectly true. I am afraid there is no man alive whose witness could be accepted, if the condition precedent were proof that he had never invented and promulgated a myth.

The question, then, which Professor

Huxley himself raises, and which he had to answer, was this : Why is the general evidence of the Gospels, on the main facts of our Lord's life and teaching, to be discredited, even if it be true that they have invented or promulgated a myth about the Gadarene swine ? What is his answer to that simple and broad question ? Strange to say, absolutely none at all ! He leaves this vital question without any answer, and goes back to the Gadarene swine. The question he raises is whether the supposed incredibility of the story of the Gadarene swine involves the general untrustworthiness of the story of the Gospels ; and his conclusion is that it involves the incredibility of the story of the Gadarene swine. A more complete evasion of his own question it would be difficult to imagine. As Professor Huxley almost challenges me to state what I think of that story, I have only to say that I fully believe it, and moreover that Professor Huxley, in this very article, has removed the only consideration which would have been a serious obstacle to my belief. If he were prepared to say, on his high scientific authority, that the narrative involves a contradiction of established scientific truth, I could not but defer to such a decision, and I might be driven to consider those possibilities of interpolation in the narrative, which Professor Huxley is good enough to suggest to all who feel the improbability of the story too much for them. But Professor Huxley expressly says :—

I admit I have no *à priori* objection to offer. . . . For anything I can absolutely prove to the contrary, there may be spiritual things capable of the same transmigration, with like effects So I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist.

Very well, then, as the highest science of the day is unable to show cause against the possibility of the narrative, and as I regard the Gospels as containing the evidence of trustworthy persons who were contemporary with the events narrated, and as their general veracity carries to my mind the greatest possible weight, I accept their statement in this, as in other instances. Professor Huxley ventures "to doubt whether at this present moment any Protestant theologian, who has a reputation to lose, will

say that he believes the Gadarene story." He will judge whether I fall under his description ; but I repeat that I believe it, and that he has removed the only objection to my believing it.

However, to turn finally to the important fact of external evidence. Professor Huxley reiterates, again and again, that the verdict of scientific criticism is decisive against the supposition that we possess in the four Gospels the authentic and contemporary evidence of known writers. He repeats, "without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers." In particular, he challenges my allegation of "M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case ;" and he adds the following observations, to which I beg the reader's particular attention :—

I thought (he says) I knew M. Renan's works pretty well, but I have contrived to miss this "practical"—(I wish Dr. Wace had defined the scope of that useful adjective)—surrender. However, as Dr. Wace can find no difficulty in pointing out the passage of M. Renan's writings, by which he feels justified in making his statement, I shall wait for further enlightenment, contenting myself, for the present, with remarking that if M. Renan were to retract and do penance in Notre Dame to-morrow for any contributions to Biblical criticism that may be specially his property, the main results of that criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected.

Let me begin then by enlightening Professor Huxley about M. Renan's surrender. I have the less difficulty in doing so as the passages he has contrived to miss have been collected by me already in a little tract on the *Authenticity of The Gospels*,* and in some lectures on the *Gospel and its Witnesses* ;† and I shall take the liberty, for convenience' sake, of repeating some of the observations there made.

I beg first to refer to the preface to M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*.‡ There M. Renan says :—

As to Luke, doubt is scarcely possible. The Gospel of St. Luke is a regular composition, founded upon earlier documents. It is the work of an author who chooses, curtails, combines. The author of this Gospel is certainly the same as the author of the Acts of the Apos-

* Religious Tract Society.

† John Murray, 1883.

‡ 15th edition, p. xlix.

ties. Now, the author of the Acts seems to be a companion of St. Paul—a character which accords completely with St. Luke. I know that more than one objection may be opposed to this reasoning; but one thing at all events is beyond doubt, namely, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is a man who belonged to the second apostolic generation; and this suffices for our purpose. The date of this Gospel, moreover, may be determined with sufficient precision by considerations drawn from the book itself. The twenty-first chapter of St. Luke, which is inseparable from the rest of the work, was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, but not long after. We are, therefore, here on solid ground, for we are dealing with a work proceeding entirely from the same hand, and possessing the most complete unity.

It may be important to observe that this admission has been supported by M. Renan's further investigations, as expressed in his subsequent volume on *The Apostles*. In the Preface to that volume he discusses fully the nature and value of the narrative contained in the Acts of the Apostles, and he pronounces the following decided opinions as to the authorship of that book, and its connection with the Gospel of St. Luke (p. x sq.):—

One point which is beyond question is that the Acts are by the same author as the third Gospel, and are a continuation of that Gospel. One need not stop to prove this proposition, which has never been seriously contested. The prefaces at the commencement of each work, the dedication of each to Theophilus, the perfect resemblance of style and of ideas, furnish on this point abundant demonstrations.

A second proposition, which has not the same certainty, but which may, however, be regarded as extremely probable, is that the author of the Acts is a disciple of Paul, who accompanied him for a considerable part of his travels.

At a first glance, M. Renan observes, this proposition appears indubitable, from the fact that the author, on so many occasions, uses the pronoun "we," indicating that on those occasions he was one of the apostolic band by whom St. Paul was accompanied.

"One may even be astonished that a proposition apparently so evident should have found persons to contest it." He notices, however, the difficulties which have been raised on the point, and then proceeds as follows (p. xiv):—

Must we be checked by these objections? I think not; and I persist in believing that the person who finally prepared the Acts is really the disciple of Paul, who says "we" in the

last chapters. All difficulties, however insoluble they may appear, ought to be, if not dismissed, at least held in suspense, by an argument so decisive as that which results from the use of this word "we."

He then observes that MSS. and tradition combine in assigning the third Gospel to a certain Luke, and that it is scarcely conceivable that a name in other respects obscure should have been attributed to so important a work for any other reason than that it was the name of the real author. Luke, he says, had no place in tradition, in legend, or in history, when these two treatises were ascribed to him. M. Renan concludes in the following words: "We think, therefore, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is in all reality Luke, the disciple of Paul."

Now let the import of these expressions of opinion be duly weighed. Of course M. Renan's judgments are not to be regarded as affording in themselves any adequate basis for our acceptance of the authenticity of the chief books of the New Testament. The Acts of the Apostles and the four Gospels bear on their face certain positive claims, on the faith of which they have been accepted in all ages of the Church; and they do not rest, in the first instance, on the authority of any modern critic. But though M. Renan would be a very unsatisfactory witness to rely upon for the purpose of positive testimony to the Gospels, his estimates of the value of modern critical objections to those sacred books have all the weight of the admissions of a hostile witness. No one doubts his familiarity with the whole range of the criticism represented by such names as Strauss and Baur, and no one questions his disposition to give full weight to every objection which that criticism can urge. Even without assuming that he is prejudiced on either one side or the other, it will be admitted on all hands that he is more favorably disposed than otherwise to such criticism as Professor Huxley relies on. When, therefore, with this full knowledge of the literature of the subject, such a writer comes to the conclusion that the criticism in question has entirely failed to make good its case on a point like that of the authorship of St. Luke's Gospel, we are at least justified in concluding that critical

objections do not possess the weight which unbelievers or sceptics are wont to assign to them. M. Renan, in a word, is no adequate witness to the Gospels; but he is a very significant witness as to the value of modern critical objections to them.

Let us pass to the two other so-called "synoptical" Gospels. With respect to St. Matthew, M. Renan says in the same preface (*Vie de Jésus*, p. lxxxii):—

To sum up, I admit the four canonical Gospels as serious documents. All go back to the age which followed the death of Jesus; but their historical value is very diverse. St. Matthew evidently deserves peculiar confidence for the discourses. Here are "the oracles," the very notes taken while the memory of the instruction of Jesus was living and definite. A kind of flashing brightness at once sweet and terrible, a Divine force, if I may so say, underlies these words, detaches them from the context, and renders them easily recognizable by the critic.

In respect again to St. Mark, he says (p. lxxxii):—

The Gospel of St. Mark is the one of the three Synoptics which has remained the most ancient, the most original, and to which the least of later additions have been made. The details of fact possess in St. Mark a definiteness which we seek in vain in the other Evangelists. He is fond of reporting certain sayings of our Lord in Syro-Chaldaic. He is full of minute observations, proceeding, beyond doubt, from an eyewitness. There is nothing to conflict with the supposition that this eyewitness, who had evidently followed Jesus, who had loved Him and watched Him in close intimacy, and who had preserved a vivid image of Him, was the Apostle Peter himself, as Papias has it.

I call these admissions a "practical surrender" of the adverse case, as stated by critics like Strauss and Baur, who denied that we had in the Gospels contemporary evidence, and I do not think it necessary to define the adjective, in order to please Professor Huxley's appetite for definitions. At the very least it is a direct contradiction of Professor Huxley's statement (p. 175) that we know "absolutely nothing" of "the originator or originators" of the narratives in the first three Gospels; and it is an equally direct contradiction of the case, on which his main reply to my paper is based, that we have no trustworthy evidence of what our Lord taught and believed.

But Professor Huxley seems to have

been apprehensive that M. Renan would fail him, for he proceeds, in the passage I have quoted, to throw him over and to take refuge behind "the main results of Biblical criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example." It is scarcely comprehensible how a writer, who has acquaintance enough with this subject to venture on Professor Huxley's sweeping assertions, can have ventured to couple together those four names for such a purpose. "Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar!" Why, they are absolutely destructive of one another! Baur rejected Strauss's theory and set up one of his own; while Reuss and Volkmar in their turn have each dealt fatal blows at Baur's. As to Strauss, I need not spend more time on him than to quote the sentence in which Baur himself puts him out of court on this particular controversy. He says,* "The chief peculiarity of Strauss's work is, that it is a criticism of the Gospel history without a criticism of the Gospels." Strauss, in fact, explained the miraculous stories in the Gospels by resolving them into myths, and it was of no importance to his theory how the documents originated. But Baur endeavored, by a minute criticism of the Gospels themselves, to investigate the historical circumstances of their origin; and he maintained that they were *Tendenz-Schriften*, compiled in the second century, with polemical purposes. Volkmar, however, is in direct conflict with Baur on this point, and in the very work to which Professor Huxley refers,† he enumerates (p. 18) among "the written testimonies of the first century"—besides St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans, and the Apocalypse of St. John—"the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, according to John Mark of Jerusalem, written a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem, between the years 70 and 80 of our reckoning—about 75, probably; to be precise, about 73," and he proceeds to give a detailed account of it, "according to the oldest text, and particularly the Vatican text," as indispensable to his account of Jesus

* *Kritische Untersuchungen über die kanonischen Evangelien*, 1847, p. 41.

† *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit*, 1882.

of Nazareth. He treats it as written (p. 172) either by John Mark of Jerusalem himself, or by a younger friend of his. Baur, therefore, having upset Strauss, Volkmar proceeds to upset Baur; and what does Reuss do? I quote again from that splendid French edition of the Bible, on which Professor Huxley so much relies. On page 88 of Reuss's Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels, he sums up "the results he believes to have been obtained by critical analysis," under thirteen heads; and the following are some of them:—

2. Of the three synoptic Gospels one only, that which ecclesiastical tradition agrees in attributing to Luke, has reached us in its primitive form.

3. Luke could draw his knowledge of the Gospel history partly from oral information; he was able, in Palestine itself, to receive direct communications from immediate witnesses. . . . We may think especially here of the history of the passion and the resurrection, and perhaps also of some other passages of which he is the sole narrator.

4. A book, which an ancient and respectable testimony attributes to Mark, the disciple of Peter, was certainly used by St. Luke as the principal source of the portion of his Gospel between chap. iv. 31 and ix. 50, and between xviii. 15 and xxi. 38.

5. According to all probability, the book of Mark, consulted by Luke, comprised in its primitive form what we read in the present day from Mark i. 21 to xiii. 37.

It seems unnecessary, for the purpose of estimating the value of Professor Huxley's appeal to these critics, to quote any more. It appears from these statements of Reuss that if "the results of Biblical criticism," as represented by him, are to be trusted, we have the whole third Gospel in its primitive form, as it was written by St. Luke; and in this, as we have seen, Reuss is in entire agreement with Renan. But besides this, a previous book written by Mark, St. Peter's disciple, was certainly in existence before Luke's Gospel, and was used by Luke; and in all probability this book was, in its primitive form, the greater part of our present Gospel of St. Mark.

Such are those "results of Biblical criticism" to which Professor Huxley has appealed; and we may fairly judge by these not only of the value of his special contention in reply to my paper, but of the worth of the sweeping assertions he, and writers like him, are given

to making about modern critical science. Professor Huxley says that we know "absolutely nothing" about the originators of the Gospel narratives, and he appeals to criticism in the persons of Volkmar and Reuss. Volkmar says that the second Gospel is really either by St. Mark or by one of his friends, and was written about the year 75. Reuss says that the third Gospel, as we now have it, was really by St. Luke. Now Professor Huxley is, of course, entitled to his own opinion; but he is not entitled to quote authorities in support of his opinion when they are in direct opposition to it. He asserts without the slightest fear of refutation that "the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers." His arguments in defence of such a position will be listened to with respect: but let it be borne in mind that the opposite arguments he has got to meet are not only those of orthodox critics like myself, but those of Renan, of Volkmar, and of Reuss—I may add of Pfleiderer, well known in this country by his Hibbert Lectures, who in his recent work on original Christianity attributes most positively the second Gospel in its present form to St. Mark, and declares that there is no ground whatever for that supposition of an *Ur-Marcus*—that is an original groundwork—from which Professor Huxley alleges that "at the present time there is no visible escape." If I were such an authority on morality as Professor Huxley, I might perhaps use some unpleasant language respecting this vague assumption of criticism being all on his side, when it, in fact, directly contradicts him; and his case is not the only one to which such strictures might be applied. In *Robert Elsmere*, for example, there is some vaporing about the "great critical operation of the present century" having destroyed the historical basis of the Gospel narrative. As a matter of fact, as we have seen, the great critical operation has resulted, according to the testimony of the critics whom Professor Huxley himself selects, in establishing the fact that we possess contemporary records of our Lord's life from persons who were either eyewitnesses, or who were in direct communication with eyewitnesses, on the very scene in which it was passed. Either

Professor Huxley's own witnesses are not to be trusted, or Professor Huxley's allegations are rash and unfounded. Conclusions which are denied by Volkmar, denied by Renan, denied by Reuss, are not to be thrown at our heads with a superior air, as if they could not be reasonably doubted. The great result of the critical operation of this century has, in fact, been to prove that the contention with which it started in the persons of Strauss and Baur, that we have no contemporary records of Christ's life, is wholly untenable. It has not convinced any of the living critics to whom Professor Huxley appeals; and if he, or any similar writer, still maintains such an assertion, let it be understood that he stands alone against the

leading critics of Europe in the present day.

Perhaps I need say no more for the present in reply to Professor Huxley. I have, I think, shown that he has evaded my point; he has evaded his own points; he has misquoted my words; he has misrepresented the results of the very criticism to which he appeals; and he rests his case on assumptions which his own authorities repudiate. The questions he touches are very grave ones, not to be adequately treated in a Review article. But I should have supposed it a point of scientific morality to treat them, if they are to be treated, with accuracy of reference and strictness of argument.—*Nineteenth Century*.

"HE PURGETH IT."

BY A. G. B.

NATIONS need sometime suffering : when our mood
Is soft, emasculate, and fearing pain ;
When indolence and torpor chill the blood,
And insolence and bluster fire the brain ;
When, puny sons of mighty sires, we deem
Our fathers' stature greater than our own,
We cannot wear their armor ; and we dream
Heroic dreams, the life heroic flown :
Then, oh ! come loss, come suffering—only shame
Be absent ! come, and to our souls discover,
Ere the reluctant day of grace be over,
Lost manhood's greatness, now inert and tame !
Virtue's foundation strong is to be bold ;
The nobler metal iron is, not gold !

—*Spectator*.

KHAMÉ.

BY L. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

"THE wagons need not be watched now, we crossed into Khamé's country last night, and none of his people will take anything."

The speaker was one of the Bechuanaland Border Police, and though our thoughts went off to traditions of a simple if a little mead-sodden England, we ourselves were standing by a struggling Veldt fire, near the 22d parallel of south latitude, our wagons outspanned for the

day at Selindia, the last water on our road before a trek of thirty-two miles into Shoshong. For a fortnight after leaving Mafeking, the frontier town of British territory, we had been slowly creeping north behind the undulating horns of an ox-team; our road a track of soft red sand, our outlook the immense grass-flats of Bechuanaland with their camel-thorn trees, mohatla bush and ant-heaps, the monotony broken

here and there by strikingly beautiful almost Trossachs-like scenery.

From the tropical "River of Good Signs," as Vasco de Gama in his delight named the Zambesi, Bechuanaland reaches down to Griqualand West, and almost to the eminently European Diamond Fields. For agriculture and minerals this country is in all probability one of the most valuable parts of South Africa, and has escaped from the vagueness of Dean Swift's geographers, who

"in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps;
And o'er inhabitable downs
Place elephants instead of towns."

Perhaps through the many "cousins" who took part in Sir Charles Warren's Expedition in 1885, English people gathered in an easy social way, that the southern district of this country had been annexed as British territory, under Imperial rule, and with the large native Reserves that justice demanded. Partly at the same time, and partly a few months ago, the whole remainder of Bechuanaland to the north was placed under a British Protectorate; to this result one of its three principal rulers, Khamé, Chief of the Bamangwato, has largely contributed.

To see Khamé had been a reason for our journey. Reading a recent Blue-book* two years before in England, it had been startling to find its matter-of-fact pages dashed with descriptions that were almost enthusiastic. "Khamé's authority is well established," reported Lieut. C. E. Haynes, R.E., "and he rules the tribe more by kindness than by severity. He is probably the best example of what a black man can become by means of a good disposition, and of Christianity." Again, Lieut. E. A. Maund, B.F.F., wrote: "Khamé's history would fill a volume; suffice it here to say he is a man far in advance of his people. He rules by generosity instead of by fear. Cool in danger and thoroughly self-possessed at all times, his very taking manners would win golden opinions in any society."

Coming nearer by many thousand

miles to this African chief, his reputation only gained; the Administrator and Sir Frederick Carrington (Commandant Bechuanaland Border Police), travellers, traders, and hunters all spoke of Khamé with respect, some even with friendship; "Of Khamé's splendid character," wrote one, "I cannot speak too highly."

Meanwhile he had become a more prominent man. He had extended English influence, he was ruling loyally to his new Suzerain a country that borders on our own and on the Transvaal, that is believed to contain gold-bearing strata, and through which pass the great trade-routes to the Zambesi and the north. Commercially and politically in the world of Africa, he had become an interesting figure; he had emerged out of the dust storm that turns so much African history into a dull confusion dashed with a terrible red.

Khamé is a radical reformer, who yet develops both himself and his people on the natural lines of the race; he has made himself into a character that can be spoken of as a "perfect English gentleman," but without losing for a moment his self-respect as an African; he has kept his position as a disciple, not a mimic of white civilization, and he has shown how such a man can raise his nation. He has done it all, as he would tell us, because he is a Christian convert. "For the interpretation of human life, an anecdote may be more valuable than a theory."* A slight sketch of Khamé may be evidence whether Islamism is indeed the force that can best raise the Africans.

At Selindia a little group of his people, the Bamangwato, stood round us for the first time, holding the quaintly shaped white-wood pitchers in which they had brought milk—for sale, it must be confessed, in spite of a hospitable theory of Khamé's that it is to be given to all strangers. The negro type was absent both in form and color; indeed one boy with a Roman contour of head, and strikingly handsome face, we mutually and irresistibly named after a learned Bishop of Hippo. These people, with the other Bechuana, belong to the great Bantu race that may possibly

* The Blue-book entitled: "Further Correspondence respecting the affairs of the Transvaal, and adjacent Territories," February, 1886.

* Professor E. Dowden.

be traceable to Syria, and that has its own tradition of a descent from the north-west, driving the aborigines southward or enslaving them. The race comprises most of the better known nations, and whatever their name—Zulu, Basuto, Fingoe, etc.—they retain three common characteristics; they are skilful fighters, they have excellent memories, and as a High Commissioner (who had had much to do with them) almost pathetically said: "They are born diplomats." The Bamangwato are a peaceful branch, feeding and clothing themselves by agriculture and hunting, though, as the big game is driven farther north, "cotton goods" will sadly replace the old graceful exquisitely-sewn kaross. Their art-capacity reaches to fairly-shaped articles of wood burned with quaint patterns, often in zig-zag lines, and to the general snuff-box ornamented prettily enough with inlaid metal or ivory.

Leaving the too abundant waters of Selindia, hard trekking for thirty-six hours brought us to the "gardens," or cultivated lands surrounding Shoshong, Khamé's capital, and the largest native town in South Africa. For three or four miles the road passed through the heavy crops of Kaffir corn, and of maize "with his garments green and yellow." We reached the out-span ground as the sun rose over the mountains behind the town; very grand the massive granite range looked, every indentation marked with blue shadow, while the mist slowly melted backward up the deep gorge. At the base of the hills were thousands of brown huts, in no especial order, but divided into groups each enclosed with high fencing that was here and there green with climbing gourds, a welcome sight to English eyes weary of the primary reds and yellows under the blue African sky. The gorge is the opening into the pass leading north, and the source of the stream that now only scantily supplies Shoshong with water; in former days it was a river, but, with many of its comrades in this country, has either dried up or found some more convenient channel underground. Three miles to the south runs a parallel range of hills, chiefly basaltic rock, and the oval-shaped plain lying between is one carefully tended plough garden. The whole appearance of the place is thor-

oughly African, but cultured and civilized. Plenty of life goes on in the big town with its sixteen thousand inhabitants, its resident traders and police, its visits of officers and hunters; but its main interest is still the chief.

Dates are a difficulty with natives; but probably Khamé was born about 1830, one of the many sons of the many wives of Sekhome, the then chief, but his legal heir. Two glimpses into a wider world came to him as a boy; he went for a hunting season with Gordon Cumming, and he heard from a travelling native of the new religion Dr. Moffat was teaching in the south. The next to reach that then far interior town was a Lutheran missionary from Germany, and Khamé was soon afterward baptized. Since then the station at Shoshong has been in the charge of the London Missionary Society, and from their missionaries Khamé has received further instruction.

In our century even a Charlemagne could hardly order a nation into the mystic waters of Baptism, or an English ruler and his people happily accept a new faith almost in common. An African chief becoming a Christian differs widely from the bulk of his subjects, not on matters of feeling that can be private save for a pleasant expansion among sympathizers, but on cardinal points in social and political life, especially on Polygamy, Witchcraft, and Feasts. Without understanding this, and these, it is hardly possible to realize what Khamé has done. Polygamy to a chief means alliances both with powerful families in his tribe, and with neighbors: these alliances mean support. Witchcraft is a wider question. An African has intense faith in supernatural powers of evil, he believes them to be everywhere and in everything: if he were to speak in scientific language he would probably describe life as being a state not of correspondence with, but of escape from its environment. Imagining himself bewitched, he grows mad with terror, and is then hardly more accountable for the cruelties he will commit to baffle the bewitcher than is a dog with a kettle tied to its tail for eccentricities in conduct. Chiefs generally lead in all the rain-making and victory-securing rites, and have under their orders a band

of doctors or "wizards." These men possess a knowledge of roots and herbs that enables them to cure some of their patients, but their awful claim is to control the evil spirits, and to recognize, or "smell out," their human tools. This is a torpedo-like force with the chief in command: an obnoxious or wealthy person can be "smelled out" as an agency of the Evil One; his death is more or less popular, and confiscation easily makes the chief his heir. The feasts are very frequent, and form a strong social tie between ruler and ruled; roughly speaking, they mean ox-eating and beer-drinking, but especially and immoderately the latter. All these customs and beliefs have additional support in the very fact that they are inherited: what caste is to the Hindoo, the customs of his grandfather are to the Bechuana. "How can I answer to Khari (a predecessor) if I change the customs of a town?" was always the form of Sekhome's refusal to learn Christianity.

Great difficulties rouse only great souls. These have daunted men with any weakness in their moral spine; in some cases chiefs have practically renounced Christianity themselves though encouraging it among their people, in one or two they have resigned their chieftainship. It is probably everywhere tempting to human nature, either to acquiesce in an Alexandria, or to leave it for the Laura in the desert; but fortunately for the world there are nobler souls who cleanse their Alexandria, and Khamé has joined that gallant company.

In 1862 a runner brought news that those restless neighbors, the Matabele, were moving down on Shoshong. Like the descents of Danes on East Anglian farms, these raids from an equally cruel north were the terror of the poor Bamangwato: wives and children were hurried up on to the mountain, cattle were driven into hiding-places, while the small supply of cheap guns was sadly looked over. Then Sekhome turned, as most of us do in trouble, to his supernatural—plunging into charms and incantations. The pressure was severe enough to test Khamé's faith; with the other Christians he first knelt in prayer under the bright African moon, and then

sternly stopped the incantations. Obtaining leave, he started northward with two hundred young men of his own regiment, and met the Matabele at sunset: he broke two of their companies by his vigorous charge, but a third stole past through the high grass and attacked him in the rear. Beaten though he was, the fight had been severe enough to make the Matabele retreat, and to win the verdict from their brave old warrior Chief Moselikatse: "Khamé is a man, there is no other man among the Bamangwato."

"To-day those who pray to God are our leaders," exclaimed the heathen, sharing a surprise English soldiers are said once to have felt in India. But when Sekhome turned defence into retaliation, and despatched cattle-lifting parties among the Matabele, Khamé strongly protested, and refused the share of the booty offered to him.

Not long after this the time came for the celebration of certain heathen rites, at which a large following of sons is the Bechuana father's claim to honor. Khamé felt that he could not attend. Sekhome expostulated, grew angry, and declared that only the sons who went with him to the "Begura" should inherit his wealth or chieftainship. Finding his heir still unmoved, he began to realize that this strange new *Gesta Christi* would have practical effect, and with the keen worldly wisdom of his Bantu race, he set to work to baffle the "white Christ." Monogamy was seized on as a popular point for attack, and Khamé, already married to Mabisa, was ordered to take a second wife.

But never in the most lovely days of chivalry had any woman a more loyal knight than Mabisa has found in her husband. For ten years the struggle went on, the young chief's answer always the same: "I refuse on account of the Word of God; lay the hardest tasks on me as to hunting elephants for ivory, or any service you can think of as a token of my obedience, but I cannot take another wife."

Treachery and plots on Sekhome's part were met by Khamé with unflinching respect and self-restraint of action and word. One can understand why a German traveller who paid a scientific visit to Shoshong at this time, should write:

"I am glad by my acquaintance with Khamé to have an opportunity of mentioning a black man whom I would under no circumstances be ashamed to call my friend. The simple, modest, and at the same time noble deportment of this chief's son awoke a delightful feeling." *

An attempt to murder Khamé in his hut at night was frustrated by the men refusing to fire, and by their disarming Sekhome; the revolt was plainly in his son's favor, and the old man fled in terror, knowing too well the African fate for deposed rulers. After some trouble he was discovered in his hiding-place by a messenger from Khamé, who begged him to return, and assured him of safety and chieftainship. Scarcely believing that this could be anything but a plot, Sekhome returned—to be addressed with the greatest respect by his son, and to make and break with equal zeal the only condition asked for, namely, that the marriage question should be dropped.

Another night the young chief woke to find his court lit up with flames, and to see in the red light the weird figures of wizards dancing round as they threw in spells and chanted curses. One wonders if for a moment the old beliefs and dreads flashed up in Khamé's mind, but whether by an effort or not, he walked up to the mystic fire, and put it out. The affair, however, could not end so easily. "Khamé has been bewitched," spread through the town, and presently a deputation came, imploring him to set other powers of evil to work on his own side. "If you do not," they added, "the people will not remain with you. We are not afraid of Sekhome, but who can withstand the power of the 'baloi'?" Who indeed, when as late as the seventeenth century English witches were killed and their bodies "devoyred" by dogs?

It was a kindly well-meant effort, and to put it away must have cost the pain so often part of a brave life, when the easy compliance that would retain friends is impossible to a high nature. Khamé answered briefly: "The Word of God forbids me to curse any one, least of all my own father." Sadly enough, perhaps, the little group went away, and

their report soon brought its effect; the party Khamé had steadily refused to lead now left him. "We preferred the son," said the people, "and we gave him his chance. He might have been chief of the town to-day, but for his being in the Word of God which makes him so impracticable."

Another attempt to assassinate Khamé followed, and then so much persecution that he was driven to take refuge in the mountains with a few faithful followers. Here he was besieged for nearly two months; Sekhome, after attempting to poison the spring, succeeded in cutting off all water supply for eight days, when the little party lived on a few melons, stolen by night from the town gardens. Khamé's retaliation was to give his men strict orders to take no offensive action, and to send back a horse that had been taken from his father.

After another hollow peace, Sekhome, whose plots read like a page of old Italian history, brought on the scene the rival claimant to Shoshong, Macheng, promising to retire if only his son were put an end to. But Macheng blessed where he should have cursed. "The people of the Word of God alone speak the truth. If you want your son killed, kill him yourself," was Macheng's decision, though but for Khamé's help it would have cost him his life. Macheng then headed the people, weary as they must have been of contention, and drove out Sekhome. With forgiving loyalty Khamé became his father's champion, and after winning back Shoshong, brought Sekhome from his exile to be reinstated as chief. Hopeless still of peace for himself, he made a new home on the banks of the Zonga river to the north, where he was followed by the bulk of the Bamangwato. Sekhome found himself left with the subject tribes, and furious at the desertion, cleverly managed to capture many of the wives. Roused at last by this wrong to others, Khamé flashed down at the head of his young regiment, recovered the wives, and took Shoshong, partly burning it. Still he refused the chieftainship and spared his father, marching back to his fever-stricken home on the Zonga. It was for the last time; news quickly followed him of the old chief's death, but Khamé returned only to find Shoshong

* "Drei Jahre in Süd Afrika." Von Gustav Fritsch. Breslau, 1868.

held by a younger brother, Khamane, in full revolt.

Through this rebellion, too, run the same golden threads of courage and gentleness, of hard fights won and of lives spared, or as Lieutenant Haynes summarizes: "Khamé's treatment of his rebellious brother has been chivalric to an extreme."*

Khamane is now living across the border in the Transvaal, and last year from that safe shelter declared his intention to shoot Khamé. The latter heard of it, and decided to meet his brother at once, knowing how quickly border troubles and large results may rise with neighborly help. The council wished a regiment to go with him. Khamé refused, saying it might make trouble, and if his brother wished to shoot him he had better go alone. Alone he went, and made peace.

As a chief, Khamé's rule has been the decided one that might have been foreseen from a man sternly schooled as he had been, and not by nature one of those easy characters content to do right themselves and to leave their world to do wrong. He believes that a great responsibility attaches to his position, not to be led by the popular voice but to lead it, to be the Hero-king whom Mr. Carlyle would have delighted in. "What the chiefs do the people will do," he said to the Bishop of Bloemfontein; and this belief is a key-note of his life. No lovely visions of an Aslauga, or of mystic light and the Holy Grail, have stirred this Knight of Africa, but an English conception of Christian duty to be done at all costs. The picture may not look as beautiful; the mean figure of the canteen-keeper, the brandy-smuggler or the witch-doctor, must replace the foe "in shining armor;" the poor weak-willed subject rebelling against his champion is the object, and not some golden-haired princess or exquisite mysticism; and the lookers-on are not a brilliant court, or the Knights of a Round Table, but a few scattered missionaries or a passing traveller.

Khamé has been most resolute in repressing drink, both the importation of spirits by traders, and the interior

manufacture of a sufficiently stupefying liquor known as native beer. The length of the struggle against the former, and the persistent smuggling that has been detected, hardly reflect credit on our white selves, or show that superiority one hears of *ad nauseam* in countries where the races are intermingled. Stopping the beer-making has been a more unpopular movement; and with Khamane at hand to foster discontent, the chief has undoubtedly put in jeopardy his own position. But in consequence the quiet and order of Shoshong are striking; in spite of the fifteen thousand inhabitants, it fulfils the dreams of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, for to quote again from our Blue-book: "It would require no police to manage the native part of the town. By his determination and courage Khamé has put down strong drink among his people, and prevented traders from bringing it into his country." If Khamé is thought too strict, it would not be by those who have seen the state of other towns where there are large native populations, and the canteen vote is valuable. Whatever white races may suffer from unrestricted alcohol, the effects are worse on darker-skinned peoples; physically they suffer to a greater extent, and morally do not seem able to resist the craving for more until the stage of madness and stupor is reached.

Morally, Khamé is also strict, sternly opposing any wrongdoing. There is great tenderness in his care for the daughters of the Christians; he understands the difficulties of their present position, not inheriting habits of self-respect or control, and yet released from the old heathen system which, though degrading to the girl, was excellent in its strictness. He allows them to be sent to his outlying cattle-posts, where they can be completely sheltered from temptation.

His reforms have been sweeping; he has forbidden all accusations of witchcraft, with the endless cruelty and deaths resulting; the old custom of killing children born weakly or deformed; burying the living infant with the dead mother; destroying one of twin children, etc. The terrible punishments inflicted by other interior chiefs are unknown under his rule; death is inflicted

* "Further Correspondence on Affairs of the Transvaal and adjacent Territories."

only for the same crimes as in civilized countries, and very rarely. The slave race of the Masara lives under improved conditions, and "Khamé is quick to punish any of their masters—his own people—whom he finds guilty of cruelty toward them." * Lately he has been regulating Bamangwato commerce in a spirit that reminds one of early Tudor statutes ; is it a phase growing nations must pass through ? The price of a goat is to be ten shillings, a sheep fifteen shillings, the making-up of a kaross a guinea, and so on ; he is also trying to change the system of barter for one of cash, but whether he and his advisers are wise in this remains to be seen, his present high class of resident trader may not remain under the more difficult system. With its neighbors this country has stories of underground wealth, and has not escaped a practical revival of these seventeenth-century traditions. From the competitors Khamé accepted one company, receiving a certain sum for what is known as the "concession" or exclusive right to prospect for gold in a specified district and to work it when found. Larger sums have been since offered to our chief to bribe him to break faith, and transfer the concession. "*Fins cuer ne peut menter* ;" the manager of the accepted company, Mr. Maurice Hearn, told me that Khamé had kept his word to them to the letter, and in the spirit on certain points that the letter hardly covered ; adding, "he is a practical Christian ; he has learned his Christianity, and he acts up to it."

At sunrise every morning Khamé is to be seen in his kothla, a scrupulously clean courtyard with mud walls, about ten feet high, loop-holed and sharply cut. A curious assembly these walls contain at times ; out-lying natives bringing in news, or what our grandparents might have considered news ; a filibustering expedition is hovering near the border ; an ox has died mysteriously, or a traveller's wagon has broken down ; headmen (each in charge of a section of the big population) waiting to lay difficulties or accusations before the chief. A German traveller on his harmless journey north for insects or

game, sometimes with a single rifle ; or Major Goold-Adams, who has ridden up from Mafeking ; or Mr. Selons full of gentle regret over the distance lions will keep ; or a missionary gaining hope from Khamé's life for his work in a lonely north. All alike, Khamé greets with easy natural dignity, and rather silent manner. "Your words are wise words," is the often-repeated answer to what he agrees with.

Sunday at Shoshong is a pretty, almost home-like day. Early in the morning Khamé goes up to the springs in the deep mountain kloof, where hundreds of the women gather with their red or yellow water-pots and calabashes ; each as she passes the chief receives his kindly greeting, "Good morning, my friend," or "my child." Something of the same kind we saw when the large congregation came out from the afternoon service, and Khamé, with his kindly face and sweet smile, walked up the wide road, patting the curly heads of the little brown children, and speaking to the elders. Later that day he was giving food to the old men of a regiment, for, as Lieutenant Haynes noticed, "Khamé spends a great part of his revenue in acts of kindness to his people." The day had that beautiful stillness of Sunday, when the world is silent,

"To hear the angels sing."

Wagons are not forbidden to trek in, for the heavy roads are full of difficulty, but Khamé's strong wish against it is made known. He encourages his people to go to the outlying tribes to teach them, though he allows no pressure to be put on any one to join his own faith. Where heathen customs are harmless he does not forbid them, though he declared against them at once in all what might be called State functions. Every year he begins the digging season with a solemn meeting for public prayer instead of the old rites, and to the astonishment of the people the harvests continually increase. Unlike other interior chiefs, who either virtually or in plainest words demand presents from visitors as a payment for passing through their country, Khamé refuses them if offered. He is indeed a most courteous host, as we had not only heard, but found during our stay in Shoshong.

* F. Johnson, Letter to Cape Argus, Aug. 24, 1888.

In foreign affairs there is the same straight decided dealing, and a policy ruled by the Sermon on the Mount. A small refugee people in his country, the Saleika, lately became troublesome, and Khamé received responsible advice to suppress the discontent at once. He consented reluctantly, and marched against them with a large force, accompanied by a few men of the Border Police, one of whom gave me the account. The Saleika stronghold is a picturesque place on a high rock surrounded by hills : it was attacked, but the moment it was taken, Khamé stopped any further fighting, and allowed the Saleika to escape unpursued to the mountains. Messengers were sent to them there with promises of safety, and an offer of wagons for the women and children on their journey over the border. However, tradition was too strong for faith, and the Saleika remained in hiding until they could one by one slip away. In his rather complicated relations with the Matabele, Khamé has acted wisely and courteously, until a good understanding has taken the place of the old feuds, and bloodshed.

One more incident completes what I have been able to collect of Khamé's life. A year ago for valid reasons, he ordered two traders to leave the country : these men determined last May to force their way back. As they came near Shoshong, Khamé sent one of the resident traders to meet them, warning them to retreat unless they brought a letter from the English Government giving some reason why he should revoke his decision. The men came on, and rode into Shoshong. Khamé met them at once, accompanied by Mr. Hearn, by one of the Border Police, and by Mr. Hepburn, the missionary. He kept to one question, "Were they authorized by the British Government?" They were not. The people of the town urged the strongest measures ; Khamé contented himself with arresting the men, and sending them down country under escort to be dealt with by English authority. Then came in the magnanimity that is so essentially characteristic of the chief. He ordered the escort to treat their prisoners with every respect and consideration, and he chose the es-

cort from the men of an old regiment,* lest they should be roughly handled on the road by younger men, excited as the Bamangwato were by the defiance offered to his authority. One of the prisoners nobly took advantage of the age of the escort to make his escape, as the other did of the courtesy of their treatment : both men then joined the well-known filibuster Grobelaar, and again tried to force their way in from the Transvaal border. The "Grobelaar incident" followed, and is now under investigation by Sir Sydney Shippard, the Administrator of Bechuanaland. Private letters from Shoshong say that, throughout, "Khamé has acted with great dignity, self-control and prudence," and that, "at the hands of any other native chief, Francis and Chapman would have received very different treatment."

To speak of Khamé for a moment as a man, one is struck by what I can only call his winning personality. His Christianity, though so thorough, is in no way what the world is ready to condemn as morbid. He has remained the same keen hunter he was when a boy ; his stud of horses is one even an Englishman might envy ; his daily life is as simple and unaffected as possible. To his children he has been a most careful and loving father ; his home remains completely African in its surroundings, but is full of refinement and courtesy. I shall always remember the pretty scene we shared in there our last evening in Shoshong : the large brown hut, its walls stencilled, the broad eaves covering the raised step that made a pleasant veranda ; the wide, clean court shut in by loop-holed walls ; the fire in one corner, with three little brown maidens, half playing, half cooking ; the graceful figures of girls carrying corn crossing the court at intervals ; Khamé's son, a bright gentlemanly boy, sitting near his mother, Mabisa, under the eaves ; the daughters beside her ; the little grandchildren running up to her ; and among them all the tall slight man, his thin, nervous face full of decision and of sweetness, who had won through endur-

* Each regiment is composed of men about the same age. Boys born in the same year or two are enrolled as one regiment, and remain unrecruited by any younger or older men.

ance and peril the purity of that almost unique home among African chiefs.

"A Christian and a hero," was the description of Khamé given by a soldier whose words carry weight in England and in Africa.

"It is not what people say of him," was the account given by a trooper in the Border Police, "it is what I know myself. I was quartered in Shoshong for eighteen months, and I call him a genuine Christian man. He does not make much fuss over it, but it is real."

There is, I know, a tendency to look on such a man as Khamé much in the way in which we look on some freak of Nature, as of no weight in an argument.

But there have been times when Science has found in so-called freaks of Nature evidence of her deepest laws. To those who believe in the power of Christianity to raise all native races alike, whether they were called Teutons in the past or Bantu in the present, Khamé's life is but one of many that even here turn the walk by faith into the walk of sight. It has fulfilled that noblest test given to us in "Little Lord Fauntleroy":

"It is better than everything else that the world should be a little better because a man has lived—even ever so little better, dearest."—*Murray's Magazine*.

CHILDREN'S PHANTASY.

DR. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, in the interesting paper which he read at York last week on "The Insanity of Children," appears to have treated the fancies of children as if they were in some sense the roots of subsequent disturbances of reason. At least, if we may trust the report in the *York Herald* of yesterday week, Dr. Allbutt said:—"When very young, a child seemed to live in phantasy; even its own self was to itself a ghost. It would address its own solid body by another name as something other than itself, as a companion or confidant of its inner being. Pretty were the fancies of a child, yet its healthy growth consisted in their evaporation. If the growth of the mind were something less or something other than healthy, then these fancies kept their empire." If that be correctly reported, we suppose Dr. Allbutt to mean that childish fancy stands in the way of true mental conceptions much as a weed prevents the growth of a flower, and that unless the weed is pulled up to make room for the flower, the flower will not grow; in other words, unless the imaginative side of a child's life fades away, the perceptive and rational side will not flourish. Now, if that were really Dr. Clifford Allbutt's meaning, we totally differ with him. He was thinking, we conclude, of such cases as that of little Hartley Coleridge, who, when told something about himself, is said to have replied,—“Yes, but which

Hartley? There is the real Hartley, and the picture Hartley, and the shadow Hartley, and the catch-me-fast Hartley," a remark which he accompanied by catching hold of one hand with the other, and then looking up bewildered at the problem whether he should identify himself with the catcher or with the caught. Now, if that were the sort of "phantasy" which Dr. Allbutt thinks in need of "evaporation" under the influence of the growth of the child's apprehension for what is called sensible experience, we entirely differ from him. It was not by the "evaporation" of Hartley Coleridge's insight into the mystery of our ideal associations and of the power of the mind to become its own object, that he grew into the subtle poet and thinker and delightful converser he became; nor was it to the "persistence" of such fancies that he owed the inadequate grasp he obtained of moral laws and of the duty of temperance and self-restraint. A child of feeble fancy, or of no fanciful power at all, is, we think, far more likely to grow up with that inability to apprehend adequately the world of experience to which Dr. Allbutt attributes children's insanity, than a child of fertile fancy. In proportion to the strength of the fancy or imagination is the strength of that power of apprehending the irresistible authority of fact which fits a man for actual life. Does any one suppose, for instance, that the delicate and aerial

character of Shakespeare's childish fancy lessened his capacity for understanding the difference between fancy and fact, instead of indefinitely increasing it? If he does, he appears to us not to have grasped one of the most obvious characteristics of genius,—namely, that it is the man's power of conceiving a multitude of variations on the actual conditions of existence which renders his apprehension of these actual conditions of existence truly vivid and effectual. Could Bacon have had the haunting conviction which has won such a fame for his "*Novum Organum*," that the laws of things are totally distinct from the laws of thought, if he had not had a great imagination, and constantly experienced the shock of finding that there is no short-cut to the knowledge of external realities except that which is carried through by the hard work of minute observation? Consider the life of such original children as the Brontës, and observe what a world of fancy they actually lived in. And then note how they learned to grasp with an iron grasp the great, rude facts of Yorkshire nature and Yorkshire life. To maintain that it was not precisely the strength of the imagination with which they had dwelled upon their own childish ideas of what life might be, which gave them their strong subsequent grasp of what life actually was, seems to us a blunder as serious, and one leading us as far astray, as to suppose that a faint and feeble sense of external realities is likely to go along with a vigorous and masterful ideal life. Compare Sir Walter Scott's account of the visions and fancies of his own infancy and childhood, with the strong grasp which he fastened later upon the real world and upon rough men's characters, and believe if you can that it was not the hardy fancy of his infancy which, by its steady growth and expansion, tended directly to confirm the masculine sagacity of his later life. Now in cases like these there is no "evaporation" of childish fancies; on the contrary, childish fancies blossom into rich and strong imaginations, and yet rich and strong imaginations which, so far from weaning their owners from a love of reality, stimulate that sense of reality, and make it vastly stronger than, without such a fancy or imagination, it

ever could have been. So far from its being an excessive development of fancy which leads to childish insanity, we believe that it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a deficiency of faculty much more likely to be connected with want of fancy than with exuberance of fancy, and especially a deficiency in self-control,—a capricious self-will such as runs to far greater excess in dull children who have neither a fancy nor an imagination, than in those who can see themselves as others see them, and enter into the monstrous irrationality of violent caprice.

What Dr. Allbutt seems to have had in his mind,—namely, that it is easy for children to believe in fairy-tales, and in what men know to be impossible and inconsistent with natural laws,—is, of course, very true; but what we dispute is that the process by which children grow into the conviction that there are no fairy-godmothers or Fortunatus's purses, or flying horses, or wishing-caps, can be properly described as the evaporation of childish fancies. On the contrary, we believe that the more vivid those childish fancies are, and the more vivid the idealizing faculty which grows out of them is in the man, the deeper is the impression which the inexorability of natural and moral law makes upon the mind, and the deeper, instead of the lighter, is the furrow made by the world of experience. It is not the man who has never entered into the imaginary joy of having everything as he wished, who is most deeply persuaded that the course of the world is not amenable to human wishes. On the contrary, the child who has revelled in the Arabian or German legends of obedient genii and enchanted princesses, and who grows up to accept a spiritual idealism in which there is a yet higher principle of transfiguration and transubstantiation of base into heavenly elements, realizes far more powerfully the unmanageable forces of nature and life, than the man who has never kicked against the sharp pricks of a system of things in which the tenderest nerves are most deeply wounded and the most generous love is most bitterly tried. Our position is that there is a double education in the child as in the man, an education of the ideal susceptibilities and an education of the patient

will, neither of which is complete without the other, and which cannot, in reality, grow healthily apart. The dull realist cannot half learn the lesson of realism, because he has never suffered the martyrdom of ruined hope ; and as for the vague and empty idealist who lives in a fool's paradise of optimistic dreams, it is the want of depth and vividness in his aspirations, *not* their ardor, which enables him to blind himself to the sickness and self-deceptions of his visionary life.

Childish insanity, like the insanity of later years, comes no doubt, as Dr. Allbutt intimates, chiefly from inherited physical faults of organization. All we care to insist on is that it is not the vividness of childish phantasy which can be regarded as the trustworthy symptom of such faults of organization. On the contrary, the vividness of childish phantasy, like the vividness of mature imagination, is a sign of health, not a sign of weakness, an omen of *capacity* to assimilate the stern teaching of experience, not of incapacity to assimilate it. It is weakness of will, arbitrariness of temper, helplessness in temptation, prodigal self-indulgence, which betoken, so far as there are any mental symptoms which do betoken, the failure of the higher sanity ; but these tokens, far from necessarily accompanying exuberant fancy, are much more likely to accompany its inertness. Wordsworth had his presages of evil for Hartley Coleridge when he was but six years old, but the presages were not such as were fulfilled, nor had there at that early age been time for the child to display that weakness of will which led to the disappointment of hopes so brilliant. Wordsworth addressed the fanciful child as one too likely to be the prey of suffering, if there were the stamina in him to bear much suffering :—

“ O thou whose fancies from afar are brought,
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol ;
Thou faery voyager, that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air, than on an earthly stream ;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky
Where earth and heaven do make one im-
agery ;
O blessed vision ! happy child,

Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy
guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality,
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.”

And Wordsworth goes on to reproach himself with the folly of these sad presages, and to encourage the hope that Nature would either end this airy being quite, or lengthen out his season of delight, and keep for him by individual right “ the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.” And so far as the omens of the future were visible in the child's joyful, graceful, and exuberant fancies, these omens were fulfilled. Nature did guard for him “ the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks,” and it was the well-spring of fancy blossoming into mature imagination which preserved for Hartley Coleridge that blessing. As he himself said of himself in after-years, in one of the most beautiful sonnets in the language,—
“ And yet I am a child though I am old,
Time is my debtor for the years untold.”

It was not the sweet and graceful fancies of his childhood which wrecked him. They were never “ evaporated ;” they budded and blossomed into the most exquisite sense of ideal truth ; and it was the developed fancy of the child which constituted the charm and inspiration of the man. It was the weakness of Hartley Coleridge's will,—also in great measure an inheritance,—which brought upon him the great misfortune of his maturity ; but that weakness of will was not only no result of the exuberance of his fancy, but was, so far as we have any means of judging, rather restrained and controlled by the ideal life he led, than exaggerated by it. If caprice and wilfulness could be “ evaporated,” while fancy grows into imagination and learns to measure the might of the great natural laws in the grasp of which we live, and the great ideal ends at which, nevertheless, we can safely aim, there would be no need at all to dread the growth of that visionary faculty, the prodigality of which not only gives to childhood its golden hours, but secures to manhood half its power to deal effectually with the realities of life.
—*The Spectator*.

THE PLEASURES OF SICKNESS.

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

THE pleasures of health are taken as a matter of course, and are only passively appreciated. With ninety-nine healthy people out of a hundred, we should willingly lay the long odds that they entirely forget to be grateful. The author of "The Bible in Spain" was a pious man, with nerves of steel and a constitution of iron. Day after day, through a scorching summer, he was riding over the sun-baked plains of La Mancha when they were raided by ruthless Carlist guerillas, faring like the unfortunate peasants, and sleeping on straw-pallets when he could. All that time, when he was scattering his Spanish translation of the Gospels, he escaped the Carlists by a succession of miracles, and was never sick or sorry for a day. So he had well-founded reason for his firm belief that he was under the special protection of Providence. He was fervent in his general expressions of gratitude, although he never felt specially thankful for his health. It was very many years afterward that the idea suddenly occurred to him. Strong as ever, with his knapsack on his sturdy shoulders, he was walking through the hills and valleys of "Wild Wales," where he gave another proof of the soundness of his constitution by perpetually singing the praises of strong ale. As it chanced, one night he put up at Carnarvon, where he met an ailing youth, who, in deep despondency, had come to those Welsh hills for change of air. Borrow, who was always ready to talk with anybody, sought to cheer the boy, and succeeded. And after that colloquy he began to moralize, as many of us are apt to do when we have lost what we never valued. "The intense wish of the poor young man for health caused me to think how insensible I had hitherto been to the possession of the greatest of all terrestrial blessings. I had always had the health of an elephant, but I had never remembered to have been sensible to the magnitude of the blessing, or in the slightest degree grateful to the God who gave it."

As for the keen appreciation of the

after joys of illness, we turn to another popular writer. Our old friend "Tom Cringle," who originally published his inimitable lucubrations in "Maga," was a man of another temperament from Borrow, and wrote in a different, though in at least as picturesque, a style. Tom took infinite pleasure in "tropical high-jinks;" he seldom found time to think seriously on any subject; and in convivial company would swallow so much claret that he had to "warp himself along" subsequently from lamp-post to lamp-post.

And this is what Tom has to say, when, revelling in the luxuries of contrast from his time of "suffering in a small miserable vessel within the tropics," he was passing the blessed borderland of convalescence after a dangerous illness: "I say, messmate, have you ever had the yellow fever, the *vomito prieto*—black vomit—as the Spaniards call it? No? Have you ever had a bad bilious fever, then? No bad bilious fever either? Why, then, you are a most unfortunate creature; for you have never known what it is to be in heaven, nor eke the other place. Oh the delight, the blessedness of the languor of recovery!" Then Lieutenant Cringle, looking back to the dismal purgatory of the stifling and tossing little cruiser, where he was being slowly tortured into delirium and high fever, proceeds to paint with a loving hand the circumstances under which he had awakened in Paradise. The roomy bed; the cool sea-breeze playing through the open windows; the soft shadows of the spreading palms; the warm glow of the ripened oranges; the fragrance from the clusters of the double jasmine; the hum of the many-hued flies floating about like winged gems,—above all, the sweeter perfume of the summer of sangaree, where the old Madeira was delicately flavored with spices. But "above all" we were wrong to say. What he really lay revelling in was the sense of relief from the pangs which had been making life an almost unendurable burden. We have borrowed the apologue from Mr.

Thomas's "Log," because it contains the root and conclusion of the whole matter. We are not writing ironically of the "pleasures" of chronic maladies and hopeless invalids—though we are glad to know that even these have consolations of their own, and in not a few cases such blissful tranquillity as the most prosperous of mankind might envy. Nor do we mean to mock poverty-stricken sufferers by talking of their pleasures, for the pleasures of sickness are among the luxuries of the well-to-do. But we are safe in saying that the tolerably affluent in their bodily troubles are far less to be pitied than they are inclined to believe. They have hours of delight and days of relief of which the invariably vigorous have no sort of conception; and in their hunt after the health which seems to be ever eluding them, in the swift fluctuations of alternating apprehension and hope, they have the excitement which is the veritable salt of existence. No doubt, if we could arrange our lots we would all have the constitutions of cart-horses, and in the bills of mortality there would be nothing recorded save fatal accidents and deaths from old age. But as illness in all its shapes and refinements is always with us, it is the wisdom of its victims to make the best of it; and should the worst come to the worst, there is the incalculable capacity for endurance, which draws serene satisfaction from its successive triumphs over pain.

But glancing at illness in its graver aspects, we are getting into the vein of Job or Jeremiah, when our purpose is to preach cheerfulness. So let us turn to the lucky *malade imaginaire* who has just enough the matter, mayhap, or something more, to salve the consciences of the respectable doctors who levy lucrative contributions on his fears. He is middle-aged, and in more than easy circumstances; the chances are that he is a bachelor or a widower, for had he been cumbered with the cares of a household he would seldom have given a thought to his health. He has got *blasé* on society; he is too corpulent for waltzing, and too indolent to flirt. Suppers infallibly bring indigestion, and the protracted dinner-parties that begin to bore him mean excesses in Veuve

Clicquot, and repentance next day. Even if he were formerly a devotee to field-sports, he finds that the day for these has gone by. He has put on flesh and lost his nerve for the hunting-field, and he rides in terror of the fall which would shake him to pieces. His breath serves him no longer on the steep braes in the moors or the forests, and he shrinks from the cold and the perils of wet feet in *battues* in chilly and wintry weather. Travel and change of scene would be his natural resource, but travel with no definite object is transportation, and a worse form of boredom. Like most of his countrymen, he knows nothing of art artistically; he is literally abroad in the different periods of architecture; and his concern in the social conditions of Continental nations is confined to casual observations from his seat in front of the *café*. Need we say that it is an unspeakable boon to such a man, when, with strengthening suspicions of failing health, he takes out by way of prescription a fresh lease of existence? Thenceforth he has an object, and, what is better, an object that is strictly personal. He has an interest that, stimulating his egotism or selfishness, ceaselessly occupies him each hour of the day, and sends him forth on voyages of discovery more animating than those of a Cook or a Vasco da Gama. He fancies his liver must be slightly congested, or he has flying warnings of rheumatic gout. A morbid melancholy grows with indulgence, and he takes to brooding over premonitory symptoms. He feels depressed and down upon his luck when he awakes of a morning; trivial vexations swell into serious troubles; and even his bath fails to revive him. He takes to trifling with a breakfast at which a grilled grasshopper, in the words of the Preacher, is a burden. He picks himself up after lunching with a pint of champagne or two or three glasses of "sound claret," and he feels equal to going out to dinner instead of sending the apology he had been meditating. At that dinner, in congenial society, and with frequent draughts of the stimulating champagne, he brightens up and becomes the life of the party. The inevitable reaction follows when he is back again in the solitude of his bed-chamber. Ruminating sadly in the night

watches, he comes to the conclusion that "this sort of thing cannot go on;" so he takes the desperate resolution of seeing a doctor—the first medical interview he has had since he was vaccinated.

That is in itself a novel sensation, and sensations of any kind have long been unfamiliar. His feelings are far from pleasurable in the face of them; yet there is an agreeable undercurrent of excitement. He fears the worst, but he hopes the best, as he steps into the hansom which takes him to the consulting-room. Strange to say, while waiting in the ante-chamber of the eminent physician, his spirits are sent up. He sees around him cases that are evidently more desperate than his own. There are shrunken forms and sunken cheeks; sad eyes that are nevertheless unnaturally lustrous, and expressions stereotyped with the lines of protracted suffering, scarcely brightened by fitful gleams of hope. Our friend pulls himself together, and involuntarily cheers up. We all know the well-worn maxim of La Rochefoucauld, that there is something pleasant in the misfortunes of our dearest friends; and well may it be excused to the frailties of human nature, when its anxieties are lightened by contrasting them with the troubles of strangers.

Wonderful men are those fashionable consulting physicians. They sit for great part of each day at the receipt of custom, tossing the sovereigns and shillings into the drawer, where they are decorously put out of sight; pronouncing peremptorily on the destinies of their miserable fellow-creatures, scattering broadcast sentences of death or slow torture, consolation under mitigating conditions, reprieves, or plenary absolution. Custom may lighten the weighty load of their responsibilities, but surely all the same it must sometimes sit heavy on them. For, after all, they are human like the patients, and occasionally they must themselves be out of condition and far from feeling up to the mark. Case after case, and often for the first time, is brought panoramically beneath their observation, and each minute is precious when there are so many to be advised. They are invited at a moment's notice to diagnose the origin and the course of complicated and obscure diseases; they

are asked in the way of ultimatum all manner of embarrassing questions as to methods of treatment and probable results. They must answer the main questions to the best of their ability, and if they do not actually put forward claims to infallibility, they are bound professionally to speak with the assurance attaching to their position. As a rule they are sympathetic, and strive to soften down unfavorable opinions; but there are desperate cases, and not a few of them, in which it would be cruel kindness to conceal the truth. The mother who brought a daughter she fancied was merely delicate, lifts herself in speechless anguish into the dismal four-wheeler, in the conviction that her child is in a hopeless decline. How the sun has been darkened to her during the last long hour or two! and like Scott standing over the grave of John Ballantyne, she feels it will never again shine on her so brightly as before. The husband who thought there was nothing seriously the matter with his young wife, reads solemn warnings in the ambiguous prognostications of the oracle, and, striving manfully to master his vague apprehensions, knows well that his wedded happiness is at an end. As for the minor sentences and the offhand prescription, they may be ludicrously though painfully incongruous. The hard-working barrister, who by indefatigable industry has laboriously got together a promising practice, is ordered absolute "rest" for an indefinite time. Similar orders are given to the ambitious and eloquent statesman, who is aware of half-a-dozen of aspiring competitors who are ready and eager to slip into his place. The mockery of telling these men to take repose, when inactivity is ruin or bitter disappointment! Then the overtaken clergyman, with his overdrawn banker's account and unpaid butcher's bill, is told to transport himself for the winter, under penalty of death, to the Riviera, or possibly to California or Colorado, according to the caprice of the medical dictator. You might as well prescribe a generous diet—turtle-soup and old brown sherry—to a bedridden laborer in one of the eastern parishes, where there is nothing in the shape of a gentleman within reach, save the half-starved vicar and the dispensary doctor. All

these trivial details are no concern of the omniscient Galen : he is feed to give his directions, and it is for the patients to carry them out.

Happily, however, our *malade imaginaire* stumbles on a shrewd man of the world, with whom he had a slight previous acquaintance. The doctor knows something of his man, whom he has occasionally analyzed in society, and goes about his inspection and examination with the sympathy of the friend and the subtlety of the serpent. The preliminaries are somewhat formidable, and he pompously assumes a gravity of manner which sends a shudder through the patient's frame. Nothing is more disagreeable to a novice in the consulting-room than to be handled like a "screw" at a horse-fair ; to have a curious inquirer looking into your mouth and eyes ; to be tapped over the heart and pummelled in the region of the liver. However, all is well that ends well. The doctor's solemn expression relaxes into a reassuring smile, and he cheerfully remarks that the ailment is a trifle, and that the patient "may make himself perfectly easy." He sits down to dash off a couple of prescriptions, rapidly giving some slight instructions meanwhile as to regimen. Our friend feels infinitely relieved, and yet he is not altogether contented. Like Naaman the Syrian, he had screwed up his courage for doing "some great thing," and it seems absurd to put him off with a call at the chemist's, and a simple order to eschew sherry and liqueurs. Dr. Worldly Wiseman, as we said, knows his man, and knows that he is in want of an object and an occupation. What ? Waters and change of air ? Well, yes ; you can do no better than go to Bath or Buxton, and if that sets you up, as it is quite sure to do, you may go in the late summer or the early autumn to Homburg, or the "Baths of Hercules," or Hong kong, or the Hawaiian Archipelago, as the case may be.

At Bath or Buxton, or any other health-resort, where the great majority of the visitors mean business, you must be bad indeed if you do not find consolation in the sight of many folks far worse than yourself. In the city of the "chair" that was christened after it, bath-chairs would never be in general

demand were it not for the number of the halt and the lame. For it is the city of the seven or the seventeen hills, with sides a trifle steeper than the slope of a house-roof. As for Buxton, did not Randolph Caldecott celebrate its cripples in one of his latest series of "Graphic" sketches ? And in the one place or the other, if you are fond of discussing your ailments, as of course you are, you will have every opportunity of gratifying your taste. Eager talkers make good listeners, so it is a matter of generous give and take. As an outsider, we have paid many a visit to the Pump-Room Hotel at Bath—an excellent establishment, and a representative one of its kind. It is salubriously situated in the bottom of the kettle in which the inhabitants of the lower town are simmering through the summer. The basement is devoted to the baths, to which the boiling water is laid on from the adjacent springs. There is a lift by which the patients may be let down from the upper stories. Every possible convenience is provided. But what struck us as having the greatest attraction for sufferers was the sympathetic atmosphere. Listening curiously in the snug smoking-room after dinner, we learned almost everything that man can tell as to the troubles of chronic rheumatism and hereditary gout. The victims, who were deep in each other's innermost secrets, met regularly of an evening to compare notes ; and if some were happy in signs of improvement or the sense of temporary relief, others figured as the stoical heroes who had been supporting diabolical pains. And these last, too, being temporarily relieved, were impressive examples of the pleasures of sickness. For the time they were often in higher spirits than the others : they reminded one of what "Eothen" says of his voluptuous joy in bathing in the cool green vegetation of the Land of Goshen, after eight days of camel-riding through the burning desert. Our ailing friend gets on capitally in such company, and makes visible progress from day to day. He can walk with a jaunty swagger when his neighbors crawl ; he has his claret at luncheon, and his champagne at dinner, when they are mortifying themselves with slightly tinctured Apollinaiis ; and he ignores the fact that, though struggling toward

an identical goal, they set out from very different starting-points. So he swears by Bath, vows to return thither, blesses the memory of King Bladud who discovered the wells, and, resolved to follow up this first success, shifts his quarters to town, to arrange for a Continental trip.

Now he is realizing the pleasures of what may be called chronic convalescence—never well ; tolerably sanguine on the whole ; generally feeling himself better in a succession of fluctuations where the ups predominate over the downs. Henceforth he has always the resource of flying trips on the Continent, and, following the paths of the duty he owes to himself, seeks health in frequent change of scene. At Wiesbaden, Kissingen, or Carlsbad, he has the unfamiliar enjoyment of a well filled life and a busy day. Doctors at watering-places differ widely in their views : the wisdom of one is folly to another. But they all agree on the point of being strenuously peremptory as to the rigid observance of certain rules. One friend who used to steal hours between the sheets from the intolerably long forenoons, if he does not actually get up with the sun or the "early village cock," is woke sharp at six by the clamor of the band. Unless he be impregnating himself with iron among fashionable acquaintances from St. James's or Belgravia at Homburg, he is noways particular as to his morning costume. There he is, to his own admiration, fresh, fasting, and in extreme dishabille, promenading, trotting solemnly at the double, or marking time, in the long shady alley where the water-drinkers, tumblers in hand, take their matutinal treadmill. Back for breakfast with a keen appetite, in itself a novel and delightful sensation. Even at Kissingen, where you are dieted like anchorites, the butterless rolls seem delicious to a man who refused only a few weeks before to be tempted by the delicacies of Fortnum and Mason. The programme of the day is marked out methodically. After breakfast dallying with the papers, tobacco, and digestion. After digestion, bath, followed by a second toilet. Then comes early dinner, the great event of the day ; and at some of the most potent of the baths, like Wildbad, the *cuisine*, which is as elabo-

rate as it is excellent, sets all medical rules at defiance, and seems intended to tempt to indiscretion. The diner may indulge, or he may have the discretion to refrain—that is a matter between himself and his conscience. After dinner, coffee, digestion, and more tobacco. Then our friend, who has long renounced garden-parties when at home, and set his face against anything in the shape of a picnic, finds himself falling into the social fashions of the place, and joining driving-parties into the hills and the solitudes of the pine-forests. He is even seduced into something resembling flirtations, and, taking care not to commit himself, on the whole he likes them. It is a satisfactory proof, at all events, of the progress of his recovery, that good-looking girls seem quite willing to marry him, for assuredly he is not so bad as to encourage the hope of speedy and handsome settlements with widowhood. The supper *à la carte*, though somewhat lighter than the earlier meal, is virtually a second dinner. Somehow the day has slipped away imperceptibly. For early rising means early going to bed ; and in the languor of gentle fatigue, and with the goal of oblivion within easy reach, there is little difficulty in disposing of the remaining hours.

Very different are the feelings of those who are sent abroad in grave anxiety. Their sensations are solemn enough, even when they are blessed with ample means, and have no professional pre-occupations ; when they travel with unlimited credit on the bankers, with valets and maids and a courier to save all trouble, between lounging-chairs and sleeping-berths in drawing room cars. But the impecunious clergyman, who has broken down over parochial work, or the struggling father of a family who has been scraping a business together, where personal supervision is almost indispensable, plays a speculative game, under heavy drawbacks, for tremendous stakes. He cannot repeat the venture indefinitely. He cannot cast his habitual cares behind him, and shake himself free from the weight of well-justified anxieties. He is bound to get well against time, for it is a case of now or never. With difficulty, and perhaps by borrowing, he has equipped himself with the *minimum* of circular notes for the jour-

ney. We may suppose he is bound for Hyères or Cannes, leaving the English fogs and snows in the depths of a dark December. No Pullman cars or sleeping-berths for him on the most extortionate of European railways. He is hustled into an over-crowded compartment, encumbered with his wraps and a multitude of loose packages. When he awakens, after fitful snatches of fevered sleep, among the olives and the almond-trees on the banks of the lower Rhone, he is scarcely cheered by the brilliant sunshine, or by the sight of a sky of blue. He cannot rouse himself to even a passing interest in the picturesque bridges, and the palaces of Avignon or Orange; and though he has been imperatively ordered to take frequent nourishment, he has no sort of appetite for the *table d'hôte* breakfast, with its dessert of southern fruits and its gay embellishment of flowers. When he breaks the journey at Marseilles he is pretty well broken himself, and perhaps is not far wrong in believing that he is one of the most miserable of mortals. But, as the old song says, it is always the darkest the hour before dawn, and next morning he begins to have a foretaste of some of the pleasures of sickness and convalescence. A night's rest has worked wonders, and he wakes up marvellously refreshed. This second morning he is in sympathy with the glowing sunshine; he has glimmering hopes of a happier return; he even indulges the wild fancy that his business may hold together in his absence. By good luck the infernal mistral is not blowing, and he has a balmy day for the journey along the Riviera, with one of the windows open. He revels in the deep azure of the placid Mediterranean; he looks down from lofty bridges and over precipitous cuttings into the picturesque creeks that indent the curving shores; he looks down on the chimneys of the fisher's cottages sheltering in the nooks and corners, that are draped in a many-colored tapestry of clinging plants; he looks up to the castles and the convents that crown the commanding heights. He well-nigh forgets his ailments and the future, as, in an intoxicating sense of the novel and the beautiful, he draws long deep draughts of the exhilarating air. What a change it is from the grimy gloom of

London or from the fogs of some country parish reeking with damp, which stifled his breathing like the folds of wet blankets! His pitiful wife, who has been hanging on his looks since he left home, cheers up in sympathy, and is persuaded already that their circular notes will prove a marvellously profitable investment. When the invalid continues to answer to the spur, how intensely they enjoy that health-giving holiday! In their growing gratitude they feel it would be tempting Providence not to trust it in confidence for all the rest, and cares being cast behind, the progress is wonderfully accelerated. There are ups and downs which give a not disagreeable zest to the cure; but on the whole there is sanguine content, not unfrequently voluptuous enjoyment. Dating from that first memorable morning, when through the bedroom windows they had ventured to raise came the gentle sea-breeze, laden with the fragrance from the *mignonette* and the *heliotrope*; from the drives and the donkey-rides, when even as the night-shadows were settling down in the valleys they had to seek protection against a sun-glow still almost oppressive,—all has been mixed more or less with pleasure. As for the homeward journey, with its pleasant retrospects and its happy anticipations, it is a succession of delights in place of a prolonged strain. The reinvigorated health-hunter is full of papal memories at Avignon, and delighted to pick up a copy of "*Rienzi*" at the book-stall; till his *blasé* fellow-travellers, who are touring "for pleasure," resent the ridiculous freshness of his enthusiasm, though they might probably sympathize with it if they suspected its source.

In ordinary cases, people born with silver or plated spoons in their mouths can command ordinary comforts and careful attendance. But sometimes even they are surprised and struck down in circumstances which bring home to them the sufferings of the neglected. The officer who has been wounded, and left mangled on the battle-field, is no better off for the time than the crippled soldier who has carried a musket in the ranks. There he lies with the rain or the sun beating down upon him, racked with pain, and burned up with thirst, till, re-

joining in rescue and the sense of relative relief, he is picked up hurriedly by rough arms, and thrown upon a rudely fitted ambulance-wagon, to be jolted away to the field-surgery. Be sure there is no time there for consultation as to the treatment of a shattered limb or the infliction of the minimum of pain. Anæsthetics may be conspicuous by their absence, and the surgical appliances must be scanty at best. The wearied doctor plies the knife and probes against time, and as one groaning patient gives place to another on the operating table, he is consigned to a depot to await his turn, till he is forwarded by *petite vitesse* to the bed in some distant hospital. We know nothing more harrowing in the annals of war than the story of the sufferings of the wounded in the retreat from Moscow. We know nothing that supplies more striking illustrations of the inveterate tenacity of life and hope in the human system. The men who fell in the first battles, after the evacuation, of course perished slowly and surely. But of those who were shot down near the passage of the Vistula, and within reach of the friendly territory—the long-looked-for land of refuge,—there were a few who survived almost by miracle. They were strapped on to a gun-carriage, or stowed away in an ammunition-wagon. In a frost that was many degrees below freezing-point, with their wounds seldom dressed, and left to fester beneath the filthy rags and the snow wrappings that served for bed-clothes, with scanty food given them at doubtful intervals, where the unwounded were scrambling for each scrap of garbage, nature in some phenomenal constitutions, nevertheless, did not succumb. And we are told how nature rallied in their transports of relief, when they had placed the formidable passage of the river between them and the enemy, finding temporary rest and comparative comfort. It was only a few months ago, when, in a frightful railway smash in southern France, Englishmen travelling for pleasure had somewhat similar experiences, saving the exposure to the extreme severity of the weather. The train had been wrecked in a back-of-the-world district, where there was no capable local science; and it was decided, as the better way out of a difficult

dilemma, to forward the victims to their destination in Italy before undertaking their treatment.

Those who go down to the sea in ships must often have a horrible time of it. The smaller craft, of course, must dispense with a doctor's services; and from frequent revelations in the police courts, we can conceive what may be the fate of an ailing seaman under a tyrannical skipper, at the mercy of a brutal first mate. Till he gives proof positive of the gravity of his illness by absolute collapse, he is supposed to be "shaming Abraham." He is mercilessly knocked about, compelled to turn out for the midnight watch, and driven from the deck to the rigging in all weathers. Fancy a man enfeebled by dysentery, and burning and shivering by turns through every fibre with incipient fever, forced to climb the rat-lines and lie out upon the frozen yards, when a bitter easterly gale is shaking the masts in their sockets! When he is compulsorily shelved on the sick-list, his illness is treated as a crime. The ship is sure to be short-handed, and his share of work must fall upon his fellows. And if he is happily spared more active ill-treatment, he is left to lie and take his chance of dying as a dog in the foul bunk in the fore-castle, where he is half suffocated by the smells of bilge-water, vile tobacco, and soaking clothes. Emigrant ships are always advertised as carrying a competent surgeon. We know something of the surgeons they frequently carry, nor do we deny that they are generally clever young men. The pay, which is calculated on percentage or commission, is good, and candidates have to produce excellent certificates. But when the shipowners have fulfilled their part of the contract, the responsibility shifts on the shoulders of the young aspirant to celebrity. If he is ambitious, and means to succeed in his profession, there is little danger of his being supine. The risk is rather on the side of professional zeal. He has a rare opportunity of experimenting "on his own hook," such as never could have come to him at home in the hospitals. "*Fiat experimentum in corporibus vilis*" is his motto. Each case of serious illness is an agreeable sensation; a superb compound fracture is a god-

send ; each subtler malady is a joy and a treat for the rest of the voyage. He tries all manner of empirical remedies with the best intentions ; he revels in the uncontrolled use of his instruments in the interests of the patient—and science. It may be hit or miss, kill or cure, but somehow even a well-principled young man can reconcile anything to an elastic professional conscience. We have shuddered at reminiscences from one of those emigrant floating hospitals, told in all good faith, in moments of confidence, by practitioners who honestly believed they had been experimenting in the cause of humanity.

Yet emigrants who are the subjects of such experiments may be envied by the North Sea trawlers. Sailors who ship for long voyages in surgeonless ships, do so with their eyes open. They know that they must not expect medical attentions and count upon keeping their health, if they give any thought to the matter. So, it may be said, do the trawlers ; but then they can hardly help themselves. They have been born and brought up as fishermen, and must fish on a fixed system in these days of capitalists and limited liability companies. For weeks together, and often in the wildest weather, they have cut all communication with their homes, and are dragging the shoals and sand-banks between England and the Dutch coasts. The fish, as fast as they are caught, are stowed away in boxes, and transferred to the swift steamers which ply to the Thames or the Humber. Not excepting that in the deepest mines, or on the giddiest engineering works, there is no more perilous occupation than theirs, though the danger is rather to limb than life. The fishing craft are rolling in a heavy surf, the decks are slippery with fish and frost, so that it is impossible, as you stumble about in thick-soled, iron-clamped boots, to keep a firm footing. The fish cases are being slung over the sides into a boat that is bobbing like a cork beneath the counter. Necessarily accidents of every degree and kind are common. A leg or an arm snaps like a pipe-stem with the sudden swaying of a heavy boom ; an ankle is strained or broken in a fall ; a finger is caught and crushed in a steam-winch ; a hand mangled between a box and the

ship's side. Then there is nothing for it but to transfer the victim to the carrying steamer, where no preparations have been made to receive him. When the steamer has made up her cargo she steams away, and the sufferer, while being tossed about for a day or two, has to bear his sufferings as best he may, with the knowledge that the mischief is being aggravated with each minute lost upon the voyage. Doubtless if he has retained sensibility, or revives to it, it is an exchange of Purgatory for Paradise when he is comfortably bedded in the hospital in London or Hull, with cool dressings and soothing anodynes applied to the fevered wound. But what an infinity of bodily misery and mental worry might be spared if the sufferer had been transshipped to a hospital-steamer, with skilled attendants and suitable appliances ! Which naturally suggests the subject of hospitals in general, and the vast amount of genuine pleasure they give. It is sad to know that many of the poor never taste anything of the luxuries of life elsewhere. Dickens, with all his hyper-sentimentalism, was constantly striking the keys which throbbed through sensitive hearts. And he never gave expression to a more melancholy truth than when he made the ungainly Maggy, in his "Little Dorrit," revel in the memories of the delightful days when she had been struck down and laid up. "But what a nice hospital ! So comfortable, wasn't it ? Oh, so nice it was ! Such an 'evenly place ! Such beds ! Such lemonade and such oranges ! Such d'licious broth and wine ! Such chicking ! Oh, wasn't it a delicious place to go and stop ?" It is difficult to look up at life from the low standpoint of the abjectly wretched, and the very difficulty should make us grateful for our own mercies, and dispose us to lavish benevolence. We can hardly conceive the possibility of having pleasant remembrance of a brain-fever in a hospital ward, although it introduced us to such delicacies as chicken and oranges. Yet we do not know. Everything so entirely depends on the point of view. The great whitewashed ward, with its double rows of beds and its austere military uniformity, strikes one as cheerless and depressing in the extreme. But on second thoughts we re-

alize how clean, soft, and comfortable the beds really are, and we remember that severe military system extends to the prompt and punctilious attendance which anticipates each possible want. What must it be, after becoming deliriously unconscious in the almost palpable darkness and the foul stench of some overcrowded cellar in the slums, to waken to a different life, in fragrant linen, in an airy hall of palatial proportions, and in the delicious languor of wholesome warmth? Instead of turning in disgust from fragments of strong-smelling cheese, and crusts of bread as black and dry as dust and ashes, to have the palate tempted by seductive liquids and luscious fruits, leading on to such light dishes of a sensual Elysium as the pauper, for the best of reasons, had never dreamed of. We know no way in which practical charity may be better bestowed than in contributing to fairly-well-managed hospitals. Say that the abuses exist of which we hear so much, and which can never be altogether guarded against; admit that not a few who can well afford to pay their fees shamefully sponge upon the alms of the benevolent. When all that has been said and admitted, when any undue percentage has been deducted from waste and working expenses, there remains a great balance of revenue to the good, almost incalculably fruitful of new pleas-

ures and fresh hopes, and blissful relief from almost intolerable sufferings. The pity is that, unfortunately, owing to shortcoming in the funds, many victims of slow diseases, in a fair way toward permanent cure, must perforce be turned out prematurely. A sad instance of that is the children under treatment for hip diseases. It ought to be remembered that many of the greater hospitals in the metropolis and elsewhere are almost entirely dependent on voluntary and annual contributions—such old establishments as St. Bartholomew's, which is richly endowed, being altogether the exception. Moreover, these establishments desire, and indeed are bound in their own interests, to remain mainly dependent upon precarious support; for if once they get the reputation of being decently endowed, the stream of the charities is checked or diverted. The moral is obvious. Do not leave your philanthropy to take posthumous shape, nor defer taking thought for the disease-stricken poor till you are done with the money you dispose of by testament. There is no better way of buying pleasure and satisfaction cheap than by sending a check to a well-managed hospital, and we may be sure the money is more safely invested than if it were in Mr. Goschen's new $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ARE OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS A SUCCESS?

BY H. H. JOHNSTON.

DURING the last few years the renewed support of colonization on the part of several European nations, has once more directed the attention of thoughtful men toward the great British Propaganda which is going on in nearly all savage or semi-civilized parts of the world—in the dense forests, swamps, and stony plateaux of Central Africa, amid the dissolving, abortive civilizations of Persia, India, and China, on the little paradises of the Pacific Archipelagoes, and in the stern, harsh, half-frozen wilds of Northwest America. As is the custom with our fellow-countrymen, when one section of the public has

expended itself in partial, unreasoning enthusiasm for a great idea, another group of thinkers arises to attack and deride the object which has become a kind of wearisome craze with its enthusiastic advocates. The adverse criticism or derision of the opposition becomes in turn almost as one-sided and indiscriminating as the bigoted zeal and unconscious hypocrisy of those who support the new movement. Lastly, a fair balance is struck by public opinion; the good in the great idea is recognized, the defects in its organization are acknowledged and remedied, and justice is done by posterity to an innovation which in

its inception was extravagantly lauded and during its progress outrageously attacked.

Some very cogent criticism has lately emanated from a distinguished churchman on the subject of the utility of British Protestant Missions, their organization, procedure, and the measure of success with which their expenditure of time, labor, and money has been rewarded. These criticisms were probably the most serious—the only serious—attacks which the great evangelizing societies of Great Britain have encountered during their century or half century of existence, because hitherto such adverse criticism as missionaries have received has been at the hands of ribald persons of small repute, whose chief objection to the work of missionaries in the uncivilized countries which the critics may have visited as travellers or traders would be found, when analyzed, to have arisen chiefly from the hindrance to an easy-going immorality, an obstacle in the way of unfair exploitation of the savage, or a profitable disregard for his personal freedom, caused by the intervention and clamorous outcry of the missionary. Canon Taylor's terse, incisive style, his indisputable facts, and his logical grouping of them; last, but not least, his position as a prominent ecclesiastic in the State Church, which is the supporter of one, the wealthiest, and another, the most enlightened, of the British missionary societies, these qualifications have combined to make Canon Taylor's articles widely read and much discussed. His case as an impartial outsider, I should opine, on many points was proved—that is to say, if I were allowed the honor of replying on behalf of all the missionary societies of Great Britain, I should say *Connu!* to many of the Canon's statements. To save waste of time and fruitless argument I would grant the truth of many of his charges, because I believe that the whole issue he raises is relatively small and trifling, and does not affect the real result achieved, which I am convinced that Canon Taylor has neither the wish nor the power to minimize.

I intend in this sketch merely to review the work of British evangelizing societies from a political economist's point of view. To do this I must first

confess that the religious, the sectarian, the doctrinal Christian aspect interests me but little. A thoughtful study of human history tends to make one believe that it is less the formula of belief than the practical purpose to which religion is put which makes the faith of an individual or a nation beneficial or adverse in its effects. To avoid vague sophistries and illustrate my meaning more clearly, I might say that, like many others, I am disposed to think that had Charles Martel *not* conquered at Poitiers, and the Saracen force had crossed our Channel and added Great Britain to the Mohammedan Empire; had the Quran been expounded from Oxford and our ancestors been forcibly converted to the tenets of Islam as they were framed in the eighth century, the result in the nineteenth century would not have greatly differed from the existing social condition and development of society. The Mohammedanism of Britain would have been purified of its grossness and cruelty in the austere but tender North; the contradictions and puerilities of its dogmas would have been gradually evaded, ignored, or pared away by the logical British minds—in short, the result would have been that the Islam of England would have differed as widely from the intolerable Mohammedanism of Arabia and Central Asia as our modern Christianity differs from the faith of Abyssinia or Brazil. It is the races of Northern and Central Europe who have made Christianity what it is. Left to be developed by Syrians, Arabs, or Persians, the faith of Christ would have degenerated into the gross, bloody, sensual creeds of nearer Asia and the Mediterranean basin; the Greeks would have—have, in fact—distorted it into an elaborate hocus-pocus of gorgeous, silly fetichism; in the minds of Indians and Chinese it would have become but an earlier Buddhism—a moony, transcendental, contemplative faith of praying-wheels, meritorious immobility, vicarious hymns bellowed through brazen trumpets, abstract principles, theoretical philanthropy, and metaphysics run mad. *Nirvana* is a conception of beatitude which could never have originated in, nor have been tolerated by, the active, energetic, discontented, progressive European.

The savage, with his low-grade mind, is not capable of holding rightly the abstruse dogmas of the Christian faith. He will instinctively seize on all that is puerile, superstitious, or fantastic, with which successive generations of Europeans have coated and clogged the simple, indisputable principles enunciated by the Messiah. Therefore, in my humble opinion, the Christianity taught to the uncivilized should be reduced to its simple essence of duty toward man. In this way the faith taught in savage countries by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists should be the same and identical; all alike should divest themselves of their superadded formulas and useless, intricate, casuistic dogmas, and meet on the common ground of essential Christianity, which is all that is necessary for the uncultured man to acquire. When the savage has fully learned his duty toward his neighbor he will be a savage no longer, but one of ourselves, and can permit himself the luxury of a religion, of a "binding," a settled formula, an ornamental explanatory frame for the unchanging principles of mutual help and unselfish love among men. The negro will greedily catch at the faith tendered to him; the difficulty comes in when he is expected to accompany it by works. The beautiful idea of a goddess-mother peculiarly appeals to his sympathies, and he will enthrone the Virgin Mary promptly in place of the uncouth female deity he has hitherto worshipped. He will reverence the Bible as a mighty fetich, will battle hard with the difficulties of learning to read, and will overcome these difficulties in a surprisingly short time in his pathetic anxiety to read the fascinating stories of the Old Testament. He will become a zealous communicant, and to a certain extent a bigoted Sabbatarian, and will enjoy with almost fierce delight the shouting of hymns and dolorous chanting of psalms. In all these points he will delight and amaze his instructors by the rapidity with which he acquires the more or less elaborate scheme of dogma which enshrines the true religion of humanity. He will become an adept at sectarianism, be a bigoted Catholic, a Calvinistic Protestant, or a rigid Baptist, while, strange to say, an opposite

effect is taking place in the minds of his evangelists, who, Catholics, Anglicans, Nonconformists, as they may be in their respective homes in Europe, become more and more uniform and simple in their Christian faith, more tolerant, latitudinarian, and charitable when banded together against the savage. But it too often happens that while the negro rapidly masters the rules and regulations, so to speak, of the Christian religion he still continues to be gross, immoral, dishonest, and deceitful. He is glib in his expressions of love and fear toward a God of whom he has a materialistic idea, that would repel a thoughtful European mind, but he has somehow never learned nor practised his duty toward man. Therefore in the inculcating of various views of Christian dogma missionaries may often be justifiably charged with failure. They may have succeeded in turning their disciples into professing Catholics, Anglicans, or Baptists, but the impartial observer is surprised to find that adultery, drunkenness, and lying are more apparent among the converts than among their pagan brethren. If the effect of Christian missions stopped here I should join unhesitatingly with those who condemn the expenditure of British money and the lives of British men and women in the evangelizing of savage races abroad when so much remains to be done to better the condition of our relapsed savages at home. But fortunately the effect of the Christian propaganda in the uncivilized parts of the globe is not confined to this dubious result. Not only of late have many missions—in practice if not in theory—devoted themselves to the humanizing, civilizing, and educating of the savage, neglecting useless doctrine as much as possible, but the indirect effect of the establishment of Europeans as resident missionaries has had an enormously beneficial effect on the general welfare of the surrounding natives, and not less on the extension of European influence and trade.

But this indirect good effected by evangelization—especially in British hands—is only brought about when the missionary lives among the savage or semi-civilized races as a European with all the appurtenances of a European life with which he can possibly surround

himself. I do not at all agree with Canon Taylor's disapproval of the typical well-fed, well-clothed, comfortable British missionary, living in a well-to-do manner with his wife and children, and driving about with his own pony and trap; nor do I concur with his implied approval of the methods and results obtained by the Salvation Army or the Jesuits, who in India and China are supposed to have done or are expected to do a vast amount of good by converting thousands of natives from one form of superstition to another by dwelling among these people, living as they do, dressing or not dressing as they do, and altogether sinking themselves to that low level of civilization out of which in the opinion of the political economist it is the duty and the *raison d'être* of the European evangelist to raise the Asiatic or the African. Hundreds of thousands of Hindus or Annamites may exchange the worship of Vishnu or Buddha for the noisy Christianity of the Salvation Army, or the degraded Romanism of the East; but will their social condition be really much improved thereby? I doubt it very much, and for all the good effected by this change they need scarcely have been disturbed in the faith of their ancestors. But I do most strongly believe in the "pony-trap." Uncivilized man, being peculiarly imitative, admires all that is strange and new. The intelligent native impressed by the aspect of the higher life presented to him by the civilized man who comes to reside in his midst in a European manner, in a European style of house, living decently and affectionately with one wife, and perhaps with well-cared-for, well-educated children, will be strongly inclined to shape his own life after this better fashion. He too will aspire to wear a frock-coat, boots, and trousers, and to drive about in a pony-trap, and to attain this end he will readily avail himself of instruction to develop all the sources of profitable trade that may be hidden in his native land. Consequently this unexploited country becomes opened up to civilizing commerce, and peace supervenes on lawless warfare because every man is turning his spear into a sickle and his sword into a ploughshare. No one who has not travelled in these barbarous countries

can fully realize the remarkably civilizing influence that radiates from one of these lonely mission stations, the scattered spores of a higher culture sown and spreading in the savage wilderness.

Missionary enterprise has been one of the most potent factors in the extension of the British empire during the present century. I need scarcely repeat the hackneyed dictum of the African chief about the missionaries being the fore-runners of traders, consuls, and soldiers, but the saying deserves remembrance, as it is a true indication of the result that usually follows the evangelizing of an uncivilized country with no settled government of its own. Missionaries certainly become exceedingly patriotic in the wilds, and are responsible for a great display of the British bunting. Perhaps it is the sense of exile which intensifies their love of the mother country, or it may be the innate feeling which is latent in the hearts of all Britons, and is only temporarily obscured or suppressed by the local influence of a few diseased minds; or perhaps the very journey to the scenes of their work past British outposts, fortresses, and coaling-stations, through seas patrolled by British war vessels and traversed by the great argosies of our Mercantile Marine, the sight of races in every shade and color and of many faiths, speaking the English tongue, serving in the British Army and police forces, and demeaning themselves in all respects as British subjects; all these impressions doubtless tend to make the outgoing missionary a fervent admirer of the empire to which he has the privilege of belonging, and an ardent disciple of the advantages of its rule: just as the typical irreconcilable Member of Parliament, who may have passed the first half of his life imagining that little outside the British Isles was of any account in our calculations, and who bitterly opposed any extension of the empire, and even advocated its retrenchment—this retrograde individual having been ordered a voyage to India for the benefit of his health, feels shaken in his lifelong ignorance at the sight of Gibraltar, and Malta silences his scruples; Egypt converts him to Imperialism, Aden exalts his vanity as a British subject, and India sends him back a Jingo whose recantation in the

House of Commons is the delight of the imperialists and a painful surprise to the insular party.

But while the work of missionaries generally paves the way for some form of direct rule on the part of their mother country—the French missionaries largely brought about the conquest of Tonquin, the German missionaries in Namaland were to a great extent instrumental in persuading the German Government to undertake the protectorate of south-west Africa, and it is patent to everybody what pioneers of British rule in South Africa British missionaries have been—still Christian propagandists are very far from being mere political emissaries; they constitute themselves the tribunes and advocates of the native inhabitants of wild lands; they interpose themselves as buffers between the rude onslaught of the unscrupulous traders and miners, and the scared, bewildered savage; they wholesomely exaggerate instances of injustice, cruelty, or fraud that come under their notice, and by their fearless clamor compel the reluctant intervention of higher authorities. Accepting the premises that it is scarcely possible to withstand a natural law and prevent the expansion of the white races over such rich, undeveloped, sparsely-populated parts of the globe as are inhabited by men of low organization incapable of turning the resources of their country to proper account, then, I think, in this function alone of educating the savage and safeguarding his rights, missionaries perform an important service to humanity at large, and for this end alone they are deserving of support and sympathy.

Look at what our missionaries have done in the Pacific Islands, New Guinea, and Madagascar. In that latter island British evangelists really fought out the battle of civilization without costing a penny or a drop of blood to any European government. The same work is in its inception on the Victoria Nyanza, on Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, and on the Congo. Who first put steamers on Tanganyika and Nyasa? British missions. Who first explored the great affluents of the Congo, almost more important than the Congo itself? A little steamer of the Baptist Missionary Society. In the Niger delta it is mission-

aries and not consuls or naval men or traders that have broken down the cruel and nonsensical fetish rites which formed such a serious barrier to free trade. Our missionaries pacifically conquered Betshuanaland by Christianizing its chieftains. The Universities Mission at Zanzibar at one time made the beautiful country of Usambara so friendly and tractable toward Europeans that it was a haven of rest to the harassed traveller worn out with eluding or resisting the plundering Masai. On the Gold Coast the Basel Missionaries of Switzerland have taught the natives all manner of useful trades, so that now the skilled or unskilled labor of white men is no longer needed in West Africa, and its place is supplied by the clerks, coopers, carpenters, tailors, engineers, and cooks of the Gold Coast. American missionaries have taught the stalwart Kruboy to read and write in their own tongue. The French missionaries of Gaboon or Senegal and of East Africa have given valuable instruction in husbandry, besides introducing the culture of useful foreign trees and plants, and teaching the natives the properties of those that are indigenous.

In Mohammedan countries, certainly, mission work does seem to be at present useless, especially in Persia, Arabia, or North Africa. The natives of these lands are already possessed of a decided civilization of their own, and the class of white men sent to teach them is often scarcely superior in mental attainments or good breeding to the Mohammedan gentlemen with whom these missionaries of the nearer East come into contact. Nevertheless, in view of the great good which the Americans have done in Northern Syria and at Mosul, the obstinate goodness and patient teaching of Cardinal Lavigerie's missionaries in Algeria, and the relatively favorable manner in which teachers and preachers of our own nationality have been received in North-Western and Southern Persia, it is unwise to predict that these apparently unsuccessful undertakings may not be the thin end of the wedge which it should be to the interest of European civilization to drive into Mohammedan unity.

As to the value of Mohammedanism itself as a civilizing agent in its propa-

gandist movement, I have a very decided and adverse opinion. Some thirty years ago, by a natural revulsion of feeling in certain advanced minds after a long course of the commonplace and rather narrow form of Christianity which characterized the "forties" and "fifties," it became somewhat fashionable to speak favorably of Mohammedanism. No doubt this was partly the result of the Crimean war, when British soldiers and writers came into close contact with the populations of Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, and were struck with the honesty, bravery, and uprightness of the Turk as contrasted with the servile, cringing, lying Eastern Christians of that day. And so certain writers of distinction began to act as the apologists of Islam, and—the wish being father to the thought—they actually found beauties in the rambling balderdash of the Quran. Many, too, at that time, after the travels of Barth in the Western Sudan, were impressed by the fact that the half-civilization of the Arabs had penetrated over a large extent of the Niger Basin and the regions round Lake Tsad. They did not and do not realize that much of this so-called Mohammedan civilization is scarcely superior to the indigenous culture which it displaced among the Negro and Negroid races of Central and Western Africa, who were far superior in intelligence and conception of a social comity to the degraded coast tribes with whom we are chiefly acquainted. The old civilization of the pre-Mohammedan negro empires of the Sudan was probably in no way inferior to the present veneer of Eastern culture with which an extensive Mohammedan propaganda has overlaid the condition of sorry barbarism to which it at first reduced these conquered races. I do not wish to give only a partial account of what Mohammedanism has done in Negro Africa; it has certainly introduced clothing and discouraged nakedness—a change of questionable value in the African climate; but by so doing it has brought in dirt and frowsiness; it has made the natives conscious of nakedness, and consequently immoral; and it has in many cases introduced vices that were neither practised nor conceived of by the Negroes. To a certain extent Islam has levelled tribal barriers

and race jealousies over a wide extent of Africa, but it has substituted for inter-tribal wars its own ruthless slave raids, city broils, and seraglio revolutions. As an instance of its method of civilization take the following example. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Portuguese, by their settlements on the Gold Coast of West Africa, became acquainted with the fame of a great interior kingdom, the State of Mosi, Moshi, or Mori, which they identified with the Empire of Prester John. This kingdom their emissaries found to be a thriving, well-cultivated, thickly-populated Pagan country, ruled in a just and equable manner by its kings and chieftains. The prosperity of Mosi continued till the last century, when during the great Mohammedan uprising and Holy War undertaken by the Negroid Ful be, Mosi was summoned to embrace the faith of Islam. Its people replied that they had lived hitherto happily and peacefully in the faith of their forefathers, and did not wish to change; whereupon the fanatical Mohammedans, after a long and desperate struggle, succeeded in laying this prosperous kingdom waste, and a scantily-populated, half-barren region it has since remained, though the majority of its lingering inhabitants have become Mohammedans. This history has occurred again and again in the Western Sudan. Read—with patience if you can—the account given by Barth and Nachtigal of the manner in which the vile Mohammedan robbers and slave-raiders of Bornu, Adamawa, or Bagirmi have nearly destroyed the gentle, industrious, handsome Musgu people in the Shari districts, and then see if you can state with sincere conviction that the Mohammedans have exercised a civilizing influence in Africa. What prevents us now from going to Khartum? The Mohammedan uprising. Why has the Basha of Tripoli recently forbidden any Europeans to travel in that interesting Regency? The jealousy of Islam. Why are the Somalis cut-throats, and the Gallas amenable to reason? Because the former are Mohammedans and the latter are not, and consequently have no prejudice against the white Christian. Believe me, the greatest foe that European civilization has to fight

during the next century will be African Islam. I say African because, as I set forth in the beginning of these remarks, it is the race which makes the religion good or bad. The Mohammedanism of British India or Asia Minor is not incompatible with civilization and progress, and is even superior to some of the Eastern forms of Christianity, just as the tolerant philosophical Mohammedan Unitarianism which the Arabs and Berbers developed during their tenancy of the Iberian Peninsula was infinitely preferable to the ferocious Christianity of Spain. But the religion of Mohammed as developed by the Arab and the African is incompatible with the welfare of humanity. It embodies a great reaction of the purely animal side of man's nature, and as such must be steadily opposed, circumscribed, and suppressed. Especially should we endeavor to keep off Mohammedan influence from any further encroachment on the pagan races of Africa and Malaysia. At present the minds of these heathen are open to receive the best influences of Christianity and a humane civilization and are not prematurely sealed and warped by the malignant sentiments of Islam, which in Negro Africa, the Malay Peninsula, or Borneo means ruthless cruelty, stupid fanaticism, the Eastern pride which forbids progress, and an organized and vicious sensuality.

Though the direct results of the propaganda of the various Christian missions which have long been at work in Africa may not show an extraordinary number of baptized and professing Christians in their published statistics, yet their indirect influence has had really remarkable effect in educating and humanizing cannibals and fetich worshippers, and the mere fact that numbers of savages have

been taught to read, and write, and speak good English or French is alone one result of missionary enterprise which should secure the sympathy and support of European Governments for these painstaking societies. Indeed, though the converted barbarians may afterward grow slack in observing the practices of our religion, no one can deny that they have been very much benefited by their studies at the mission. No doubt if the great missionary propaganda of Britain confined itself to being a kind of School Board for savages, it would save time and money spent in instilling into low-grade minds dogmas and doctrines which these barbarians are scarcely capable of turning to the practical purposes of life, but inasmuch as that is the original motive-power of Christian missions, and one must utilize forces as one finds them, political economists should be content to let the missionaries dogmatize and indoctrinate without let or hindrance, on account of the education and civilization which they laterally introduce. The trader civilizes, but he does not go to savage countries for that purpose; he goes to trade. In like manner the bait which draws these good men and women of Roman Catholic and Protestant missions to Africa, Polynesia, North America, India, China, and Persia, is the desire to instil into the minds of the backward races of these savage or semi-civilized lands their own views of Christian faith and hope, but they accompany their care for the spiritual well-being of the pagan or Mohammedan with a very practical intention to improve his bodily life and to educate his mind, and in this they do, and have done in the past, an amount of good that has never as yet been sufficiently appreciated. — *Fortnightly Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

(*Second Notice.*)

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce, author of "The Holy Roman Empire," M.P. for Aberdeen. In two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The second volume of this great book will be found by American readers more interest-

ing and suggestive than even the first. The latter treated of constitutions, forms of government, methods of law-making, the historical growth of our dual system, etc. The volume now before us treats of parties; political methods; the practical machinery by which government is operated in the national, State, and city governments; the nature, influences,

and vices of public opinion as it shapes and is shaped under our system ; the outrages, absurdities, and evils of our methods of election ; and lastly of our social institutions, including under this head most of the important factors which enter into our life and mould it for good or evil. One is conscious, however mistaken Mr. Bryce may seem to be in his deductions, that mistakes do not come of careless license or superficial thought. If Mr. Bryce makes mistakes, they are honestly made ; and it may be that sometimes the indignant dissent which rejects a conclusion when his scalpel cuts too close to the bone to suit patriotic vanity, gives way on further thought to an agreement with a truth which, however disagreeable, is never harshly expressed.

Most of us have had frequent occasion to deplore the evils which are imposed on us by professional politicians. Our author finds the cause in the multiplicity of political contests, which makes "politics too absorbing an occupation for the ordinary citizen, who has his profession or business to attend to." So the practical management falls into the hands of those who enter public life to get a living out of it, and who always act on the advice of the old Quaker to his son, "Make money, my son, *honestly* if thee can, but **MAKE MONEY.**" The analysis of the influences which work out political corruption, fester into gigantic rings and unscrupulous bosses, and result in treating the interests of a great nation or of a State or of a city as the teats of a milch cow, is not a whit less accurate than it is piquant and brilliantly illustrated. Mr. Bryce has no sympathy with the professional politicians, nor with that cast-iron rigidity of political action which swears by the party right or wrong. He shakes the "Mugwump" by the hand with hearty goodwill, and sees in the dissidents the objectors, the "remnant," as Matthew Arnold calls them, the saving salt of parties. It is in such energetic protests on the part of minorities that great reform movements start, and whence grow the thunder-storms which clear the air. A whole chapter is devoted to a discussion why the best men do not go into politics. We are glad that Mr. Bryce, with all his pungent criticism, recognizes that things are beginning to look brighter, however. He finds a good reason for this in the fact that "more largely than formerly young men, who have not contracted the bad habits which the practice of politics has engendered among many of their elders," are forcing their way into public life. The descriptions of party organizations, of "the ma-

chine," and of rings and bosses are so vivid and racy that one finds it difficult to fancy them written by a foreigner. Party zealots and political hacks cannot do better than glance into this unflattering looking-glass, and see themselves as others see them—others, too, as represented by a cordial lover and admirer of American greatness. With all the faults of election methods and party spirit, it is generally true that the crisis brings the man with us as with other nations—such luck, for example, as brought Abraham Lincoln, "who rose at once to the level of the situation, and that not merely by virtue of strong clear sense, but by his patriotic steadfastness and noble simplicity of character." If space permitted it would be interesting to discuss at length what our author says of public opinion and of the different ways of moulding and bringing it to a head, such as journalism, stump-speaking, etc.; but we must pass this hurriedly. He does not, after all, give quite the usual importance to those agencies which so bumptiously claim for themselves to be the powers behind the throne. He finds "among the less instructed of the native Americans . . . a comprehension of public affairs, a shrewdness of judgment, and a generally diffused interest in national affairs, exceeding that of the humbler classes in Europe. This is the strong point of the nation. This is what gives buoyancy to the vessel of State, enabling her to carry with apparent ease the dead weight of ignorance which European emigration throws on her decks."

In closing this brief and insufficient notice of Mr. Bryce's most instructive volume, we are tempted to quote what he says *apropos* of the faults of American democracy: "Perhaps no form of government needs great leaders so much as democracy. The fatalistic habit of mind perceptible among Americans needs to be corrected by the spectacle of courage and independence taking their own path, and not looking to see whither the mass are moving. Those whose material prosperity tends to lap them in self complacency and dull the edge of aspiration need to be thrilled by the emotions which great men can excite, stimulated by the ideals which they present, stirred to a loftier sense of what national life may attain. In some countries men of brilliant gifts may be dangerous to freedom ; but the ambition of American statesmen has been schooled to flow in constitutional channels, and the republic is strong enough to stand any strain to which the rise of heroes may expose her." In other words, Mr. Bryce thinks that a little Caesarism,

just stopping short of becoming Cæsarism, would do us no harm.

ENGLISH WRITERS. AN ATTEMPT TOWARD A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Morley, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at University College, London. IV. The Fourteenth Century. In Two Books. Book II. London, New York, Paris, and Melbourne: *Cassell & Company, Limited*.

Mr. Morley's last volume, in his history of English literature, brings us down to William Langland and his "Vision of Piers Plowman." Much of the ground which he surveys will not be of much interest except to the student. But the steps of growth in the English literary spirit, and the signs of evolution by which the mind of a great race, rapidly becoming a consolidated nation, found vent by striving to express its aspirations in an artistic form, are full of significance to him who will ponder over them. The literary capacity of the Saxon-Norman people did not fully express itself till the time of Chaucer, when; during the reign of Edward III., the English language had become the universal instrument of English thought. Previously to this the Saxon had spoken, the Norman had spoken, and the underlying Celt, under the strata of two conquests, "buried under the terrene, yet inextinguishable there, had made sad writhings." The varying elements of English life, though fast converging into a common stream—a stream to carry in the future the brightest and most enduring thought of the modern world on its bosom—were all expressing themselves, each in its own way. Yet even here we see the prophecy of a common weal, a radical softening of asperities, a profound recognition of a national life, though often bursting forth into volcanic complaints against social tyranny and caste-evil. Aside from that *dilettante* curiosity which strives to analyze the elements of a complex puzzle, the earnest inquirer into the growth of social and governmental forms will find in the literary survey of the period immediately preceding the first French wars much light thrown on the problems of general history. Mr. Morley has not had this purpose specifically in view; but we fancy that it is in this connection that the general reader will find his pains gratified fully as much, if not more, than in the fruits of his curiosity as a mere literary student.

Yet there are special features about the latter aspect of the subject worth special mention.

The influence of the Italian *Renaissance*, specially of Boccaccio and Petrarch, the fertilization of European thought by the influence of Greek literature through the exile of Greek scholars just prior to and after the downfall of Constantinople, are the subject of an interesting chapter. That exquisite allegory, "The Romance of the Rose," had a deep influence on Englishmen at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and stirred by the deep spiritual meaning thrilling through its outer form all the finer feelings latent in chivalric minds. It was the spirit of chivalry without its fantastic garments. The sketch of the miracle plays is of great interest, and we have in the works of John Gower, notably in his "Confessio Amantis," in Sir John Maundeville's Travels, and in Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman," splendid streaks of the coming dawn. The fifth volume will complete the fourteenth century, and in the sixth, which will probably be the most notable of the volumes published up to that time, Mr. Morley will sketch literary progress from Chaucer to Caxton.

THE STORY OF HAPPINOLANDE AND OTHER LEGENDS. By Oliver Bell Bunce. "The Gainsborough Series." New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Bunce's collection of bright studies in social economics deceives expectation in the title. In the ordinary sense these are not stories, though for the most part in the form of narrative. The spirit is that of the essayist, but the form gives a certain charm to the thought which the reader would be loath to miss. Happinolande is a country like Sir Thomas More's Utopia, existent in the cloud-lands of fancy; but our sympathy with the experiences of its inhabitants is very substantial nevertheless. In this domain of primitive ideal happiness, an enormous quantity of gold is suddenly discovered in the government reserve. This becomes common property for the digging, and Mr. Bunce goes on to show the results of the sudden desertion of the plough, the loom, the workshop, and all forms of useful labor in the pursuit of the terrible lust for gold. Everybody becomes rich and everybody becomes poor. No labor is to be purchased, fields and shops are unworked, and the land threatens to be under the curse of Midas. Gold is worthless, for it represents nothing and has no purchasing power. The dramatic picture of a community burdened with gold and yet wasting for the necessities of life is as moving as the thought of some Dives in the

desert, with not a drop of water to drink. A happy catastrophe sweeps away the gold deposit, everybody goes to work again, and prosperity and happiness return. The moral is significant. In "A Millionaire's Millions," the difficulty of bestowing money for the public good without begetting a train of evils is vigorously presented. One of the most suggestive of these brilliant sketches is "The City Beautiful," an ideal picture of what a city can be made by intelligent public spirit guided by taste. Undoubtedly the possibilities of New York, which have been so ruthlessly butchered by carelessness and corruption on the part of the municipal government, by commingled ignorance and selfishness on the part of citizens, were in the author's mind. If his suggestions, at this late day even, should arouse some attention to the facts of New York City as it is and as it might be, Mr. Bunce will be entitled to a monument as a public benefactor. The other sketches are in a vein hardly less happy. The book is written in a vivid and graceful style, fresh from the well of pure good English.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. New Edition. Vol. III., Catarrh to Dion. London and Edinburgh: *William & Robert Chambers*; Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott Company*.

The third volume of the new edition now before us sustains the estimate of value enforced by its predecessors. As a handy reference encyclopædia we do not know its superior. Constructed on the same plan as "Appleton's Cyclopædia," it covers the great variety of topics with comprehensiveness, but with a condensed care of statement which excludes everything not absolutely essential. While it may not be fully fitted for the purposes of the scholar and student, it completely meets the needs of the ordinary man of intelligence for quick and convenient consultation. Many of the most distinguished specialists and writers of Great Britain, the Continent, and of the United States have contributed to this edition. The character of the articles is indicated in the fact that most of the geological ones are contributed by Professor James Geikie; the botanical ones, by Professor Patrick Geddes; the philosophical ones, by Professor Seth; and the legal ones, by Mr. Thomas Raleigh. Professor Rhys has written on the Celts; the Duke of Argyll, on clans; Professor Legge, on China; Sir Edward Watkin, on the Channel Tunnel; Lord Brassey,

on coaling stations; Lord Napier and Ettrick, on crofters; Mr. Goldwin Smith, on Cromwell; Professor Nicholson, on currency; Mr. E. W. Streeter, on diamonds; Mr. A. J. Ellis, on dialect. The writers of literary biographies include the names of Walter Besant, A. H. Bullen, Professor J. W. Hales, George Saintsbury, and Theodore Watts.

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE. By Leigh Hunt, author of "The Seer, or Commonplaces Refreshed," "A Day by the Fire," "The Book of the Sonnet," etc. First and Second Series. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

This republication of an old book of Leigh Hunt's collection and editing may excite a languid curiosity on the part of *causes célèbres*, but the stories have no special interest in this day of the nineteenth century, when every-day life is so crammed with exciting facts. The novel-writer searching for material, however, may find this a useful magazine, for human nature is pretty much the same in every age, and antique narratives may sometimes reflect truth or passion from a more vivid facet than the things of current incident. The stories are drawn for the most part from the *Causes Célèbres* of Guyot de Pitaval and from an anonymous publication of Leigh Hunt's own time, "The Lounger's Commonplace Book." Some of the things narrated are threadbare, but here and there is one of keen and curious interest. One may pass half an hour very agreeably in skimming over these volumes, sure that no one of them is sufficiently long to bore if it fails to amuse him.

A TREATISE ON CO-OPERATIVE AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS. Including Building and Loan Associations, Accumulating Fund Associations, Co-operative Banks, etc. With Appendix Containing Laws, Precedents, and Forms. By Seymour Dexter. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The large interest given by all thinking men to the various forms of co-operative associations indicates their possible value in solving some of the most perplexing problems of the day, those enforced by the merciless contest by which capital is driven, through its own conditions, to grasp the uttermost farthing from the hands of labor. Not only in the more palpable relations of employer and employed, manufacturing, commerce, railroads, but throughout all the branches of human effort, we find the doctrine of supply and demand vigorously calling for the pound of flesh. The

only way to obviate the dire evils seems to be through some method of co-operation, enabling the accumulated surplus of wages on the part of the operative or saver to represent the capital of the business, which employs his further labor, or banks his money, or in any way contributes to the business of his life. Thus the laborer becomes his own employer, or banker, and secures the profit from the transaction. The systematic methods of doing this are being worked out tentatively and slowly. Many mistakes have been made, and in many, if not most cases the experiment has not been highly encouraging. But the conviction is general that the principle is right and that in the end it must win, like all other great and fundamental truths. The form of co-operative work to which this little book is specially devoted is that of building and loan associations, which have made so tremendous an advance in the last few years. Professor F. B. Sanborn, Secretary of the American Social Science Association, said last year at the annual meeting that "at the rate the building associations are now growing, the time may come when their accumulated savings at one time may exceed those of our savings-banks; and it is doubtful if any system of savings has been devised which has such a tendency to produce frugality among persons of small incomes as the building association methods." The book before us is written to give the fullest information as to these methods; to explain the principles on which such associations are formed; to correct false notions about them; to furnish a complete guide to all persons wishing to organize and conduct them on safe, equitable, and successful plans; and to put into a convenient form the best statutes in this country authorizing their formation, such as the New York act of 1887 and the laws of Massachusetts. These organizations had their origin in the State of Pennsylvania, and after a most remarkable success in that State, they have spread all over the country like a Nile flood, and with equally fertilizing influences. The idea of such an association, stated in its simplest form, is this: Fifty people, for example, form themselves into a chartered association. Each makes a monthly contribution to a common fund, till the amount suffices to build a house, such as some person willing to pay the highest premium cares to have. The amount is then loaned to him, and the mortgage on his house becomes the possession of the association, till he shall have contributed sufficient to pay off the debt on the property, when he receives the

fee simple. When the treasury fills up again after the first depletion, the right to borrow is again sold at a premium, and so on. Of course the business is hedged in by many safeguards which experience has shown to be necessary, and which have only been fully worked out after many mistakes. To all interested in this important form of co-operation Mr. Dexter's book will be of great value, for he has given a most comprehensive digest of all the facts bearing on the question. Laboring men, who desire to build their own homes, should possess the information so compactly given in this volume.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY is going to visit Northern Greece this Easter vacation on his way to Athens. He has consented to give a series of addresses on various subjects at Chautauqua next August, but will appear on no other platform in America.

VIENNA is not satisfied with having its own Goethe Gesellschaft, but is determined to have also a grand Goethe monument. The subscriptions collected for the purpose have turned out very satisfactorily, and four notable Viennese artists have declared their readiness to send in plans for the monument without aspiring to any remuneration.

It is expected that the "Life of Washington" by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge will appear during the year.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish "A Household History of the United States and its People," by Mr. Edward Eggleston.

THE little kingdom of Samoa now possesses a newspaper, written in English, the *Samoa Times* (weekly), a creditable-looking sheet of four pages with good paper and type, and costing 10d. a number.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL is engaged on a work which will be entitled "Betwixt the Forelands." It will be substantially an anecdotic history of the Downs. The author figures himself as standing with a friend on the summit of the South Foreland, or upon Deal beach, where he tells the story of the historic tract of waters that washes that line of coast. The book will probably run its serial course through the newspapers, and be afterward published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

MR. SWINBURNE's new volume of poems will be called "Poems and Ballads, Third

Series." Although certain poems, such as "The Armada," "The Jubilee," etc., have appeared in magazines, a large and important section will be quite new to the public. A feature of the volume will be a group of original Border ballads, written in the Northumbrian dialect—a noticeable and specially interesting series inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne is a Northumbrian, and has during all his life given special attention to Border poetry.

THE "Life of Wordsworth," on which Professor Knight has been engaged for many years, and the publication of which has been delayed from many causes, will be issued immediately by Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh. It will contain a canto of the projected "Recluse," several fragments of "Michael," the long poem on Nab Well (originally designed as a portion of the "Recluse"), and other hitherto unpublished poems which the lovers of the poet will not willingly let die; the Alfoxden, Hamburg, and Grasmere journals of Wordsworth's sister Dorothy; the two records of the continental tour of 1820, written by Dorothy and by Mrs. Wordsworth respectively; the journals of other tours in Scotland, in the Isle of Man, and on the Continent, by the sister and the daughter of the poet; numerous letters of Wordsworth to his wife and his sister, to Coleridge, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott, to Landor and Talfourd, to Mrs. Barrett Browning, to Richard Sharp and Barron Field and John Kenyon, to Scott (the editor of the *Champion*), to Lord Lonsdale and Viscount Lowther, to Henry Crabb Robinson, to Professor Reed of Philadelphia, and to the poet's publisher Moxon; letters also from Dorothy Wordsworth to Miss Pollard, afterward Mrs. Marshall, and to Crabb Robinson; with others from Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Arnold—all these will be published for the first time. In addition there are many letters from Wordsworth's correspondents on the question of copyright, including Mr. Gladstone, Sergeant Talfourd, and Lord Houghton.

M. KAMPOUROGLOU is writing a history of the Athenian people under Turkish domination (*ἱστορία τῶν Ἀθηναίων—Τουρκοκρατία*). The work is to be published in parts by Papageorgios, of Athens; and the first number, which has just appeared, contains a review of the sources and authorities which are available for this period.

In the latest volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (English), which extends from Esdaile to Finan, the Rev. William Hunt

writes on Ethelred the Unready; Mr. Leslie Stephen on John Evelyn, the late Henry Fawcett, and Fielding the novelist; Mr. H. G. Keene on Sir Vincent Eyre; Mr. A. H. Bullen on Edward Fairfax, translator of Tasso; Mr. C. H. Firth on the great Lord Fairfax; Mr. Sidney L. Lee on Sir Richard Fanshawe, Guy Fawkes, and Sir John Fastolf; Professor Tyn dall, F.R.S., on Michael Faraday; Mr. Charles Kent on F. J. Fergus ("Hugh Conway"); Mr. Thompson Cooper on Richard Farmer, D.D., Master of Emmanuel; Mr. Joseph Knight on Henry, Elizabeth, and William Farren; Mr. Richard Garnett on Elijah Felton; Mr. T. F. Henderson on Robert Ferguson "the Plotter"; Dr. Norman Moore on Sir Samuel Ferguson; the Rev. Professor Creighton on Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding; Dr. W. A. Greenhill on Frederick Field, editor of *Origen*; Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland on John Field, musical composer; and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse on A. V. Copley Fielding the painter.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued a new edition of the Complete Works of Lord Tennyson in a single volume, consisting of 807 clearly printed pages in double column, with a portrait, for 7s 6d. After this, no one can say that the existence of copyright keeps up the price of books. This edition, we may add, differs from that of 1884 by the inclusion of the contents of the "Tiresias" volume, the later dramas—"Becket," "The Cup," "The Falcon," and "The Promise of May"—and also "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." In fact, it contains everything that was given in the eight-volume edition of last year.

"It is said that the Civic Fathers," says the *Athenæum*, "have for some time had under their consideration the advisability of undertaking a history of the City, with the view more especially of illustrating the lives of its most eminent mayors and citizens, and the prominent part taken by the City at important crises in the history of England. From the great length of time that has been allowed to elapse since first the matter was referred to a committee, it would seem that there was no very decided opinion in favor of producing such a work at the present juncture. It is whispered also that the authorities are at a loss to whom they should entrust it. The only point upon which they at present seem to entertain no doubt is that there is no person in their service competent to carry out the work to their satisfaction. It is to be hoped that whoever eventually is asked to undertake it

will be allowed a sufficiently free hand in carrying out general instructions."

THE Rev. Dr. Richard Morris is about to make a thorough revision of his well-known "Historical Accidence of the English Language," so as to bring it in all points up to date. He has secured the assistance of Dr. Leon Kellner, of Vienna, one of the Early English Text Society's editors, who will also contribute to the work the long-needed concise History of English Syntax. Dr. Kellner has for some time had in MS. a history of Elizabethan syntax. He has done Caxton's syntax for his edition of "Blanchardyn and Eglantyne," and has notes for both the earlier and later periods, so that the revised "Accidence" may be hoped for in the autumn.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, have joined the committee formed, under the presidency of Lord Coleridge, to erect a memorial to Christopher Marlowe at Canterbury. Among those who have already subscribed to the fund are Lord Coleridge (£10), Sir Frederick Leighton (£10), Mr. Robert Browning (£5 5s.), the Rev. S. S. Lewis (£5 5s.), the Marquis of Ripon (£5), the Duke of Westminster (£5), Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia (£5), Lady Frances Bushby, Professor Child of Harvard, Mr. George Saintsbury, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Mr. Chancellor Christie, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Professor Hales, M. Jusserand, Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. W. Bell Scott, Professor A. W. Ward, Professor Lewis Campbell, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Professor Dowden, and Mr. Henry Irving. The hon. treasurer is Mr. Sidney L. Lee, 26 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.

MR. D. G. RITCHIE, of Jesus College, Oxford, is preparing for publication some hitherto unpublished letters of Mrs. Carlyle, written to a relative of his who was an intimate friend of her girlhood, some of them before her marriage, and some during the Craigenputtock period, a very few belonging to the year after 1834, at which date the letters in Mr. Froude's "Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle" begin. The earlier letters throw considerable new light on her mind and character, the growing influence of Carlyle being distinctly perceptible in them. A few letters of Carlyle's never before published are included in the collection. One of these gives an account of the settling in Chelsea, the others relate to his projected History of German Literature, and

to Baillie's Letters and other books which he used while preparing for Cromwell. Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. will be the publishers.

A NEW literary magazine is to start in Paris and in London on May 1st. It is to be called *East and West*. Several popular writers will contribute: Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mrs. Macquoid, Mrs. Parr, Sarah Tytler, George Fleming (Miss Fletcher), Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Meade, Professor Church, and Mr. Grant Allen among many others. Mr. T. Macquoid will supply a series of papers on "Some Dutch Artists," beginning with Hals.

THE improvement in M. Taine's health, which we were glad to announce recently, has become so marked as to enable him to resume his literary labors. A gratifying proof was supplied in the shape of a series of three articles which he has arranged to contribute to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the "Reconstruction of France in 1800," the first appearing in the number for the 15th of last month.

A WORK will shortly appear on Sir John Franklin's fate, claiming to show that its discovery was through a revelation made to a little child seven years of age, to whom was revealed the locality where the ships would be found, and how they could be reached; and that, after the great expeditions of the government, extending over a period of seven years, had proved fruitless, the efforts of Lady Franklin, guided solely by the revelation of the little child, were crowned with complete success.

A FORTHCOMING literary and scientific magazine, to be entitled *Revista de Portugal*, is looked forward to in intellectual circles in Lisbon with considerable interest. It will probably represent the more advanced critical views of modern Portugal, the editor being Senhor Eça de Queiroz, a novelist of the ultra-realistic school, and distinctly a man of genius.

MISCELLANY.

MUSICAL WIT.—When the late Mr. Paley published his collections of Greek wit, the profane were pleased by the dulness of the Attic genius. It is true that if Greek Joe Millers represented Greek humor the ancients had very little of that quality. But are modern musicians more happily facetious than the children of the Muses long ago? A volume

of "Musical Anecdotes" (published by Messrs. Gill) certainly seems to show that the musician is high-spirited rather than *spirituel*. Now music has her enemies as the classics have theirs: unscrupulous foemen who look on music as the least intellectual of the arts. No child, they say, can be a great painter, poet, sculptor, but children may be and have been remarkable musicians, just as they have been marvels in the mathematics. The enemy goes on to conclude that neither mathematics nor music require much mind, and they invoke the shades of Victor Hugo and Sir William Hamilton. The wit of musicians bears out these unfriendly conclusions as far as it goes. Here is an epigram, for example, of Handel's which is in no way superior to the good things of Leonidas and Epaminondas. People asked Handel to take the degree of Doctor of Music in Oxford. Then the composer flashed forth in this gleaming repartee: "Vat! I trow away my money for dat vich the blockhead vish? I no vant." A multitude of anecdotes impress us with the humor of Haydn. He would go into a shop where he was not known, and where the tradesman admired his works, and he would speak evil of these works and "go away smiling." That was the humor of it. Being "very fond of a joke," and observing that his audience slept peacefully during his slow movements, he introduced "a great Bang from the full orchestra," which, as he said, "certainly made the ladies jump." This was but elementary fun. He made three marches for an officer who had only ordered one, and paid thirty guineas for that. The captain sent back the superfluous marches, and Haydn "always told the story of the liberal Englishman as one of the most pleasing events that had happened to him during his stay in London." Again, "Many people do not believe in the humorous element in music, but Haydn's works abound in passages that read as humorously to a musician as does a chapter of Mark Twain to an ordinary reader." Well, musicians have their own ideas of the ludicrous. Haydn's idea as a boy was to climb on a scaffolding where he had been forbidden to go, and the Empress Maria Theresa's idea was to say, "Give him a good hiding" (*sic*), which was done. Where the joke came in may have been visible to the Empress Maria Theresa.

Haydn said better things than this. A false report of his death was circulated, and a Requiem was performed for him. When Haydn heard of it he said, "If these kind gentle-

men had given me notice of my death, I would have gone myself to beat time for them." This was very neat and good. Another time he maligned his own minuet to a fiddler who had been playing it, and did not know him by sight. The fiddler would have broken Haydn's head with a fiddle (perhaps merely by way of a surgical operation), if he had been permitted to work his will. He wrote a symphony for tin trumpets, a rattle and other toys. "We can well imagine the amusement of his men when their novel parts were distributed to them." It must, indeed, have been extremely diverting—to musicians. But there may be critics who will observe that Haydn was not only a musician, but a German musician. Duke Max, of Bavaria, was another musician who diverted himself by playing in the streets, and distributing in charity the money which he collected from passing amateurs. The story about Spontini's opera, *Olympie*, comes from Berlin. A rich amateur was growing deaf; his doctor took him to hear *Olympie*. The patient did hear *Olympie*; it is so noisy; 'twas the doctor who remained deaf; it had "proved too much for the doctor." This narrative appears to be witty, of the two, rather than historically correct. Lablache's main feat as a humorist was walking into the presence of a certain prince with one hat on his head and another in his hand. This caused a great deal of amusement. He also pretended to be Tom Thumb on one occasion. Opinions may differ as to the wit of Rubinstein's repartee to a young lady. She played to him, and asked him "What she should do?" "Get married," said Rubinstein, with a heartless disregard of her problematic husband's happiness.

This is how Chopin "scored off" a millionaire at whose house he had dined. After dinner Chopin was asked to play. "But I have had so little to eat," replied Chopin. With equal point and delicacy Cherubini advised a sonorous French singer to become an auctioneer. "A Spaniard would have had his knife into you," said a friend of Mr. Happy Thoughts when he was practising repartees to Spaniards, and hit on one like that of Cherubini. Fischer was better, when he was asked to come to supper and to bring his oboe with him. "My lord," he answered, "my oboe never sups." Nor was the Scotch lady so far to seek, the lady who disapproved of the organ or "kist o' whistles." Some musical friend induced her to hear an anthem, and told her (with musical humor) that this was the anthem

David played to Saul. "Then, I understand why Saul threw the javelin at him." But then this lady was not musical. There is another joke about Jomelli. He slapped Giardini on the face. To Corelli is attributed the *mot*, "I fear my music interrupts the conversation." Music almost always does interrupt the conversation, and that is one reason why some persons are not passionately fond of music. There is an old story that when some one brought Condé the news of the death of Molière, Condé replied, "I wish it were he who brought me news of *your* death." Rossini parodied this. A young musician brought him a funeral march in memory of Meyerbeer. The retort of Rossini may readily be imagined. Sometimes people have paid back musicians in their own coin. One, who tried to learn skating, was told it was easy, but complained that he did not find it so. "It is easy enough, but not so easy as fiddling," said the other, who was also a German. Liszt's good things were chiefly snubs to royal people who talked while he was playing. Apparently there is nothing a musician hates so much as conversation. If it were fair to judge by these anecdotes, this might be attributed to a conscious failure to shine in the exchange of ideas. The only musician who ever said a good thing was the British drummer boy who, being captured by the French, told them that he could not beat the Retreat, it was not used in the British army. The French general being "a gentleman also," as Sekokoeni said on a similar occasion, sent the little fellow back with honor. He was the exception which proved the rule.—*Daily News*.

HOW FAR SHOULD TRAGEDY BE CONVENTIONAL?—It seems possible that, for what in the performances seems least Shakespearean, the fault is in the times. I remember when acting in tragedy was mainly conventional, and when the declaration was made that intellect, so far as the audience was concerned, was divorced from the stage. Of Phelps, an admirable actor, and his associates at Drury Lane, self-constituted critics spoke, in periodicals of supposed authority, in language of scathing contempt. Tragedy was, however, the last fortress of conventionality, and realism seems now to have effected a breach in it. Of the realistic acting, which is now the only acting, we have in Macbeth at the Lyceum the highest results likely to be attained. Are we, however, sure that conventionality is not indispensable to tragedy? The greatest trage-

dies of the ancient world were spoken by men wearing masks, elevated by artificial means above ordinary stature, and speaking through artificial mouthpieces in a sort of chant. In opera we are still wholly conventional, since the various characters sing their passions and their fears. Yet the purest tragic acting, with scarcely an exception, that I have seen has been upon the lyric stage. We have few, if any, of us witnessed tragedy in real life, though we are familiar with comedy. May it not then be that we are departing too widely from the state of affairs for which the plays of Shakespeare were written? Blank verse is, after all, as conventional as song. If we are to have the new tragedy, we can scarcely hope for anything better than Mr. Irving and Miss Terry supply. The last word on the subject, however, is not said.—*Sylvanus Urban, in the Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE EVOLUTION OF TALL MEN.—In a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor Flower on "The Pygmy Races of Men," he referred to the curious fact that the "tallest and shortest races in Europe are respectively the Norwegians and the Lapps, living in almost the same region. In Africa, also, the diminutive Bushmen and the tallest race of the country, the Kaffirs, are close neighbors." These facts indicate that climate, soil, and other physical conditions have but small influence on human stature, and suggest the question whether it is due to social or moral agency. The comparative history of the Lapps and Norwegians indicates that it may be so. The Vikings were always a fighting race; the Lapps certainly are, and, so far as we know, always have been, an exceptionally peaceful people, and the Esquimaux, with whom they are so nearly connected, are the same. The Lapps live on the snowfields of Norway, and the Esquimaux on the bitterest parts of the Arctic regions, just the places to which the weakest would be driven by conquerors who have appropriated the more fertile regions. The consequent hardship and semi-starvation would probably stunt the growth of the weaker people, while, on the other hand, the conquering warlike race, in the days of hand-to-hand fighting with outsiders, and struggling for chieftainship among themselves, would be continually killing off the feeble and short-armed, and multiplying the big men by the "survival of the fittest" for such conditions of mutual murder-striving.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



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THE AGNOSTIC CONTROVERSY. A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

AGNOSTICISM: A REJOINDER.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

THE concluding paragraph of the Bishop of Peterborough's reply to the appeal which I addressed to him in the penultimate number of this Review,* leads me to think that he has seen a personal reference where none was intended. I had ventured to suggest that the demand that a man should call himself an infidel, savored very much of the flavor of a "bull;" and, even had the Right Reverend prelate been as stolid an Englishman as I am, I should have entertained the hope, that the oddity of talking of the cowardice of persons who object to call themselves by a nickname, which must, in their eyes, be as inappropriate as, in the intention of the

users, it is offensive, would have struck him. But, to my surprise, the Bishop has not even yet got sight of that absurdity. He thinks, that if I accept Dr. Wace's definition of his much-loved epithet, I am logically bound not only to adopt the titles of infidel and miscreant, but that I shall "even glory in those titles." As I have shown, "Infidel" merely means somebody who does not believe what you believe yourself, and therefore Dr. Wace has a perfect right to call say, my old Egyptian donkey-driver, Nooleh, and myself, infidels, just as Nooleh and I have a right to call him an infidel. The ludicrous aspect of the thing comes in only when either of us demands that the two others should so label themselves. It is a ter-

* See April number of THE ECLECTIC.
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rible business to have to explain a mild jest, and I pledge myself not to run the risk of offending in this way again. I see how wrong I was in trusting to the Bishop's sense of the ludicrous, and I beg leave unreservedly to withdraw my misplaced confidence. And I take this course the more readily as there is something about which I am obliged again to trouble the Bishop of Peterborough, which is certainly no jesting matter. Referring to my question, the Bishop says that if they (the terms "infidel" and "miscreant")

should not be so proved to be applicable, then I should hold it to be as unreasonable, to expect him to call himself by such names as he, I suppose, would hold it to be to expect us Christians to admit, without better reason than he has yet given us, that Christianity is "the sorry stuff" which, with his "profoundly" moral readiness to say "unpleasant" things, he is pleased to say that it is (p. 370).

According to those "English modes of thought and expression," of which the Bishop seems to have but a poor opinion, this is a deliberate assertion that I have said that Christianity is "sorry stuff." And, according to the same standard of fair dealing, it is, I think, absolutely necessary for the Bishop of Peterborough to produce the evidence on which this positive statement is based. I shall be unfeignedly surprised if he is successful in proving it; but it is proper for me to wait and see.

Those who passed from Dr. Wace's article in the last number of this Review to the anticipatory confutation of it which followed in "The New Reformation," must have enjoyed the pleasure of a dramatic surprise—just as when the fifth act of a new play proves unexpectedly bright and interesting. Mrs. Ward will, I hope, pardon the comparison, if I say that, her effective clearing away of antiquated incumbrances from the lists of the controversy, reminds me of nothing so much as of the action of some neat-handed, but strong-wristed, Phyllis, who, gracefully wielding her long-handled "Turk's head," sweeps away the accumulated results of the toil of generations of spiders. I am the more indebted to this luminous sketch of the results of critical investigation, as it is carried out among those theologians who are men of science and not mere

counsel for creeds, since it has relieved me from the necessity of dealing with the greater part of Dr. Wace's polemic and enables me to devote more space to the really important issues which have been raised.*

Perhaps, however, it may be well for me to observe that approbation of the manner in which a great biblical scholar, for instance, Reuss, does his work does not commit me to the adoption of all, or indeed of any of his views; and, further, that the disagreements of a series of investigators do not in any way interfere with the fact, that each of them has made important contributions to the body of truth ultimately established. If I cite Buffon, Linnæus, Lamarck, and Cuvier, as having each and all taken a leading share in building up modern biology, the statement that every one of these great naturalists disagreed with, and even more or less contradicted, all the rest is quite true; but the supposition that the latter assertion is in any way inconsistent with the former, would betray a strange ignorance of the manner in which all true science advances.

Dr. Wace takes a great deal of trouble to make it appear that I have desired to evade the real questions raised by his attack upon me at the Church Congress. I assure the reverend Principal that in this, as in some other respects, he has entertained a very erroneous conception of my intentions. Things would assume more accurate proportions in Dr. Wace's mind if he would kindly remember that it is just thirty years since ecclesiastical thunderbolts began to fly about my ears. I have had the "Lion and the Bear" to deal with, and it is long since I got quite used to the threatenings of episcopal Goliaths, whose croziers were like unto a weaver's beam. So that I almost think I might not have noticed Dr. Wace's attack, personal as it was; and although, as he is good enough to tell us, separate copies are to be had for the modest equivalent of twopence, as a matter of fact, it did not

* I may perhaps return to the question of the authorship of the Gospels. For the present I must content myself with warning my readers against any reliance upon Dr. Wace's statements as to the results arrived at by modern criticism. They are as gravely as surprisingly erroneous.

come under my notice for a long time after it was made. May I further venture to point out that (reckoning postage) the expenditure of twopence-halfpenny, or, at the most, threepence, would have enabled Dr. Wace so far to comply with ordinary conventions, as to direct my attention to the fact that he had attacked me before a meeting at which I was not present? I really am not responsible for the five months' neglect of which Dr. Wace complains. Singularly enough, the Englishry who swarmed about the Engadine, during the three months that I was being brought back to life by the glorious air and perfect comfort of the Maloja, did not, in my hearing, say anything about the important events which had taken place at the Church Congress; and I think I can venture to affirm that there was not a single copy of Dr. Wace's pamphlet in any of the hotel libraries which I rummaged in search of something more edifying than dull English or questionable French novels.

And now, having, as I hope, set myself right with the public as regards the sins of commission and omission with which I have been charged, I feel free to deal with matters to which time and type may be more profitably devoted.

The Bishop of Peterborough indulges in the anticipation that Dr. Wace will succeed in showing me "that a scientist dealing with questions of theology or Biblical criticism may go quite as far astray as theologians often do in dealing with questions of science" (p. 371). I have already admitted that vaticination is not in my line; and I cannot so much as hazard a guess whether the spirit of prophecy which has descended on the Bishop comes from the one, or the other, of the two possible sources recognized by the highest authorities. But I think it desirable to warn those who may be misled by phraseology of this kind, that the antagonists in the present debate are not quite rightly represented by it. Undoubtedly, Dr. Wace is a theologian; and I should be the last person to question that his whole cast of thought and style of argumentation are pre-eminently and typically theological. And, if I must accept the hideous term "scientist" (to which I object even more than I do to "infidel"), I

am ready to admit that I am one of the people so denoted.

But I hope and believe that there is not a solitary argument I have used, or that I am about to use, which is original, or has anything to do with the fact that I have been chiefly occupied with natural science. They are all, facts and reasoning alike, either identical with, or consequential upon, propositions which are to be found in the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute in the only two countries, Holland and Germany,* in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found, whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them.†

It is true that, to the best of my ability, I have satisfied myself of the soundness of the foundations on which my arguments are built, and I desire to be held fully responsible for everything I say. But, nevertheless, my position is really no more than that of an expositor; and my justification for undertaking it is simply that conviction of the supremacy of private judgment (indeed, of the impossibility of escaping it) which is the foundation of the Protestant Reformation, and which was the doctrine accepted by the vast majority of the Anglicans of my youth, before that backsliding toward the "beggarly rudiments" of an effete and idolatrous sacerdotalism which has, even now, provided us with the saddest spectacle which has

* The United States ought, perhaps, to be added, but I am not sure.

† Imagine that all our chairs of Astronomy had been founded in the fourteenth century, and that their incumbents were bound to sign Ptolemaic articles. In that case, with every respect for the efforts of persons thus hampered to attain and expound the truth, I think men of common sense would go elsewhere to learn astronomy. Zeller's *Vorträge und Abhandlungen* were published and came into my hands a quarter of a century ago. The writer's rank, as a theologian to begin with, and subsequently as a historian of Greek philosophy, is of the highest. Among these essays are two—*Das Urchristenthum* and *Die Tübinger historische Schule*—which are likely to be of more use to those who wish to know the real state of the case than all that the official "apologists," with their one eye on truth and the other on the tenets of their sect, have written. For the opinion of a scientific theologian about theologians of this stamp see pp. 225 and 227 of the *Vorträge*.

been offered to the eyes of Englishmen in this generation. A high court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, with a host of great lawyers in battle array, is and, for Heaven knows how long, will be, occupied with these very questions of "washings of cups and pots and brazen vessels," which the Master, whose professed representatives are rending the Church over these squabbles, had in his mind when, as we are told, he uttered the scathing rebuke :—

Well did Isaiah prophesy of you hypocrites, as it is written :—

This people honoreth me with their lips,

But their heart is far from me :

But in vain do they worship me,

Teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men. (Mark vii. 6-7.)

Men who can be absorbed in bickerings over miserable disputes of this kind can have but little sympathy with the old evangelical doctrine of the "open Bible," or anything but a grave misgiving of the results of diligent reading of the Bible, without the help of ecclesiastical spectacles, by the mass of the people. Greatly to the surprise of many of my friends, I have always advocated the reading of the Bible, and the diffusion of the study of that most remarkable collection of books among the people. Its teachings are so infinitely superior to those of the sects, who are just as busy now as the Pharisees were eighteen hundred years ago, in smothering them under "the precepts of men;" it is so certain, to my mind, that the Bible contains within itself the refutation of nine-tenths of the mixture of sophistical metaphysics and old-world superstition which has been piled round it by the so-called Christians of later times; it is so clear that the only immediate and ready antidote to the poison which has been mixed with Christianity, to the intoxication and delusion of mankind, lies in copious draughts from the undefiled spring, that I exercise the right and duty of free judgment on the part of every man, mainly for the purpose of inducing other laymen to follow my example. If the New Testament is translated into Zulu by Protestant missionaries, it must be assumed that a Zulu convert is competent to draw from its contents all the truths which it is necessary for him to believe. I trust that I may, without

immodesty, claim to be put on the same footing as the Zulu.

The most constant reproach which is launched against persons of my way of thinking is, that it is all very well for us to talk about the deductions of scientific thought, but what are the poor and the uneducated to do? Has it ever occurred to those who talk in this fashion that the Creeds and the Articles of their several Confessions; their determination of the exact nature and extent of the teachings of Jesus; their expositions of the real meaning of that which is written in the Epistles (to leave aside all questions concerning the Old Testament) are nothing more than deductions, which, at any rate, profess to be the result of strictly scientific thinking, and which are not worth attending to unless they really possess that character? If it is not historically true that such and such things happened in Palestine eighteen centuries ago, what becomes of Christianity? And what is historical truth but that of which the evidence bears strict scientific investigation? I do not call to mind any problem of natural science which has come under my notice, which is more difficult, or more curiously interesting as a mere problem, than that of the origin of the Synoptic Gospels and that of the historical value of the narratives which they contain. The Christianity of the Churches stands or falls by the results of the purely scientific investigation of these questions. They were first taken up in a purely scientific spirit just about a century ago; they have been studied, over and over again, by men of vast knowledge and critical acumen; but he would be a rash man who should assert that any solution of these problems, as yet formulated, is exhaustive. The most that can be said is that certain prevalent solutions are certainly false, while others are more or less probably true.

If I am doing my best to rouse my countrymen out of their dogmatic slumbers, it is not that they may be amused by seeing who gets the best of it, in a contest between a "scientist" and a theologian. The serious question is whether theological men of science, or theological special pleaders, are to have the confidence of the general public; it is the question whether a country in

which it is possible for a body of excellent clerical and lay gentlemen to discuss, in public meeting assembled, how much it is desirable to let the congregations of the faithful know of the results of biblical criticism, is likely to wake up with anything short of the grasp of a rough lay hand upon its shoulder ; it is the question whether the New Testament books, being as I believe they were, written and compiled by people who, according to their lights, were perfectly sincere, will not, when properly studied as ordinary historical documents afford us the means of self-criticism. And it must be remembered that the New Testament books are not responsible for the doctrine invented by the Churches that they are anything but ordinary historical documents. The author of the third gospel tells us as straightforwardly as a man can that he has no claim to any other character than that of an ordinary compiler and editor, who had before him the works of many and variously qualified predecessors.

In my former papers, according to Dr. Wace, I have evaded giving an answer to his main proposition, which he states as follows :

Apart from all disputed points of criticism, no one practically doubts that our Lord lived, and that He died on the Cross, in the most intense sense of filial relation to His Father in Heaven, and that He bore testimony to that Father's providence, love, and grace toward mankind. The Lord's Prayer affords a sufficient evidence on these points. If the Sermon on the Mount alone be added, the whole unseen world, of which the Agnostic refuses to know anything, stands unveiled before us. . . . If Jesus Christ preached that Sermon, made those promises, and taught that prayer, then any one who says that we know nothing of God, or of a future life, or of an unseen world, says that he does not believe Jesus Christ (pp. 354-355).

Again—

The main question at issue, in a word, is one which Professor Huxley has chosen to leave entirely on one side—whether, namely, allowing for the utmost uncertainty on other points of the criticism to which he appeals there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching (p. 355).

I certainly was not aware that I had evaded the questions here stated ; indeed I should say that I have indicated

my reply to them pretty clearly ; but, as Dr. Wace wants a plainer answer, he shall certainly be gratified. If, as Dr. Wace declares it is, his "whole case is involved in" the argument as stated in the latter of these two extracts, so much the worse for his whole case. For I am of opinion that there is the gravest reason for doubting whether the "Sermon on the Mount" was ever preached, and whether the so-called "Lord's Prayer" was ever prayed, by Jesus of Nazareth. My reasons for this opinion are, among others, these :—There is now no doubt that the three Synoptic Gospels, so far from being the work of three independent writers, are closely interdependent,* and that in one of two ways. Either all three contain, as their foundation, versions, to a large extent verbally identical, of one and the same tradition ; or two of them are thus closely dependent on the third ; and the opinion of the majority of the best critics has, of late years, more and more converged toward the conviction that our canonical second gospel (the so called "Mark's" Gospel) is that which most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three.† That I take to be one of the most valid results of New Testament criticism, of immeasurably

* I suppose this is what Dr. Wace is thinking about, when he says that I allege that there "is no visible escape" from the supposition of an *Ur-Marcus* (p. 367). That a "theologian of repute" should confound an indisputable fact with one of the modes of explaining that fact, is not so singular as those who are unaccustomed to the ways of theologians might imagine.

† Any examiner whose duty it has been to examine into a case of "copying" will be particularly well prepared to appreciate the force of the case stated in that most excellent little book, *The Common Tradition of the Synoptic Gospels*, by Dr. Abbott and Mr. Rushbrooke (Macmillan, 1884). To those who have not passed through such painful experiences I may recommend the brief discussion of the genuineness of the "Casket Letters" in my friend Mr. Skelton's interesting book, *Maitland of Lethington*. The second edition of Holtzmann's *Lehrbuch*, published in 1886, gives a remarkably fair and full account of the present results of criticism. At p. 366, he writes that the present burning question is whether the "relatively primitive narration and the root of the other synoptic texts is contained in Matthew or in Mark. It is only on this point that properly informed (*sachkundige*) critics differ," and he decides in favor of Mark.

greater importance than the discussion about dates and authorship.

But if, as I believe to be the case, beyond any rational doubt or dispute, the second gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition, whether written or oral, how comes it that it contains neither the "Sermon on the Mount" nor the "Lord's Prayer," those typical embodiments, according to Dr. Wace, of the "essential belief and cardinal teaching" of Jesus? Not only does "Mark's" gospel fail to contain the "Sermon on the Mount," or anything but a very few of the sayings contained in that collection; but, at the point of the history of Jesus where the "Sermon" occurs in "Matthew," there is in "Mark" an apparently unbroken narrative, from the calling of James and John to the healing of Simon's wife's mother. Thus the oldest tradition not only ignores the "Sermon on the Mount," but, by implication, raises a probability against its being delivered when and where the later "Matthew" inserts it in his compilation.

And still more weighty is the fact that the third gospel, the author of which tells us that he wrote after "many" others had "taken in hand" the same enterprise; who should therefore have known the first gospel (if it existed), and was bound to pay to it the deference due to the work of an apostolic eye-witness (if he had any reason for thinking it was so)—this writer, who exhibits far more literary competence than the other two, ignores any "Sermon on the Mount," such as that reported by "Matthew," just as much as the oldest authority does. Yet "Luke" has a great many passages identical, or parallel, with those in "Matthew's" "Sermon on the Mount," which are, for the most part, scattered about in a totally different connection.

Interposed, however, between the nomination of the Apostles and a visit to Capernaum; occupying, therefore, a place which answers to that of the "Sermon on the Mount" in the first gospel, there is, in the third gospel, a discourse which is as closely similar to the "Sermon on the Mount" in some particulars, as it is widely unlike it in others.

This discourse is said to have been

delivered in a "plain" or "level place" (Luke vi. 17), and by way of distinction we may call it the "Sermon on the Plain."

I see no reason to doubt that the two Evangelists are dealing, to a considerable extent, with the same traditional material; and a comparison of the two "Sermons" suggests very strongly that "Luke's" version is the earlier. The correspondences between the two forbid the notion that they are independent. They both begin with a series of blessings, some of which are almost verbally identical. In the middle of each (Luke vi. 27-38, Matt. v. 43-48) there is a striking exposition of the ethical spirit of the command given in Leviticus xix. 18. And each ends with a passage containing the declaration that a tree is to be known by its fruit, and the parable of the house built on the sand. But while there are only 29 verses in the "Sermon on the Plain" there are 107 in the "Sermon on the Mount;" the excess in length of the latter being chiefly due to the long interpolations, one of 30 verses before, and one of 34 verses after, the middlemost parallelism with Luke. Under these circumstances, it is quite impossible to admit that there is more probability that "Matthew's" version of the Sermon is historically accurate than there is that Luke's version is so; and they cannot both be accurate.

"Luke" either knew the collection of loosely connected and aphoristic utterances which appear under the name of the "Sermon on the Mount" in "Matthew;" or he did not. If he did not, he must have been ignorant of the existence of such a document as our canonical "Matthew," a fact which does not make for the genuineness, or the authority of that book. If he did, he has shown that he does not care for its authority on a matter of fact of no small importance; and that does not permit us to conceive that he believed the first gospel to be the work of an authority to whom he ought to defer, let alone that of an apostolic eye-witness.

The tradition of the Church about the second gospel, which I believe to be quite worthless, but which is all the evidence there is for "Mark's" authorship, would have us believe that "Mark" was little more than the mouthpiece of

the apostle Peter. Consequently, we are to suppose that Peter either did not know, or did not care very much for, that account of the "essential belief and cardinal teaching" of Jesus which is contained in the Sermon on the Mount; and, certainly, he could not have shared Dr. Wace's view of its importance.*

I thought that all fairly attentive and intelligent students of the gospels, to say nothing of theologians of reputation, knew these things. But how can any one who does know them have the conscience to ask whether there is "any reasonable doubt" that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth? If conjecture is permissible, where nothing else is possible, the most probable conjecture seems to be that "Matthew," having a *cento* of sayings attributed—rightly or wrongly it is impossible to say—to Jesus, among his materials, thought they were, or might be, records of a continuous discourse, and put them in at the place he thought likeliest. Ancient historians of the highest character saw no harm in composing long speeches which never were spoken, and putting them into the mouths of statesmen and warriors; and I presume that whoever is represented by "Matthew" would have been grievously astonished to find that any one objected to his following the example of the best models accessible to him.

So with the "Lord's Prayer." Absent in our representative of the oldest tradition, it appears in both "Matthew" and "Luke." There is reason to believe that every pious Jew, at the commencement of our era, prayed three times a day, according to a formula which is embodied in the present *Schmone-Esre*† of the Jewish prayer-

book. Jesus, who was assuredly, in all respects, a pious Jew, whatever else he may have been, doubtless did the same. Whether he modified the current formula, or whether the so-called "Lord's Prayer" is the prayer substituted for the *Schmone-Esre* in the congregations of the Gentiles, who knew nothing of the Jewish practice, is a question which can hardly be answered.

In a subsequent passage of Dr. Wace's article (p. 356) he adds to the list of the verities which he imagines to be unassailable, "The story of the Passion." I am not quite sure what he means by this—I am not aware that any one (with the exception of certain ancient heretics) has propounded doubts as to the reality of the crucifixion; and certainly I have no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong. But, if Dr. Wace means, as I suppose he does, that that which, according to the orthodox view, happened after the crucifixion, and which is, in a dogmatic sense, the most important part of the story, is founded on solid historical proofs, I must beg leave to express a diametrically opposite conviction.

What do we find when the accounts of the events in question, contained in the three Synoptic gospels, are compared together? In the oldest, there is a simple, straightforward statement which, for anything that I have to urge to the contrary, may be exactly true. In the other two, there is, round this possible and probable nucleus, a mass of accretions of the most questionable character.

The cruelty of death by crucifixion depended very much upon its lingering character. If there were a support for the weight of the body, as not unfrequently was the case, the pain during the first hours of the infliction was not, necessarily, extreme; nor need any serious physical symptoms at once arise from the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet, supposing they were nailed, which was not invariably the case. When exhaustion set in, and hunger, thirst, and nervous irritation had done their work, the agony of the sufferer must have been terrible; and the more terrible that, in the absence of any effectual disturbance of the machin-

* Holtzmann (*Die synoptischen Evangelien*, 1863, p. 75), following Ewald, argues that the "Source A" (= the threefold tradition, more or less) contained something that answered to the "Sermon on the Plain" immediately after the words of our present Mark, "And he cometh into a house" (iii. 19). But what conceivable motive could "Mark" have for omitting it? Holtzmann has no doubt, however, that the "Sermon on the Mount" is a compilation, or, as he calls it in his recently published *Lehrbuch* (p. 372), "an artificial mosaic work."

† See Schürer, *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes*, Zweiter Theil, p. 384.

ery of physical life, it might be prolonged for many hours, or even days. Temperate, strong men, such as the ordinary Galilean peasants were, might live for several days on the cross. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind when we read the account contained in the fifteenth chapter of the second gospel.

Jesus was crucified at the third hour (xv. 25), and the narrative seems to imply that he died immediately after the ninth hour (v. 34). In this case, he would have been crucified only six hours; and the time spent on the cross cannot have been much longer, because Joseph of Arimathæa must have gone to Pilate, made his preparations, and deposited the body in the rock-cut tomb before sunset, which, at that time of the year, was about the twelfth hour. That any one should die after only six hours' crucifixion could not have been at all in accordance with Pilate's large experience of the effects of that method of punishment. It, therefore, quite agrees with what might be expected if Pilate "marvelled if he were already dead" and required to be satisfied on this point by the testimony of the Roman officer who was in command of the execution party. Those who have paid attention to the extraordinarily difficult question, What are the indisputable signs of death?—will be able to estimate the value of the opinion of a rough soldier on such a subject; even if his report to the Procurator were in no wise affected by the fact that the friend of Jesus, who anxiously awaited his answer, was a man of influence and of wealth.

The inanimate body, wrapped in linen, was deposited in a spacious,* cool, rock chamber, the entrance of which was closed, not by a well-fitting door, but by a stone rolled against the opening, which would of course allow free passage of air. A little more than thirty-six hours afterward (Friday 6 P.M., to Sunday 6 A.M., or a little after) three women visit the tomb and find it empty. And they are told by a young man "arrayed in a white robe" that Jesus is gone to his native country of Galilee,

and that the disciples and Peter will find him there.

Thus it stands, plainly recorded, in the oldest tradition that, for any evidence to the contrary, the sepulchre may have been vacated at any time during the Friday or Saturday nights. If it is said that no Jew would have violated the Sabbath by taking the former course, it is to be recollected that Joseph of Arimathæa might well be familiar with that wise and liberal interpretation of the fourth commandment, which permitted works of mercy to men—nay even the drawing of an ox or an ass out of a pit—on the Sabbath. At any rate, the Saturday night was free to the most scrupulous of observers of the Law.

These are the facts of the case as stated by the oldest extant narrative of them. I do not see why any one should have a word to say against the inherent probability of that narrative; and, for my part, I am quite ready to accept it as an historical fact, that so much and no more is positively known of the end of Jesus of Nazareth. On what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe any more? So far as the narrative in the first gospel, on the one hand, and those in the third gospel and the Acts, on the other, go beyond what is stated in the second gospel, they are hopelessly discrepant with one another. And this is the more significant because the pregnant phrase "some doubted," in the first gospel, is ignored in the third.

But it is said that we have the witness Paul speaking to us directly in the Epistles. There is little doubt that we have, and a very singular witness he is. According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigor of his manhood, with every means of becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eye-witnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but "persecuted the church of God and made havoc of it." The reasoning of Stephen fell dead upon the acute intellect of this zealot for the traditions of his fathers: his eyes were blind to the ecstatic illumination of the martyr's countenance "as it had been the face of an angel;" and when, at the words "Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," the murderous mob

* Spacious, because a young man could sit in it "on the right side" (xv. 5), and therefore with plenty of room to spare.

rushed upon and stoned the rapt disciple of Jesus. Paul ostentatiously made himself their official accomplice.

Yet this strange man, because he has a vision one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion. And he is most careful to tell us that he abstained from any re-examination of the facts.

Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were Apostles before me; but I went away into Arabia. (Galatians i. 16, 17.)

I do not presume to quarrel with Paul's procedure. If it satisfied him, that was his affair; and, if it satisfies any one else, I am not called upon to dispute the right of that person to be satisfied. But I certainly have the right to say that it would not satisfy me, in like case; that I should be very much ashamed to pretend that it could, or ought to, satisfy me; and that I can entertain but a very low estimate of the value of the evidence of people who are to be satisfied in this fashion, when questions of objective fact, in which their faith is interested, are concerned. So that when I am called upon to believe a great deal more than the oldest gospel tells me about the final events of the history of Jesus on the authority of Paul (1 Corinthians xv. 5-8) I must pause. Did he think it, at any subsequent time, worth while "to confer with flesh and blood," or, in modern phrase, to re-examine the facts for himself? or was he ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas? Does he mean, when he speaks of all the appearances of Jesus after the crucifixion as if they were of the same kind, that they were all visions, like the manifestation to himself? And, finally, how is this account to be reconciled with those in the first and the third gospels—which, as we have seen, disagree with one another?

Until these questions are satisfactorily answered, I am afraid that, so far as I am concerned, Paul's testimony cannot be seriously regarded, except as it may afford evidence of the state of traditional opinion at the time at which he wrote, say between 55 and 60 A.D.; that is, more than twenty years after the event; a period much more than sufficient for the development of any amount

of mythology about matters of which nothing was really known. A few years later, among the contemporaries and neighbors of the Jews, and, if the most probable interpretation of the Apocalypse can be trusted, among the followers of Jesus also, it was fully believed, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that the Emperor Nero was not really dead, but that he was hidden away somewhere in the East, and would speedily come again at the head of a great army, to be revenged upon his enemies.

Thus, I conceive that I have shown cause for the opinion that Dr. Wace's challenge touching the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the Passion was more valorous than discreet. After all this discussion, I am still at the agnostic point. Tell me, first, what Jesus can be proved to have been, said, and done, and I will tell you whether I believe him, or in him,* or not! As Dr. Wace admits that I have dissipated his lingering shade of unbelief about the bedevilment of the Gadarene pigs, he might have done something to help mine. Instead of that, he manifests a total want of conception of the nature of the obstacles which impede the conversion of his "infidels."

The truth I believe to be, that the difficulties in the way of arriving at a sure conclusion as to these matters, from the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, or any other data offered by the Synoptic gospels (and *à fortiori* from the fourth gospel) are insuperable. Every one of these records is colored by the prepossessions of those among whom the primitive traditions arose and of those by whom they were collected and edited; and the difficulty of making allowance for these prepossessions is enhanced by our ignorance of the exact dates at which the documents were first put together; of the extent to which they have been subsequently worked

* I am very sorry for the interpolated "in," because citation ought to be accurate in small things as in great. But what difference it makes whether one "believes Jesus" or "believes in Jesus" much thought has not enabled me to discover. If you "believe him" you must believe him to be what he professed to be—that is, "believe in him;" and if you "believe in him" you must necessarily "believe him."

over and interpolated ; and of the historical sense, or want of sense, and the dogmatic tendencies, of their compilers and editors. Let us see if there is any other road which will take us into something better than negation.

There is a widespread notion that the "primitive Church," while under the guidance of the Apostles and their immediate successors, was a sort of dogmatic dovecote, pervaded by the most loving unity and doctrinal harmony. Protestants, especially, are fond of attributing to themselves the merit of being nearer "the Church of the Apostles" than their neighbors ; and they are the less to be excused for their strange delusion because they are great readers of the documents which prove the exact contrary. The fact is that, in the course of the first three centuries of its existence, the Church rapidly underwent a process of evolution of the most remarkable character, the final stage of which is far more different from the first than Anglicanism is from Quakerism. The key to the comprehension of the problem of the origin of that which is now called "Christianity," and its relation to Jesus of Nazareth, lies here. Nor can we arrive at any sound conclusion as to what it is probable that Jesus actually said and did without being clear on this head. By far the most important and subsequently influential steps in the evolution of Christianity took place in the course of the century, more or less, which followed upon the crucifixion. It is almost the darkest period of Church history, but, most fortunately, the beginning and the end of the period are brightly illuminated by the contemporary evidence of two writers of whose historical existence there is no doubt,* and against the genuineness of whose most important works there is no widely admitted objection. These are Justin, the philosopher and martyr, and Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. I shall call upon these witnesses only to testify to the condition of opinion among those who called themselves disciples of Jesus in their time.

* True for Justin : but there is a school of theological critics, who more or less question the historical reality of Paul and the genuineness of even the four cardinal epistles.

Justin, in his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, which was written somewhere about the middle of the second century, enumerates certain categories of persons, who in his opinion, will, or will not, be saved.* These are :—

1. Orthodox Jews who refuse to believe that Jesus is the Christ. *Not saved.*

2. Jews who observe the Law ; believe Jesus to be the Christ ; but who insist on the observance of the Law by Gentile converts. *Not saved.*

3. Jews who observe the Law ; believe Jesus to be the Christ, and hold that Gentile converts need not observe the Law. *Saved* (in Justin's opinion ; but some of his fellow-Christians think the contrary).

4. Gentile converts to the belief in Jesus as the Christ, who observe the Law. *Saved* (possibly).

5. Gentile believers in Jesus as the Christ, who do not observe the Law themselves (except so far as the refusal of idol sacrifices), but do not consider those who do observe it heretics. *Saved* (this is Justin's own view).

6. Gentile believers who do not observe the Law except in refusing idol sacrifices, and hold those who do observe it to be heretics. *Saved.*

7. Gentiles who believe Jesus to be the Christ and call themselves Christians, but who eat meats sacrificed to idols. *Not saved.*

8. Gentiles who disbelieve in Jesus as the Christ. *Not saved.*

Justin does not consider Christians who believe in the natural birth of Jesus, of whom he implies that there is a respectable minority, to be heretics, though he himself strongly holds the preternatural birth of Jesus and his pre-existence as the "Logos" or "Word." He conceives the Logos to be a second God, inferior to the first, unknowable, God, with respect to whom Justin, like Philo, is a complete agnostic. The Holy Spirit is not regarded by Justin as a separate personality, and is often mixed up with the "Logos." The doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul is, for Justin, a heresy ; and he is as firm a be-

* See *Dial. cum Tryphone*, §47 and §35. It is to be understood that Justin does not arrange these categories in order as I have done.

liever in the resurrection of the body, as in the speedy Second Coming and the establishment of the millennium.

This pillar of the Church in the middle of the second century—a much-travelled native of Samaria—was certainly well acquainted with Rome, probably

with Alexandria, and it is likely that he knew the state of opinion throughout the length and breadth of the Christian world as well as any man of his time. If the various categories above enumerated are arranged in a series thus :—

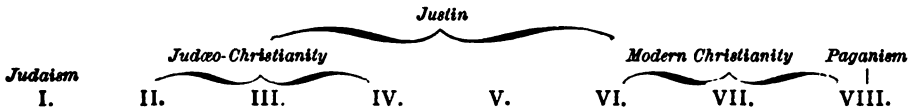


it is obvious that they form a gradational series from orthodox Judaism, on the extreme left, to Paganism, whether philosophic or popular, on the extreme right; and it will further be observed that, while Justin's conception of Christianity is very broad, he rigorously excludes two classes of persons who, in his time, called themselves Christians; namely, those who insist on circumcision and other observances of the Law on the part of Gentile converts; that is to say, the strict Judæo-Christians (II.) and, on the other hand, those who assert the lawfulness of eating meat offered to idols—whether they are Gnostics or not (VII.). These last I have called "idolothytic" Christians, because I cannot devise a better name, not be-

cause it is strictly defensible etymologically.

At the present moment, I do not suppose there is an English missionary in any heathen land who would trouble himself whether the materials of his dinner had been previously offered to idols or not. On the other hand, I suppose there is no Protestant sect within the pale of orthodoxy, to say nothing of the Roman and Greek Churches, which would hesitate to declare the practice of circumcision and the observance of the Jewish Sabbath and dietary rules, shockingly heretical.

Modern Christianity has, in fact, not only shifted far to the right of Justin's position, but it is of much narrower compass.



For, though it includes VII., and even, in saint and relic worship, cuts a "monstrous cantle" out of paganism, it excludes, not only all Judæo-Christians, but all who doubt that such are heretics. Ever since the thirteenth century, the Inquisition would have cheerfully burned, and in Spain did abundantly burn, all persons who came under the categories II., III., IV., V. And the wolf would play the same havoc now, if it could only get its blood-stained jaws free from the muzzle imposed by the secular arm.

Further, there is not a Protestant body except the Unitarian, which would not declare Justin himself a heretic, on account of his doctrine of the inferior godship of the Logos; while I am very much afraid that, in strict logic, Dr. Wace would be under the necessity, so

painful to him, of calling him an "infidel," on the same and on other grounds.

Now let us turn to our other authority. If there is any result of critical investigations of the sources of Christianity which is certain,* it is that Paul of Tarsus wrote the Epistle to the Galatians somewhere between the years 55 and 60 A.D., that is to say, roughly, twenty, or five-and-twenty, years after the crucifixion. If this is so, the Epistle to the Galatians is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of extant documentary evidences of the state of the primitive Church. And, be it observed, if it is Paul's writing, it unquestionably fur-

* I guard myself against being supposed to affirm that even the four cardinal epistles of Paul may not have been seriously tampered with. See first note on p. 730.

nishes us with the evidence of a participant in the transactions narrated. With the exception of two or three of the other Pauline epistles, there is not one solitary book in the New Testament of the authorship and authority of which we have such good evidence.

And what is the state of things we find disclosed? A bitter quarrel, in his account of which Paul by no means minces matters or hesitates to hurl defiant sarcasms against those who were "reputed to be pillars:" James, "the brother of the Lord," Peter, the rock on whom Jesus is said to have built his Church, and John, "the beloved disciple." And no deference toward "the rock" withholds Paul from charging Peter to his face with "dissimulation."

The subject of the hot dispute was simply this. Were Gentile converts bound to obey the Law or not? Paul answered in the negative; and, acting upon his opinion, had created at Antioch (and elsewhere) a specifically "Christian" community, the sole qualifications for admission into which were the confession of the belief that Jesus was the Messiah, and baptism upon that confession. In the epistle in question, Paul puts this—his "gospel," as he calls it—in its most extreme form. Not only does he deny the necessity of conformity with the Law, but he declares such conformity to have a negative value. "Behold, I, Paul, say unto you, that if ye receive circumcision, Christ will profit you nothing" (Galatians v. 2). He calls the legal observances "beggarly rudiments," and anathematizes every one who preaches to the Galatians any other gospel than his own—That is to say, by direct consequence, he anathematizes the Jerusalem Nazarenes whose zeal for the Law is testified by James in a passage of the Acts cited further on. In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, dealing with the question of eating meat offered to idols, it is clear that Paul himself thinks it a matter of indifference; but he advises that it should not be done, for the sake of the weaker brethren. On the other hand, the Nazarenes of Jerusalem most strenuously opposed Paul's "gospel," insisting on every convert becoming a regular Jewish proselyte, and consequently on his observance of the whole Law; and this

party was led by James and Peter and John (Galatians ii. 9). Paul does not suggest that the question of principle was settled by the discussion referred to in Galatians. All he says is that it ended in the practical agreement that he and Barnabas should do as they had been doing in respect of the Gentiles; while James and Peter and John should deal in their own fashion with Jewish converts. Afterward he complains bitterly of Peter, because, when on a visit to Antioch, he at first inclined to Paul's view, and ate with the Gentile converts; but when "certain came from James," "drew back, and separated himself, fearing them that were of the circumcision. And the rest of the Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that even Barnabas was carried away with their dissimulation" (Galatians ii. 12-13).

There is but one conclusion to be drawn from Paul's account of this famous dispute, the settlement of which determined the fortunes of the nascent religion. It is that the disciples at Jerusalem, headed by "James, the Lord's brother," and by the leading apostles, Peter and John, were strict Jews, who objected to admit any converts to their body, unless these, either by birth or by becoming proselytes, were also strict Jews. In fact, the sole difference between James and Peter and John, with the body of disciples whom they led, and the Jews by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they for many years shared the religious observances of the Temple, was that they believed that the Messiah, whom the leaders of the nation yet looked for, had already come in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Acts of the Apostles is hardly a very trustworthy history; it is certainly of later date than the Pauline Epistles, supposing them to be genuine. And the writer's version of the conference of which Paul gives so graphic a description, if that is correct, is unmistakably colored with all the art of a reconciler, anxious to cover up a scandal. But it is none the less instructive on this account. The judgment of the "council" delivered by James is that the Gentile converts shall merely "abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood

and from things strangled, and from fornication." But notwithstanding the accommodation in which the writer of the Acts would have us believe, the Jerusalem Church held to its endeavor to retain the observance of the Law. Long after the conference, some time after the writing of the Epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, and immediately after the despatch of that to the Romans, Paul makes his last visit to Jerusalem, and presents himself to James and all the elders. And this is what the Acts tells us of the interview :—

And they said unto him, Thou seest, brother, how many thousands (or myriads) there are among the Jews of them which have believed ; and they are all zealous for the law : and they have been informed concerning thee, that thou teachest all the Jews which are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, telling them not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs. (Acts xxi. 20-21.)

They therefore request that he should perform a certain public religious act in the Temple, in order that

all shall know that there is no truth in the things whereof they have been informed concerning thee ; but that thou thyself walkest orderly, keeping the law (*ibid.* 24).

How far Paul could do what he is here requested to do, and which the writer of the Acts goes on to say he did, with a clear conscience, if he wrote the epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, I may leave any candid reader of those epistles to decide. The point to which I wish to direct attention is the declaration that the Jerusalem Church, led by the brother of Jesus and by his personal disciples and friends, twenty years and more after his death, consisted of strict and zealous Jews.

Tertullus, the orator, caring very little about the internal dissensions of the followers of Jesus, speaks of Paul as a "ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes" (Acts xxiv. 5), which must have affected James much in the same way as it would have moved the Archbishop of Canterbury, in George Fox's day, to hear the latter called a "ringleader of the sect of Anglicans." In fact, "Nazarene" was, as is well known, the distinctive appellation applied to Jesus ; his immediate followers were known as Nazarenes, while the congregation of the disciples, and, later, of converts at Jerusalem—the Jerusalem Church—was

emphatically the "sect of the Nazarenes," no more in itself to be regarded as anything outside Judaism than the sect of the Sadducees or of the Essenes.* In fact, the tenets of both the Sadducees and the Essenes diverged much more widely from the Pharisaic standard of orthodoxy than Nazarenism did.

Let us consider the position of affairs now (A.D. 50-60) in relation to that which obtained in Justin's time, a century later. It is plain that the Nazarenes—presided over by James "the brother of the Lord," and comprising within their body all the twelve apostles—belonged to Justin's second category of "Jews who observe the Law, believe Jesus to be the Christ, but who insist on the observance of the Law by Gentile Converts," up till the time at which the controversy reported by Paul arose. They then, according to Paul, simply allowed him to form his congregation of non-legal Gentile converts at Antioch and elsewhere ; and it would seem that it was to these converts, who would come under Justin's fifth category, that the title of "Christian" was first applied. If any of these Christians had acted upon the more than half-permission given by Paul, and had eaten meats offered to idols, they would have belonged to Justin's seventh category.

Hence, it appears that, if Justin's opinion, which was doubtless that of the Church generally in the middle of the second century, was correct, James and Peter and John and their followers could not be saved ; neither could Paul, if he carried into practice his views as to the indifference of eating meats offered to idols. Or, to put the matter another way, the centre of gravity of orthodoxy, which is at the extreme right of the series in the nineteenth century, was at the extreme left, just before the middle of the first century, when the "sect of the Nazarenes" constituted the whole church founded by Jesus and the apostles ; while, in the time of Justin, it lay midway between the two. It is therefore a profound mistake to imagine that the Judæo-Christians (Nazarenes and Ebionites) of later times were heretical

* All this was quite clearly pointed out by Ritschl nearly forty years ago. See *Die Entstehung der alt-katholischen Kirche* (1850), p. 108.

outgrowths from a primitive, universalist "Christianity." On the contrary, the universalist "Christianity" is an outgrowth from the primitive, purely Jewish, Nazarenism; which, gradually eliminating all the ceremonial and dietary parts of the Jewish law, has thrust aside its parent, and all the intermediate stages of its development, into the position of damnable heresies.

Such being the case, we are in a position to form a safe judgment of the limits within which the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth must have been confined. Ecclesiastical authority would have us believe that the words which are given at the end of the first gospel, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," are part of the last commands of Jesus, issued at the moment of his parting with the eleven. If so, Peter and John must have heard these words; they are too plain to be misunderstood; and the occasion is too solemn for them to be ever forgotten. Yet the "Acts" tells us that Peter needed a vision to enable him so much as to baptize Cornelius; and Paul, in the Galatians, knows nothing of words which would have completely borne him out as against those who, though they heard, must be supposed to have either forgotten or ignored them. On the other hand, Peter and John, who are supposed to have heard the "Sermon on the Mount," know nothing of the saying that Jesus had not come to destroy the Law, but that every jot and tittle of the Law must be fulfilled, which surely would have been pretty good evidence for their view of the question.

We are sometimes told that the personal friends and daily companions of Jesus remained zealous Jews and opposed Paul's innovations, because they were hard of heart and dull of comprehension. This hypothesis is hardly in accordance with the concomitant faith of those who adopt it, in the miraculous insight and superhuman sagacity of their Master; nor do I see any way of getting it to harmonize with the other orthodox postulate; namely, that Matthew was the author of the first gospel and John of the fourth. If that is so, then, most assuredly, Matthew was no dullard; and

as for the fourth gospel—a theosophic romance of the first order—it could have been written by none but a man of remarkable literary capacity, who had drunk deep of Alexandrian philosophy. Moreover, the doctrine of the writer of the fourth gospel is more remote from that of the "sect of the Nazarenes" than is that of Paul himself. I am quite aware that orthodox critics have been capable of maintaining that John, the Nazarene, who was probably well past fifty years of age when he is supposed to have written the most thoroughly Judaizing book in the New Testament—the Apocalypse—in the roughest of Greek, underwent an astounding metamorphosis of both doctrine and style by the time he reached the ripe age of ninety or so, and provided the world with a history in which the acutest critic cannot make out where the speeches of Jesus end and the text of the narrative begins; while that narrative is utterly irreconcilable in regard to matters of fact with that of his fellow-apostle, Matthew.

The end of the whole matter is this:—The "sect of the Nazarenes," the brother and the immediate followers of Jesus, commissioned by him as apostles, and those who were taught by them up to the year 50 A.D., were not "Christians" in the sense in which that term has been understood ever since its asserted origin at Antioch, but Jews—strict orthodox Jews—whose belief in the Messiahship of Jesus never led to their exclusion from the Temple services, nor would have shut them out from the wide embrace of Judaism.* The open proclamation of their special view about the Messiah was doubtless offensive to the Pharisees, just as rampant Low Churchism is offensive to bigoted High Churchism in our own country; or as any kind of dissent is offensive to fervid religionists of all creeds. To the Sadducees, no doubt, the political danger of any Messianic movement was serious, and they would have been glad to put down Nazarenism, lest it should end in useless rebel-

* "If every one was baptized as soon as he acknowledged Jesus to be the Messiah, the first Christians can have been aware of no other essential differences from the Jews."—Zeller, *Vorträge* (1865), p. 216.

lion against their Roman masters, like that other Galilean movement headed by Judas, a generation earlier. Galilee was always a hotbed of seditious enthusiasm against the rule of Rome; and high priest and procurator alike had need to keep a sharp eye upon natives of that district. On the whole, however, the Nazarenes were but little troubled for the first twenty years of their existence; and the undying hatred of the Jews against those later converts whom they regarded as apostates and fautors of a sham Judaism was awakened by Paul. From their point of view, he was a mere renegade Jew, opposed alike to orthodox Judaism and to orthodox Nazarenism, and whose teachings threatened Judaism with destruction. And, from their point of view, they were quite right. In the course of a century, Pauline influences had a large share in driving primitive Nazarenism from being the very heart of the new faith into the position of scouted error; and the spirit of Paul's doctrine continued its work of driving Christianity farther and farther away from Judaism, until "meats offered to idols" might be eaten without scruple, while the Nazarene methods of observing even the Sabbath or the Passover were branded with the mark of Judaizing heresy.

But if the primitive Nazarenes of whom the Acts speaks were orthodox Jews, what sort of probability can there be that Jesus was anything else? How can he have founded the universal religion which was not heard of till twenty years after his death? * That Jesus possessed in a rare degree the gift of attaching men to his person and to his fortunes; that he was the author of many a striking saying, and the advocate of equity, of love, and of humanity; that he may have disregarded the subtleties of the bigots for legal observance, and appealed rather to those noble conceptions of religion which constituted the pith and kernel of the teaching of the great prophets of his nation

* Dr. Harnack, in the lately published second edition of his *Dogmengeschichte*, says (p. 39), "Jesus Christ brought forward no new doctrine;" and again (p. 65), "It is not difficult to set against every portion of the utterances of Jesus an observation which deprives him of originality." See also Zusatz 4, on the same page.

seven hundred years earlier; and that, in the last scenes of his career, he may have embodied the ideal sufferer of Isaiah, may be, as I think it is, extremely probable. But all this involves not a step beyond the borders of orthodox Judaism. Again, who is to say whether Jesus proclaimed himself the veritable Messiah, expected by his nation since the appearance of the pseudo-prophetic work of Daniel, a century and a half before his time; or whether the enthusiasm of his followers gradually forced him to assume that position?

But one thing is quite certain: if that belief in the speedy second coming of the Messiah which was shared by all parties in the primitive Church, whether Nazarene or Pauline; which Jesus is made to prophesy, over and over again, in the Synoptic gospels; and which dominated the life of Christians during the first century after the crucifixion;—if he believed and taught that, then assuredly he was under an illusion, and he is responsible for that which the mere effluxion of time has demonstrated to be a prodigious error.

When I ventured to doubt "whether any Protestant theologian who has a reputation to lose will say that he believes the Gadarene story," it appears that I reckoned without Dr. Wace, who, referring to this passage in my paper, says:—

He will judge whether I fall under his description; but I repeat that I believe it, and that he has removed the only objection to my believing it (p. 363).

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge of any such delicate question as that put before me; but I think I may venture to express the conviction that, in the matter of courage, Dr. Wace has raised for himself a monument *are perennius*. For really, in my poor judgment, a certain splendid intrepidity, such as one admires in the leader of a forlorn hope, is manifested by Dr. Wace when he solemnly affirms that he believes the Gadarene story on the evidence offered. I feel less complimented perhaps than I ought to do, when I am told that I have been an accomplice in extinguishing in Dr. Wace's mind the last glimmer of doubt which common sense may have suggested. In fact, I must disclaim all

responsibility for the use to which the information I supplied has been put. I formally decline to admit that the expression of my ignorance whether devils, in the existence of which I do not believe, if they did exist, might or might not be made to go out of men into pigs, can, as a matter of logic, have been of any use whatever to a person who already believed in devils and in the historical accuracy of the gospels.

Of the Gadarene story, Dr. Wace, with all solemnity and twice over, affirms that he "believes it." I am sorry to trouble him further, but what does he mean by "it"? Because there are two stories, one in "Mark" and "Luke," and the other in "Matthew." In the former, which I quoted in my previous paper, there is one possessed man; in the latter there are two. The story is told fully, with the vigorous homely diction and the picturesque details of a piece of folklore, in the second gospel. The immediately antecedent event is the storm on the Lake of Gennesareth. The immediately consequent events are the message from the ruler of the synagogue and the healing of the woman with an issue of blood. In the third gospel, the order of events is exactly the same, and there is an extremely close general and verbal correspondence between the narratives of the miracle. Both agree in stating that there was only one possessed man, and that he was the residence of many devils, whose name was "Legion."

In the first gospel, the event which immediately precedes the Gadarene affair is, as before, the storm; the message from the ruler and the healing of the issue are separated from it by the accounts of the healing of a paralytic, of the calling of Matthew, and of a discussion with some Pharisees. Again, while the second gospel speaks of the country of the "Gerasenes" as the locality of the event, the third gospel has "Gerasenes," "Gergesenes," and "Gadarenes" in different ancient MSS.; while the first has "Gadarenes."

The really important points to be noticed, however, in the narrative of the first gospel, are these—that there are two possessed men instead of one; and that while the story is abbreviated by omissions, what there is of it is often

verbally identical with the corresponding passages in the other two gospels. The most unabashed of reconcilers cannot well say that one man is the same as two, or two as one; and, though the suggestion really has been made, that two different miracles, agreeing in all essential particulars, except the number of the possessed, were effected immediately after the storm on the lake, I should be sorry to accuse any one of seriously adopting it. Nor will it be pretended that the allegory refuge is accessible in this particular case.

So, when Dr. Wace says that he believes in the synoptic evangelists' account of the miraculous bedevilment of swine, I may fairly ask which of them does he believe? Does he hold by the one evangelist's story, or by that of the two evangelists? And having made his election, what reasons has he to give for his choice? If it is suggested that the witness of two is to be taken against that of one, not only is the testimony dealt with in that common-sense fashion against which theologians of his school protest so warmly; not only is all question of inspiration at an end, but the further inquiry arises, After all, is it the testimony of two against one? Are the authors of the versions in the second and the third gospels really independent witnesses? In order to answer this question, it is only needful to place the English versions of the two side by side, and compare them carefully. It will then be seen that the coincidences between them, not merely in substance, but in arrangement, and in the use of identical words in the same order, are such, that only two alternatives are conceivable: either one evangelist freely copied from the other, or both based themselves upon a common source, which may either have been a written document, or a definite oral tradition learned by heart. Assuredly, these two testimonies are not those of independent witnesses. Further, when the narrative in the first gospel is compared with that in the other two, the same fact comes out.

Supposing, then, that Dr. Wace is right in his assumption that Matthew, Mark, and Luke wrote the works which we find attributed to them by tradition, what is the value of their agreement,

even that something more or less like this particular miracle occurred, since it is demonstrable, either that all depend on some antecedent statement, of the authorship of which nothing is known, or that two are dependent upon the third?

Dr. Wace says he believes the Gadarene story; whichever version of it he accepts, therefore, he believes that Jesus said what he is stated in all the versions to have said, and thereby virtually declared that the theory of the nature of the spiritual world involved in the story is true. Now I hold that this theory is false, that it is a monstrous and mischievous fiction; and I unhesitatingly express my disbelief in any assertion that it is true, by whomsoever made. So that, if Dr. Wace is right in his belief, he is also quite right in classing me among the people he calls "infidels;"

and although I cannot fulfil the eccentric expectation of the Bishop of Peterborough, that I shall glory in a title which, from my point of view, it would be simply silly to adopt, I certainly shall rejoice not to be reckoned among the Bishop's "us Christians" so long as the profession of belief in such stories as the Gadarene pig affair, on the strength of a tradition of unknown origin, of which two discrepant reports, also of unknown origin, alone remain, forms any part of the Christian faith. And, although I have, more than once, repudiated the gift of prophecy, yet I think I may venture to express the anticipation, that if "Christians" generally are going to follow the line taken by the Bishop of Peterborough and Dr. Wace, it will not be long before all men of common-sense qualify for a place among the "infidels."
—*Nineteenth Century*.

"COWARDLY AGNOSTICISM."

II.

A WORD WITH PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

"The Bishop of Peterborough departed so far from his customary courtesy and self-respect as to speak of "Cowardly Agnosticism."—PROFESSOR HUXLEY, *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, p. 170.

I WELCOME the discussion which, in this Review and elsewhere, has been lately revived in earnest as to the issue between positive science and theology. I especially welcome Professor Huxley's recent contribution to it, to which presently I propose to refer in detail. In that contribution—an article with the title "Agnosticism,"* which appeared a month or two since in *The Nineteenth Century*—I shall point out things which will probably startle the public, the author himself included, in case he cares to attend to them.

Before going further, however, let me ask and answer this question. If Professor Huxley should tell us that he does not believe in God, why should we think the statement, as coming from him, worthy of an attention which we

certainly should not give it, if made by a person less distinguished than himself? The answer to this question is as follows. We should think Professor Huxley's statement worth considering for two reasons. Firstly, he speaks as a man pre-eminently well acquainted with certain classes of facts. Secondly, he speaks as a man eminent, if not pre-eminently, for the vigor and honesty with which he has faced these facts, and drawn certain conclusions from them. Accordingly, when he sums up for us the main conclusions of science, he speaks not in his own name, but in the name of the physical universe, as modern science has thus far apprehended it; and similarly, when from these conclusions he reasons about religion, the bulk of the arguments which he advances against theology are in no way peculiar to himself, or gain any of their strength

* See April *ECLECTIC*.
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from his reputation ; they are virtually the arguments of the whole non-Christian world. He may possibly have, on some points, views peculiar to himself. He may also have certain peculiar ways of stating them. But it requires no great critical acuteness, it requires only ordinary fairness, to separate those of his utterances which represent facts generally accepted, and arguments generally influential, from those which represent only some peculiarity of his own. Now all this is true not of Professor Huxley only. With various qualifications it is equally true of writers with whom Professor Huxley is apparently in constant antagonism, and who also exhibit constant antagonism among themselves. I am at this moment thinking of two especially—Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Harrison, in his capacity of religious teacher, is constantly attacking both Mr. Spencer and Professor Huxley. Professor Huxley repays Mr. Harrison's blows with interest ; and there are certain questions of a religious and practical character as to which he and Mr. Spencer would be hardly on better terms. But underneath the several questions they quarrel about, there is a solid substructure of conclusions, methods, and arguments, as to which they all agree—agree in the most absolute way. What this agreement consists in, and what practical bearing, if taken by itself, it must have on our views of life, I shall now try to explain in a brief and unquestionable summary ; and in that summary, what the reader will have before him is not the private opinion of these eminent men, but ascertained facts with regard to man and the universe ; and the conclusions which, if we have nothing else to assist us, are necessarily drawn from those facts by the necessary operations of the mind. The mention of names, however, has this signal convenience. It will keep the reader convinced that I am not speaking at random, and will supply him with standards by which he can easily test the accuracy and the sufficiency of my assertions.

The case, then, of science or modern thought against theological religion or theism, and the Christian religion in particular, substantially is as follows.

In the first place, it is now an estab-

lished fact that the physical universe, whether it ever had a beginning or no, is at all events of an antiquity beyond also, that imagination can realize ; and what the whether or no it is limited, its extent is so vast as to be equally unimaginable. Science may not pronounce it absolutely to be either eternal or infinite, but science does say this, that so far as our faculties can carry us, they reveal to us no hint of either limit, end, or beginning.

It is further established that the stuff out of which the universe is made is the same everywhere and follows the same laws—whether at Clapham Common or in the farthest system of stars—and that this has always been so to the remotest of the penetrable abysses of time. It is established yet further that the universe in its present condition has evolved itself out of simpler conditions, solely in virtue of the qualities which still inhere in its elements, and make to-day what it is, just as they have made all yesterdays.

Lastly, in this physical universe science has included man—not alone his body, but his life and his mind also. Every operation of thought, every fact of consciousness, it has shown to be associated in a constant and definite way with the presence and with certain conditions of certain particles of matter, which are shown, in their turn, to be in their last analysis absolutely similar to the matter of gases, plants, or minerals. The demonstration has every appearance of being morally complete. The interval between mud and mind, seemingly so impassable, has been traversed by a series of closely consecutive steps. Mind, which was once thought to have descended into matter, is shown forming itself, and slowly emerging out of it. From forms of life so low that naturalists can hardly decide whether it is right to class them as plants or animals, up to the life that is manifested in saints, heroes, or philosophers, there is no break to be detected in the long process of development. There is no step in the process where science finds any excuse for postulating or even suspecting the presence of any new factor.

And the same holds good of the lowest forms of life, and what Professor Huxley calls "the common matter of the universe." It is true that experi-

mentalists have been thus far unable to observe the generation of the former out of the latter, but this failure may be accounted for in many ways, and does nothing to weaken the overwhelming evidence of analogy that such generation really does take place or has taken place at some earlier period. "Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia," says Professor Huxley, "certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. . . . But when they are brought together under certain conditions they give rise to protoplasm; and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomenon of life. I see no breach in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one form of the series may not be used to any of the others." *

So much, then, for what modern science teaches us as to the Universe and the evolution of man. We will presently consider the ways, sufficiently obvious as they are, in which this seems to conflict with the ideas of all Theism and theology. But first for a moment let us turn to what it teaches us also with regard to the history and the special claims of Christianity. Approaching Christianity on the side of its alleged history, it establishes the three following points. It shows us first that this alleged history, with the substantial truth of which Christianity stands or falls, contains a number of statements which are demonstrably at variance with fact; secondly, that it contains others which, though very probably true, are entirely misinterpreted through the ignorance of the writers who recorded them; and thirdly, that though the rest may not be demonstrably false, yet those among them most essential to the Christian doctrine are so monstrously improbable and so utterly unsupported by evidence that we have no more ground for believing in them than we have in the wolf of Romulus.

Such, briefly stated, are the main conclusions of science in so far as they bear on theology and the theologic conception of humanity. Let us now consider exactly what their bearing is. Professor Huxley distinctly tells us that the knowledge we have reached as to the nature

of things in general does not enable us to deduce from it any absolute denial either of the existence of a personal God or of an immortal soul in man, or even of the possibility and the actual occurrence of miracles. On the contrary, he would believe to-morrow in the miraculous history of Christianity if only there were any evidence sufficiently cogent in its favor; and on the authority of Christianity he would believe in God and in man's immortality. Christianity, however, is the only religion in the world whose claims to a miraculous authority are worthy of serious consideration, and science, as we have seen, considers these claims to be unfounded. What follows is this—whether there be a God or no, and whether He has given us immortal souls or no, Science declares bluntly that He has never informed us of either fact; and if there is anything to warrant any belief in either it can be found only in a study of the natural Universe. According to the natural Universe science goes, and we have just seen what it finds there. Part of what it finds bears specially on the theologic conception of God, and part bears specially on the theologic conception of man. With regard to God, to an intelligent creator and ruler, it finds him on every ground to be a baseless and a superfluous hypothesis. In former conditions of knowledge it admits that this was otherwise—that the hypothesis then was not only natural but necessary; for there were many seeming mysteries which could not be explained without it. But now the case has been altogether reversed. One after another these mysteries have been analyzed, not entirely, but to this extent at all events, that the hypothesis of an intelligent creator is not only nowhere necessary, but it generally introduces far more difficulties than it solves. Thus, though we cannot demonstrate that a creator does not exist, we have no grounds whatever for supposing that he does. With regard to man, what science finds is analogous. According to theology he is a being specially related to God, and his conduct and his destinies have an importance which dwarfs the sum of material things into insignificance. But science exhibits him in a very different light; it shows that in none of the qualities once thought pecul-

* *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews*, pp. 114, 117.

iar to him does he differ essentially from other phenomena of the universe. It shows that just as there are no grounds for supposing the existence of a creator, so there are none for supposing the existence of an immortal human soul; while as for man's importance relative to the rest of the universe, it shows that, not only as an individual, but also as a race, he is less than a bubble of foam is when compared with the whole sea. The few thousand years over which history takes us are as nothing when compared with the ages for which the human race has existed. The whole existence of the human race is as nothing when compared with the existence of the earth; and the earth's history is but a second and the earth but a grain of dust in the vast duration and vast magnitude of the All. Nor is this true of the past only, it is true of the future also. As the individual dies so also will the race die; nor would a million of additional years add anything to its comparative importance. Just as it emerged out of lifeless matter yesterday, so will it sink again into lifeless matter to-morrow. Or to put the case more briefly still, it is merely one fugitive manifestation of the same matter and force, which, always obedient to the same unchanging laws, manifest themselves equally in a dung-heap, in a pig, and in a planet—matter and force which, so far as our faculties can carry us, have existed and will exist everywhere and forever, and which nowhere, so far as our faculties avail to read them, show any sign, as a whole, of meaning, of design, or of intelligence.

It is possible that Professor Huxley, or some other scientific authority, may be able to find fault with some of my sentences or my expressions, and to show that they are not professionally or professorially accurate. If they care for such trifling criticism they are welcome to the enjoyment of it; but I defy any one to show, putting expression aside and paying attention only to the general meaning of what I have stated, that the foregoing account of what science claims to have established is not substantially true, and is not admitted to be so by any contemporary thinker who opposes science to theism, from Mr. Frederic Harrison to Professor Huxley himself.

And now let us pass on to something which in itself is merely a matter of words, but which will bring what I have said thus far into the circle of contemporary discussion. The men who are mainly responsible for having forced the above views on the world, who have unfolded to us the verities of nature and human history, and have felt constrained by these to abandon their old religious convictions—these men and their followers have by common consent agreed, in this country, to call themselves by the name of Agnostics. Now there has been much quarrelling of late among these Agnostics as to what Agnosticism—the thing which unites them—is. It must be obvious, however, to every impartial observer, that the differences between them are little more than verbal, and arise from bad writing rather than from different reasoning. Substantially the meaning of one and all of them is the same. Let us take for instance the two who are most ostentatiously opposed to each other, and have lately been exhibiting themselves, in this and other Reviews, like two terriers each at the other's throat. I need hardly say that I mean Professor Huxley and Mr. Harrison.

Some writers, Professor Huxley says, Mr. Harrison among them, have been speaking of Agnosticism as if it was a creed or a faith or a philosophy. Professor Huxley proclaims himself to be "dazed" and "bewildered" by the statements. Agnosticism, he says, is not any one of these things. It is simply—I will give his definition in his own words—

"a method, the essence of which lies in the vigorous application of a single principle. . . . Positively, the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the Agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him."

Now anything worse expressed than this for the purpose of the discussion he is engaged in, or indeed for the purpose of conveying his own general meaning, it is hardly possible to imagine. Agnos-

ticism, as generally understood, may, from one point of view, be no doubt rightly described as "a method." But is it a method with no results, or with results that are of no interest? If so, there would be hardly a human being idiot enough to waste a thought upon it. The interest resides in its results, and its results solely, and specially in those results that affect our ideas about religion. Accordingly, when the word Agnosticism is now used in discussion, the meaning uppermost in the minds of those who use it is not a method, but the results of a method, in their religious bearings; and the method is of interest only in so far as it leads to these. Agnosticism means, therefore, precisely what Professor Huxley says it does not mean. It means a creed, it means a faith, it means a religious or irreligious philosophy. And this is the meaning attributed to it not only by the world at large, but in reality by Professor Huxley also quite as much as by anybody. I will not lay too much stress on the fact, that in the passage just quoted, having first fiercely declared Agnosticism to be nothing but a method, in the very next sentence he himself speaks of it as a "faith." I will pass on to a passage that is far more unambiguous. It is taken from the same essay. It is as follows:

"Agnosticism [says Mr. Harrison] is a stage in the evolution of religion, an entirely negative stage, the point reached by physicists, a purely mental conclusion, with no relation to things social at all.' I am [says Professor Huxley] quite dazed by this declaration. Are there then any 'conclusions' that are not 'purely mental'? Is there no relation to things social in 'mental conclusions' which affect men's whole conception of life? . . . 'Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion.' If . . . Mr. Harrison, like most people, means by 'religion' theology, then, in my judgment, Agnosticism can be said to be a stage in its evolution only as death may be said to be the final stage in the evolution of life."

Let us consider what this means. It means precisely what every one else has all along been saying, that Agnosticism is to all intents and purposes a doctrine, a creed, a faith, or a philosophy, the essence of which is the negation of theologic religion. Now the fundamental propositions of theologic religion are these. There is a personal God, who

watches over the lives of men; and there is an immortal soul in man, distinct from the flux of matter. Agnosticism, then, expressed in the briefest terms, amounts to two articles—not of belief, but of disbelief. *I do not believe in any God, personal, intelligent, or with a purpose; or, at least, with any purpose that has any concern with man. I do not believe in any immortal soul, or in any personality or consciousness surviving the dissolution of the body.*

Here I anticipate from many quarters a rebuke which men of science are very fond of administering. I shall be told that Agnostics never say "there is no God," and never say "there is no immortal soul." Professor Huxley is often particularly vehement on this point. He would have us believe that a dogmatic atheist is, in his view, as foolish as a dogmatic theist; and that an Agnostic, true to the etymology of his name, is not a man who denies God, but who has no opinion about him. But this—even if true in some dim and remote sense—is for practical purposes a mere piece of solemn quibbling, and is utterly belied by the very men who use it whenever they raise their voices to speak to the world at large. The Agnostics, if they shrink from saying that there is no God, at least tell us that there is nothing to suggest that there is one, and much to suggest that there is not. Surely, if they never spoke more strongly than this, for practical purposes this is an absolute denial. Professor Huxley, for instance, is utterly unable to demonstrate that an evening edition of the *Times* is not printed in Sirius; but if any action depended on our believing this to be true, he would certainly not hesitate to declare that it was a foolish and fantastic falsehood. Who would think the better of him—who would not think the worse—if in this matter he gravely declared himself to be an Agnostic? And precisely the same may be said of him with regard to the existence of God. For all practical purposes he is not in doubt about it. He denies it. I need not, however, content myself with my own reasoning. I find Professor Huxley himself endorsing every word that I have just uttered. He declares that such questions as are treated of in volumes of divinity, "are

essentially questions of lunar politics . . . not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world :'' and he cites Hume's advice with regard to such volumes as being "most wise"—"Commit them to the flames, for they can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." * Quotations of a similar import might be indefinitely multiplied ; but it will be enough to add to this the statements quoted already, that Agnosticism is to theologic religion what death is to life ; and that physiology does but deepen and complete the gloom of the gloomiest motto of Paganism—"Debemur morti." If then Agnosticism is not an absolute and dogmatic denial of the fundamental propositions of theology, it differs from an absolute and dogmatic denial in a degree that is so trivial as to be, in the words of Professor Huxley himself, "not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world." For all practical purposes and according to the real opinion of Professor Huxley and Mr. Harrison equally, Agnosticism is not doubt, is not suspension of judgment ; but it is a denial of what "most people mean by religion"—that is to say, the fundamental propositions of theology, so absolute that Professor Huxley compares it to their death.

And now let us pass on to the next point in our argument, which I will introduce by quoting Professor Huxley again. This denial of the fundamental propositions of theology "affects," he says, "men's whole conception of life." Let us consider how. By the Christian world, life was thought to be important owing to its connection with some unseen universe, full of interests and issues which were too great for the mind to grasp at present, but in which, for good or evil, we should each of us one day share, taking our place among the awful things of eternity. But at the touch of the Agnostic doctrine this unseen universe bursts like a bubble, melts like an empty dream ; and all the meaning which it once imparted to life vanishes from its surface like mists from a field at morning. In every sense but one, which is exclusively physical, man is remorselessly cut adrift from the eternal ;

and whatever importance or interest anything has for any of us, must be derived altogether from the shifting pains or pleasures which go to make up our momentary span of life, or the life of our race, which in the illimitable history of the All is an incident just as momentary.

Now supposing the importance and interest which life has thus lost cannot be replaced in any other way, will life really have suffered any practical change and degradation ? To this question our Agnostics with one consent say Yes. Professor Huxley says that if theologic denial leads us to nothing but materialism, "the beauty of a life may be destroyed," and "its energies paralyzed ;" * and that no one not historically blind, "is likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history," or 'to doubt that some substitute genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it will arise.' † Mr. Spencer says the same thing with even greater clearness : while as for Mr. Harrison, it is needless to quote from him ; for half of what he has written is an amplification of these statements.

It is admitted, then, that life, in some very practical sense, will be ruined if science, having destroyed theologic religion, cannot put, or allow to be put, some other religion in place of it. But we must not content ourselves with this general language. Life will be ruined, we say. Let us consider to what extent and how. There is a good deal in life which obviously will not be touched at all, that is to say, a portion of which is called the moral code. Theft, murder, some forms of lying and dishonesty, and some forms of sexual license, are inconsistent with the welfare of any society ; and society, in self-defence, would still condemn and prohibit them, even supposing it had no more religion than a tribe of gibbering monkeys. But the moral code thus retained would consist of prohibitions only, and of such prohibitions only as could be enforced by external sanctions. Since, then, this much would survive the loss of religion, let us consider what would be lost along with it. Mr. Spencer, in general terms,

* *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews*, p. 127.

† "Agnosticism," *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, p. 191.

* *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews*, p. 125.

has told us plainly enough. What would be lost, he says, is, in the first place, "our ideas of goodness, rectitude, or duty," or, to use a single word, "morality." This is no contradiction of what has just been said, for morality is not obedience, enforced or even instinctive, to laws which have an external sanction, but an active co-operation with the spirit of such laws, under pressure of a sanction that resides in our own wills. But not only would morality be lost, or this desire to work actively for the social good; there would be lost also every higher conception of what the social good or of what our own good is; and men would, as Mr. Spencer says, "become chiefly absorbed in the immediate and the relative." * Professor Huxley admits in effect precisely the same thing when he says that the tendency of systematic materialism is to "paralyze the energies of life," and "to destroy its beauty."

Let us try to put the matter a little more concisely. It is admitted by our Agnostics that the most valuable element in our life is our sense of duty, coupled with obedience to its dictates; and this sense of duty derives both its existence and its power over us from religion, and from religion alone. How it derived them from the Christian religion is obvious. The Christian religion prescribed it to us as the voice of God to the soul, appealing as it were to all our most powerful passions—to our fear, to our hope, and to our love. Hope gave it a meaning to us, and love and fear gave it a sanction. The Agnostics have got rid of God and the soul together, with the loves, and fears, and hopes by which the two were connected. The problem before them is to discover some other considerations—that is some other religion—which shall invest duty with the solemn meaning and authority derivable no longer from these. Our Agnostics, as we know, declare themselves fully able to solve it. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison, though the solution of each is different, declare not

only that some new religion is ready for us, but that it is a religion higher and more efficacious than the old; while Professor Huxley, though less prophetic and sanguine, rebukes those "who are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased," and declares that a wise man like Hume would merely "smile at their perplexities." *

Let us now consider what this new religion is—or rather these new religions, for we are offered more than one. So far as form goes, indeed, we are offered several. They can, however, all of them be resolved into two, resting on two entirely different bases, though sometimes, if not usually, offered to our acceptance in combination. One of these, which is called by some of its literary adherents Positivism or the Religion of Humanity, is based on two propositions with regard to the human race. The first proposition is that it is constantly though slowly improving, and will one day reach a condition thoroughly satisfactory to itself. The second proposition is that this remote consummation can be made so interesting to the present and to all intervening generations that they will strain every nerve to bring it about and hasten it. Thus, though Humanity is admitted to be absolutely a fleeting phenomenon in the universe, it is presented relatively as of the utmost moment to the individual; and duty is supplied with a constant meaning by hope, and with a constant motive by sympathy. The basis of the other religion is not only different from this, but opposed to it. Just as this demands that we turn away from the universe, and concentrate our attention upon humanity, so the other demands that we turn away from humanity and concentrate our attention on the universe. Mr. Herbert Spencer calls this the Religion of the Unknowable; and though many Agnostics consider the name fantastic, they one and all of them, if they resign the religion of humanity, consider and appeal to this as the only possible alternative.

Now I have already in this Review, not many months since, endeavored to show how completely absurd and childish the first of these two religions, the

* "Since the beginning Religion has had the all-essential office of preventing men from being chiefly absorbed in the relative or the immediate, and of awaking them to a consciousness of something beyond it."—*First Principles*, p. 100.

* *Lay Sermons*, pp. 123, 124.

Religion of Humanity, is. I do not propose, therefore, to discuss it further here, but will beg the reader to consider that for the purpose of the present argument it is brushed aside like rubbish, unworthy of a second examination. Perhaps this request will sound somewhat arbitrary and arrogant, but I have something to add which will show that it is neither. The particular views which I now aim at discussing are the views represented by Professor Huxley; and Professor Huxley rejects the Religion of Humanity as completely as I do, and with a great deal less ceremony, as the following passage will demonstrate.

"Out of the darkness of pre-historic ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses which, as often as not, lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions which, as often as not, makes his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing or otherwise persecuting all those who try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet further. And the best men of the best men of the best epoch are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins. . . . I know of no study so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history; . . . [and] when the Positivists order men to worship Humanity—that is to say, to adore the generalized conception of men, as they ever have been, and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a 'wilderness of apes.' " *

Let us here pause for a moment and look about us, so as to see where we stand. Up to a certain point the Agnostics have all gone together with absolute unanimity, and I conceive myself to have gone with them. They have all been unanimous in their rejection of the theology, and in regarding man and the race of men as a fugitive manifestation

of the all-enduring something, which always, everywhere, and in an equal degree, is behind all other phenomena of the Universe. They are unanimous also in affirming that, in spite of its fugitive character, life can afford us certain considerations and interests, which will still make duty binding on us, will still give it a meaning. At this point, however, they divide into two bands. Some of them assert that the motive and the meaning of duty is to be found in the history of humanity, regarded as a single drama, with a prolonged and glorious conclusion, complete in itself, satisfying in itself, and imparting, by the sacrament of sympathy, its own meaning and grandeur to the individual life, which would else be petty and contemptible. This is what some assert, and this is what others deny. With those who assert it we have now parted company, and are standing alone with those others who deny it—Professor Huxley among them, as one of their chief spokesmen.

And now addressing myself to Professor Huxley in this character, let me explain what I shall try to prove to him. If he could believe in God and in the divine authority of Christ, he admits he could account for duty and vindicate a meaning for life; but he refuses to believe, even though for some reasons he might wish to do so, because he holds that the beliefs in question have no evidence to support them. He complains that an English bishop has called this refusal "cowardly"—"has so far departed from his customary courtesy and self-respect as to speak of 'cowardly Agnosticism.' " I agree with Professor Huxley that, on the grounds advanced by the bishop, this epithet "cowardly" is entirely undeserved; but I propose to show him that, if not deserved on them, it is deserved on others, entirely unsuspected by himself. I propose to show that his Agnosticism is really cowardly, but cowardly not because it refuses to believe enough, but because, tried by its own standards, it refuses to deny enough. I propose to show that the same method and principle, which is fatal to our faith in the God and the future life of theology, is equally fatal to anything which can give existence a meaning, or which can—to have recourse to Professor Huxley's own

* "Agnosticism," *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, pp. 191, 192.

phrases—"prevent our 'energies' from being 'paralyzed,' and 'life's beauty' from being destroyed." I propose, in other words, to show that his agnosticism is cowardly, not because it does not dare to affirm the authority of Christ, but because it does not dare to deny the meaning and the reality of duty. I propose to show that the miserable rags of argument with which he attempts to cover the life which he professes to have stripped naked of superstition are part and parcel of that very superstition itself—that, though they are not the chasuble and the embroidered robe of theology, they are its hair shirt, and its hair shirt in tatters—utterly useless for the purpose to which it is despairingly applied, and serving only to make the forlorn wearer ridiculous. I propose to show that in retaining this dishonored garment, Agnosticism is playing the part of an intellectual Ananias and Sapphira; and that in professing to give up all that it cannot demonstrate, it is keeping back part, and the larger part of the price—not however from dishonesty, but from a dogged and obstinate cowardice, from a terror at facing the ruin which its own principles have made.

Some no doubt will think that this is a rash undertaking, or else that I am merely indulging in the luxury of a little rhetoric. I hope to convince the reader that the undertaking is not rash, and that I mean my expressions to be taken in a frigid and literal sense. Let me begin then by repeating one thing, which I have said before. When I say that Agnosticism is fatal to our conception of duty, I do not mean that it is fatal to those broad rules and obligations which are obviously necessary to any civilized society, which are distinctly defensible on obvious utilitarian grounds, and which, speaking generally, can be enforced by external sanctions. These rules and obligations have existed from the earliest ages of social life, and are sure to exist as long as social life exists. But so far are they from giving life a meaning, that on Professor Huxley's own showing they have barely made life tolerable. A general obedience to them for thousands and thousands of years, has left "the evolution of man, as set forth in the annals of history," the "most unutterably saddening study"

that Professor Huxley knows. From the earliest ages to the present—Professor Huxley admits this—the nature of man has been such that, despite their laws and their knowledge, most men have made themselves miserable by yielding to "greed" and to "ambition," and by practising "infinite wickedness." They have proscribed their wisest when alive, and accorded them a "foolish" hero-worship when dead. Infinite wickedness, blindness, and idiotic emotion have then, according to Professor Huxley's deliberate estimate, marked and marred men from the earliest ages to the present; and he deliberately says also, that "as men ever have been, they probably ever will be."

To do our duty, then, evidently implies a struggle. The impulses usually uppermost in us have to be checked, or chastened, by others; and these other impulses have to be generated, by fixing our attention on considerations which lie somehow beneath the surface. If this were not so, men would always have done their duty; and their history would not have been "unutterably saddening," as Professor Huxley says it has been. What sort of considerations, then, must those we require be? Before answering this question, let us pause for a moment, and with Professor Huxley's help, let us make ourselves quite clear what duty is. I have already showed that it differs from a passive obedience to external laws, in being a voluntary and active obedience to a law that is internal; but its logical aim is analogous—that is to say the good of the community, ourselves included. Professor Huxley describes it thus—"to devote oneself to the service of humanity, including intellectual and moral self-culture under that name;" "to pity and help all men to the best of one's ability;" "to be strong and patient," "to be ethically pure and noble;" and to push our devotion to others "to the extremity of self-sacrifice." All these phrases are Professor Huxley's own. They are plain enough in themselves; but to make what he means yet plainer, he tells us that the best examples of the duty he has been describing, are to be found among Christian martyrs, and saints such as Cath-

erine of Sienna, and above all in the ideal Christ—"the noblest ideal of humanity," he calls it, "which mankind has yet worshipped." Finally he says that religion, properly understood, is simply the reverence and love for [this] ethical ideal, and the desire to realize that ideal in life, which every man ought to feel." That man "ought" to feel this desire, and "ought" to act on it, "is," he says, "surely indisputable," and "Agnosticism has no more to do with it than it has with music or painting."

Here then we come to something at last which Professor Huxley, despite all his doubts, declares to be certain—to a conclusion which Agnosticism itself, according to his view, admits to be "indisputable." Agnosticism, however, as he has told us already, lays it down as a "fundamental axiom" that no conclusions are indisputable but such as are "demonstrated or demonstrable." The conclusion, therefore, that we ought to do our duty, and that we ought to experience what Professor Huxley calls "religion," is evidently a conclusion which, in his opinion, is demonstrated or demonstrable with the utmost clearness and cogency. Before, however, enquiring how far this is the case, we must state the conclusion in somewhat different terms, but still in terms which we have Professor Huxley's explicit warrant for using. Duty is a thing which men in general, "as they always have been, and probably ever will be," have lamentably failed to do, and to do which is very difficult, going as it does against some of the strongest and most victorious instincts of our nature. Professor Huxley's conclusion then must be expressed thus: "We ought to do something which most of us do not do, and which we cannot do without a severe and painful struggle, often involving the extremity of self-sacrifice."

And now, such being the case, let us proceed to this crucial question—What is the meaning of the all-important word "*ought*?" It does not mean merely that on utilitarian grounds the conduct in question can be defended as tending to certain beneficent results. This conclusion would be indeed barren and useless. It would merely amount to saying that some people would be happier if other people would for their sake con-

sent to be miserable; or that men would be happier as a race if their instincts and impulses were different from "what they always have been and probably ever will be." When we say that certain conduct ought to be followed, we do not mean that its ultimate results can be shown to be beneficial to other people, but that they can be exhibited as desirable to the people to whom the conduct is recommended—and not only as desirable, but as desirable in a pre-eminent degree—desirable beyond all other results that are immediately beneficial to themselves. Now the Positivists, or any other believers in the destinies of Humanity, absurd as their beliefs may be, still have in their beliefs a means by which, theoretically, duty could be thus recommended. According to them our sympathy with others is so keen, and the future in store for our descendants is so satisfying, that we have only to think of this future and we shall burn with a desire to work for it. But Professor Huxley, and those who agree with him, utterly reject both of these suppositions. They say, and very rightly, that our sympathies are limited; and that the blissful future, which it is supposed will appeal to them, is moonshine. The utmost, then, in the way of objective results, that any of us can accomplish by following the path of duty, is not only little in itself, but there is no reason for supposing that it will contribute to anything great. On the contrary, it will only contribute to something which, as a whole, is "unutterably saddening."

Let us suppose then an individual with two ways of life open to him—the way of ordinary self-indulgence, and the way of pain, effort, and self-sacrifice. The first seems to him obviously the most advantageous; but he has heard so much fine talk in favor of the second, that he thinks it at least worth considering. He goes, we will suppose, to Professor Huxley, and asks to have it demonstrated that this way of pain is preferable. Now what answer to that could Professor Huxley make—he, or any other Agnostic who agrees with him? He has made several answers. I am going to take them one by one; and while doing to each of them, as I hope, complete justice, to show that they are

not only absolutely and ridiculously impotent to prove what is demanded of them, but they do not even succeed in touching the question at issue.

One of the answers hardly needs considering, except to show to what straits the thinker must be put who uses it. A man, says Professor Huxley, ought to choose the way of pain and duty, because it conduces in some small degree to the good of others; and to do good to others ought to be his predominant desire, or, in other words, his religion. But the very fact in human nature that makes the question at issue worth arguing, is the fact that men naturally do not desire the good of others, or, at least, desire it in a very lukewarm way; and every consideration which the Positivist school advances to make the good of others attractive and interesting to ourselves Professor Huxley dismisses with what we may call an uproarious contempt. If, then, we are not likely to be nerved to our duty by a belief that duty done tends to produce and hasten a change that shall really make the whole human lot beautiful, we are not likely to be nerved to it by the belief that its utmost possible result will be some partial and momentary benefit to a portion of "a wilderness of apes." The Positivist says to the men of the present day, "Work hard at the foundation of things social; for on these foundations one day will arise a glorious edifice." Professor Huxley tells them to work equally hard, only he adds that the foundation will never support anything better than pig-sties. His attempt, then, on social grounds, to make duty binding, and give force to the moral imperative, is merely a fragment of Mr. Harrison's system, divorced from anything that gave it a theoretical meaning. Professor Huxley has shattered that system against the hard rock of reality, and this is one of the pieces which he has picked up out of the mire.

The social argument, then, we may therefore put aside, as good perhaps for showing what duty is, but utterly useless for creating any desire to do it. Indeed, to render Professor Huxley justice, it is not the argument on which he mainly relies. The argument, or rather the arguments, on which he mainly relies have no direct connection with

things social at all. They seek to create a religion, or to give a meaning to duty, by dwelling on man's connection, not with his fellow-men, but with the universe, and thus developing in the individual a certain ethical self-reverence, or rather, perhaps, preserving his existing self-reverence from destruction. How any human being who pretends to accurate thinking can conceive that these arguments would have the effect desired—that they would either tend in any way to develop self-reverence of any kind, or that this self-reverence, if developed, could connect itself with practical duty, passes my comprehension. Influential and eminent men, however, declare that such is their opinion; and for that reason the arguments are worth analyzing. Mr. Herbert Spencer is here in almost exact accord with Professor Huxley; we will therefore begin by referring to his way of stating the matter.

"We are obliged," he says, "to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some Power by which we are acted on; though Omnipresence is unthinkable, yet, as experience discloses no bounds to the diffusion of phenomena, we are unable to think of limits to the presence of this power; while the criticisms of science teach us that this Power is Incomprehensible. And this consciousness of an Incomprehensible Power, called Omnipresent from inability to assign its limits, is just that consciousness on which religion dwells." * Now Professor Huxley, it will be remembered, gives an account of religion quite different. He says it is a desire to realize a certain ideal in life. His terminology therefore differs from that of Mr. Spencer; but of the present matter, as the following quotation will show, his view is substantially the same.

"Let us suppose," he says, "that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and therefore that our conception of matter represents that which really is. Let us suppose further that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain succession; and I for my part do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessarianism." And this materialism, were it really what sci-

* *First Principles*, p. 99.

ence forces on us, he admits would amply justify the darkest fears that are entertained of it. It would "drown man's soul," "impede his freedom," "paralyze his energies," "debase his moral nature," and "destroy the beauty of his life." * But, Professor Huxley assures us, these dark fears are groundless. There is indeed only one avenue of escape from them; but that avenue Truth opens to us.

"For," he says, "after all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising . . . except that it also is a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause or condition of states of consciousness? . . . And what is the dire necessity and iron law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an 'iron' law it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity it is that a stone unsupported must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know and can know about the latter phenomena? Simply that in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. . . . But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which . . . has no warranty that I can discover anywhere. . . . Force I know, and Law I know; but who is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?"

Let us now compare the statements of these two writers. Each states that the reality of the universe is unknowable; that just as surely as matter is always one aspect of mind, so mind is equally one aspect of matter; and that if it is true to say that the thoughts of man are material, it is equally true to say that the earth from which man was taken is spiritual. Further, from these statements each writer deduces a similar moral. The only difference between them is, that Mr. Spencer puts it positively, and Professor Huxley negatively. Mr. Spencer says that a consciousness of the unknowable nature of the universe, fills the mind with religious emotion. Professor Huxley says that the same consciousness will preserve from destruction the emotion that already exists in it. We will examine the positive

and negative propositions in order, and see what bearing, if any, they have on practical life.

Mr. Spencer connects his religion with practical life thus. The mystery and the immensity of the All, and our own inseparable connection with it, deepen and solemnize our own conception of ourselves. They make us regard ourselves as "elements in that great evolution of which the beginning and the end are beyond our knowledge or conception;" and in especial they make us so regard our "own innermost convictions."

"It is not for nothing," says Mr. Spencer, "that a man has in him these sympathies with some principles, and repugnance to others. . . . He is a descendant of the past; he is a parent of the future; and his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause: and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act with this belief." *

In all the annals of intellectual self-deception, it would be hard to find anything to outdo, or even to approach this. What a man does or thinks, what he professes or acts out, can have no effect whatever, conceivable to ourselves, beyond such effects as it produces within the limits of this planet; and hardly any effect, worth our consideration, beyond such as it produces on himself and a few of his fellow-men. Now, how can any of these effects be connected with the evolution of the universe in such a way as to enable a consciousness of the universe to inform us that one set of effects should be aimed at by us rather than another? The Positivists say that our aim should be the progress of man; and that, as I have said, forms a standard of duty, though it may not supply a motive. But what has the universe to do with the progress of man? Does it know anything about it? or care anything about it? Judging from the language of Mr. Spencer and Professor Huxley, one would certainly suppose that it did. Surely, in that case, here is anthropomorphism with a vengeance. "It is not for nothing," says Mr. Spencer, "that the Unknowable has implanted in a man certain impulses."

* *Lay Sermons*, pp. 122, 123, 127.

* *First Principles*, p. 123.

What is this but the old theologic doctrine of design? Can anything be more inconsistent with the entire theory of the Evolutionist? Mr. Spencer's argument means, if it means anything, that the Unknowable has implanted in us one set of sympathies in a sense in which it has not implanted others: else the impulse to deny one's belief, and not to act on it, which many people experience, would be authorized by the Unknowable as much as the impulse to profess it, and to act on it. And according to Mr. Spencer's entire theory, according to Professor Huxley's entire theory, according to the entire theory of modern science, it is precisely this that is the case. If it is the fact that the Unknowable works through any of our actions, it works through all alike, bad, good, and indifferent, through our lies as well as through our truth-telling, through our injuries to our race as well as through our benefits to it. The attempt to connect the well-being of humanity with any general tendency observable in the universe, is in fact, on Agnostic principles, as hopeless as an attempt to get, in a balloon, to Jupiter. It is utterly unfit for serious men to talk about; and its proper place, if anywhere, would be in one of Jules Verne's story-books. The destinies of mankind, so far as we have any means of knowing, have as little to do with the course of the Unknowable as a whole, as the destinies of an ant-hill in South Australia have to do with the question of Home Rule for Ireland.

Or even supposing the Unknowable to have any feeling in the matter, how do we know that its feeling would be in our favor, and that it would not be gratified by the calamities of humanity, rather than by its improvement? Or here is a question which is more important still. Supposing the Unknowable did desire our improvement, but we, as Professor Huxley says of us, were obstinately bent against being improved; what could the Unknowable do to us, for thus thwarting its wishes?

And this leads us to another aspect of the matter. If consciousness of the Unknowable does not directly influence action, it may yet be said that the contemplation of the universe as the wonderful garment of this unspeakable mys-

tery, is calculated to put the mind into a serious and devout condition, which would make it susceptible to the solemn voice of duty. How any devotion so produced could have any connection with duty I confess I am at a loss to see. But I need not dwell on that point, for what I wish to show is this, that contemplation of the Unknowable, from the Agnostic's point of view, is not calculated to produce any sense of devoutness at all. Devoutness is made up of three things, fear, love, and wonder; but were the Agnostic's thoughts really controlled by his own principles (which they are not) not one of these emotions could the Unknowable possibly excite in him. It need hardly be said that he has no excuse for loving it, for his own first principles forbid him to say that it is lovable, or that it possesses any character, least of all any anthropomorphic character. But perhaps it is calculated to excite fear or awe in him. This idea is more plausible than the other. The universe as compared with man is a revelation of forces that are infinite, and it may be said that surely these have something awful and impressive in them. There is, however, another side to the question. This universe represents not only infinite forces, but it represents also infinite impotence. So long as we conform ourselves to certain ordinary rules we may behave as we like for anything it can do to us. We may look at it with eyes of adoration, or make faces at it, and blaspheme it, but for all its power it cannot move a finger to touch us. Why, then, should a man be in awe of this lubberly All, whose b'indness and impotence are at least as remarkable as its power, and from which man is as absolutely safe as a mouse in a hole is from a lion? But there still remains the emotion of wonder to be considered. Is not the universe calculated to excite our wonder? From the Agnostic point of view we must certainly say No. The further science reveals to us the constitution of things the feeling borne in on us more and more strongly is this, that it is not wonderful that things happen as they do, but that it would be wonderful if they happened otherwise; while as for the Unknown Cause that is behind what science reveals to us, we cannot wonder at that, for we know noth-

ing at all about it, and if there is any wonder involved in the matter at all, it is nothing but wonder at our own ignorance.

So much, then, for our mere emotions toward the Unknowable. There still remains, however, one way more in which it is alleged that our consciousness of it can be definitely connected with duty; and this is the way which our Agnostic philosophers most commonly have in view, and to which they allude most frequently. I allude to the search after scientific truth and the proclamation of it, regardless of consequences. Whenever the Agnostics are pressed as to the consequences of their principles it is on this conception of duty that they invariably fall back. Mr. Herbert Spencer, on his own behalf, expresses the position thus—

"The highest truth he sees will the wise man fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world, knowing that if he can effect the change [in belief] he aims at, well; if not, well also; though not *so* well."*

After what has been said already it will not be necessary to dwell long on this astonishing proposition. A short examination will suffice to show its emptiness. That a certain amount of truth in social intercourse is necessary for the continuance of society, and that a large number of scientific truths are useful in enabling us to add to our material comforts is, as Professor Huxley would say, "surely indisputable." And truth thus understood it is "surely indisputable" that we should cultivate. The reason is obvious. Such truth has certain social consequences, certain things that we all desire come of it; but the highest truth which Mr. Spencer speaks of stands, according to him, on a wholly different basis, and we are to cultivate it, not because of its consequences, but in defiance of them. And what are its consequences, so far as we can see? Professor Huxley's answer is this. "I have had, and have, the firmest conviction that . . . the *verace via*, the straight road, has led nowhere else but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest." Now if this be the case what possible justification can there be for following this *verace via*? In what sense is

the man who follows it playing "his right part in the world?" And when Mr. Spencer says, with regard to his conduct, "it is well," with whom is it well, or in what sense is it well? We can use such language with any warrant or with any meaning only on the supposition that the universe, or the Unknowable as manifested through the universe, is concerned with human happiness in some special way, in which it is not concerned with human misery, and that thus our knowledge of it must somehow make men happier, even though it leads them into a wild and tangled forest. It is certain that our devotion to truth will not benefit the universe; the only question is, will knowledge of the universe, beyond a certain point, benefit us? But the supposition just mentioned is merely theism in disguise. It imputes to the Unknowable design, purpose, and affection. In every way it is contrary to the first principles of Agnosticism. Could we admit it, then devotion to truth might have all the meaning that Mr. Spencer claims for it: but if this supposition is denied, as all Agnostics deny it, this devotion to truth, seemingly so noble and so unassailable, sinks to a superstition more abject, more meaningless, and more ridiculous than that of any African savage, grovelling and mumbling before his fetish.

We have now passed under review the main positive arguments by which our Agnostics, while dismissing the existence of God as a question of lunar politics, endeavor to exhibit the reality of religion, and of duty, as a thing that is "surely indisputable." We will now pass on to their negative arguments. While by positive arguments they endeavor to prove that duty and religion are realities, by their negative arguments they endeavor to prove that duty and religion are not impossibilities. We have seen how absolutely worthless to their cause are the former; but if the former are worthless, the latter are positively fatal.

What they are the reader has already seen. I have taken the statement of them from Professor Huxley, but Mr. Spencer uses language almost precisely similar. These arguments start with two admissions. Were all our actions linked one to another by mechanical ne-

* *First Principles*, p. 123.

cessity, it is admitted that responsibility and duty would be no longer conceivable. Our "energies," as Professor Huxley admits, would be "paralyzed" by "utter necessarianism." Further, did our conception of matter represent a reality, were matter low and gross, as we are accustomed to think of it, then man, as the product of matter, would be low and gross also, and heroism and duty would be really successfully degraded, by being reduced to questions of carbon and ammonia. But from all of these difficulties Professor Huxley professes to extricate us. Let us look back at the arguments by which he considers that he has done so.

We will begin with his method of liberating us from the "iron" law of necessity, and thus giving us back our freedom and moral character. He performs this feat, or rather, he thinks he has performed it, by drawing a distinction between what *will* happen and what *must* happen. On this distinction his entire position is based. Now in every argument used by any sensible man there is probably some meaning. Let us try fairly to see what is the meaning in this. I take it that the idea at the bottom of Professor Huxley's mind is as follows. Though all our scientific reasoning presupposes the uniformity of the universe, we are unable to assert of the reality behind the universe, that it might not manifest itself in ways by which all present science would be baffled. But what has an idea like this to do with any practical question? So far as man, and man's will, is concerned, we have to do only with the universe as we know it; and the only knowledge we have of it, worth calling knowledge, involves, as Professor Huxley is constantly telling us, "the great act of faith," which leads us to take what has been as a certain index of what will be. Now, with regard to this universe, Professor Huxley tells us that the progress of science has always meant, and "means now more than ever," "the extension of the province of . . . causation, and . . . the banishment of spontaneity."* And this applies, as he expressly says, to human thought and action as much as to the flowering of a plant. Just as

there can be no voluntary action without volition, so there can be no volition without some preceding cause. Accordingly, if a man's condition at any given moment were completely known, his actions could be predicted with as much or with as little certainty as the fall of a stone could be predicted if released from the hand that held it. Now Professor Huxley tells us that, with regard to certainty, we are justified in saying that the stone will fall; and we should, therefore, be justified in saying similarly of the man, that he will act in such and such a manner. Whether theoretically we are absolutely certain is no matter. We are absolutely certain for all practical purposes, and the question of human freedom is nothing if not practical. What then is gained—is anything gained—is the case in any way altered—by telling ourselves that though there is certainty in the case, there is no necessity? Suppose I held a loaded pistol to Professor Huxley's ear, and offered to pull the trigger, should I reconcile him to the operation by telling him that though it certainly would kill him, there was not the least necessity that it should do so? And with regard to volition and action, as the result of preceding causes, is not the case precisely similar? Let Professor Huxley turn to all the past actions of humanity. Can he point to any smallest movement of any single human being, which has not been the product of causes, which in their turn have been the product of other causes? Or can he point to any causes which, under given conditions, could have produced any effects other than those they have produced, unless he uses the word *could* in the foolish and fantastic sense which would enable him to say that unsupported stones could possibly fly upward? For all practical purposes the distinction between *must* and *will* is neither more nor less than a feeble and childish sophism. Theoretically no doubt it will bear this meaning—that the Unknowable might have so made man, that at any given moment he could be a different being: but it does nothing to break the force of what all science teaches us—that man, formed as he is, cannot act otherwise than as he does. The universe may have no necessity at the back of it; but its present and its past alike

* *Lay Sermons*, p. 123.

are a necessity at the back of us; and it is not necessity, but it is doubt of necessity, that is really "the shadow of our own mind's throwing."

And now let us face Professor Huxley's other argument, which is to save life from degradation by taking away the reproach from matter. If it is true, he tells us, to say that everything, mind included, is matter, it is equally true to say that everything, matter included, is mind; and thus, he argues, the dignity we all attribute to mind, at once is seen to diffuse itself throughout the entire universe. Mr. Herbert Spencer puts the same view thus.

"Such an attitude of mind [contempt for matter and dread of materialism] is significant not so much of a reverence for the Unknown Cause, as of an irreverence for those familiar forms in which the Unknown Cause is manifested to us.* . . . But whoever remembers that the forms of existence of which the uncultivated speak with so much scorn . . . are found to be the more marvellous the more they are investigated, and are also found to be in their natures absolutely incomprehensible . . . will see that the course proposed [a reduction of all things to terms of matter] does not imply a degradation of the so-called higher, but an elevation of the so-called lower."

The answer to this argument, so far as it touches any ethical or religious question, is at once obvious and conclusive. The one duty of ethics and of religion is to draw a distinction between two states of emotion and two courses of action—to elevate the one and to degrade the other. But the argument we are now considering, though undoubtedly true in itself, has no bearing on this distinction whatever. It is invoked to show that religion and duty remain spiritual in spite of all materialism; but it ends, with unfortunate impartiality, in showing the same thing of vice and of cynical worldliness. If the life of Christ is elevated by being seen in this light, so also is the life of Casanova; and it is as impossible in this way to make the one higher than the other as it is to make one man higher than another by taking them both up in a balloon.

I have now gone through the whole case for duty and for religion, as stated by the Agnostic school, and have shown that as thus stated, there is no case at all. I have shown their arguments to

be so shallow, so irrelevant, and so contradictory, that they never could have imposed themselves on the men who condescend to use them, if these men, upon utterly alien grounds, had not pledged themselves to the conclusion which they invoke the arguments to support. Something else, however, still remains to be done. Having seen how Agnosticism fails to give a basis to either religion or duty, I will point out to the reader how it actively and mercilessly destroys them. Religion and duty, as has been constantly made evident in the course of the foregoing discussion, are, in the opinion of the Agnostics, inseparably connected. Duty is a course of conduct which is more than conformity to human law; religion consists of the emotional reasons for pursuing that conduct. Now these reasons, on the showing of the Agnostics themselves, are reasons that do not lie on the surface of the mind. They have to be sought out in moods of devoutness and abstraction, and the more we dwell on them, the stronger they are supposed to become. They lie above and beyond the ordinary things of life; but after communing with them, it is supposed that we shall descend to these things with our purposes sharpened and intensified. It is easy to see, however, if we divest ourselves of all prejudice, and really conceive ourselves to be convinced of nothing which is not demonstrable by the methods of Agnostic science, that the more we dwell on the Agnostic doctrine of the universe, the less and not the more shall duty seem to be binding on us.

I have said that Agnosticism can supply us with no religion. Perhaps I was wrong in saying so, for if we will but invert the supposed tendency of religion, it can and it will supply us with a religion indeed. It will supply us with a religion which, if we describe it in theological language, we may with literal accuracy describe as the religion of the devil—of the devil, the spirit which denies. Instead of telling us of duty, that it has a meaning which does not lie on the surface, such meaning as may lie on the surface it will utterly take away. It will indeed tell us that the soul which sins shall die; but it will tell us in the same breath that the soul which does

* *First Principles*, p. 556.

not sin, shall die the same death. Instead of telling us that we are responsible for our actions, it will tell us that if anything is responsible for them it is the blind and unfathomable universe; and if we are asked to repent of any shameful sins we have committed, it will tell us we might as well be repentant about the structure of the solar system. These meditations, these communings with scientific truth, will be the exact inverse of the religious meditations of the Christian. Every man, no doubt, has two voices—the voice of self-indulgence or indifference, and the voice of effort and duty; but whereas the religion of the Christian enabled him to silence the one, the religion of the Agnostic will forever silence the other. I say forever, but I probably ought to correct myself. Could the voice be silenced forever, then there might be peace in the sense in which Roman conquerors gave the name of peace to solitude. But it is more likely that the voice will still continue, together with the longing expressed by it, only to feel the pains of being again and again silenced, or sent back to the soul saying bitterly, I am a lie.

Such then is really the result of Agnosticism on life, and the result is so obvious to any one who knows how to reason, that it could be hidden from nobody, except by one thing, and that is the cowardice characteristic of all our contemporary Agnostics. They dare not face what they have done. They dare not look fixedly at the body of the life which they have pierced.

And now comes the final question to which all that I have thus far urged has been leading. What does theologic religion answer to the principle and to the doctrines of Agnosticism? In contemporary discussion the answer is constantly obscured, but it is of the utmost importance that it should be given clearly. It says this: If we start from and are faithful to the Agnostic's fundamental principles, that nothing is to be regarded as certain which is not either demonstrated or demonstrable, then the denial of God is the only possible creed for us. To the methods of science nothing in this universe gives any hint of either a God or a purpose. Duty, and holiness, aspiration, and love of truth, are "merely shadows of our own mind's

throwing," but shadows which, instead of making the reality brighter, only serve to make it more ghastly and hideous. Humanity is a bubble; the human being is a puppet, cursed with the intermittent illusion that he is something more, and roused from this illusion with a pang every time it flatters him. Now from this condition of things is there no escape? Theologic religion answers, There is one, and one only, and this is the repudiation of the principle on which all Agnosticism rests.

Let us see what this repudiation amounts to, and we shall then realize what, in the present day, is the intellectual basis which theologic religion claims. Theologic religion does not say that within limits the Agnostic principle is not perfectly valid and has not led to the discovery of a vast body of truth. But what it does say is this: that the truths which are thus discovered are not the only truths which are certainly and surely discoverable. The fundamental principle of Agnosticism is that nothing is certainly true but such truths as are demonstrated or demonstrable. The fundamental principle of theologic religion is, that there are other truths of which we can be equally or even more certain, and that these are the only truths that give life a meaning and redeem us from the body of death. Agnosticism says, nothing is certain which cannot be proved by science. Theologic religion says, nothing which is important can be. Agnosticism draws a line round its own province of knowledge, and beyond that it declares is the unknown void which thought cannot enter, and in which belief cannot support itself. Where Agnosticism pauses, there Religion begins. On what seems to science to be unsustaining air, it lays its foundations—it builds up its fabric of certainties. Science regards them as dreams, as an "unsubstantial pageant;" and yet even to science Religion can give some account of them. Professor Huxley says, as we have seen, that "from the nature of ratiocination," it is obvious that it must start "from axioms which cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination;" and that in science it must start with "one great act of faith"—faith in the uniformity of nature. Religion replies to science: "And I too start with a faith

in one thing. I start with a faith which you too profess to hold—faith in the meaning of duty and the infinite importance of life; and out of that faith my whole fabric of certainties, one after the other, is reared by the hands of reason. Do you ask for proof? Do you ask for verification? I can give you one only, which you may take or leave as you choose. Deny the certainties which I declare to be certain—deny the existence of God, deny man's freedom and immortality, and by no other conceivable hypothesis can you vindicate for man's life any possible meaning, or save it from the degradation at which you profess to feel so aghast." "Is there no other way," I can conceive Science asking, "no other way by which the dignity of life may be vindicated, except this—the abandonment of my one fundamental principle? Must I put my lips, in shame and humiliation, to the cup of faith I have so contemptuously cast away from me? May not this cup pass from me? Is there salvation in no other?" And to this question, without passion or preference, the voice of reason and logic pitilessly answers "No."

Here is the dilemma which men, sooner or later, will see before them, in all its crudeness and nakedness, cleared

from the rags with which the cowardice of contemporary Agnosticism has obscured it; and they will then have to choose one alternative or the other. What their choice will be I do not venture to prophesy; but I will venture to call them happy if their choice prove to be this: To admit frankly that their present canon of certainty, true so far as it goes, is only the pettiest part of truth, and that the deepest certainties are those which, if tried by this canon, are illusions. To make this choice a struggle would be required with pride, and with what has long passed for enlightenment; and yet when it is realized what depends on the struggle, there are some at least who will think that it must end successfully. The only way by which, in the face of science, we can ever logically arrive at a faith in life, is by the commission of what many at present will describe as an intellectual suicide. I do not for a moment admit that such an expression is justifiable, but if I may use it provisionally, and because it points to the temper at present prevalent, I shall be simply pronouncing the judgment of frigid reason in saying that it is only through the grave and gate of death that the spirit of man can pass to its resurrection.—*Fortnightly Review*.

III.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE "GEOCENTRIC" SYSTEM.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

THE questions which arise out of the alleged contradictions between revealed religion and modern science almost of necessity take two shapes both of which stand apart alike from the literary and critical side of the controversy and from its purely moral side. Yet these two shapes severally answer to the purely moral and to the literary and critical side, and they severally employ much the same methods as are followed by those two sides. Of the two shapes here spoken of, one deals directly with the doctrines of religion, the other only indirectly, through the documents in which those doctrines are believed to have been handed down. It is one thing to say

that the language of the Old and New Testament contradicts the discoveries of modern science. It is another thing to say that the Christian system of theology is itself set aside by those discoveries. Both these propositions stand quite apart from critical objections to any of the books of the Old or New Testament, such objections, for instance, as that they are not of the date which has been commonly assigned to them and which in some cases they seem to claim for themselves. Both objections again stand no less apart from objections to the Christian system on such grounds, for instance, as that that system attributes to the Divine Being a course of action

which goes against our natural notions of human justice. But the two forms of scientific objection exactly answer, the one to the critical, the other to the moral objection. To say that the Gospel attributed to Saint John cannot be the work of a contemporary of our Lord, and to say that the opening narrative of Genesis contradicts the results of geological research, are objections which, among many points of difference, have one point in common. What they directly attack is the record only. So the moral and the scientific objection have this in common, that they deal directly with the doctrine itself and not merely with the record. Now objections to the record may in the end tell against the doctrine; but, as long as they deal directly with the record only, their form is that of ordinary criticism, literary, historical, or scientific. The immediate question is something like this. Did such a writer write such a book at such a time? Do such and such words of such a book contradict such and such an ascertained truth of geology or some other branch of natural science? These are important questions in themselves, and they may be more important in their results; but they are in themselves very humble questions compared with the deep searchings of heart which are stirred by the two other lines of argument. Is the Christian scheme itself, apart from its records, consistent, in the one case with moral, in the other with scientific truth?

Now it may be merely the way in which the mind is influenced by its own pursuits; but it certainly seems to me that the difficulties suggested by the critical and the moral objections are much greater, and far better deserve the most thorough answer that Christian apologists can give, than the difficulties which are suggested by the purely scientific objections. It may be that I am every day employed on critical questions and have some experience of moral questions, while I may fail to give its full force to an argument founded on the facts of natural science. I do not know how this may be; with another objector or another apologist the temptations may be the other way. But it does seem to me that some of the difficulties which arise out of critical objections are very

serious indeed. If it can be proved that the Gospel which we call that of Saint John was not written by a contemporary and familiar acquaintance of Christ, it can hardly be an honest record. The book itself distinctly implies that it is the work of an eyewitness. And, if that Gospel is not an honest record—allowing for the notions of that day with regard to the composition of speeches—really serious difficulties do arise. A good deal of received Christian theology certainly comes from that Gospel. But the scientific accuracy of the book of Genesis or of any other part of the Old or New Testament is surely a much less serious matter. Such questions need not trouble any except those who believe in the absolute infallibility of every jot and tittle of those books as they have come down to us. Even these last have ceased to be disturbed at the mere use of popular language. The astronomer himself, when he is not directly talking astronomy, perhaps even sometimes when he is, does not scruple to talk about the sun rising and setting. But, if we are only set free from the abject worship of books, even contradictions in the shape of direct statement need not trouble us. It is surely possible to believe that God chose the ancient Hebrews to be in a special way the instrument of divine purposes, that therefore their literature and history has a special value above that of other nations, without believing that every scrap of that literature is an oracle of divine truth, any more than we need believe that every action recorded in that history is entitled to our moral approval. The Christian religion is surely not so closely bound to the cosmogony or the genealogies of the book of Genesis as it is to certain statements in the Gospel of Saint John. But the business of this paper is not to discuss either the critical or the scientific objections to the records, nor yet the moral objections brought against Christianity or against Theism generally. I merely wished to distinguish all these from the class of difficulties of which I do propose to say something, namely those which arise from the alleged inconsistency of the Christian theology itself with the modern discoveries of natural science.

These difficulties have lately been put

very strongly and clearly. I will not attempt to make references or quotations ; for where I am now writing, I have not the materials for doing so ; but I believe that I shall not misrepresent the general bearing of the class of objection of which I speak. As I understand the argument, the objection is indirect ; it is in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Christian scheme, the scheme of salvation, as divines call it, could have occurred only to minds which had a wholly false view of the structure of the universe and of the proportions and precedence of the bodies which the universe contains. Christianity, in short, is "geocentric." It assumes that this earth is the centre of the universe, that the inhabitants of the earth are the most important beings in the universe, the chief or only objects of the care of the Creator. For it implies that the Creator devised a scheme of salvation for the benefit of the inhabitants of this earth which is altogether inconceivable unless this earth and its inhabitants were the foremost objects in the universe. On the other hand, modern science teaches that this earth and its inhabitants are nothing of the kind. It teaches that this earth is a very small object in the universe, that it is only a satellite, and one of the smaller satellites, of the central body of its own system, and that that system is only one of many systems, and itself one of the smaller among them. It is unreasonable therefore, it is argued, to believe that such a scheme as that of Christianity, implying such awful mysteries and so tremendous a sacrifice, can have been devised for the sole benefit of such an insignificant part of the universe as this earth and its inhabitants. The words that I have used are my own, and not those of any objector ; but I believe that they fairly set forth the general bearing of the objection.

Now I do not deny that we have here something that may be fairly called a difficulty. That is, we have something which seems strange and wonderful, something which at first sight seems to be altogether contrary to human experience. And the difficulty, or at least the thought, is a very obvious one. It must, I think, have some time or other come into the mind of every one who

has seriously thought about such matters ; it is apt to come into the mind of any one who looks up at the starry heavens with a thought of what the stars really are. At such moments the thought does press itself on the mind how physically small a thing the earth is, and how small an object in the universe the human race must be. And it is not very amazing if from that point we go on to think how wonderful, from the point of view of the earth's littleness, the Christian scheme seems. In many cases undoubtedly this thought does not in the least present itself as an objection to that scheme, or as a difficulty in the way of accepting it. Still the thought easily may, and sometimes does, take the shape of a difficulty. But the difficulty is surely not an overwhelming or a pressing one ; it commonly does not go beyond a mere passing thought ; it is hard to conceive that any one who had no other objection to Christianity would reject it on this ground. It does not seem to stand at all on the same level, or to call for the same serious answer, as either the critical or the moral objections. As a piece of controversy, it is rather a cleverly put rhetorical point than a serious and practical piece of argument.

When a man refuses to accept the Christian religion on the ground that there is no evidence for the facts which that religion implies, he brings a serious and weighty objection, which deserves a serious answer. And when a man refuses to accept that religion on the ground that its main doctrine is contrary to the moral justice which we assume in a Creator and Governor of the world, his objection is also serious and weighty. Like the other, it deserves a serious answer, though it must be an answer in a different form from that which has to meet the critical objection. Both are a good deal more than mere rhetorical points ; they are direct and real objections. But the objection to Christianity that it implies a "geocentric" theory of the universe, has this weakness, that it implies a *quasi* belief, at any rate a possible belief, in the doctrine which it attacks. If it is meant, not merely as a rhetorical point but as a serious objection, it really comes to this ; We cannot believe that so much

has been done for this earth as Christianity teaches, because this earth is so little; if this earth were only bigger, then we might believe it. Now it is hardly possible that this can be a serious frame of mind with any one. It implies that there is no objection either on the critical or the moral side; the Christian scheme would be credible if it applied to a race of beings inhabiting the central sun; it is incredible only because it is not likely that such a scheme should be devised on behalf of the inhabitants of one of the smaller satellites of a smaller sun. Surely nobody ever really believed or disbelieved on this kind of ground. An objection of this kind is a rhetorical point, and nothing more.

Yet when looked at as a rhetorical point, the saying is certainly a telling one. It stands on a level with many sayings in political oratory which have great effect. Like many things in such oratory, it stands as it were in front of serious argument, and it may affect many minds which can hardly grapple with the serious arguments on either side. The slingers and darters have done more in some battles than the charge of the heavy-armed or of the elephants. The objection then cannot be wholly despised; that is, it cannot be wholly passed by. It is not unlikely to be effective, and the fact that it is not unlikely to be effective is a very instructive one, and one that opens a great number of curious analogies.

Soon after I saw the objection stated, I saw it answered with good effect from more than one side. The objection implies that those who hold the "geocentric" theory of the universe are likely to think too much of man, to claim for him too much importance, to think him indeed of so much importance as themselves to imagine the Christian scheme on his behalf. It was answered on one hand that, as a matter of fact, the "geocentric" theory does not always seem to have this effect. It was pointed out that it certainly had not this effect on the author of the eighth psalm. That psalm gives us the reflections of one who, in prescientific days, looked up at the starry heavens. He had, we may be sure, never doubted that the sun, as well as the moon, went round the earth. He no doubt held, according to the cos-

mogony of Genesis, that the sun, no less than the moon, was called into being to give light upon the earth. But he did not, as, according to the objection, he ought to have done, feel at all puffed up with pride at being an inhabitant of a world which was the centre of so grand a system and which had such splendid orbs rolling round it. The effect produced on his mind is the exact opposite; the grandeur of the heavens, as looked at with "geocentric" eyes, at once suggests, not the greatness of man, but his littleness.

"I will consider thy heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast appointed. Lord, what is man that Thou visitest him, and the son of man that Thou so regardest him?"

There is no reason to think that there was in the writer of these words any conscious reference to the special Christian theology. It is God's general providence and care for man which arouses his wonder; the littleness of man, as compared with the greatness of the heavens, does not come to his mind as an objection or a difficulty; it is matter for wonder, but for purely devout wonder. And this is surely the natural state of mind. Without thinking of any astronomical theories at all, without caring whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun goes round the earth, the contemplation of the starry heavens does make one feel our own littleness. We do indeed so deeply feel our littleness that the first impulse of the natural man is to fall down and worship the splendid orbs that he sees above him. I write in an old Phœnician home, with Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians lighting up earth and sky and sea and mountains. And I do not wonder that they worshipped her. Nor do I believe that the men of Rhodes would have thought any more—most likely they would have thought somewhat the less—of their great god Hêlios, if any philosopher had taught them that, instead of driving his car daily through the heavens, he sat idly in the middle of things while the earth made a yearly journey round him.

The truth is that the objection attributes to scientific theories a great deal more practical influence than actually belongs to them. Whether the earth

goes round the sun or the sun goes round the earth, does not make the least practical difference to the affairs of life. It makes no difference to our general feelings, to our general ways of looking at things. It does not appear that astronomers have a greater contempt for man and the earth and the things of earth than the men of past times who believed the "geocentric" theory, or than the men of present times who think very little about the matter. Nowadays we are all "heliocentric" when we stop to think about it; if we were put on by an examiner, we should all make the right answer; but I suspect that most of us are "geocentric" in practice. That is, we not only talk as if the sun really rose and set, but for all practical purposes we really think so. When I watch the sun seeming to rise out of the wide Mediterranean or seeming to sink at eve behind the western mountains, the chances are a hundred to one that I never think of the scientific doctrine which I at once acknowledge to be true if I do chance to think of it. The poets influence men's minds quite as much as the astronomers, and the poets are sadly "geocentric." Yet they often follow their old Hebrew forerunner in dwelling on the littleness of man and the vanity of earthly things. With one who was consciously and controversially "geocentric," with one who had convinced himself that Ptolemy was right and Copernicus wrong, it would doubtless be otherwise. Such an one might be tempted to swagger a little about the greatness of this earth and its inhabitants. But to the millions on millions who were and are "geocentric" only because they never heard of any other doctrine and never thought at all about the matter, to those other millions who are correctly "heliocentric" whenever they are examined, but who at other times fall back into a practically "geocentric" state—to both these classes the whole thing really does not matter. Nobody really accepts or rejects the Christian religion or any other religion, merely through thinking whether the sun is so many thousands or millions of times bigger than the earth, or whether it is only of the size of a cart-wheel, or, at the outside, about the bigness of Peloponnésos.

About the same time that I saw the answer to the objection which I have thus worked up a little for myself, I also saw another answer. It took this shape. The Christian scheme in no way implies any special importance in the earth or its inhabitants. It is perfectly consistent with more than one directly opposite theory. Now any theory whatever about the inhabitants of other worlds must be mere theory, because we cannot have any real knowledge on the subject. Astronomers do not attempt to tell us for certain whether even the other members of our own system are inhabited or not. I have no astronomer at hand to consult, but I believe I am right in saying that they tell us that Mars is the only planet of our system where men like ourselves could live, that, if the other planets are inhabited, it must be by beings of a very different physical nature from ours. Of the moral or spiritual state of such beings, if such beings there be, they can of course tell us nothing. It is open to any man to think that the other members of our system and the members of other systems are inhabited or that they are not. It is open to him to think that they are inhabited only by beings so inferior to ourselves that a scheme like that of the Christian revelation cannot apply to them. It is equally open to him to think that they are inhabited by beings so greatly our moral superiors that for them the scheme of Christianity has never been needed. It is, I suppose, open to him to think that, in some way unknown to us, the Christian scheme may apply to other worlds besides ours. And it may be at least a harmless dream, if any one likes to think that the heavenly bodies, so much greater and more splendid than our earth, may really be places of promotion for the inhabitants of this earth. All these are of course mere speculations; they are positions which, as they cannot be proved, cannot be disproved. They may be wise guesses or foolish; We are concerned with them only because, as they in no way contradict any discovery of modern science, so they are in no way inconsistent with the Christian theology. It is doubtless a wise caution to say that it is better not to enter at all on such speculations, in which we never can reach certainty, and which have no prac-

tical bearing on our actual life. Our duties lie in this world which we know about, and we need not trouble ourselves as to what may be going on in other worlds which we do not know about. It might even be added that, if we were meant to know about them, some means of knowing would have been given us in the way either of science or of revelation. All this is most true. I suggested the various hypothetical views just stated simply by way of argument. We are told that the Christian theology is essentially "geocentric," that—*not to go beyond our own system*—the "heliocentric" doctrine at once upsets that theology as implying an importance in man and his dwelling-place which does not belong to them. I answer that here are several possible opinions, none of which contradicts any scientific discovery, none of which contradicts the Christian theology, but in some of which the view taken of man and his dwelling-place is by no means a lofty one.

I have taken these two lines of defence, suggested by others, and have given them some turns of my own. But I wish to go a little deeper into the matter from another side. There is another line of argument which I have no doubt has been taken already by some one or other, but which has certainly suggested itself independently to my own mind, and which I may truly say that I have not seen used lately. What if we were to say that the physical littleness of this earth, as compared with many other objects in the universe, is in no way inconsistent with a belief that the inhabitants of this small planet really are the most important beings in the universe? What if we were to say that such experience as we have of the working of things in our own world does actually suggest a certain presumption that it may really be so? There is a saying in Saint Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians (i. 27) which puts forth in a Christian shape a doctrine which no theist of any kind can well deny, and which those who do not admit even theism must allow to be in full agreement with the ordinary course of nature and history. Let us read it in the full strength of the original.

Τὰ μωρὰ τοῦ κόσμου ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός,

ἵνα τοὺς σοφοὺς κατασχύνῃ· καὶ τὰ ἀσθενῆ τοῦ κόσμου ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, ἵνα κατασχύνῃ τὰ ἰσχυρά· καὶ τὰ ἀγενῆ τοῦ κόσμου καὶ τὰ ἐξουθενημένα ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, καὶ τὰ μὴ ὄντα, ἵνα τὰ ὄντα καταργήσῃ· ὅπως μὴ καυχῆσθαι πᾶσα σὰρξ ἐνώπιον αὐτοῦ.

Here the foolish things, the weak, the ignoble, the despised things, the very things that are not, are said to be chosen by God to confound and bring to shame the things that are, or at least seem to be, wise, strong, noble, or in other ways superior to them. The reason given by the apostle is a moral one, which I suppose would not be accepted by those who do not believe in a moral Governor of the universe. But we need not at this stage dispute about the reason; what we have now to deal with is a question of fact. Does not the apostle here describe in a somewhat rhetorical way an order of things which, if described in a more scientific fashion, we might venture to say was the ordinary course of the world both in physical and in moral matters? Christians, theists in general, will call it a law of God's providence; those who would disclaim either of these names may speak of it in some other way; but is it not, as a matter of fact, our every-day experience that something very like what the apostle speaks of does take place as the common course of things? The small things, the weak things, the despised things, do in a wonderful way get the better of the great and strong things which may be conceived as despising them, which in some cases certainly do despise them. The physically small things constantly have, in some way or other, a moral superiority over the physically great things which more than makes up for their physical smallness. We see this alike in man's dealings with the natural world and also in his political history. Every victory of freedom and every practical discovery of science is alike an instance of the law laid down by the apostle. The position held by man himself in his own planet is the most wonderful instance of all. Everywhere the weak confounds the strong and has dominion over the strong. The wise of the world, the seemingly wise, are constantly taken in their own craftiness; the strong are overthrown by their own seeming strength. If a

world that is physically very small among worlds should really, in some sense other than physical, hold the first place among worlds much bigger than itself, such a state of things is in perfect agreement with what experience tells us is the ordinary course of things in that one world of which we know something.

Let us then take the extreme proposition of all, namely that this world of ours, a mere speck, we are told, in the universe, has this precedence over all the other bodies in the universe that it alone is inhabited, or at least that no other is inhabited by beings of a nature equal or superior to our own. I am not asserting this proposition or any proposition on the subject, because no proposition of the kind can be either proved or disproved. I only say that, if anybody does maintain such a proposition, he is not maintaining anything that is absurd on the face of it. The Christian religion assuredly does not imply any such doctrine; but if it did imply it, it would be no argument against the Christian religion. For the proposition is quite in accordance with the only experience that we can have, that of our own earth. It may seem a very strange thing if the greater part of the universe really is condemned to what to us seems uselessness and emptiness. From one side it is answer enough that we know nothing of what is useful or useless in any world but our own, and that we perhaps know less about it than we think we do even in our own world. At any rate we know from the past history and present state of our own world that such seeming uselessness and emptiness was the state of the whole of our world in some of its past stages, and that it still remains the state of large parts of it. And here both the certain facts of geology and the less certain doctrine of evolution, instead of standing in the way of the argument, give it no small help. The longer we conceive the earth to have been in being without human inhabitants, without sentient inhabitants, without so much as vegetable life upon it, the longer we conceive it to have been a mere empty house, not dwelled in, not even garnished for those who were to dwell in it, the closer is the parallel that we get to the supposed condition of the universe in general. We

know that our own world remained in this seemingly useless and empty state for untold ages; there is therefore at least no absurdity in supposing that other worlds, some or all of them, may be in the same state still. And even now the physical state of the earth is by no means what King Alfonso, legislating for the greatest good of the greatest human number, might have wished to make it. I remember, when I was a boy at school, being greatly struck with a sentence in my geography-book. Speaking of the great rivers of Siberia, Obi, Lena, Yenesei, it said: "These vast rivers flow mostly through unpeopled solitudes." There was something in this simple description that set one a-thinking. One could not help contrasting these great rivers which, flowing through unpeopled solitude, seemed, from the human point of view, to be of no use, which play no part in the human history of the world, with rivers so much smaller as Thames, Seine, Tiber, which have played so great a part in that history. And I remember, perhaps out of Enfield's Speaker or Ward's Reciter, some lines of a last century poet who wondered or complained:

"A part how small of this terraqueous globe
Is occupied by man."

I am not sure of the word "occupied," and I perhaps might not have remembered the line at all, if it had not been for the grand word "terracuous"; but I know that my line and a half was followed by an eloquent setting forth of the dreariness and emptiness and seeming uselessness of a large part of this earth. And we used to be taught that Europe was the smallest quarter of the globe but the most important, and we enlarged with some satisfaction on its superiority to quarters so much bigger as Asia and Africa. In short, we might go on forever proving the obvious truth which nobody doubts that a large part of the world is, for human purposes, useless, that, if the earth is but a very small part of the universe, the occupied and civilized part of it is smaller still. There would be no need to insist upon the matter at all, except that the past emptiness and uselessness of the whole planet, the abiding emptiness and seeming uselessness of large parts of it, cer-

tainly go a long way to get rid of all *a priori* objection to the possible emptiness and seeming uselessness of some or all of the other bodies that make up the universe.

And now we come to another point, namely the means by which large parts of the earth have been rescued from this empty and useless state, by which in truth all parts have been rescued that have been rescued at all. Some parts of the earth are still, as we have just seen, physically incapable of improvement; others are capable of improvement by the hand of man. And, if we take as our standard the needs of human life, not necessarily of civilized life, but, say, of what Mr. Tylor calls "high savage" life, the earth, even in its best case, needs some improvement. The savage himself has to do something to the earth or to something that grows or moves upon it, before he can reach even his own standard of well-being. Mankind has, in the language of the Old Testament, a commission, not only to replenish the earth, but to subdue it. But the choice of man for such work is surely the strongest case of all of the weak things of the world being chosen to confound the strong. Of all the animated beings on the face of the earth man is surely, among those of any considerable size, one of the least fitted for such a task as that of subduing the earth. For man to subdue the earth means that he must strive, and strive successfully, against powers infinitely stronger than himself. It means that he must bear up against and get the better of, sometimes even that he must turn to his own use, physical forces, physical obstacles, in the face of which his own physical strength is simply nothing. It means that he must drive away or destroy creatures far stronger than himself, which cannot be made useful for his purposes, and to press into his service other creatures far stronger than himself, which can be in such sort made useful. He has to defend himself against the powers of nature, to find shelter against heat and cold and wind and rain. He has in the most literal sense to subdue the earth when he turns its soil to raise his food, when he clears the primeval wood, when he drains the lake and turns the river, when he hews his way through

the mountain, and makes the Ocean itself his highway. Nay more, as he goes on, he makes the powers of nature his servants; the winds, the fire, the lightning itself, are all pressed to do his bidding. And to do all this, he has less of physical resource in his own person than almost any other animal. He comes into the world more helpless than the young of any other creature; for, as the helpless state remains so much longer, the human babe may be said to be practically more helpless even than the kittens and puppies which come into the world blind. And he remains through life more helpless, as far as immediate physical capacity goes, than any other creature. Some creatures, specially some of those which look like survivals from a past state of things, do in some sort seem more helpless than man; still even they are better provided for their immediate purposes. Man is not only actually smaller and weaker than a great many creatures, but he is proportionally weaker than a great many of the very smallest creatures. That he should be weaker than the horse, the bull, or the elephant, is only in proportion to his smaller size; but a man who should have a flea's power of leaping or the power of lifting weights which belongs to the goat-caterpillar would be a very remarkable being indeed. To be sure an elephant which should have the flea's power of leaping would be more remarkable still; but the small creatures generally do seem, as if to make up for their smallness, to have some powers in a higher degree than the large ones. And might we not even say that here again we have another instance of the law of the weak, if not confounding, at least surpassing the strong? Man has no natural weapons either to defend himself against attack or to attack any other creature himself. His teeth and nails are contemptible beside those of almost any other creature; he has no horns like the peaceful ruminants; he has not those means of escape by fleetness, agility, what we may call physical cunning, which are given to many creatures whose powers of attack or direct defence are small. Like other animals, he is naked; but he alone is, in most parts of the world, driven to feel his nakedness by painful physical necessity. Other ani-

mals feel cold, but most of them have some natural means of defence against it. Man, like other animals, feels hunger ; but in his own person, he has less means of satisfying his hunger than any other creature. And we might go on piling together a thousand instances to show how thoroughly man is, in all physical points, one of the weak things of the world. And it must be remembered that, if the doctrine of evolution be true, he comes from forefathers who were better equipped in all these ways than he is. And if we take the savage as an intermediate stage between the civilized man and those his remote forefathers, the savage has gone back somewhat and the civilized man still more. The savage has always some, often many, physical advantages over the civilized man. He may not always be actually stronger, but his physical senses are commonly keener. He commonly has the general physical advantage ; where he has not, it is either because he has, through some circumstance, physically degenerated, or because the civilized man has, like the domesticated beast, had the advantage of training. In any ordinary state of things, the savage has the physical advantage over the civilized man and the beast over the savage. The doctrine of evolution I neither affirm nor deny ; I simply accept it for argument's sake, as distinctly telling in my argument's favor. Grant evolution, and we must say that, as a being that has to make his way in the physical world without helps external to his own person, the civilized man has certainly degenerated from the savage, and the savage has degenerated from the ape.

Man then is assuredly one of the weak things of the world. But his weakness is one out of which he is made strong, a weakness by which he is enabled to subdue the earth and to have dominion over the beasts of the field. It is because he has more need of external helps than any other creature, because he knows that he has such needs and therefore seeks to supply them, that he has become, in one planet at least, the lord of the creation. Without tools he can do nothing ; with tools he can do everything, even to subduing the earth. Man's need of tools nowhere comes out more strongly than with regard to the

one organ in which he does seem to surpass all other mammals. The hand of man seems to us a wonderful improvement on the hand of the ape. And so it is for man's purposes ; that is, for the using of tools. Be it the spade that is to be used, or the sword or the pen, or any machinery much more elaborate than any of these, man can work it all the better because of the more perfect development of his thumb as compared with the thumb of the ape. But for the mere animal life which uses no tools, the ape's hand may be as good or better. One thing is clear ; man's hand enables him to use artificial weapons, the bow, the sword, the spear, in a way that the ape could not ; but in order so to use them, he gives up his natural weapons of claws, which the ape keeps. He has to give them up also in that curious process in which a natural organ is turned into an artificial weapon, when he clenches his fist to strike. Man's one piece of physical superiority is thus in some sort part of his physical inferiority. It is superior only as it enables him the better to use those artificial helps the need of which is the sign of his general physical helplessness.

While we are speaking of man who needs tools for everything, while we are contrasting him with other animals who do whatever they do without tools, we are again brought round to the remarkable fact that it is among the lower, not among the higher animals, that we find those which are most skilful in what we may call their practice of the arts. There are many animals which, in one way of looking at the matter, surpass man in their power of doing various things ; but it is not among man's fellow-mammals that we find them. Among mammals man stands alone as a tailor, almost alone as a builder. But birds are for the most part builders, though it should be noticed that they are not strictly builders of houses. The bird's nest, so cunningly put together, is not the abiding dwelling-place of the bird ; it is a temporary nursery, designed to keep the young brood in safety. But if the ingenuity of birds is wonderful, that of insects is more wonderful still. Both birds and insects can do without tools things that man cannot do with tools. The advantage that man has seems to lie

wholly in his power of improvement. Birds and insects are ingenious builders ; but, as far as we can see, they strike out no new styles of architecture ; they do not invent the arch and develop it into the vault and the cupola. Birds again, and insects still more, seem to have higher political instincts than mammals. The economy of the rookery is wonderful and that of the bee-hive is yet more wonderful ; but it does not appear that rooks or bees ever strictly invent or improve ; a certain adaptation to changed circumstances is as far as any animal but man ever seems to get. Bees and ants, specially those ants which go forth to make war and to capture slaves, have surely something of a form of government, something like rulers, assemblies, debates. But all seems traditional ; in an assembly of bees or ants we can conceive a decree to meet some immediate need ; we can hardly conceive a constitutional amendment. Here again, if birds are more artistic and more political than mammals, and insects again more artistic and more political than birds, we have once more the smaller, the weaker, the physically inferior, creature outdoing the greater and stronger. This superiority of the lower animals over the higher is a kind of secondary example of one general law, alongside of the great example of all, the supremacy of man. Man can do with tools, insects can in many cases do without tools, things which the sagacious dog and the "half-reasoning" elephant cannot do either with or without them. Only man, who works with tools, can improve his tools and thereby improve his work, while the birds and insects, who work only with their own organs which they cannot improve,—which, at least within historic memory, they have not improved—cannot improve their work. The law of the weak confounding the strong comes out in a twofold shape. The inferior animals can do with their own organs things which the superior animals cannot do. But man, because his organs are physically so greatly inferior, is driven to the use of tools, and by the help of his tools, he is able to overcome all the rest.

The details of the processes by which man is ever subduing the earth and exercising dominion over the beasts of the

field are so familiar to all, they form such a constant part of our every-day life, that we do not look on them with the wonder which they really deserve. But we have only to think about the matter, and we shall at once see how truly wonderful, how impossible to explain by any true physical law, is the dominion which man exercises every hour both over nature and over other animals. We are also, in our just admiration of those who improve, apt to be a little unjust to those who originally invent. In any process of invention the first step of all is the greatest of all. The man who set the first coracle afloat was a daring man, a greater inventor than any mere improver of the art of navigation. And a daring man he was too who first mounted on the back of a horse, though he was an improver rather than an inventor. The horse was clearly set to draw, most likely to carry burdens, before any man risked himself on his back. But the compound being, as we may call it, the centaur-like group formed by the man and his horse, is truly wonderful. The physical strength lies on one side and the force of will on the other. But here too the weak has mastered the strong ; man holds down and guides according to his will a creature that could at any moment shake him off and trample him under foot. The contrast between master and servant is brought out more strangely still when man guides the elephant at his pleasure, with still less approach to physical constraint than the bridle puts upon the horse. And man has his conquests which are purely moral. The dog is a willing slave. The unchained dog can at any moment leave his master, and a dog of any size need never be chained if he chooses to resist. The dog in truth is more than a slave, even than a willing slave ; he seems more like a worshipper. One cannot help fancying that in the eyes of a dog his master must seem something like a deity. I will not enter on that mysterious dread of man on the part of other animals which in the Hebrew record is coupled with the commission to subdue and to hold dominion, and which certainly does exist in many cases. I pass it by, because it may perhaps admit of doubt whether it is in all cases strictly instinc-

tive, and not sometimes the result of experience of the fact that man possesses powers which to all other animals must seem to pass all understanding. But the fact is the same in any case; man does hold dominion over other animals; he can tame when it suits him to tame, he can destroy when it suits him to destroy, creatures whose mere physical strength would enable them to destroy him in a moment. That is, once more, the weak things are chosen to confound the strong.

This part of the argument brings us at once to those elements in man which qualify him thus to discharge his commission of subduing and holding dominion. He has reason; he has speech. There is no need here to dispute as to the nature of man's reason, whether it strictly differs in kind from the analogous powers in the lower animals. It is enough that it differs so vastly in degree that it practically differs in kind. Nor need we here dispute as to the origin of speech and its relation to thought. It is enough that man does speak, and that other animals do not. That is to say, without at all denying that other animals may communicate with one another by means of the voice, it is certain that man can do so in a degree so vastly superior to all others that his gift practically differs in kind. But all this is only part of the same general law of which we have spoken so often. Man, with his inferior physical powers, can subdue and hold dominion, because such physical powers as he has are under the guidance of a high intellectual power, the power, we may put it, which can devise tools and improve them. The weak is assuredly chosen to confound the strong when it is on the physically weak that the power is conferred to which the physically strong has, in one sort or another, to give way.

But the same law comes out in the most instructive way of all, when we turn from man's relation to nature and to other animals, to his relations to other men, to the relations between one community of men and another. If we look to man's civil and political history, we shall find that its most striking pages, its most instructive pages, those which we turn to and which we remember with

the greatest delight, are those which record the endless cases in which, in the annals of mankind, the weak have been chosen to confound the strong. I would crave leave to put forth yet again a doctrine—in form it may seem a paradox—which I have already put forth once or twice. For it is certainly what in parliamentary oratory is called "germane" to the present argument. My position or paradox was this, that the great practical discoveries of modern science, the use of steam, electricity, any other natural powers,* in the various forms in which we have learned to apply them, are above all things valuable for their political results. They have, in a word, enabled large states to rise to the political level of small ones. I will not enlarge again, for I have done so already, on the way in which swifter means of communication have affected political life, how in short they have, for the first time in the world's history, made democracy on a great scale possible. They have made states possible which combine the personal freedom of a small commonwealth, the direct political action of each citizen in the commonwealth, with the physical extent and physical strength of a great kingdom. Without the railroad and the telegraph, the United States of America could hardly exist as a single confederation, and the kingdoms of Great Britain and Italy would be very different from what they are. Many of us indeed can remember when the kingdom of Great Britain was very different from what it now is, and can bear witness how much the great physical inventions have done toward working the change. Here again we see man doing something more than subdue the earth; we see him actually commanding powers which the human mind in its earlier stages would have instinctively looked on as divine. When man makes the lightning his servant, he ranks with the deities of most mythologies. But again it is out of weakness that he is made strong. Each

* Printing also has had a large share in these results. But printing is not in the same way a new application of a natural power; it is merely an improved form of the art of writing. And the effects of printing, though very important, have not been so speedy as those of the other inventions referred to.

increase of power springs from a fresh feeling of lack of power, and every use of tools, from the simplest to the most amazing, is a direct result of man's original helplessness.

Besides these inventions, which are in themselves colorless, which may be used either for good or for evil, but which certainly have been most largely used for good, there are other modern inventions of a more doubtful character in their results, but which still illustrate the same law. It is man's need of tools, his constant improvement of his tools, the constant extension of his dominion over new powers, which has led to the invention of those frightful instruments of wholesale destruction which are characteristic of the military art of our age. We cannot help fearing that their effect may be the opposite to that of the other class of inventions. These last have, on the whole, been used far more as the tools of freedom than as the tools of its enemies. They have been largely the tools of the weak against the strong. The special military inventions look frightfully like tools of the strong against the weak, of despotism against freedom. Still, as tools, for whatever purpose and in whatever hands, they are, like all other tools, results, if very distant and unlooked for results, of the original weakness and helplessness of man.

We cannot yet fully judge of the final results of either of these classes of inventions, which seem likely to affect the history of man at least as much as any inventions, since the very earliest of all. Thus far man's history has been very largely a record of the weak confounding the strong; it certainly has been so in all those cases when we look back to it with most satisfaction. Nay, it is so in a sense even in those parts of history to which we look back with least satisfaction. Nothing is really more wonderful in human history than the amazing patience and submission of the great mass of mankind in all times and places. As a rule, the majority of men in every time or place have been very wretched, and that, for the most part, consciously wretched, because they have had before their eyes the sight of others who were better off. And yet they have, as a rule, accepted their lot with amazing patience. The wonderful thing is, not

that there has now and then been a Slave War or a *Jacquerie*, but that there has not been one never-ending *Jacquerie* from the beginning of things. The submission of the mass of mankind is almost like that of a dog to a man. The many have commonly submitted to the few, with as little thought of resistance as a dog that is chained or beaten. And yet the physical strength has always been on the side of those who have thus patiently submitted. It is true that a small body of trained soldiers or even policemen will put down a much larger body of unarmed or undisciplined revolvers. But this is not by greater physical strength, but by virtue of better training and better tools. And the submission of the soldiers and the policemen to their officers is itself a victory over physical strength on the part of some other power; as far as physical strength goes, the privates, the many, could at any moment overpower the officers who are the few. Here then again the law comes in that the weak confounds the strong, even though in many cases our sympathies may lie with the physically strong who do not know how to use their strength. But look at the case when it is the other way, when the physically weak maintain, and maintain successfully, the cause of right against the physically strong. Of all the struggles of man against man, those which most stir the heart and awaken our warmest feelings of sympathy, are those in which, before all others, the weak have been chosen to confound the strong, and those in which a small people, fighting for right and freedom, has overcome the physical force of an invading despot. We may for all practical purposes say the physical force of the despot; for an army does practically become so mere a tool, it so thoroughly does the will of its master and not its own, that we may truly speak of the physical strength of each soldier, his arms, his training, his corporate spirit, as practically going to make up the physical strength of their master. The obedience of a despot's army to the despot is a moral—or immoral—obedience; but, when it obeys, it practically becomes a physical tool in the despot's hands. The master of an army becomes like those monsters of mythology who can

use a hundred hands at once or enter a city by eight gates at the same moment. For a people in this sense physically weaker to withstand and overthrow such a power, the work of the old Greek against the Persian, of the Hebrew against the transplanted Macedonian, of the men of the Three Lands against the Austrian, of the men of the Seven Provinces against the Spaniard,—all these are the noblest instances of our general law. There we see, again to quote our apostle or one writing in his spirit, those choicest worthies of every age, those who, in his words, *ἐνδυναμώθησαν ἀπὸ ἀσθενείας, ἐγενήθησαν ἰσχυροὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, παρεμβολὰς ἐκλιναν ἀλλοτρίων*.

Nor is it only on the field of battle that the weak have thus been made strong in the cause of right. We may fearlessly assert that, till, as was said above, modern science enabled great states to rise to the level of small ones, the small states held that same position in the political system of our earth which it may be that our earth holds—I am far from saying that it does hold—among the physically greater bodies of the universe. I need not go about to show where it is that we look in almost all ages for the real advance in politics, in art—counting even the military art in the higher sense, as distinguished from the mere invention of huge engines of destruction. It is clearly to the small states of the world, to those which had mere numbers, mere extent of territory, mere physical strength in the secondary sense already spoken of, all arrayed against them. Our models, always and in all places, are the small states, the single cities, the small nations, the leagues of districts and cities arrayed together to withstand some overwhelming enemy. So it was in old Greece; so it was in mediæval Italy; so it was among the free towns and lands of Germany and the Netherlands. Nay, in days before we heard quite so much about "empire" as has been the fashion lately, we were, in our own island, pleased with the comfortable belief that, while physically among the smaller powers of the world, we ranked none the less among the greatest, and were disposed to think ourselves in some points the greatest of all. And indeed even "empire," set up as it is nowadays, where we used

rather to set such names as justice and freedom, often is itself, like the armies of despots and their murderous inventions, a kind of perverted instance of the general law. Of all the wide-spread dominions that the world has seen, the really greatest, the most abiding, those which could claim something of moral power, were those whose dominion was most utterly out of proportion to their mere physical resources. Carthage, Venice, Rome herself, were cities which had become corporate despots. Carthage and Venice, ruling over a scattered dominion, never became anything else. Rome, with a continuous dominion, could incorporate her provinces in herself. But in so doing she too fulfilled the law. Surely the strong were never more fully confounded by the weak, or rather the strong had their very being merged into the being of the weak, than when a village on a low hill by the Tiber brought, step by step, to be as it were part of her own substance, the cities and lands of Latium, of Italy, of the whole Mediterranean world.

In this last stage of our argument we seem to have come very nearly round again to its beginning. This new objection—if not literally new, as very likely it is not, this objection newly brought up again—which is to disprove the scheme of the Christian religion through a kind of scorn for our own earth and its littleness, seems really to have a good deal in common with certain views of history and politics of which we heard a good deal a few years back. They were chiefly put forth by one who assuredly knows better, one who, as it has been happily said, "sometimes dissembles." But, if they were not meant gravely, they were certainly often taken gravely. The tone of scorn which it has been sometimes thought fine to take up toward those small states to which the world owes its present enlightenment, is grounded on the fact of that physical smallness which was in truth the cause of their moral greatness. When we are asked what there could be to care for in a state like Athens, whose rivers were so much smaller than the Thames, which had so small a number of citizens, so small a tale of square miles of territory, a state which in its greatest battles could

not kill so many men as a clever engineer could kill in "a good railway accident"—when we are left to make the inference how much nobler were Persia or Babylon, the Hun, the Mongol, and the Turk, than so paltry a state as this—when we hear talk of this kind, we are really hearing the same voice, we are listening to the same idolatry of simple physical bigness, as when we are told that this earth cannot be of that importance which Christianity assigns to it, and that therefore Christianity must be false, because the circumference of this earth is vastly smaller than that of Jupiter or Saturn, to say nothing of vaster bodies outside the system to which we belong. But the new teaching is further influenced from another source. It seems to imply that extravagant estimate of man's power of knowledge which is the weak side of some favorite branches of modern study. Every man who seriously works at any branch of study must be always having his own personal ignorance brought home to him. That is, the more he learns, the more he sees beyond him which he has not learned. This is eminently the case with the historian and the philologist, and I conceive it to be equally the case with the student of natural science. But the student of natural science is perhaps more tempted than the others to fancy that, though he himself does yet not know everything, yet he or somebody else may some day know everything, that in short the human mind has no bound to its powers of knowledge. And yet of all men he ought most keenly to know that there is a bound; for, when he has, with wonderful skill, pointed out and defined a long series of causes for any process, there is at last a point at which he has to stop, a point at which he can no longer define his cause, when he has to talk about "force," which is in truth a conventional way of saying that his knowledge has come to an end. After all, we know the final *why* of very few things. Newton did not find out *why* the apple fell from the tree; he did find out that the falling of the apple was one of a wonderful range of phenomena, taking in the motions of vast bodies in our system and beyond it. He found out what we may for convenience call a law; he did not find out how the law

came to be enacted or by what means it is enforced. It is a wholesome discipline to learn, not only that there are many things which we do not know, but that there are many things which, with our present faculties, we never can know. With those faculties we never can know what may be the real position, other than one purely physical, of our earth among the other bodies of the universe. We know nothing, and it is not wise to guess. Christianity does not really profess to teach us anything. In this article I have assuredly not committed myself or any one else to any position on such matters whatever. But if it should be true that our earth does hold a kind of moral place in the universe out of all proportion to its physical size, the fact will be one of exactly the same kind as the fact that so small a continent as Europe was chosen to play the foremost part in the world's history, and that so small a part of Europe as Greece was chosen to play the foremost part in Europe.

And here, is it wrong to whisper, very gently to whisper, that some of those who most zealously assert the new argument, who look with the greatest scorn on their own insignificant species and the paltry planet which it inhabits, stand themselves in the greatest need of the general law which we assert? If it is fair in such an argument as this to bring in the history of religions, and specially of that particular religion which is called in question, one might say that nowhere does the law of the weak confounding the strong come out more plainly than in the history of both Christianity and Islam. Both were assuredly among the weak things of the world when they started, and both assuredly were made strong out of their weakness. And the Christian may perhaps be allowed to say further that Christianity made the conquest of its own Roman world while it still remained in its physical weakness, while Islam made the conquest of its own Arabian world largely by allying itself with physical force. The same might be said of other religious bodies in later times. If, for instance, the "Religion of Humanity" is destined, in some future age, to overspread the world as Christianity and Islam have already overspread it, none surely will

be so ready as its triumphant votaries to allow that their day of victory has grown out of a day of weakness ; none surely will be so ready to cast aside the philosophy and vain deceit, the science falsely so called, which measures things by physical bigness only, and which might haply teach us to despise a small state, a small planet, a sect whose census would hardly need a Colenso* to reckon it up, forgetting that, be it by a divine will or by some subtle evolution of causes, yet, as a fact, the law of the world is that the weak are chosen to confound the strong, and even that the things that are not are chosen to bring down the things that are.

And now what ground can we hope to have made in this argument ? We have assuredly proved nothing. We have assuredly disproved nothing. We have not proved the truth of any Christian doctrine. We have not disproved any serious objection to any Christian doctrine. We have said nothing that can convert anybody who disbelieves on any serious ground. But we may have shown that no one who believes need cast away his faith, that no one who is otherwise disposed to believe need believe any the less, on account of

a certain objection which is not serious. We may have shown that a certain alleged argument which at first sight sounds very clever is undoubtedly clever as a piece of rhetoric, but is of no strength at all as a piece of reasoning. We may have shown that no Christian need have his faith shaken simply because three centuries back it was found out that the earth goes round the sun, though it would seem that the full results of that discovery were reserved for our own day. If thus much has been done in the present paper, it is enough, because it is all that there has been any attempt made to do. Where I am now writing, I have no means of turning to the works of Bishop Butler. I have not read them for many years ; it may be that he has forestalled every point that I have attempted to argue. I find that the spread of enlightenment at Oxford has turned his writings out of the Oxford course. I can only say that I am glad that, three-and-forty years ago, his *Analogy*, and yet more his *Sermons*, still formed part of that course. If so old a memory has kept on the faintest trace of his spirit or method to guide me in what I have now written, I shall be well content. — *Contemporary Review*.

A KNIGHT'S TALE.

BY ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD.

AMONG the flower of English chivalry which swelled the retinue of our second Henry, few could compare in prowess of arms and in skill and grace at joust or tournament with Fulk Fitz Warine, son of the redoubtable Fulk the Brown who had waged such bitter war across the Marches with Jervard, Prince of Wales. So keen had been the hate and terror inspired by Fulk the Brown that, on the conclusion of peace with Wales, the Prince, though he restored to the barons of the March all the lands he had taken from them, swore by St. Luke's face that for all his hopes of eternity never would he render to Fulk the Brown the manors of White Town and Maelor, which he, the Prince, had seized. That vow was kept, and the

estates of the Fulk family thus passed into the hands of a stranger, Roger de Powis. Upon the accession of King John, young Sir Fulk crossed over from Normandy to England to petition the Crown to restore him the paternal lands, now his by the death of his father. White Town and Maelor were at this time held by the son of de Powis ; but Fulk craved that justice might be done to the true lawful heir and he receive the manors of which his family had been unjustly deprived.

Unhappily, between the young knight and his new sovereign there had in days gone by been ill blood, and the memory of John was tenacious of such matters. It happened in this wise. Young Fulk had been brought up with the four sons

of King Henry, and, skilled in all martial exercises, the lad had become their constant friend and playmate, and was beloved by them all, save John. With John—cowardly, spiteful, and ill-tempered—he was always, however, quarrelling, and many were the hard words and harder blows that passed between the two. In all disputes the royal brothers sided with young Fulk, and when the future sovereign went sneaking to his father, scant was the sympathy he ever received. One day John and Fulk were sitting all alone in a chamber playing chess. Suddenly, and without any provocation, John upset the men, took hold of the chess-board, and gave Fulk a great whack with it upon his head. Fulk, indignant and in considerable pain, rose up from his seat, faced his foe, and, we regret to say, on this occasion fought like the youthful Gaul, for “he raised his foot and struck John in the middle of the stomach so that his head flew against the wall and he became all weak and fainted”—*leva le pile, si fery Johan en my le pys, qe sa teste vola contre la pareye, qu'il devynt tut mat e se palmea*. Terrified at this act, and ignorant of the consequences that might ensue, Fulk knelt down, lifted up his adversary, and rubbed his head until the fainting prince recovered. Then, as was his custom, John went straightway to his father and made a great complaint. “Hold your tongue, wretch,” said King Henry; “you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything but good to you, it must have been from your own fault.” Then King Henry ended his lecture by having his son well beaten by the family tutor for complaining. John therefore was much angered against Fulk, and during the days they were brought up together always feared and disliked him.

But now the whirligig of events had made the sovereign master and his pugnacious subject a suppliant. In vain Fulk did homage and begged that the lands of his ancestors might be restored to him. His prayer was supported by his three brothers, who were with him in the presence chamber. John replied that the lands had been granted by him to Sir Moris, and little he recked who might be offended or who not. Then spoke Moris, son of Roger de Powis:

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“Sir Fulk, you are a great fool to challenge my lands. If you say that you have a right to White Town you lie; and if we were not in the King's presence I would prove it on your body.” Scarcely had these words been uttered when William, Fulk's brother, sprang forward and struck Moris in the face with his fist, so that the blood flowed freely. The knights around the throne now interfered and separated the combatants. Sir Fulk thus addressed the king: “Sir King, you are my liege lord, and to you was I bound by fealty as long as I was in your service, and as long as I held lands of you; and you ought to uphold me in my right, but you fail me in right and common law. And never was he good king who denied his frank tenants law in his courts, wherefore I return you your homages.” So saying he turned upon his heel, followed by his brothers, and quitted the court. He had barely gone half a league, when a body of knights, well mounted and armed, rode up to him and bade him and his brothers surrender, as they had promised the King their heads. “Fair sirs,” cried Fulk, you were great fools to promise what you cannot have,” and without more parley he turned upon his foes, killing some outright and causing the rest to seek safety in flight. When these last returned to John, some with their noses slit, and others with their chins hacked, the King swore a great oath that he would be revenged of them and all their lineage. Meanwhile he seized into his hand all the lands Fulk held in England, and did great damage to all his friends—*e fist grant damage à tous les suens*.

The outlawed knight now waged open war upon his sovereign and his retainers. He attacked Sir Moris within the very precincts of his castle and wounded him severely; he liberated prisoners from the county jails; he levied tolls upon merchants, burghers, and the like who crossed his path and vowed fealty to the King: so fierce was the havoc he made and the terror he inspired, that John appointed a hundred knights to seek out and take Fulk, and bring him to the King alive or dead, promising them, for the same, lands and rich fees. But the knights, whenever they heard of the whereabouts of Sir Fulk, declined to at-

tempt the capture of the outlaw for any king ; " for they feared him excessively, some for love they had for him, others for fear of his strength and of his noble knighthood, lest damage or death might happen to them, by his strength and boldness." Every hostile act that Fulk committed, the rebel knight took care should reach the ears of his sovereign. One morning, while encamping with his followers in the forest of Bradene, Fulk espied a body of men attended by a guard, evidently protecting treasure. These proved to be ten burgher merchants, who had bought with the money of John rich cloths, furs, spices, and gloves for the use of the king and queen of England, and were carrying them through the forest, protected by thirty-four sergeants, to the court. Fulk, followed by his retinue, rode up to them and bade them halt and surrender. They refused, and a struggle ensued in which the sergeants were beaten and the merchants compelled to yield themselves prisoners. Fulk led them into the thickets of the forest, asked who they were, and heard that they were merchants of the King. Said he, "Sirs merchants, tell me the truth—if you should lose these goods, on whom will the loss turn?" "Sir," they replied, "if we should lose them by our cowardice or by our own bad keeping, the loss would fall upon us ; but if we lose them from no fault of our own, the loss will turn upon the King." Upon hearing this, Fulk caused the cloths and furs to be measured with his spear and distributed them among his followers, each one having a goodly portion—*mesure avoit chescun à volenté*. Then he bade the merchants farewell and begged them to salute the King from Fulk Fitz Warine, who thanked his sovereign much for such good robes. On the arrival of the merchants at court with their goods stolen and their guard wounded and maimed, John went well-nigh mad with rage. "And he caused it to be cried through the kingdom, that whoever would bring him Fulk alive or dead, he would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and, besides that, he would give him all the lands which were Fulk's in England"—*e fist fere une cride par mi le realme, que cely qe ly amerreit Fulk, vyf ou mort, yl ly dorreit myl lyvres d ar-*

gent, e estre ce yl ly dorreit totes le terres qe à Fulk furent en Engleterre. Yet never a man was tempted by this offer.

Fulk now wandered through the Weald of Kent, and encamped in the forest close to Canterbury. To him there now came a messenger from Hubert the archbishop, praying the outlaw's attendance at the palace on important business. Fulk acceded to the request, and he and his brother William, dressed as merchants, rode their palfreys into Canterbury. "Fair sons," said Hubert le Botiler, "you are very welcome to me. You know well that my brother is departed to God and had espoused dame Maude de Caus, a very rich lady and the fairest in all England; and King John desires after her so much for her beauty that she can with difficulty be kept from him. I have her here within, and you shall see her. And I beseech you, dear friend Fulk, and command you on my benison that you take her to wife." Fulk saw her, and knew well that she was fair and of good name ; also that in Ireland she had castles, cities, lands, and great homages. So, with the consent of his brother William and by the counsel of the Archbishop Hubert, he made the lady Maude his wife. His honeymoon was, however, of the briefest. After two days he took his leave, left his bride with the archbishop, and returned to his companions in the forest. There "they joked at him and laughed and called him *husband* ; asking him where he should take the fair lady, whether to castle or to wood, and made merry together. Still they did everywhere great damage to the King ; yet to no other but to those who were openly their enemies." One remorseless foe Fulk had now the less. Marching across the country he halted under the very walls of White Town, and bade Moris sally forth and do battle. The challenge was accepted. Moris and his knights were very courageous ; they boldly attacked Fulk and his companions, calling them thieves and rebels, and vowing that before eventide their heads should be placed on the high tower of Shrewsbury. Fulk, however, with his retainers, defended themselves vigorously ; and "there were Moris and his fifteen knights, and the four sons of Guy Fitz Candelou of Porkington

slain ; and by so many had Fulk the fewer enemies."

As is so often the case when a mediæval chronicler, inflamed by the study of chivalry, records the deeds of a brave and venturesome knight, the true and the false are so woven into the texture of the story as to become a little mixed. The exploits of the gallant outlaw are no exception to this confusion. And so we read of Fulk bearding monsters in their caves and tearing out their entrails with his sword, of his rescuing modest damosels clad in the lightest of attire from the rude hands of their oppressors, of his storming hall and castle to release ravished prisoners, of the punishment he inflicted upon imposters and recreant knights, of his terrible combats with giants and dragons, and how all men feared him, and all fair ladies loved him. Indeed, we are told, Fulk had such favor that he came never to any place where courage, knighthood, prowess, or goodness shone forth as bright and famous, that he was not held the best and without equal. On one occasion in the course of his wanderings he ascends a lofty mountain, the summit of which was strewn with hauberks, helms, and swords, and dead men's bones whitening in the air. 'Twas the haunt of a terrible flying dragon, who carried off and ate whatever his horny claws could seize upon. Crouched amid these remains of slaughter and destruction, was a fair young damsel, weeping and making great lamentation. "Whence come you?" asked Fulk. "Sir," she replied, "I am daughter of the Duke of Cartage, and I have been here seven years ; and never saw I a Christian here, unless he came against his will. So if you have the power, for God's sake, go away, for if the dragon come you will never escape." "Nay," cried Fulk, "never will I go hence till I hear and see more. Damsel, what does the dragon do with you?" "Sir," she answered, "the dragon is fierce and strong; and he would carry an armed knight to these mountains, and many a one has he eaten, for he likes human flesh better than any other. And when his hideous face and beard are covered with blood, then he comes to me and makes me wash him with clear water. He sleeps on a couch which is all of fine

gold, for such is his nature that he is very hot in the extreme, and gold is very cold by nature, so, to cool himself, he lies on gold. Fearful he is of me that I should kill him when asleep, but in the end I know full well that he will slay me." "*Par Deu!*" said Fulk, "*si Deu plect, noun fra.*" At that moment the dragon came flying toward them, casting forth from its mouth smoke and flame very horrible. It was a very foul beast, with a great head, teeth squared, sharp claws, and a long, lashing tail. Fulk raised his sword and struck the dragon with all his might on the head. Yet it did the monster no hurt at all, so hard was he of bone and skin. Fulk, then perceiving that no hurt could befall the dragon in front, wheels deftly round, deals the beast a puissant blow upon the tail and cuts it in twain. Maimed in so sensitive a portion of his frame, the dragon stood erect and essayed to jump upon his foe, but Fulk, all prepared, struck the monster through the middle of the mouth with his sword, and by that slew him. Taking the captive beauty in his galley he now steered toward Cartage, and restored her to her father. The duke fell down at the feet of Fulk, thanking him with many earnest words ; and prayed him if he pleased that he would dwell in the country and he would give him all Cartage with his daughter in marriage. The outlaw thanked him finely and heartily for his fair offer and said that he would willingly take his daughter if his Christianity would suffer it, but he had already married a wife. This said, Fulk took leave of the duke, who was very sorrowful for the departure of so true and brave a knight.

On his return to England from Iberie, Fulk went to Canterbury to see his wife. It was high time, for that neglected dame sorely needed his protection, as his sovereign had evil designs upon her. King John, we learn, was a man without conscience, wicked, quarrelsome, and hated by all good people, and lecherous ; and if he could hear of any handsome lady or damsel, wife or daughter of earl or baron, or other, he would have her at his will ; either seducing her by promise or gift, or ravishing her by force. And, therefore, he was the more hated, and for this reason many of the

great lords of England had thrown up their homages to the King, for which the King was less feared. When John, who was seized with so fierce a passion for the dame Maude, knew of a truth that she was married to Sir Fulk, his enemy, he did great damage to the Archbishop Hubert and to the lady; for he wanted to have her carried off by force. To escape the royal importunities dame Maude took refuge in the church, and on the arrival of her husband was borne by him for safety into Wales. Now Fulk vowed to be revenged once for all upon the King, who had not only robbed him of his lands, but had assailed his honor. Crossing over to Normandy, he enlisted several followers under his banner, and then took boat from Boulogne to Dover. The weather was stormy, and the waves in the Channel ran high—scant doubt there was but the passage across would be perilous. And here we come across an old, old story, yet few are aware that it is so old as the beginning of the thirteenth century. Fulk spoke to the mariner who was to command the ship that had been chartered to bear him to England. "Do you know well this business, and to carry people by sea into divers regions?" Replied the salt, "Truly, sir, there is not a land of any renown in Christendom whither I could not conduct a ship well and safely." Then said Fulk, "Truly thou hast a very perilous occupation; tell me fair, sweet brother, of what death died thy father?" "He was drowned at sea." "How thy grandfather?" "The same." "How thy great-grandfather?" "In like manner, and all my relations that I wot of to the fourth degree." "Truly," said Fulk, "you are very foolhardy that you dare go to sea." "Sir," said the mariner, "wherefore? Every creature will have the death destined for him. And now, if you please, fair sir, tell me where did thy father die?" "Truly, in his bed." "Where thy grandfather?" "The same." "Where thy great-grandfather?" "Truly, all of my lineage that I know died in their beds." "Then, in very truth, since all your lineage died in beds, I marvel greatly that you have dared to go into any bed." And so, moralizes the chronicler, Fulk perceived that the sailor had told him the truth, that every

man shall have such death as is destined for him, and he knows not which, on land or in water—*e donce entendy Fulk qe ly mariner ly out verité dit, qe chescun home avera mort tiele come destinée ly est, e ne siet le quel en terre ou en ewe.*

On landing at Dover with his companions, Fulk marched north to the Thames, for the people who passed him told him that the King was at Windsor and a-hunting in the forest. At this the knight was right glad, for well he knew that part of England. By day they slept and reposed, and by night they wandered until they came to the forest; here they halted and lodged in a hollow Fulk knew of. A few mornings after their arrival they heard huntsmen and men with hounds blow the horn, and by that they knew the King was going to hunt. Then Fulk and his retinue armed themselves very richly. The outlaw swore a great oath that never from fear of death would he abstain from avenging himself upon the King, who had forcibly and wrongfully deprived him of his own. So, bidding his companions stay behind, he said he would himself explore the forest and see what was to be done. On his way he met a collier, who was garbed all in black as a collier ought to be. For a gift of ten besants the collier exchanged clothes with Fulk, and then left him crouching by the charcoal fire with a great iron fork in his hand. At length the King, attended by three knights, all on foot, came up to him. "Sir villain," said John to the pretended collier, "have you seen no stag or doe pass this way?" "Yes, my lord, awhile ago." "Where is it?" "Sir, my lord, I know very well how to lead you to where I saw it." "Onward then, sir villain, and we will follow you." Fulk conducted the King to the place where his companions lay hid. "Sir, my lord," said the outlaw, "will you please to wait and I will go into the thicket and make the stag pass by here." Fulk hastily sprang into the glades of the wood and commanded his followers hastily to seize upon King John. "For I have brought him," he cried, "only with three knights, and all his company is on the other side of the forest." Then they leaped out of the thicket, called upon the King, and seized him at once. "Sir King," said Fulk, "now

I have you in my power ; such judgment will I execute on you as you would on me if you had taken me." The King, craven as he was, trembled with fear and implored mercy for the love of God. He vowed to restore to the outlaw entirely all his heritage and whatever he had taken from him and from all his people, promising to grant him his love and peace forever, provided his life were spared. Fulk assented on condition that the sovereign gave him in presence of his knights his faith to keep this covenant. John pledged his oath, and right glad was he to escape.

But a promise so forcibly extorted was not to be kept. On his return to the palace, John caused his knights and courtiers to assemble and told them how Sir Fulk had deceived him ; then he said that he had made that oath through force and therefore would not hold to it, and commanded that they should all arm in haste and take those felons in the park. The royal summons was obeyed. At the head of his earls and barons, the King pressed into the woods in pursuit of his audacious foe ; but Fulk now saw that prudence was the better part of valor and so beat a retreat, content with slaying here and there a knight as opportunity offered, until after various adventures he reached the coast, when he and his companions hired a vessel and escaped into Britain the Less. There he dwelt for half a year and more with his kinsmen and cousins, until the old desire came back upon him that he must see his country once again and obtain his rights. At length he thought that nothing should hinder him from going into England. So when he came into England, in the New Forest, which he used in former days to haunt, he fell in with the King, who was pursuing a boar. Fulk and his companions took him and six knights with him and carried him into their galley. The King and all his were much abashed—*furent molt esbays*. There were many words, but at last the King pardoned the outlaw and his followers all his spite, and restored them all their inheritance and promised them in good faith that he would cause their peace to be proclaimed through all England ; and for the doing of this, he left his six knights with them as hostages, until the

peace was proclaimed. Then John went straight to Westminster and caused the earls, barons, and clergy to assemble, and told them openly that he had of his own free will granted his peace to Fulk Fitz Warine, his brothers and adherents, and commanded that they should be honorably received through all the kingdom, and granted them entirely all their heritage. So Fulk and his brothers apparelled themselves as richly as they knew how and came through London, and knelt before the King at Westminster and rendered themselves to him. The King received them and restored to them all that was theirs in England and commanded them to remain with him—which they did, a whole month. Thus came to an end the long and deadly feud between lord and vassal.

His lands restored, Fulk came to White Town, the home of his fathers, and there he found his wife and children, who were very glad of his coming ; and they made great joy between them—*e grant joye entrefirent*. Then Fulk caused his treasures and riches to be brought, gave lands and horses to his sergeants and friends very largely, and maintained his land in great honor. And now Fulk bethought him that he had greatly sinned against God by his slaying of people and other offences. So, in remission of his sins, he founded a priory on the banks of the river Severn, in honor of Our Lady, and which is now called the New Abbey. Shortly afterward his wife, the dame Maude, died, and was buried in this priory. A good while after this dame was dead, Fulk married a very gentle lady, the dame Clarice de Auberville, and begat fair children and very valiant. It chanced one night while Fulk and his wife were sleeping together in their chamber, the lady was asleep and Fulk was awake, and thought of his youth and repented much in his heart of his past trespasses. At length he saw in the chamber so great a light that it was wonderful, and he thought, "What could it be ?" Then he heard a voice as it were of thunder in the air, and it said, "Vassal, God has granted thee thy penance, which is better here than elsewhere." At that word the lady woke, and saw a great light and covered

her face for fear. And now the light vanished. But after this light Fulk could never see more, and so was blind all his days. Seven years remained he blind and suffered well his penance. Lady Clarice died, and was buried at the New Abbey; after whose death Fulk lived but a year, and died at White Town. In great honor was he interred at the New Abbey: on his soul may God have mercy! Near the altar lies the body. God have mercy upon us all alive and dead—*Deus cit merci de tous, vifs et mortz! Amen.*

Such is the brief history of this gallant outlaw, written in the quaint Norman French of the thirteenth century, by one who was, it is needless to say, a

devoted retainer of the house of Fitz Warine. The manuscript, evidently a copy of the original, is among the priceless treasures of the British Museum and was first made public many years ago by that careful and accomplished antiquary the late Mr. Thomas Wright. It was published by one of those societies which spring up at intervals, and then die out for want of funds, the object of which is to edit curious documents for a limited circle of readers; such works after a few years are, however, almost as rare as the records they discover and give to the world; therefore, in the hope that the leading features of the Fitz Warine chronicle may still be of interest, it has again been taken out of oblivion and presented anew.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE CUP AND THE CRITIC.

BY H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

IT was the cup that did it; the cup was without doubt enchanted. As now, alas! it is in shivers, I cannot repeat the strange experience of that night, and so confute those of my friends who say that the magic (if any there was) lay in the contents of the cup. I can only, to prove my truth, relate the singular occurrence, point by point, as it happened to me.

The cup then is, or was rather, a beautiful double-handled Athenian drinking-cup of the fifth century before Christ, with an ivy wreath delicately painted round its rim in red and white; the rest of it being of a beautiful lustrous black that in places shone almost laurel-green. It was a cup of considerable size, and I have sometimes indulged my fancy by identifying it with 'the large cup that Socrates, Agathon, and Aristophanes passed from hand to hand, when the philosopher convinced the two poets that their respective arts of tragedy and comedy were in reality one and the same thing.

The night was (to be accurate) that of the 29th of last December, and I was going to the play. I had dressed and dined in good time, in order to bring a leisurely mind to bear upon this much-canvassed Shakesperian revival. I was

lying on a divan in my sitting-room poring over a handsome old book in two stately folio volumes: the same being the Amsterdam edition (1706) of the "Onomasticon" of Julius Pollux. It was open at the nineteenth chapter of the fourth book, "De Theatro et quæ circa hoc," and, sometimes laboriously spelling out a few words of the Greek, but more usually resorting to the easy Latin translation of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, I was trying to conjure up for myself pictures of what a play had looked like in the days of Sophocles. The voucher for my place at the theatre lay across the copious notes at the foot of the Greek and Latin columns: a pink telegram recording the fact that a seat had been taken for me that night at the Lyceum Theatre.

On a stool at my elbow stood the cup, filled, through the generosity of a friend, with real Greek wine of a vintage whose name kindled the imagination. I took it up and, before I drank, I half unconsciously breathed an aspiration over the beaker: "Ah," I said, "I wish it were a Greek tragedy and not an English one that I were to see!" Then I drank, and, as I swallowed the generous wine, there came over me a sudden and startling change. I looked up; everything

about me was unaltered and distinct, yet I viewed it with different eyes. The pictures in my room now seemed to me uncouth daubs; my carefully chosen furniture clumsily made, and unutterably barbarous in design. I glanced at the telegram; to my sight it was as clear as ever; I could distinguish between the straight printing and the written character; I knew they were inscriptions; but they were as unintelligible to me as the writing on a Chinese tea-chest. Looking timidly at the book, I realized that the Latin was in the same character as the upright inscription on the pink paper, and, like that, to me meaningless. Turning my eyes a few inches to the right, with a thrill of astonishment at the feat, I read down a column of the Greek as easily as I had read my newspaper that morning.

A sudden knock at my door confused me: my surroundings became dream-like. I dimly think that a gayly-robed youth with laughing eyes entered my room; that we, at his suggestion, made an exchange of garb, and that we parted hastily, promising soon to meet again. I dimly think that I was hurried for a great distance over or through the earth. I dimly think that, like a gigantic clock being set, time was, for me, put back centuries on centuries. My first clear memory is of a sonorous voice that proclaimed the words, "Sophocles, produce your chorus!" Then everything became distinct, and I found myself seated in a vast and thronged building open to the sky, against which it was bounded by a delicate semicircular colonnade. Above the colonnade, at my back, I could see a bluff of tufted cliff, the foreshortened angle of a marble temple, and the lance and raised arm of a colossal bronze figure. The huge horse-shoe-shaped range of flat marble benches, in which I sat, was thronged by the entire population of a city, and the air vibrated with their animated chatter. Past a moving sea of dark excited faces and vivid rustling draperies, I looked down into the semicircular space where the chorus would presently stand. A wreathed altar, on a base cut into steps, stood in its midst; and, bounding it, was a broad marble walk on which robed dignitaries, having risen

from their carved seats, stood gravely talking or clustered about the chair of a central authority who occupied a raised seat of special distinction.

Directly facing me was the open and now empty stage, stretching across the theatre. At its back was built by way of scenery the façade of a marble temple or palace. From the talk about me I realized that some temporary additions, now being made to this permanent structure, marked the character of the tragedy we were to see. Some pieces of painted scenery, slight and emblematic, but sufficient for the quick-witted Athenians, are being placed about the central entrance; it is whispered that a cavern is intended. The subsidiary doors are masked; it is suggested that the hero will be a lonely deserted man. By the right-hand entrance is a painting, on which, between cliffs, I can make out a stretch of blue sea and a ship of war at anchor. The lonely hero, then, dwells by the sea-shore or on an island, and those who come to him from a distance (the entry from the right hand denoting this) will have newly landed from ship-board. At the opposite entrance there is no distinguishing sign: the hero, it is evident, has no neighbors. "Is he the Cyclops?" the audience are asking one another—"or perhaps Philoctetes?" A trumpet sounds, proclaiming that the play is about to begin. The dignitaries sink into their cushioned marble seats, the chatter dies into silence, the women being the last to settle the warm Persian wrappings round their dresses and resign themselves to listening.

The theatre is flooded with sunlight, but the air is fresh and clear; it might be cool were we not sheltered from the sea-breeze in which the white clouds drift overhead.

From the right a slow-moving figure has entered and stalks along the stage; his trailing robes conceal the buskins that give him the appearance of more than mortal height. As he turns we recognize, under the head-dress of wolf-skin, the bearded mask in whose lines are carved the craft and indomitable energy of Ulysses. He stands statue-like expecting a second entry, and from the same opening, and past the painted sea, comes another stately figure with the grace of youth upon it, and wearing

a mask of perfect manly beauty. "Like Achilles!" the women exclaim.

Ulysses speaks. His first words reveal that he is on the isle of Lemnos, and that his comrade is Neoptolemus, son of Achilles; that here, ten years ago, he abandoned Philoctetes, then with his wounded foot a hindrance to the host sailing against Troy, now pointed to by prophecy as the chosen instrument of Troy's destruction.

Perhaps some infection from the eager interest shown by the listening thousands about me has its influence, but, almost to my own surprise, these masked and long-robed figures do not strike me with any special sense of unreality. Their appearance is statuesque, but their speech is convincingly life-like. Clear and trenchant ring out the words of Ulysses; the music of the verse being fully given, but in such flexible utterance that no shade of meaning is without its natural emphasis. When Neoptolemus, though submitting himself to the guidance of his crafty commander, pleads that he be not asked to employ fraud against the lonely Philoctetes, there is a thrilling sweetness in his persuasive tones. The gestures that emphasize the speech on both sides are more emphatic for their rarity. The impassive exterior and restrained actions of these masked figures, taken with their fluent and vivid speech, suggests an infiniteness of breeding. To me there is something almost terrifying about their external quiescence. When Ulysses, on the lookout for the retreat of Philoctetes, slowly turning his head glances round the theatre, and, for a moment's space, his impassive gaze seems fixed on me, I hold my breath until it has passed on.

A pact is made; Neoptolemus consents to beguile the hero, and Ulysses retires in the direction of the ship, leaving the son of Achilles in the centre of the stage immersed in thought. The chorus enters, led by the light music of a double flute. In the relaxation of attention at this point, a neighbor, struck with my interest in the drama, tells me that yet better is to come; for Polus, the favorite actor of Sophocles, who has sometimes gained by a single performance a sum that approaches a hundred pounds of English money, is to repre-

sent Philoctetes. The chorus I know by their dress and the oars they carry to be sailors; by their place of entrance I learn that they come from the ship of Neoptolemus. Keeping time to the fluting, they enter the central space; not dancing in our interpretation of the word, but rather performing a piece of drill, which, when completed, has arranged them in a semicircle facing the stage. Then, with a musical prelude, they begin their strophe, addressing the musing Neoptolemus. He replies to them and they chant again, and, as the dialogue between the orchestra and the stage increases in interest, a strange new feeling takes hold of me. Neoptolemus in addressing the chorus is addressing us all. They speak for me, but I am, I feel, equally his ship-mate, and personally concerned in the forthcoming interview with the forlorn hero. By the rest of the audience this identity of interest is clearly felt; when they can anticipate a phrase of the chorus they lend it the assistance of their voices. The planning of the theatre assists the illusion; a line drawn to divide the stage from the auditorium would leave the chorus in the midst of the spectators.

Expectation quickens as Neoptolemus hears the groans of the approaching Philoctetes, and they become gradually audible to the chorus and to us. The sailors approach the stage, and group themselves in expectant attitudes on the steps surrounding the altar; and on the threshold of the cavern appears Philoctetes.

He wears a quiver of arrows, and carries in his hand the heavy bow bequeathed to him by Hercules, toward the possession of which the wiles of Ulysses are directed. Philoctetes had been left at Lemnos incurably lame, wrapped in a few wretched rags, and had been preserved alive by the possession of this bow, which enabled him by shooting birds and beasts to feed himself and cover his limbs. His representative appears clothed from head to foot in dark-colored robes, his mask expressing a deep but tranquil sorrow. His hair and beard, though long and wild, are symmetrically arranged, and over his shoulders he wears the dressed hide of a deer, fastened by the skin of the fore-feet being arranged in a knot on

his breast. When he speaks, the interest excited by his pathetic and musical utterance banishes all sense of incongruity in this merely typical costume.

Though he expresses the pity he really feels for the hero's suffering, Neoptolemus continues to carry out the deep-laid plot of Ulysses, a messenger from whom, disguised as a merchant from Peparethos, presently appears to keep him to his resolution. A little later a chance remark from the solitary hero gives Neoptolemus the opportunity to ask if this that Philoctetes holds is indeed the all-powerful bow of Hercules, and if he may be permitted to touch it with his lips as a thing divine. Grateful for his expressed sympathy, but not without reluctance, Philoctetes yields it into his hand.

For a few moments Neoptolemus stands holding the bow, and while he retains it the spectators thrill with the knowledge that Philoctetes, unassailable the moment before, is now at the mercy of one in league with his crafty foe—may any moment be seized, and carried whither he would not.

The bow is restored for the time, and, a little later, the torture of his wounded foot overcomes the self-possession of Philoctetes and he laments himself with a strange reiteration of syllables, rising and falling with pathetic and varied notes of anguish. Then, again trustfully resigning his bow into the hands of Neoptolemus, he composes himself to sleep on the steps leading to his cavern. Neoptolemus hesitates, and the chorus discuss with him the several claims of duty to the Grecian host, and of pity toward the suffering hero.

Philoctetes awakes, and realizes, when Ulysses reappears, in whose toils he has been entangled. Ulysses hurries away Neoptolemus lest his increasing pity make the scheme miscarry, and Philoctetes retreats in despair into his cavern. Soon the chorus excitedly inform us that Ulysses and Neoptolemus are returning; then they surround the altar, and, climbing its steps, sit attentive until the play ends. The deepest silence now reigns in the vast theatre: men in front of me stretch their necks toward the stage: in the colonnade far above, those who have not found seats lean forward in clusters from the white pillars.

Neoptolemus, bearing the bow, strides on to the stage, followed by Ulysses, who demands the meaning of this sudden return. The meaning is, he will restore the bow obtained by fraud. The two men face one another in attitudes of defiance, and Ulysses handles his sword-hilt; Neoptolemus is equally ready to draw, and bears besides the death-dealing bow of Hercules. Menacing him with the wrath of the Atridae Ulysses retires to bide his time.

In a loud, yet tremulous voice the son of Achilles summons the solitary from his cavern:

But thou, O son of Pœas! Philoctetes!
Come forth again from this thy stony lair.

The great strange figure of the melancholy hero appears on the cavern's threshold. He shrinks from the friendly protestations of Neoptolemus as a wounded animal does from a proffered touch. He only shakes his head sadly at the offered bow, suspecting a deeper snare. As Neoptolemus presses the weapon upon his acceptance Ulysses again enters, and in solemn language forbids its return. At the sound of his enemy's voice Philoctetes flashes up into fury. He snatches the huge bow, and, fitting a shaft to the string, takes aim at the heart of Ulysses. Seizing his hands Neoptolemus prevents the flight of the arrow until Ulysses has escaped. Then he places his ship and himself at the disposal of Philoctetes in expiation of his previous deceit.

Suddenly, high up on the left side of the scene (the side which denotes kinship with Philoctetes), a stately figure appears. We recognize at once the brass-bound club and the lion-skin, the broad kindly mask and the crisp golden hair and beard: it is Hercules himself. He speaks, and unties the knot of the play. Philoctetes must, for Fate decrees it, proceed to Troy; and there his wound shall find healing. Then, having spoken, he disappears, and Philoctetes wends his way with Neoptolemus to the ship. They being gone, the seamen descend the altar-steps, and, invoking prosperity on the voyage, depart in order to the music of the flute. The theatre buzzed again with chatter about me as I sat in my place musing and entranced.

At last there came upon me a dimness that was not sleep. When it cleared, I found myself in my own dressing-room, exchanging my Greek attire for a comfortable costume of dressing-gown and slippers.

A burst of ringing laughter made me turn my head, and I saw a handsome youth in my evening-dress making antics at his reflection in a looking-glass. He made strange sounds like a crowing cock, putting his arms a-kimbo, flapping with his elbows, and lifting up the tails of his coat. Then he cried out with another explosion of laughter: "Only a mask with a beak to it, and I could go on as Swallow in the chorus of 'The Birds'!" Then, turning to me, he exclaimed: "Ah! my clothes, let me get out of these tight things!" "Do," I said; "you will find me in the next room." He followed me thither presently, and began to talk volubly, sometimes appealing to me for explanations, seldom giving me the opportunity to make them.

"I took the pink paper," he said, "and went and sat where they put me, and wondered that any one should come for amusement to a place that was at once so dazzling and so close. Then I tried to understand the bearings of the theatre; where was the altar—where was the scene? I noticed presently a row of about fifty little altars, and then began to comprehend. It's for the same reason, is it not, that you have fifty harp-players instead of one? Well, there was a young man sitting next to me, who talked in an abrupt manner, but was kind, very kind. So I asked him where the orchestra was. He thought I had said the musicians, for he pointed out the fifty harp-players, who were obvious enough and fit to deafen a man. I said that I wanted to know where the orchestra was, where the chorus would perform. 'Oh,' answered he, 'the chorus! this is not a burlesque—at least it is not meant to be one.' Then he laughed, took out his stylus, and registered a vow on his linen bracelet. Asking what a 'burlesque' might be, I discovered that he meant a comedy. 'Well,' I said, 'I have seen one comedy' (I meant 'The Plutus') 'without a chorus, but never a tragedy.' That was rather hard on him, but he was

quite kind and went on to explain that a great cloth in front of us would be taken away, and then we should see the scene. For he was a pleasant young man, though he mixed things up very much, and called the scene the stage, and the proscenium the scene, and something else the proscenium. All this time I was hoping the fifty harp-players would stop making my head ache, and wondering whether the play would be like anything I had seen before, or quite a thing by itself.

"Well, soon it began, and when I could see, for the scene was rather dark, I recognized 'The Eumenides.' But there were curious noises going on, and unpleasant flashing lights, and strips of bad painting left hanging about everywhere, and I had to get my friend to explain what these things were supposed to mean. 'But,' I whispered, 'when we want to represent thunder, we roll a bladder with pebbles in it on a sheet of copper under the scene, and then every one understands.' He seemed hurt, and said, 'Yes, but this is realistically mounted.' I did not agree, but to soothe him I said that realistic mounting was very nice and very intelligible too, when you had some one to explain it to you. But they changed it all very soon, and began playing part of another play. Hippolytus was brought in wounded on a litter, and Theseus and his attendants came to meet him; but after that I could not follow. Soon, however, there was a change back to 'The Eumenides,' and I asked my neighbor when the chief actor was coming. 'Here he is,' said he, 'and he's very nervous.' And what had the poor man done in his nervousness? You won't believe me, but he had—he *had* come on without his mask! I was so sorry for him, and he acted quite beautifully, and didn't seem to know that he had forgotten it. Poor fellow, he made such efforts to bring his voice out clearly, all the while thinking the audience were looking at a beautiful tranquil mask, while really they could see his naked face. I felt so ashamed that I could hardly look at him.

"When the acting stopped we went out into the portico. I asked my friend by what strange chance the hero of the play (your Northern names are so diffi-

cult, let me call him Maikabuthos), was represented without a mask. He stared, in his usual way, and then said abruptly, 'This isn't a pantomime! at least—' he smiled, and again registered a vow on his bracelet, while I asked, 'What is a pantomime?' I think he was tired of my questions, for he answered: 'I'll find you a man who can tell you all about that, if you'll give me your name.' 'Pheidippides,' said I, and he introduced to me a gentleman of the name of Mr. Ariston, or something like that, for he cut things very short, calling me Mr. Phipps.

"Ariston, who was, I think, a Persian, began explaining to me a pantomime that he was producing. When he said the chorus were birds I understood at once, a pantomime was a comedy—you have so many words here for one thing. Ariston had mixed up some of 'The Medea' with 'The Birds' in his pantomime, for he told me there were two children killed in it—it is difficult for a simple Athenian to follow all the subtleties of your humor. Then Ariston surprised me by saying that I had just built a theatre, and done it very quickly too, and he congratulated me. If you build a theatre quickly I suppose it need not take more than a hundred years to do; but then I am only twenty-two, and we think it no compliment to be thought much older than we are. However Ariston so evidently meant to be kind, that I went on to ask him about the mask; and I said I supposed that Maikabuthos was so powerful in politics that the modellers were afraid to copy his features. Ariston shook his head, and said Maikabuthos wasn't alive now. He was a little puzzled when I asked how long ago he had lived, and, consulting a piece of paper, mentioned some measurement of time that I did not understand. I asked how many Olympiads that was, but I had to bid Ariston good-by and go into the theatre again before I had explained that an Olympiad was not an exhibition of children's toys.

"It was a perplexing play! In Athens we like things simple and distinct; we should have made it into three plays—Maikabuthos and the Furies: Maikabuthos King: and Maikabuthos Distracted. Then we should have had a

little satiric play about Maikabuthos, and all the fun in a lump at the end. But here the fun was cropping up all through, when one least expected it. Once he played Agamemnon quite seriously: Clytemnestra sent a herald to say she was sick or dying, and her slaves brought the fatal entangling robe to beguile him. Suddenly, when expectation was at its height, he turned it all into fun, struck the slaves with the robe, threw it down, made a joke and ran away. He deceived me again with a parody on 'The Ajax.' He came in most pathetically to make a speech over his sword and fall on it, and then—made a joke and said he wouldn't! It makes me feel extremely simple when I cannot appreciate your subtle sense of humor."

I was too much agast at this extraordinary view of the acting of our great tragedian to do more than hazard an inquiry as to what my friend thought of the decoration of the play.

"They said it was not magic!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no," said I; "but was it not marvellous?"

"That they should take so much trouble? Yes," he replied, and fell into a fit of musing.

Suddenly he looked up: "It was really a woman?" he asked. I assenting, he inquired, "Who taught her all that?"

"Herself, I fancy," said I, and he murmured, "Wonderful, wonderful! With us they can dance in comedy and play the flute—no more!"

He was silent. "You were thinking—?" I inquired after a pause.

"Of my favorite play," he returned; "The Andromeda" of Euripides: how would she be in that? You remember when Perseus finds her—

O virgin girl! like to a goddess shaped,
Like to a galley anchored to a rock.

And how, addressing him continually as 'Stranger,' she appeals to his pity; and again—

Take me away, and I will follow you;
Slave, if you will; or, if you will, your wife.

He continued quoting snatches of the play until his eye fell on the Greek cup. "There," said he, "is something to drink a health to her in. Give me wine!"

I passed him the whiskey, and as he was filling the cup I suggested an addition of water. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "At this hour of the night, and to her, unmixed wine!"

He raised the cup and took a long draught. When he had swallowed it, he cried out, "Pluto! What fire you drink!" The cup fell from his hand, and shivered splashing against the grate;

a leaping blue flame sprang up from the remains of the spirit. "See!" he exclaimed, "Fire! fire!"

The spell was broken with the cup. He was fading from my sight, or I was sinking into oblivion. For one moment more I saw his face, clear and serious: "Farewell," he said; "I shall send him the best mask that Athens can devise."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

"The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament . . . the floating bulwark of our island."—*Blackstone*.

LOOK SEAWARD, SENTINEL!

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

Look seaward, Sentinel, and tell the land
What you behold.

SENTINEL.

I see the deep-ploughed furrows of the main
Bristling with harvest; funnel, and keel, and shroud,
Heaving and hurrying hither through gale and cloud,
Winged by their burdens; argosies of grain,
Flocks of strange breed and herds of southern strain,
Fantastic stuffs and fruits of tropic bloom,
Antarctic fleece and equatorial spice,
Cargoes of cotton, and flax, and silk, and rice,
Food for the hearth and staples for the loom:
Huge vats of sugar, casks of wine and oil,
Summoned from every sea to one sole shore
By Empire's sceptre; the converging store
Of Trade's pacific universal spoil.
And heaving and hurrying hitherward to bring
Tribute from every zone, they lift their voices,
And, as a strong man revels and rejoices,
They loudly and lustily chant, and this the song they sing.

CHORUS OF HOME-COMING SHIPS.

From the uttermost bound
Of the wind and the foam,
From creek and from sound,
We are hastening home.
We are laden with treasure
From ransacked seas,
To charm your leisure,
To grace your ease.
We have trodden the billows,
And tracked the ford,
To soften your pillows,
To heap your board.

The hills have been shattered,
 The forests scattered,
 Our white sails tattered,
 To swell your hoard.
 Is it blossom, or fruit, or
 Seed, you crave ?
 The land is your suitor,
 The sea your slave.
 We have raced with the swallows,
 And threaded the floes
 Where the walrus wallows
 Mid melting snows ;
 Sought regions torrid,
 And realms of sleet,
 To gem your forehead,
 To swathe your feet.
 And behold, now we tender,
 With pennons unfurled,
 For your comfort and splendor,
 The wealth of the world.

II.

Look landward, Sentinel, and tell the sea
 What you behold.

SENTINEL.

I see a land of liberty and peace,
 Ancient in glory and strength, but young in mien,
 Like immemorial forest Spring makes green,
 And whose boughs broaden as the years increase :
 Where ruminating hide and grazing fleece
 Dapple lush meadows diapered with flowers,
 Lambs bleat, birds carol, rosy children roam,
 The glad hind whistles as he wendeth home,
 And red roofs nestle under gray church-towers :
 Whose sons have in their fearless eyes the light
 Of centuries of fame and battles won
 And Empire ranging roundward with the sun ;
 Whose fair frank daughters gleam upon the sight
 Fresh as the dawn and florid as the Spring ;
 And, as from lowly porch and lordly dwelling
 They sally forth and meet, with voices swelling
 Harmoniously they chant, and this the song they sing.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS.

Blessed be the cliffs and the crags that girdle
 Our island home,
 And blessed, thrice blessed, the tempests that scourge and curdle
 The sea into foam.
 For the nations over the wave eat, sleep, and labor,
 In doubt and dread ;
 The spear is the child at their threshold, the naked sabre
 The bride by their bed.

But we behind bulwarks of brine and rampart of breakers,
 Year after year
 Drop the seed in the drill and the furrow, and harvest our acres,
 And feel no fear.
 While they wattle their flocks, and remember the past, and shudder,
 And finger the sword,
 Our lambs go safe to the ewes, our calves to the udder,
 Our fruits to the board.
 Welcome the sleet that blinds and the blasts that buffet,
 And welcome the roar
 Of the storms that swoop on the sea and rend and rough it
 Around our shore.
 For in safety the yearling fattens, the heifer browses,
 The herds increase ;
 In safety we fondle our babes, in safety our spouses,
 In safety, freedom, and peace.

III.

Look again seaward, but beyond the sea,
 And say what you behold.

SENTINEL.

I see weeping and wailing, and the bridegroom ruthlessly torn
 From the clinging arms of the bride, and I see and I hear
 Clanking of steel and clarions clamoring clear,
 And suckling mothers, wedded but forlorn,
 Cradling their babes amid the half-cut corn ;
 Whose fathers, as the homely days grew ripe
 When fruits are plucked and mellow harvest stored,
 Felt the soft curving sickle from their gripe
 Timelessly wrenched, and in its place a sword.
 And I see the nations, like to restless waves,
 Surging against each other, withal afraid
 To close and clash, lest blade prove strong as blade,
 And even the victor win but worthless graves.
 And wearying of the days and nights that bring
 Nor respite nor reward, they moan and murmur
 Under their breath, until with accents firmer
 They sadly and surlily chant, and this the song they sing.

CHORUS OF ARMED NATIONS.

How long shall we, we only, bear the burden
 And sweat beneath the strain
 Of iron Peace, while others gain the guerdon,
 And prosper on our pain ?
 Lo ! in their fancied fortress girt with waters
 That neither fall nor fail,
 They hear of rapine and they read of slaughters,
 As of some touching tale.
 No more they care to subjugate the billow,
 Or dominate the blast ;
 Supine they lie on the luxurious pillow
 Of their resplendent Past.

Lulled into arrogant languor by the glories
 Of their adventurous sires,
 They tell each other old heroic stories
 By comfortable fires.
 Why should they pile up wealth who do not labor,
 Why, sowing not, should reap ?
 Let us steal out, and with unslumbering sabre,
 Assassinate their sleep.

IV.

Look again landward, Sentinel, and say
 What there you now behold.

SENTINEL.

I see the sports deserted on the green,
 And song and revel hushed within the hall ;
 And I hear strong voices to strong voices call
 To muster round the shore in martial sheen.
 And north of Trent and south of Thames are seen
 Furnace and forge and factory vomiting fire,
 While swarthy faces, laboring through the night,
 On giant anvils giant hammers smite,
 From molten metal moulding hoop and tire.
 In port and arsenal rhythmic thunders ring,
 And through their gateways laden tumbrils rattle ;
 And England's sinewy striplings, trim for battle,
 In unison cheer and chant, and this the song they sing.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS.

Sweet are the ways of peace, and sweet
 The gales that fan the foam
 That sports with silvery-twinkling feet
 Around our island home.
 But should the winds of battle shrill,
 And the billows crisp their mane,
 Down to the shore, from vale, from hill,
 From hamlet, town, and plain !
 The ocean our forefathers trod
 In many a forest keel,
 Shall feel our feet once more, but shod
 With ligaments of steel.
 Ours is the Sea, to rule, to keep,
 Our realm, and if ye would
 Challenge dominion of the deep,
 Then make that challenge good.
 But ware ye lest your vauntings proud
 Be confined in the surge,
 Our breakers be for you a shroud,
 Our battle-song your dirge.
 Peaceful within our peaceful home
 We ply the loom and share,
 Peaceful above the peaceful foam
 Our pennons float and fare ;

Bearing, for other peaceful lands,
 Through sunshine, storm, and snow,
 The harvest of industrious hands
 Peacefully to and fro.
 But, so ye will it, then our sails
 The blasts of war shall swell,
 And hold and hulk, now choked with bales,
 Be crammed with shot and shell.
 The waves impregnably shall bear
 Our bulwarks on their breast,
 And eyes of steel unsleeping glare
 Across each billowy crest ;
 Along the trenches of the deep
 Unflinching faces shine,
 And Britain's stalwart sailors keep
 The bastions of the brine.
 Ocean itself, from strand to strand,
 Our citadel shall be,
 And though the world together band,
 Not all the legions of the land
 Shall ever wrest from England's hand
 The Sceptre of the Sea.

—National Review.

THE PERSONALITY OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

No sovereign or statesman is more conspicuously *en évidence* than Prince Bismarck ; but lately his personality and his private concerns have been brought before the public more prominently than usual. On the one hand, we had a highly sensational article, which ran the Review in which it appeared through a succession of editions with phenomenal rapidity. Very opportunely for the fair fame of the great German Chancellor, the correspondence of Mr. Motley appeared almost simultaneously. And between these conflicting judgments, we are naturally inclined to accept the dispassionate opinions of the impartial American. Bismarck and Motley were very old friends. They had been intimate in old college days at Göttingen. And when Motley wrote from Frankfort to his wife in the summer of 1885, assuredly he had no idea that the letter would be preserved and published. Telling of the renewal of their former acquaintance, he says : " I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble

character." A few days afterward, he writes again : " The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, ' This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived ! ' " In fact, there are few men whom it ought to be more easy to read and analyze, for, according to all who knew him best, his predominating characteristic is his astounding candor. It has been said, of course, that his candor is the mask of a profound duplicity. In point of fact, the theory of hypocrisy is absolutely inconsistent with all we have heard of him ; and if he has been in the habit of romancing in his diplomatic intercourse with an affectation of truthfulness, it is strange, to say the least of it, that he has never been found out. Moreover, the simplicity of speech which Motley remarked upon in 1855, as afterward at Varzin in 1872, had necessarily been confirmed by his growing self-confidence. The self-reliant envoy of Prussia to the Austrian-ridden German Diet had become the autocratic Chancellor of the German Empire, and

the political dictator of Europe. He was too proud, he had become too masterful and overbearing—if we please to call it so,—to wear a disguise with the men he had learned to look down upon. If we take the man as what he represents himself, he is the best of witnesses on his own behalf, and we may learn as much besides, as we care to know, from those who have lived in daily familiarity with him.

The unreserve that is so exceptional in a trained statesman and diplomatist has told against him. "He is the least of a *poseur*," says Motley, "of any man I ever saw." The representative Junker, the hard-living Pomeranian squire, had tumbled into politics in place of being trained to them. Naturally impulsive and impetuously outspoken, he never cared to conceal his faults or his failings. Consequently the many enemies he has made have always found much to say to his disadvantage. There is a boastfulness, a dash of swagger, in his nature which inclines him to parade the infirmities or the foibles, of which he is noways ashamed. He delights to tell stories of his Göttingen student time, in which he was industriously sowing his wild oats. He prides himself still on his feats as a trencherman, and on his capacity for carrying an unparalleled quantity of strong liquor. Even if he set himself solemnly to "make his soul," as the Irishmen say, we could never conceive him becoming a total abstainer; and indeed his keenest regret over a mis-spent past seems to be that he cannot indulge at dinner and supper as he used to do. It is something indeed to have made himself the arbiter of Europe; but it is sad to forswear cigars, and be reduced to a solitary egg for breakfast: see Motley's letter from the Hôtel du Nord at Berlin, 1st August, 1872. He has been reproached with unworthy jealousy, and doubtless there is something in the charge. We might suggest similar examples of that nearer home, in men standing indisputably above their fellows, who habitually display shortsighted envy of their able and aspiring inferiors. But it must be remarked that while Bismarck is essentially masterful, he has only risen to his much-envied ascendancy, and maintained it in circumstances singularly difficult and deli-

cate, by repressing all insubordination with an iron hand. We do not defend his ruthlessly hunting Count Von Arnim down, or his apparently tyrannical persecution of Dr. Geffcken. Take it at the best, his conduct in both cases showed the worst and weaker side of his character. But it was all in accordance with what we know of him, and with the fixed principles by which he has governed his career. Like Louis Napoleon, he believes himself a man of destiny, but unlike Louis Napoleon, he was not absolute master in his own house, and he had to practise almost unexampled patience while elaborating and executing the plans he had conceived. To achieve these, every German must be bent to his will, so in principle he makes examples of recalcitrants, *pour encourager les autres*. We repeat that we are not defending him; we are only trying to see him as he is.

Unquestionably the Chancellor is a man, and what we should call a good fellow. When Nature gave him a great brain, she gave him at the same time a splendid physique with an iron constitution, on which, to tell the truth, he has drawn most recklessly. Somewhat over six feet in height, one of the greatest of his minor griefs has been his growing corpulence. When he wants speed and safety and endurance combined, it is hard to find a horse to carry him. He is the type of one of those sturdy Pomeranian grenadiers whose bones he grudges to foreign quarrels. It is strange how those slim German students whom we see leading hounds in leashes as tall and as lanky as themselves, about the University towns, swell into square-built men when they settle into steady habits. We remember visiting the fortress of Spandau during the Franco-German war, when the French prisoners were being marched out for exercise under guard of a German soldier or two. The broad-shouldered, deep-chested Pomeranian or Brandenburgish stood out conspicuously from the slight and wiry Frenchmen he had in charge, by solidity rather than by stature. In depth of chest as in breadth of beam, if we may borrow a nautical phrase, Bismarck is a noble specimen of the Pomeranian. Educated at private schools and under the eye of an anxious mother, he only began to

launch out in indiscretions when his constitution was formed, and his frame well-knit. Then it is true he gave himself the freest swing, and for many years with delusive impunity. It is strange to speculate on what the future of Europe might have been if Bismarck's stomach and digestive powers had not been as vigorous as his brain. And if both stomach and digestion had not been sorely tried, sundry momentous political events might have taken a different course altogether. With constitutional carelessness, from the first he drew reckless draughts on his strength. At Göttingen, like Justice Shallow, he habitually heard the chimes at midnight, distinguished himself in a sworn society of toppers by swallowing portentous quantities of beer, and revelled in an atmosphere of rancid tobacco-smoke, as if he had been inhaling the fresh breezes of his Pomeranian heaths. Settled down in his ancestral home when he had gone there to manage the estates his father had embarrassed, the orgies of "mad Bismarck" became notorious. No one of his neighbors disliked drinking in moderation; nevertheless he succeeded in scandalizing the neighborhood. He kept open house, and the only restriction in his Liberty Hall seems to have been that the guests should not leave the supper-table till some unholy hour in the morning. The local delicacies of Pomerania are indigestible and deleterious enough, but he appears to have prided himself in taking exceptional liberties with his constitution. In a talk during the French war, he fondly recalled the days when he could swallow a dozen of hard-boiled eggs incidentally at a sitting. During a tour of several days in a *fisch-reich* hill country, he lived entirely on trout and beer, although on that occasion nature protested and succumbed. Yet it would have been well had he always stuck to beer; but he had a catholic and cosmopolitan taste in wines. Once in a wine-cellar in the Gironde, he tried a dozen different vintages, and he used to mix his liquors in the most outrageous manner. When Motley was received as the friend of the family at Frankfort in 1855, he gives a graphic account of his entertainer's house-keeping. "It is one of those establishments where every

earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you—porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy or claret, are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best cigars every minute." During the invasion of France, although black Care sat behind his saddle, he at least had left his doctors behind, and he was inclined to abuse his liberty. He professed to live by rule, but was constantly yielding to temptation. The number of his cigars had been strictly limited, but we remember hearing from his host at Mayence, where he had spent several days on the way to Metz, how he would sit of an evening in a summer-house looking down upon the Rhine, lighting cigar after cigar, sipping the sparkling Rhine wine, and speculating with all his habitual frankness on the consequences of the victories he confidently anticipated. As the army advanced beyond the frontier of Lorraine, he laid Champagne under contribution for its choicest vintages, and when billeted in Baron Rothschild's *château* of Ferrières, when the steward, who kept the key of the cellars, protested there was nothing in them better than *vin ordinaire*, Bismarck brought him to reason with the threat of a straw halter. The effect was like that of Moses striking the rock, except that there came a gush of wine in place of water. His grateful countrymen, in their short-sighted enthusiasm, did their best to cripple the man at the wheel. He was like a St. Anthony among the tempting presents that poured in upon him; save that his involuntary asceticism not unfrequently gave way. There came all manner of indigestible delicacies from his native Pomerania—smoked ham, smoked goose-livers, smoked salmon and smoked cod-roe, with endless consignments of the cigars which it was known were strictly forbidden. The sympathetic soldiers knew the way to his heart, and he was greatly gratified at Versailles by a dish of mushrooms, which had been gathered in the cellar of a shattered villa under a heavy fire. He confessed himself that the indiscretions into which he was betrayed often aggravated his sleeplessness at night, and we may be sure that neither his brain nor his irritable temper were any the better for them. The results of those indiscretions en-

forced greater prudence on him, though somewhat tardily. When Motley visited him at Varzin for his silver wedding, he writes, "he tells me he couldn't, to save his life, smoke a single cigar. He has a disgust for them."

But although he had been in the habit of burning the candle at both ends, though he had driven the body as well as the brain at high-pressure, the effects of his earlier self-indulgence were counterbalanced in a great measure by his manly tastes and pursuits. He had passed his holidays as a boy in the open air, and had been brought up to delight in field sports. In one of his early letters there is a ludicrous account of "the farce of fox-hunting," as it was followed at Schönhausen by his father, "when we are all fully convinced—perhaps even my father—that the only game consists of a few old women gathering fagots." But though they did not even lay down a drag, and sought to shoot non-existent foxes with the rifle, they crossed a difficult country on horseback, and the boy, mounted on his pony, took the fences and banks in its stride. Though in after years an excessively heavy weight, he has always been a fearless horseman; but he and his horse often came to grief or parted company, and on one occasion he broke three of his ribs. Twice he narrowly escaped with his life, which he came to believe had been preserved for providential purposes. He told the stories himself, talking to Count Hatzfeld at Versailles. The first time was when "I was on the road home with my brother, and we were riding as fast as the horses would go. Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front, heard a frightful crack. It was my head which was knocked on the road." Happily, though the saddle was broken, the head was only stunned. The other trouble of which he spoke was even more serious. "I was riding fast through young brushwood in a great forest. I wanted to get on by a near cut right through the wood, but I fell with my horse, and lost consciousness. I must have lain there, three hours or so, insensible, for it was getting dark when I woke up. . . . I must have stumbled forward fifteen paces, when I came to the ground and tumbled over the root of a tree. When the doctor examined

my hurts, he said it was contrary to all professional rules that I had not broken my neck."

He used to be an enthusiastic sportsman, and a cool and steady shot. There is much mention in his letters of the pleasant days when he slaughtered wolves, and elks, and stags, not to speak of roe and such smaller deer. On a shooting expedition from St. Petersburg he had his usual luck, and had good reason to be proud of his skill. To the disgust of his Russian hosts, he monopolized the laurels of the day, and bagged no fewer than three bears. Nay, even when staying at Ferrières, with the field-telegraph carried into his cabinet, and couriers coming and going every hour, he found time to take a turn with his gun in the pheasant-covers, partly with an eye to the *cuisine*, although his sovereign had placed the Baron's game under the safeguard of general orders. Keen sportsman as he was, even when following the sport, he once showed a very human touch of the kindly sentiment that has been denied him. When on a summer trip to Norderney, he writes to his wife: "Every day I sail for some hours, fish, and shoot at seals. I only killed one of the last: such a gentle dog's face, with large handsome eyes. I was really sorry."

Apropos of dogs, the Chancellor is devoted to them; and he has a passion for miscellaneous pets, giving young bears at St. Petersburg the run of the Embassy, and bringing litters of fox-cubs into the drawing-room at Schönhausen. Dogs have been his favorites ever since his college days, and some of his later canine companions have become historical characters. At Göttingen, when the refractory student was summoned to an interview by the Dean, he went accompanied by a gigantic hound in a spiked collar, who nearly scared the dignitary out of his senses. At Frankfort Motley found him always surrounded by dogs and children; and at Varzin, on the occasion of the silver wedding, "a big black dog called 'Sultan' was rampaging generally through the apartment and joining in everybody's conversation." For many years his constant companion was a magnificent specimen of the Ulmer breed, given him by Count Holstein, and it always slept

in his room. We believe it was this formidable animal who mounted guard on the threshold of his cabinet at the Berlin Congress, assisting at the Chancellor's confidential interviews with Lord Beaconsfield and other statesmen. The poor dog was basely assassinated by some scoundrel who could not get at his master, and Bismarck's sorrow was as sincere as that of Walter Scott, when, on the day he lost his mastiff Camp, he apologized for not going out to an Edinburgh dinner-party on account of the death of a valued friend.

Pistol practice was perpetually going forward in Bismarck's houses—generally in the garden, but sometimes, in his wilder days, within doors. His secretary and Boswell, Moritz Busch, relates among the practical jokes that used to be played at Schönhausen, that guests who had gone to bed after a heavy supper, were wont to be awakened by pistol-shots that shattered the plaster over their pillows. It is notorious that "mad Bismarck" took a high degree in the art of fencing at Göttingen. His biographer, Hesckiel, tells a dramatic story of his breaking ground by provoking the simultaneous challenges of four Hanoverians, which reminds us of D'Artagnan and the "Three Musketeers." He was not sure as to how he ought to proceed, but thought he would be safe in flinging a "*dumme Junger*" in their faces. However, a friend of the Hanoverians who lived in the house with Bismarck "had seen that he was of the stuff of which good student-chums are made, and induced his companions to revoke or to receive suitable apologies." Nevertheless in his first three terms he fought upward of a score of duels, and he is said to be rather boastful of the indelible scar left on his cheek by the breaking of an antagonist's sword-blade. He is a powerful swimmer, and proved it once, when he saved the life of his groom who had slipped into the water. Bismarck, who wore the heavy uniform of the *Landwehr*, cast off his sabre and threw himself into the lake. Hampered in the grasp of the drowning man, he had a hard struggle to reach the shore. There was an excited crowd looking on, but no one dared to come to his help. Nothing but pluck and great bodily endurance could have pulled him through ;

and the incident created such a sensation that the King formally bestowed upon him a sort of Humane Society's medal. Wearing the decoration at a state ceremony, he was asked what it meant by a foreign diplomatist, who was glittering with medals and orders. "It was given me for saving a life," said Bismarck, contemptuously answering the sneer ; "it is a habit I sometimes have."

There is no denying his personal courage. He was repeatedly under heavy fire, both in the Austrian and French campaigns, showing himself as cool in the saddle as if he had been sitting in his cabinet. Though wounded once, in an attempt on his life, and always with reasonable cause for apprehension, he never took precautions against assassination. "In Grand Pré, too," says Busch, "the Chief showed that he had no fear of any murderous attack upon his person. He went about freely in the narrow streets of the town without a companion, in places where he was quite liable to be attacked." The fact being that with his profound faith in his destiny, he fancies himself immortal, till his work is done. He is undoubtedly superstitious. He dislikes sitting down to dinner with a party of thirteen ; he has attributed many minor misfortunes to having undertaken important work on a Friday, and he is said to believe firmly in prognostications which foretell the year of his death.

On the other hand he is sincerely pious, though his belief or his unbelief has been changing, through successive transitions, from free-thinking to broad-thinking. There is an odd medley of the pious and the sentimental, the physical and the metaphysical, in a letter written to his wife from Frankfort in the summer of 1851. "On Saturday evening I went with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim. I then took a boat, went out on the Rhine, swam in the moonlight, eyes and nose only above the water, to the Rat Tower near Bingen, where the bad bishop met his end. There is something strangely dreamy in lying on the water on a still night, slowly driven by the stream, seeing the heavens, with moon and stars above, and on either hand the wood-capped mountains and city spires in the moonlight, with-

out hearing anything but one's own gentle splashing. I should like to swim like that every night. I then drank some very decent wine, and sat for a long time smoking with Lynar on the balcony, the Rhine beneath us. My small Testament and the starry night led to some conversation on Christianity, and I shook earnestly at the Rousseau-like virtue of his soul, only reducing him to silence." The night he passed in the house of the doctor of Douchery, before the memorable interview with the French Emperor, of the books he was in the habit of reading before going to bed, one was seen lying on the floor of his chamber and the other on the table. They were "The Daily Watchwords of the Moravian Brethren," and "Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians." One evening at Ferrières he remarked to Prince Fürstenstein, "if I were no longer a Christian I could not remain for an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I could not do so upon earthly masters." It was easy for the Frenchmen, who naturally detested him, to sneer at the eccentric and inconsistent Christianity of the man of blood and iron. From the days of Joshua and Moses downward, those who believed themselves the chosen servants of the Lord or the ministers of His Providence have always wielded the sword ruthlessly with a clear conscience; witness Cromwell's despatches to the Parliament after the sack of Drogheda, when the Ironsides who poured into the place through the breaches, assuredly did not do the work negligently, and spared neither age nor sex. Bismarck has always deemed it most merciful to take the most summary methods with his enemies; determined on arriving at his ends, he has sought the shortest paths. As to the formidable forces of his own countrymen which he called into the field, he was always more chary of their lives than the strategists and professional soldiers. He condemned Steinmetz—who was afterward cashiered from his command—after the fearful fighting around Metz, "as a blood-spendthrift," and he distinguished between the bloody battles of the 16th August, when the French had to be kept back at any cost, and the more sanguinary engagements on the 18th at St. Pri-

vat, when the flower of the Guard was wantonly sacrificed.

It would seem that Professor Geffcken was much mistaken in saying there is no redeeming touch of softness about Bismarck. On the contrary, he strikes us as sympathetic with the sympathy of the strong for the strong, and as deeply impressionable. We know that his nerves are finely strung, and that depression comes with the reaction after excitement. We have seen the sentimental mood to which he abandoned himself when drifting down the Rhine in the glimmer of the moonlight. The letters written to his wife in the course of his diplomatic wanderings abound in delightful descriptions of scenery, and are rich in local coloring. We have a panoramic series of the most fascinating pictures of the snow peaks of the Pyrenees, of the dismal Russian wastes and the dark Scandinavian forests, of the surf off Norderney and the cliffs of Bad-Gastein. Above all, he has almost surpassed the best of the brilliant Hungarian painters in depicting a midsummer drive on the dusty Danubian plains, among the sun-browned peasants, the panting cattle, and the market-carts laden with the luscious watermelons and the produce of a semi-tropical irrigation. A fond husband and an affectionate father, no man more delights in the domestic life, and his grandchildren are even greater pets than his dogs.

No one has been shrewder in his dealing with men of all sorts; he made his way, when on his promotion, by self-reliant but well-timed audacity, and on occasion by tact with an affectation of modesty; although since he attained to the superior rank of dictator, he has been sometimes swayed, as we said, by the sympathy of the strong with the strong. Should he ever again have to dictate conditions of peace, his enemies ought to have been taught by experience, that much depends on the choice of an envoy. He respected the firm patriotism of M. Thiers, and was induced to make him a present of Belfort. He got on excellently with M. Pouyer-Quertier, in whom he found an intelligent financier, and an agreeable and jovial table companion. But he felt profound contempt for the emotional and impressive M. Favre, which was

deepened, if possible, when Favre paraded his tears in proclamations and manifestoes, after imploring the Chancellor to keep the secret of his weakness. Bismarck is fond of hearing himself talk, and he can draw with admirable *verve* and point on an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences. But no man knows better when it is wise to be silent. He won the heart of old Metternich at Johannisberg, by listening complacently through a long evening, and "merely," as he said himself, "ringing the bell" to the veteran. "That is what pleases garrulous old people," he added. He has often told the now familiar story of how he brought Count Thun, the Austrian envoy to the Frankfort Diet, to his bearings by demanding a light from His Excellency's cigar, "which he gave me with rather an astonished look." Even more amusing was his piquant account of the important part played by tobacco, on his initiation, at the formal meetings of the Diet. The Austrian President had monopolized the privilege of smoking. Again Bismarck, by way of vindicating the dignity of Prussia, pulled out his cigar-case and begged for "fire." The other members were nearly as much scandalized by his presumption as the President. "It was evidently an event for them. That time only Austria and Prussia smoked." But by degrees the minor Powers successively put forward their pretensions, till finally the Diet was democratized and the Council table was enveloped in cigar-smoke.

The Chancellor, who began life as a petty government official with a trifling salary, and who was afterward the land-agent of an insolvent father on an em-

barrassed estate, has lived to be a very wealthy man, and his wealth is daily increasing. Since he has had money to take care of he has been invariably prudent, and has made a point of living within his means. His personal tastes and habits are simple, and he had no notion of sacrificing his solvency to his country. Talking to General Von Werder about his mission to St. Petersburg, he recalled the distribution of his thalers, and descended to the reminiscences of servants' tips. "I could not stand those drains," he went on. "I found out, however, that I was not expected to spend more than my salary, so I eked it out by keeping no company." Since then, however, the grateful liberality of his late master and his countrymen has set him above the necessity of looking closely after thalers. He has shown himself in all respects an admirable man of business, and his versatility in agricultural and industrial speculations has been extremely remunerative. Probably no properties in North Germany are better managed than his. He is a liberal and enlightened landlord; he interests himself in farming, stock-breeding and planting; he has become one of the most extensive timber merchants in his district; he has established distilleries and flourishing paper-mills. Had his destiny not made him the foremost man in Europe, he would have probably made himself tolerably happy as a model landowner and country magistrate; choleric, self-willed, and imperiously masterful, keeping open house for the neighbors who knocked under to him, and generous to the dependents who obeyed his nod.—*Murray's Magazine*.

THE POSITION-FINDER.

WHILE most people nowadays are familiar, at any rate, with the name and general idea of a range-finder, comparatively few of the general public, or even of military men who have not made a study of artillery matters, have taken note of the important stride in the science of coast defence that has been effected by the invention of this instrument. Yet it has been prominently be-

fore the public for about three years, and its value has been appreciated by an inner circle for a considerably longer period. There is now, moreover, a consensus of opinion among experts as to its value and efficiency, and, as a means of coast defence, it is we who shall of all nations feel the substantial addition its introduction has contributed to the forces at our command. It is one

of our own officers, also, who has perfected this wonderful system, and England in this respect, at any rate, is ahead of all other nations. It seems somewhat surprising, therefore, that the position-finder has not made itself more generally notorious, and has not attracted so great a share of public curiosity as its importance would appear to demand. This is probably so for two reasons. First of all, it is a good deal confused in the lay mind with the ordinary range-finder, and loses, on this account, the attraction of novelty; and, secondly, it affects coast defence chiefly, and has been understood and appreciated hitherto by only a small section more or less of experts who would alone be called upon to employ it. The assistance, however, which we as a nation may expect to gain by its adoption is so great, the changes effected by its introduction are so considerable, that we may be pardoned if we briefly draw attention to it, and, without attempting anything like a description in detail, lightly touch on its nature and method of working.

Briefly, then, by position-finding we mean a system by which one man, and he most probably an expert, takes command, as it were, of a whole battery of guns from a secure and elevated position, more perhaps than a mile away, watches the object, finds the range, gives any deflection that may be necessary, lays every gun, fires them all at the same moment, and accurately gauges their effect. This "epitome of all mankind" is securely placed away from all noise or anxiety, is independent of any smoke, and has a full and clear view of all that is going on for miles around. All this, and nothing less, is accomplished by position-finding, and this is how it is done.

Supposing a harbor or roadstead is to be defended. Certain elevated sites are chosen, usually one on each flank, where a good view not likely to be interfered with by the smoke of action can be obtained of the waters to be defended. Here small observing-rooms are built, perfectly protected or completely out of sight, which are in connection, each with a group of guns in the fort below, not only by ordinary electric telegraphy, but also by special electric connection for position-finding purposes. Near

each group of guns is an electric dial in a prominent position. These dials are worked by electric keys in the observing-rooms, and exhibit the amount of training along the racers, and the degrees of elevation to be given to the guns at any given moment. The guns are worked and loaded by the gun detachments in the ordinary way, according to the appliances at hand, but, in place of being laid by a man looking over the sights, as is usually the case, the required elevation is given to them by quadrant side arcs, and direction by the graduated racers on which they run, the dial in each case specifying the exact number of degrees and minutes. They are then connected up for electric firing from the observing-rooms, and the duties of the detachment are at an end. It will be observed that in this manner the work of the detachment is purely mechanical, that the "personal error" of the man who usually lays the gun is entirely obviated, and that the most fruitful cause of bad shots is thus eliminated altogether. Not one of the detachment need ever have fired a gun at a target, nor need any of them know what they are firing at, or what is going on outside the casemate. If the smoke of action hangs heavily around, it in no way interferes with the efficiency of their fire, but rather enhances it, since it renders them more secure from that of the foe. They are free from all responsibility, and merely obey certain directions in much the same way as the man at the wheel takes his orders from the bridge. Meanwhile an observer in his room, perhaps far away and at any rate in perfect security, has singled out a vessel for attack, and follows its movements with a telescope, fitted with cross-wires, and with a rapid traversing and vertical movement. Another observer is watching a plan to scale of the extent to be defended; and two graduated arms are also moving automatically with the telescope over the chart. Their intersection shows, on a scale, the exact amount of quadrant elevation and training on the gun-racers necessary to enable a projectile from the group of guns below to fall on the spot on which at any given moment the telescope is directed. As the telescope follows the ship's course a pencil likewise traces it

automatically on the chart, and a calculation can easily be made of where its position will be a minute or so ahead. The pencil point is advanced to that spot, the telescope follows it automatically, and the laying having been given to the guns for the predicted position, they are fired by electricity as soon as the vessel comes into the centre of the cross-wires of the telescope. The object of laying on a predicted position a minute in advance is, of course, to allow for the operations of signalling to the guns, the final laying of them, and for the time of flight of the projectile. Thus the guns would signal to the rooms that they are loaded. The rooms would signal back the required amount of elevation and training to be given. The guns would signal back "ready." A pause of a few seconds while the vessel is slowly coming across the field of view of the telescope, and then, as she is exactly on the intersection of its cross-wires, a button is pressed by one of the observers in the room, and a salvo of projectiles is launched at her from the group of guns, each having precisely the same laying, and each having practically been laid by the same eye. Then, with a clear vision from above the smoke, the effect can be accurately observed, and any necessary corrections for the next salvo made. The detachments at the guns set to work at once and load again, and need not pause to estimate the effect of their last round.

Such, briefly, is a description of the manner in which the new system of position-finding works; but, in justice to the inventor, we must add that some beautiful details of mechanism have been omitted as being beyond the scope of a short article, and as being to some extent official secrets. Enough, however, we imagine, has been said to give a generally correct notion of the instrument and to display its great value to modern gunnery. It will have been observed that its adoption is particularly suitable to modern military organizations, which

provide for mere cadres in peace-time, and supplement them by more or less rough material when war breaks out. With a small permanent staff and a good position-finding system in times of peace, forts, even if manned by comparatively unpractised gunners, could be trusted to render a good account of themselves when occasion arose. Their fire would indeed, in spite of such detachments, be more effective than under the old régime in every respect. For the collective accuracy of a group of guns, when we consider the enormous margin of error that may be introduced by the hands and eyes of four or five different gunners, might easily be four times as great as under the system still existing in many places. The rapidity of fire might be at least doubled, because, as we have shown, no look-out from the guns themselves is required, and no pause to observe the effect of a round need occur. And, lastly, there would be a great gain to the fire-effect by reason of smoke not interfering with vision, by reason of greater accuracy in range-finding, and because the results of the fire can be much more accurately gauged. When we consider how much all these advantages mean to us, with our numerous harbors and coaling-stations, and our somewhat inadequate supply of guns and men, we may congratulate ourselves that the Government has warmly taken up the subject, and is providing for the establishment of position-finding stations at all our defended ports. We may likewise feel satisfaction that this most perfect system has been invented and carried out by the skill and energy of Major Watkin, of our Artillery, who has in this respect, at any rate, placed us in the very van of armed science.

We have just used, and not unduly, the phrase "most perfect system." But nothing human is absolutely perfect. And if the mechanism fails, of course——?—*Saturday Review*.

EXAMINATIONS IN AMERICA.

THE great examination question appears to have been taken up rather seriously in America, and an American supplement to the *Nineteenth Century* for March, issued by the Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York, contains the opinions of eight presidents, one ex-president, two chancellors, and five professors on the subject. The papers suffer, of course, a little from the ambiguity of the two languages. Many Englishmen probably will not know what "quizzing" means in the American mouth (it appears to be a sort of *viva voce*); and, on the other hand, some of these American writers seem to have been misled by the double sense of "lecture" in English University parlance, and not to know that, at least sometimes, it is neither more nor less than their own "recitation" conducted in a rather less schoolboy fashion. Yet again, a certain element of uncertainty is introduced by the very loose use of the word "college," which seems sometimes at least to be nearer to the French than to the English sense. Still, most of the writers know pretty well what they are writing about, and at least two—Chancellor Hall and ex-President McCosh—have had extensive experience in England as well as in America. Moreover, there is a sort of general consensus, both among the enemies and friends of examination, that American education, though at present less examination-ridden than ours, is on the way to become almost equally so, though what an enthusiast once called "the true democratic system of rotation"—or, in other words, the system of unlimited Civil Service jobbery—is unlikely to permit the full introduction of competitive examinations there, and though the prize fellowship or idle fellowship is a scarcely known thing in American Universities.

These various causes, working together, produce a certain detachment in the American treatment of the subject which is not without value, and which results in some observations at least as much to the point as any that the debate in England has occasioned. We should not have been surprised to find something of a general craving for examina-

tions among American scholars, owing to the undoubted prevalence in their country of a loose, smattering kind of knowledge which examinations might seem likely to check. It is not so. Thus President Adams, of Cornell, makes a distinct and a much-overlooked point when he says that the object of education is not merely the acquisition of information; that it is not even merely the development of the faculties; but that it is, or ought to be, "the awakening of certain desires that will serve to the pupil as a sort of perpetual inspiration through life." That is true, and well put; and it will go rather hard with examinations from the point of view to which it conducts us. Again, President Adams says, and again well, that the analogy of cramming for special purposes in after life—the getting up of a case, the arrangement of matter for literary work, and so forth—is a false analogy, because "the end in view is exterior to the actor." When the writer goes on to talk about dull or idle students being "a hindrance to the class," and about their deserving exclusion, he gets, of course, into matter alien from English experience, or at least English University experience. It is permissible to think in passing with a smile of the intense delight with which such an undergraduate as the late Mr. Mark Pattison hated would receive a sentence of "exclusion" from lectures, and consequent relegation to tennis-court and billiard table, river and cricket-ground, or even the placid delight of perambulating the streets or abiding in his own rooms. But this does not affect Dr. Adams's general principles. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, who follows, seems to be thinking of school rather than of what we should call college, from his reference to systems of "daily marks," and the like. President Carter, of Williams College, and President Sharpless, of Haverford, also fall into the same line (though the last-named has a useful denunciation of payment by results); and all three seem to be devoting less attention to the question of examinations in general than to Mr. Lankester's pet fad

of Teacher *v.* Examiner. It is natural that, from the professional point of view, this latter subject should be interesting; but it is of much less importance to the public, and its decision as a matter of fact entirely depends on the decision of the larger question. Under the present reign of examinations something like an examiner caste is practically a necessity, while, on the other hand, Professor Lankester's ideal state where the teacher was also invariably the examiner would soon lead to the abolition of examinations altogether. Not only every schoolmaster of the slightest competence, but even every lecturer and professor who has received essays from his hearers, knows perfectly well who are the best boys or men, and does not require to confirm his estimate by examinations which, if they do confirm it, are superfluous, and mischievous if they do not. Professor Cook, of the University of California, rather criticises than contributes; but Chancellor Hall, one of the double-experience men above referred to, pronounces against examinations and strongly against prize scholarships and fellowships. The long and rather Nestorian contribution of Dr. McCosh, telling how he *pars fuit* of the original binders of this heavy burden on England, is not unpleasant to read, if not always quite to the point. But when Dr. McCosh says "it is acknowledged on all hands that competitive examination is an immense improvement on patronage," he begs the whole question. It is indeed acknowledged on all hands that with a large, a jealous, and a mainly ignorant electorate, it might be difficult to revert to patronage. But we can find him a great many "hands," and those eminent ones, who will deny stoutly that any marked improvement in the rank and file of the Civil Service has followed on competition, while they will affirm as stoutly that the very best men are often kept out by it. Nor in the remaining papers do we find more than two or three special points worth comment. The Hon. John Eaton, of Marietta, seems to have been considering some evil which does not exist in England when he talks of examiners "elected for some special or partisan end in religion or science." But, though the thing sounds grotesque, we are by no means

sure, after certain recent extravagances on the part of our University Gladstonians, that we may not import this blessing also from his country. Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, has a short but good paper, with at least one ingenious suggestion—that examination should be made, not a test for the good, but a punishment for the bad. This is humorous, and we are not prepared to say that it is impracticable. Some slight necessity of altering the status of crammers would, however, follow. Instead of holding out places of emolument and distinction as prizes to the ingenuity of Mr. Wren and his fellows, those ingenious gentlemen would have to be made officials of a kind of penitentiary system wherein bad boys and men would work out their allotted number of passes with strong crying and tears. We rather like the notion.

To return to seriousness, these opinions, as far as they go, and all proper allowances being made, seem to be distinctly against examinations, and that too with the advantage that in most cases the witnesses seem to have considerably less interest (in the unfavorable sense) in the matter than our experts at home. The abominable system of schools and colleges competing for clever boys is, it is acknowledged, born in America, but is hardly out of its cradle, and the absence of any uniform or centralized system of education, whatever other drawbacks it may have, seems to have the advantage of discouraging the examination mill. On the other hand, it would of course be idle to pretend that American education is to be taken by any country as a model. There are a few good scholars, in the various senses of the word, in America, and there is an immense diffusion of the lowest kind of education; but what would be called in England the thoroughly well-educated man is in proportion rare. It is certain, however, that this does not matter much. What does matter is that the considerable majority of these writers before us, some of them scholars of unquestionable distinction, and all of them practical men, disapprove of the reign of examination, and that those of them who do not disapprove seem, from their own line and style of argument, to be thinking more

of the welfare and convenience of a scholastic profession than of the production of a satisfactory state of national culture. And it is also further noteworthy that the American approvers of examinations seem to speak, as a rule, of the lower grades of education, where no one denies that some sort of examination not necessarily, but permissibly, competitive is necessary. A small boy who did not need the spur of examination, of "taking places," or of something of the kind, would be a nasty little unhealthy prig of a small boy for the most part. Even he should not have too much of it; but it is with his elders, and with what may be generally called University and professional examinations, that the question is really concerned.

For our own part, we should have welcomed the pamphlet if it had contained nothing but the sentence quoted above from President Adams. It is a commonplace enough that education is never "finished" (as the other commonplace has it), and perhaps the very worst curse of the examination system is that it tends to create a belief in "finishing." "The fight is o'er, the battle won" is, in the actual constitution of human nature, the natural reflection, conscious or unconscious, of the man who has gone through a long series of examinations. He need "bother about that" no more; and, in a very large number of cases, he does not bother about it. He has acquired the habit of circumscribing his intellectual energies

within certain limits, and of directing them to certain ends, and they naturally decline to work under any other conditions.

We can scarcely do better than end by a solid extract from President Adams's paper. It may, indeed, be urged that the special subject he mentions is not the most crucial example conceivable; but that is only a very minor objection:—

But let us abandon the domain of analogies, and ask how far examinations are really useful for the two purposes just named. First, then, as to examinations as a spur. I for one am frank enough to avow my belief that for college students—and it is of these that I am chiefly speaking—such artificial spurs or stimulants are not helpful, but on the contrary are positively harmful. I am quite ready to admit that at times the spur and the whip of an examination may produce a better showing at the end of the term. But this momentary superiority I believe to be more than counterbalanced by certain other considerations. Such a forcing process is apt to beget a dislike of the work; it sets up wrong ideals; it keeps wrong ends in view; it substitutes small things for great things; in a word, it tends to deaden those scholarly impulses which most successfully lead on to great results, and puts in their place a slavish devotion to matters of far less importance. If I may be allowed to speak from my own personal observation, I desire to say that one of the most confident convictions resulting from my own experience as a teacher of history, is the belief that, as a rule, the best work has been done where there has been the largest freedom, and the least satisfactory work where there has been the most rigid system of examinations and marks.

All which we believe to be true.—*Saturday Review*.

THE PHYSICAL FORCE OF THE MOB.

"THE hordes of barbarians of whom we have heard, who, issuing from their slums, will one day overwhelm modern civilization, do not exist; there are barbarians, but they are a handful, a small and decreasing percentage; a disgrace, but not a danger." This is the judgment of no optimist at large, or mere sentimental dreamer, but of one of the ablest and most painstaking of workers among the poor of the Metropolis—Mr. Charles Booth—who, in a volume entitled "Life and Labor,"* gives to the

world the results of a series of detailed investigations as to the condition of the population in the East of London and Hackney, undertaken by him and a number of assistants no less competent than himself. The facts and figures cited by him show conclusively that the statement we have quoted above admits of complete justification. The information that he has collected proves, in a word, that the physical force of the mob—the rabble ready for violence and

Edited by Charles Booth. London: Williams and Norgate.

* *Life and Labor*. Vol. I., "East London."

plunder—is, in relation to the total population, absolutely insignificant. Even in the poorest portion of the capital—the waste of brick that spreads eastward undiversified by a single rich man's house, through seven parishes, and comprises within its boundaries nearly a million souls—the class from which mobs are drawn reckons little more than one in a hundred. If, then, we estimate the proportion borne by this class not merely to the inhabitants of the poorer quarters, but to those of the whole city, we shall be able to place it at even a lower figure. If Mr. Booth's calculation that the mob class is only 1.23 per cent in the East End can be sustained, then most assuredly it does not amount to more than 1 per cent of the total population of London,—or only fifty thousand in five millions.

It would be useless to comment on these statistics without first showing the grounds that exist for believing them to be correct. Mr. Booth's method of obtaining them may be shortly explained. The School Board, for educational purposes, instructs its visitors to collect by a house-to-house investigation information as to the moral and economic status of the parents of the children liable to attend the Board schools. The records of these visitations, supplemented by extensive personal inquiries, and corrected by the experts of the Charity Organization Society, form the basis of the tables compiled by Mr. Booth. They have enabled him to classify the inhabitants of East London and Hackney with an exactitude which cannot well be challenged. The district he has chosen has a population of some nine hundred thousand persons. Of these, he finds that 8.88 per cent are "well-to-do,"—that is, for the most part, belong to the lower-middle and to what, for want of a better description, may be termed the "servant-keeping class." Next to them come those "in comfortable circumstances"—a division where the head of the family earns 22s. to 50s. a week, and where the standard of living is fairly high—and these he reckons at 55.88 per cent, or an absolute majority of the population. All who are placed in this class are distinctly above the line of poverty, for "those who, although getting the standard earnings, are poor

through some exceptional circumstances (as illness, large family, etc.) have been placed in one of the classes below." The inhabitants of East London who cannot fairly be reckoned as poor are thus taken together, 64.76 per cent of the whole, or considerably more than half. In other words, the comfortable and well-to-do even in the East End are in a majority of some two hundred and fifty thousand. The analysis of the remaining minority shows that a large number even of them are in a position by no means of destitution. Those whom Mr. Booth reckons as the poor—*i.e.*, persons whose earnings average 18s. to 21s. a week—are 22.79 of the whole; while the very poor (mainly the casual day-to-day laborers, who sometimes cannot get but oftener do not desire regular work) are only 11.22 per cent of the total. The figures we have given leave 1.23 per cent of the population tested unaccounted for. This is the residuum, composed of "some occasional laborers, street-sellers, loafers, criminals and semi-criminals of all ages and both sexes." They are mainly, Mr. Booth tells us, "inmates of the lowest class of lodging-houses or streets, and pick up a living by cadging, thieving, bullying,—in any way but by labor." Small as their numbers are, they are believed to be still decreasing. This is the body whom imaginative persons inclined to panic believe will some day march on the West End, cut the throats of its inhabitants, and appropriate their property. Whether prophecies so gloomy are likely to be fulfilled we will not debate, except to say that if the wealthy and the educated let themselves be destroyed by those whom they exceed not only in numbers but in every material resource, they will richly deserve to perish.

It is possible, however, that we may be told by those pessimistically inclined that we are dismissing the danger far too airily. Mr. Matthew Arnold told the Americans that only a "remnant" in every country was capable of saving the State from ruin, and then drew consolation for his hearers from the fact that in a population so great as that of the States, "the remnant" is absolutely, if not relatively, an enormous number. The English pessimist, borrowing his

argument, may perhaps point out that even if the mob is only 1 per cent in London, that fraction in a city so huge amounts to a *corps d'armée*, and that fifty thousand ruffians are quite capable of making a revolution. "In France," he may argue, "an insignificant minority ruled Paris, and so the whole country, terrorizing the majority into obedience: why should not the same thing happen in England." Such a line of argument cannot, we admit, be met except by urging that the English race does not lose its head, and is not accustomed to obey through terror or through mere lack of resisting power. If the fifty thousand men who at the most compose the mob of London, is ever to get command of the city, we must suppose not merely the acquiescence or the virtual co-operation of those just below (which, of course, is possible), but of the whole of the comfortable classes whose existence depends upon the smooth working of the social machine and the encouragement of industry by the maintenance of law and order. Of course, if the men who are now well above the line of poverty, and who compose the bulk of the population, were to be so foolish as to be misled into the belief that a socialistic upheaval would benefit them instead of bringing them utter ruin, then we should no doubt run a very great danger. But is there any real ground for fearing that they will be so misled? We believe not. The English working men are open and will listen to reason; and since they can be shown conclusively that revolution could not fail to inflict the greatest possible of injuries on them, we believe that it will be impossible to get them to adopt an attitude of sympathy with violence. In France, the rich and poor both suffered, but the poor the most. The rich, as a class, even at the worst, if not guillotined, saved enough of their wealth to keep themselves alive. The poor, on the other hand, often died of actual starvation, when disorder had dried up the sources of employment. If the majority of Englishmen do not realize this fact already, it is the business of those better informed to teach it them. It is not merely because they desire to stereotype the existing state of society that all rea-

sonable persons oppose revolution by violence, but because it would mean miseries for the poor and the weak far greater than any that are endured to-day. The prevention of revolution is primarily a working man's question, for it is the working men who would suffer most. Whatever happens, the Lord Rothschilds and the Mr. Brunners will somehow or other contrive to keep enough of their wealth to live on. It is not they, but the men in the Mile End Road, whom revolution would force, as it forced the *ouvriers* of Paris in '93, to fight in their hunger for the very offal in the streets.

Before leaving Mr. Booth's volume altogether, we must notice his proposals for dealing with the destitution of the East End, which, in spite of his apparently optimistic conclusions, he rightly regards as a question of the utmost moment. Though we are not in such a bad way as people sometimes imagine, a very great deal remains to be done before our social condition can be pronounced really healthy. To wait to take action till things grow worse would be the height of folly. Mr. Booth's scheme is to leave all the different classes of the community to their own individual efforts, except the two lowest,—the residuum and the class of casual "ne'er-do-weels." The residuum—the criminal scum—he would leave to the police to be harried out of existence. The "ne'er-do-weels" he would attempt to improve by State aid, by placing them in industrial communities, where they would be forced to do regular work in exchange for food, shelter, and dress. Of course, the interference with the liberty of the subject is the crux of such a proposal. This difficulty Mr. Booth proposes to get rid of thus. He gives up the idea of direct compulsion, but would enforce by law a standard of life so high, that the members of the class in question would be forced either to mend their ways and take regular work, or else to accept the relief offered them, and enter the State communities, from whence, if they improved, they might rise to the free ranks of society. Though the plan is in many ways admirable, we fear that it would break down in practice over the proposal for raising by law the standard of existence. We cannot,

however, debate the matter here, but will only express once more our sense of the ability and the thoroughness with which Mr. Booth has carried out his

work, and of the very valuable contribution which he has made to our knowledge of the social conditions under which we live.—*Spectator*.

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY PROFESSOR J. R. SERLEY.

I ADDRESS this society, as it were, from outside, for I have had no share in founding it, I meet it now for the first time, and I suppose I am not even a member of it. I am here simply in compliance with your wish, to give advice and offer suggestions, and I feel that my independent position is a position of advantage. I am in no way pledged to you nor you to me. I may speak without restraint and you may listen at your ease. If you like my views and suggestions, so much the better, and if you do not, why, no harm is done.

English people have an irrepressible habit of forming societies. And no doubt much may be done by association, but it has struck me at times that we conclude somewhat too readily, as soon as we become aware of some public object worthy to be pursued, that a society must be formed to pursue it. And I have known many societies which have shown great enthusiasm so long as the process of organizing themselves and recruiting members continued, but when this was complete and they were confronted with the question what precisely they were to do, have begun to betray embarrassment. An awkward pause follows, one or two meetings are held, speeches are made in which the great importance of the object in view is convincingly shown, but the appropriateness of the means adopted, viz., a society, is not proved but only taken for granted. Soon afterward lethargy sets in, and in the end the society is quietly wound up, every member, however, protesting that there has been after all no waste of time and trouble, that a single wave may recede but the tide comes in, and so on! Will such be the lot of *your* Society!

It seems to me that you are really ex-

posed to this danger, that while you feel deeply the value of ethical principles, while you are convinced perhaps that the very salvation of the world depends upon the due promulgation of them, you may omit to consider sufficiently what precise function an Ethical Society can fulfil in this work of promulgation, which could not be equally well fulfilled by machinery already existing or without machinery at all. For certainly it does not follow because an object is all-important, because an idea possesses our minds, that a new society ought to be called into existence. Some time ago there was sent to me a prospectus of a proposed "Roger Ascham Society." It consisted mainly of a long essay on the Life and Genius of Roger Ascham, showing how great both were. In the last paragraph the conclusion was drawn very briefly and peremptorily that a "Roger Ascham Society" ought accordingly to be founded, and in the closing sentence of the prospectus it was stated that "the objects of such a society were as yet undetermined." You will not, I am sure, proceed in this way. You begin, I am sure, with a more definite scheme, but there may still be a danger that you may contemplate a course of action which will lead to results somewhat insignificant, hardly worth the trouble.

You might, of course, form simply a society of students for the purpose of investigating the theory of morals. But I need not pause on this, because it is plain that you do not intend it. You address the public, you lecture, you preach, you institute a propaganda. Very well, then. Have you a common doctrine? Are you agreed on your principles? Or do you expect gradually to arrive at a common doctrine, which

it will then become the business of the society to propagate? If so, I should like you to consider how much is involved in this. It means that the Ethical Society would resolve itself into an organized school, a new sect or church. After all, every Church on earth, and certainly the Christian Church, is an ethical society. It will be difficult to found a new ethical society such as I have described without entering into rivalry with existing Churches. If you take pains to avoid this by maintaining silence upon disputed points, you will run the risk of reducing yourselves to insignificance; if you face the difficulty, you will stand forth before the world as a new sect. You will either found a new schism within the Christian Church, or you will organize a new attack upon it from without. To found a new Church, even if it is destined to become a dominating Church, is certainly a serious thing; and if it is destined, like so many new churches that we have seen, to be only an ambitious failure, then, I ask, is the founding of it worth while? Carried out with vigor and rigor such a scheme might possibly produce great results, but in my opinion, for reasons I shall give later, they would be partly mischievous results. On the other hand, if careful circumspection and moderation were used I can conceive that it might be both successful and useful, but I think it more likely that moderation would ruin the enterprise by making it insipid and insignificant.

I point out these difficulties at the outset. They may seem serious, but if I had thought them insurmountable, if I had considered that the Ethical Society, like the Roger Ascham Society, was produced by a mere instinctive spasm of good intentions rather than by a reasonable adaptation of means to ends, I should not, you may be sure, have accepted your invitation, I should not deliver this address. I accepted with pleasure, for this reason, that I see an immense want, an immense opportunity. I see a great current flowing among us, new movements daily commencing, which take the same direction and are produced by the same cause. This seems to me to be one of these movements, but perhaps not entirely conscious. I would gladly say something

which may make the members of this society more fully conscious of their own motives and purposes, and may dispose them to put themselves within the full sway of that mighty current, which is capable of carrying them very far. The poet's advice to those who would deal with public interests is, "Watch what main currents draw the years." Let me call your attention to one of those main currents.

It is not you alone, the students of ethical science, who desire that an ethical movement should be commenced. This is not the mere private conception of a few thinkers who have a special point of view. There may be a stirring among these specialists, caused partly by special causes; but if so, the scientific movement answers to another and far vaster tendency, which has long been gathering force in the general public of educated men. The general movement of reform which in the last half century has altered the country, both politically and socially, had from the outset a certain ethical tinge. The practical side of it may have been more prominent, but it had always an ethical side; and this comes into view more as obvious evils are swept away and the turn comes for reforms of a more difficult and refined order. But another great cause is at work, the special characteristic of our age, the fact that unusual moral earnestness is combined with an unprecedented perplexity and uncertainty, that the old recognized organs of spiritual life are in a great degree paralyzed at the very moment when spiritual life itself is most active. I do not know in what degree this Ethical Society may have consciously sprung out of the feeling so widely prevalent, that existing Churches and existing forms of Christianity are not equal to the burden which the age imposes on them in respect of moral teaching. For all I know, those who took the lead in the movement may have had no such thought in their minds. But the importance of the movement seems to me to lie in this fact, which therefore we ought especially to weigh, that you offer an ethical supply at the moment of an exceptional ethical famine. Whether you will come in aid of the Christian Church, or whether you will try to push it on one side, is a question you will have to con-

sider. In any case what makes your enterprise interesting is, that practically you must place yourselves on the ground which has been so long occupied by the Christian Church.

You will say that I have referred twice to the Church, and that the first time I treated it as an obstacle likely to defeat your plan, whereas now I speak of it as furnishing you with an opportunity and a hope of success. True ; because you may regard ethics in two different ways, either theoretically or practically. Or rather, I should say, you may give the preponderance to theory or to practice, for no doubt if you confine yourselves absolutely to theory you will disarm opposition ; but this, I fancy, you have never dreamed of doing. If you set out with theory, but add to theory an active propaganda, you will find, as I said, an obstacle in the Church, which in my opinion will either defeat or pervert and vitiate your enterprise. But a third course is open to you. You may set out, not with theory, but with practice, and you may use theory as an instrument just so far as you feel the need of it. Instead of descending from the heights of abstract science to the practical needs of mankind, you may ascend from these practical needs to those heights in search of a remedy. Between these two courses there is the greatest possible difference, and the latter seems to me as hopeful as the former seems dangerous and difficult. On the latter course I do not think you need fear, if you proceed with discretion, the opposition of the Church ; rather you may find, in the needs of the Church and from the difficulties with which the Church now contends, your main dependence and prospect of success.

Are your minds filled with ideas and reasonings about the basis of morality or the method of moral science ; about the categorical imperative, or hedonism, or utilitarianism, or the influence of heredity upon our moral notions, or the connection of moral science with physiology ; and by long dwelling upon these views have you come to desire to impart them, from a vague notion that thoughts which have been beneficial to yourselves might be so equally to others ? This is what I call descending from theory to practice. On the other hand, are your

minds occupied with the state of society around us, and have you become convinced that mere reforms of arrangement, institutions, or machinery will not reach the root of the evils that prevail ; are you alarmed by the spectacle of the public blindness and bewilderment amid events and changes so portentous, and have you convinced yourselves that the only safety for the nation lies in a firmer grasp of principles, first principles, ethical principles, on the part, not of a few persons here and there, but of the people itself ? This, then, is what I call ascending from practice to theory.

I myself do not think, I say it candidly, that very much good would result from merely promulgating academic and systematic views on the subject of ethics. Theoretical ethics, it seems to me, attract very few minds, though nothing is so universally or intensely interesting as practical ethics. "It was a mere moral essay." That is the phrase we use when we want to say that a discourse was wholly uninteresting. And therefore if you simply arrange a scheme of popular lectures on theoretical ethics I tell you that one of two things will happen. Either the lectures will fall flat and excite no interest whatever, or you will find yourselves driven to make them controversial. No doubt by attacking vigorously accepted beliefs you may excite interest. I dare say there are among you some who are strongly impressed by the defects of the Christianity which is popularly taught ; there may be some, for aught I know, who reject Christianity itself in whatever form it may be taught. These, then, will be able to make their lectures interesting, while the less combative spirits will fail ; the heterodox lecturers will win an audience, while the orthodox will not. And so, as I said, if you set out from theory you will either simply fail, or you will end by creating a new dissenting sect.

If we set out from theory we easily persuade ourselves that it is a most virtuous action to attack with outspoken, fearless frankness what we believe to be error ; and I certainly admit that in the popular Christianity of Church and Chapel there is more than enough of error, and mischievous error. But if we take a practical view, if we start rather with a keen sense of the public needs

than with a strong logical grasp of abstract truth, I think we shall arrive at a very different conclusion. It does seem to me that those who fully realize the dangers of the time, who mark the wildness that prevails, the recklessness of anarchy, the savageness of pessimism, that are appearing as the results of an age which sets all minds, even the rudest, thinking on all subjects, even the most delicate, which demands the most resolute action while at the same time it shakes all the principles by which action might be guided; those who mark this, I think, will feel that it is no time for sophistical wit-combats, but for the greatest possible union and co-operation among serious men of all schools.

I lay it down then that your Ethical Society should be above all things practical and in the least possible degree controversial; that it should assert ethical principles as such against unethical principles; that is, against anarchy and confusion, rather than one set of ethical principles against another.

Never, surely, was the English mind so confused, so wanting in fixed moral principles, as at present. I have referred to religious scepticism; and you may have objected in your minds that there was scepticism enough among us in the eighteenth century, when Bishop Butler humbly ventured to submit that after all something might be urged in favor of Christianity. But, not to urge that perhaps the scepticism of that time did not penetrate very deep into the mass of English society, there were other principles, which may be called ethical, very firmly rooted in the English mind of that time, a solid old English discipline, a narrow but effective code of duty, a rule of life which was scarcely called in question. Church and State alike were still irresistibly strong. We obeyed the law and enforced the law; we venerated our old constitution; we stood together as one man. We formed, as lively stones, a great building, a house not made with hands, and which no human hands, not even those of Napoleon, could destroy. The scepticism which undermines and enfeebles us now is partly indeed, but only partly, a scepticism about religion. It extends to everything else. We have misgivings about morality; we suspect law itself to

be a pedant, government to be a tyrant, patriotism to be an antiquated prejudice, justice and honesty to be Philistine virtues. As to that old English constitution, we have almost reformed it away. That great struggle which our grandfathers maintained against the world in arms, we are half ashamed of; and if there is anything which we are now instinctively disposed to regard as probably true, when we have lost our faith in everything else, it is some form of that revolutionary Jacobinism which our grandfathers so obstinately withstood. And the old national character seems to have disappeared with the old principles. Instead of a massive strength approaching to brutality, a strong individuality which looked almost like madness, a masculine grasp of reality, a cool contempt for sentimentalism and fine phrases, we seem to have acquired all the contrary qualities—loquacity, sentimentalism, helpless confusion and inaccuracy of thought, hysterical weakness, and the habit of thinking in crowds.

I am concerned here with this change only so far as it is bad. What may be said in favor of it of course we all know. We have gained vastly in breadth of view, intelligence and refinement. Probably what we threw aside could not be retained; what we adopted was forced upon us by the age. Nevertheless, we had formerly what I may call a national discipline, which formed a firm, strongly-marked national character. We have now only materials, which may be of the first quality, but have not been worked up. We have everything except decided views and steadfast purpose—everything in short except character! We have emotions, sentiment, thought, knowledge in abundance, only not character! And so to foreigners this nation seems degenerate—a nation in decay; and if we look at the individual Englishman, can we say that we see there the manly and kingly Englishman of former times? Is it the English type which now commands the admiration of the world? Does the Englishman, say in his parliamentary utterances, invariably speak the truth? Is there freshness and sincerity in his moral views? Does he shun conventionality? Is he free from vulgarity?

This is the evil with which we have to

deal. We have before us a problem eminently of practical, not theoretical, ethics. Scepticism in a certain sense is the disease ; that is, there is a reign of uncertainty, bewilderment, want of fixed opinion. But it is scarcely scepticism in the mere theological sense. What we want is not a new set of philosophic dogmas. The decline of religious belief is a part of the evil, but in my opinion only a part, for what we have to deal with is a decline of all belief, in other words, a want of grasp, a want of any convictions strong enough to produce resolute action.

Not a theological creed merely, but the whole creed necessary for life and character has crumbled away and needs to be replaced. This is the immense opportunity I spoke of. For I know no way in which a nation can acquire clear and courageous views, so as to become capable of playing a manly part in the world, except by the influence of the clearer and stronger minds upon the rest. In every generation some men see their way even when the multitude is most bewildered, some men can grasp principles even when the most are without pole-star or compass. These men must influence the rest ; and the utmost that can be tried in such an extremity is to bring to bear upon the mass the greatest amount and the best quality of influence from the better gifted and the better informed.

In general it seems to me a primary condition of national health that there shall be free and abundant contact between the most advanced culture and the masses, that due pains shall be taken "to marshal well the ranks behind," and keep the whole army together. Where there is a great residuum of ignorance and stupidity, everything is dragged down. In such a country you see Lord George Gordon riots, or a plebiscite for Louis Napoleon, and the nation disgraces itself. In such a country all the best thinkers are discouraged and waste their lives. Bad books push out good ones, and truth is a voice crying in the wilderness. But if ever this contact was needful it is now and here ; for evidently what has put the finishing touch to our confusion is the fact that the residuum of ignorance and stupidity has become our master and our judge. If in

politics we have seen honesty almost openly renounced, it is because our masters do not know the difference between truth and falsehood ; if morality and public duty, along with veracity and modesty, seem suddenly to have become obsolete, it is because our masters know nothing of any public interest or any high tradition. Just when the religious tradition had been dethroned by scepticism, and the constitutional tradition by radicalism, a new sovereign was crowned who knew nothing of either. Ignorance was proclaimed king, and an authority set up,

"Before whose fell approach and secret might
Art after art goes out, and all is night !"

Here again I am concerned only with the darker side of things. I suppose it is needless to protest that I see the other side. I am no alarmist ; I hold that all may yet be well if a sufficient effort is made, if we keep ourselves well on the alert. If time is given, if we are not overwhelmed at once, this illiterate sovereign, who after all is well-intentioned, may be taught something, and may be induced to hear advice.

But a greater missionary effort is needed than was ever needed before, a much greater effort than we have hitherto thought necessary. How shallow was that saying which was thought so smart, "that our masters must be taught to read and write !" To read and write ! will that enable them to govern the British Empire ? Nay, they must learn something more difficult ; they must acquire a habit of dealing with large questions, true views of government, but especially they must acquire a new sense of duty, first principles, *ethical* principles.

These things cannot be taught by school boards. It is not education in the ordinary sense that is needed, it is some equivalent for that atmosphere of thought, ideas, recognized truth, which surrounds us, and forms a second education for our mature life, but which does not surround the great mass of the community. There is a gap, there is a wheel wanting in our machinery of culture. We have an apparatus for the discovery and testing of truth and an apparatus for communicating it to a certain small part of the people, but no

apparatus for spreading it everywhere. The great multitude actually never come within hearing of the most necessary truths. On the most momentous questions they are left to grope in the dark, no instruction is within their reach ; if they err egregiously it is not from perversity, but mainly because no competent person has ever taken the trouble to contradict them or to inform them better. If your Ethical Society stood by itself I should not expect it to be in any way capable of dealing with such an enormous evil. But your movement, as I have said, is only one among many that have taken the same direction, and the sum total of the force thus set in motion, if it is applied to the best advantage, may produce great results. Societies precisely like yours are springing up in all parts of the country ; the very word "ethical" has been brought to us from America by our energetic friend Dr. Stanton Coit, who has in the main the same object as yourselves, and yet is quite independent of you. But the movements I have most in view are those which have emanated from the universities, the Extension Movement, Toynbee Hall, and many similar enterprises. The spontaneous growth and the multitudinousness of these are a very hopeful fact, and I trust they may keep their independence of each other. But it seems to me that the Ethical Society might do something toward uniting them and holding them in brotherly communion. For after all the word "ethical" has for the first time gone to the root of the matter. Some of these societies have called themselves educational, or political, or what not ; but, regarded as a whole, the movement is an effort to raise the whole nation at once to a higher moral level ; that is, it is ethical.

Not only do these movements testify to a great demand and to a great effort, but we have the prospect of being able to avail ourselves of two great instruments, two levers of immense power. One of these is the Universities, the influence of which already spreads everywhere, is visibly growing, and is likely to become tenfold greater than it is. Here are the natural headquarters of a movement like this ; here are the ablest young men, living in an atmosphere which, comparatively at least, may be

called unworldly, and meditating the part they are to play in life. Here it has been for centuries the custom that a large number annually dedicate themselves to the Christian priesthood. Here, therefore, a movement like this is naturally at home. And we have seen already that at the universities more than elsewhere the impulse is felt. Wave after wave swells there and moves out, until the whole country feels in a degree unknown to former times the influence and the presence of Cambridge and Oxford. And not only in the universities does this take place, but the universities themselves almost officially sanction and favor the movement. I am glad that the ancient universities have thus taken the lead ; but new institutions on a smaller scale, which have the same character and spirit, are budding everywhere under the name sometimes of universities, sometimes of colleges. The movement I speak of, which on this occasion at least I may call the Ethical Movement, will certainly find a focus in every one of these. The first great lever, then, is the universities. What is the second ? The second is the Christian Church itself, which has been for nearly two thousand years the great Ethical Society of the world. For if the universities spread their influence widely, the Church is actually everywhere, not only in every great town, but in every village, and everywhere its influence is established and of old standing. And already in these movements the Church—I mean, of course, the Church and the Nonconformist sects together—has taken a good share directly, and a still greater indirectly. Such movements, indeed, can scarcely prosper except where Christianity has prepared the way ; such things only grow out of a soil which has been formed by centuries of Christian tillage.

But the very fact that you found new ethical societies is a proof that you do not intend simply to repeat what clergymen and dissenting ministers have been preaching so long. I dare say many of your members are orthodox Christians, but I think we must all alike hold that the Christian teaching of the present day is insufficient, exceedingly insufficient. You found ethical societies because you consider that so large a part

of practical morality is either forgotten or only treated perfunctorily in church or chapel, that the Christianity of the day may almost be said to teach religion perhaps, but not ethics. I am not one of those who underrate those great lessons of self-sacrifice and brotherhood which, as I have just said, form the basis of all our schemes of improvement; it is in the practical application of them to the present form of society that we think so much is wanting. I think we must all feel this, but probably we feel it in different ways, according to the different points of view from which we have observed the world. I will give one or two examples which have struck myself, not because they are the best, but because what I have said about the difference between a practical and a theoretical view of ethics will not be clear without examples.

I will speak, then, first of education, which we must all feel ought to be governed by ethical principles. Certainly I do not say that this subject has been neglected by the religious bodies, nor do I at this moment complain of the religious party spirit which has turned the province of education into a battle-field between them. But when the clergy have contended that education should be religious, and that the Bible should be protected in its sacred position, we may ask, Is that all? Can nothing else be said on the subject? I imagine the Ethical Society will treat this subject with quite another sort of thoroughness. There must be principles to be laid down, principles mainly ethical, for every stage and every kind of education. You will not lay them down dogmatically, for that is not your method, but you will bring them into clear view, examine rival methods, and perhaps elicit at last, on some points at least, an agreement which, being deliberate, will be authoritative. The essential point is to give body and substance to the vague floating impressions as to what education ought to be. A society may do this, but till it is done, that is, till the ethical view of education takes a fixed shape and acquires weight and authority, we must continue to have what I may call the present unethical education. We talk of religious and secular systems, but this other distinction of ethical and

unethical is at least of equal importance. What do I mean by unethical education? It is that deplorable practical compromise to which, as so often in England, we are driven by the effect of mere bewilderment and confusion. We see, of course, that good education is of the utmost importance, but no one seems to know what it is, and we are very busy! Accordingly we cease to think of what we should like, and put up with what we can get. Ethical considerations fall into abeyance and practical business considerations take their place. There are examinations to be passed, appointments, scholarships, or fellowships to be won. It is a view which commends itself by its simplicity, that the object of education is to pass examinations with success, and that this object determines the method. I call this the unethical view. I think it will be one great function of your society to confront it with a worthier view, and to persevere until you make the worthier view seem practical, and to support it with the votes of a united party. The movement has already commenced; by the help of perseverance it will succeed, and the next generation will hear with astonishment that a nation calling itself great, a nation professing to march in the van, can have had ideas so vulgar.

I pass to another subject equally important, and ask what an Ethical Society will have to say to politics. As the ethical spirit is expelled from education by the prize-system, so it is expelled from political life by the party-system. In both cases it makes the same sort of ineffectual struggle. We mean well by our country, as we mean well by our children. Theoretically we should be shocked at the very idea of sacrificing our country to the pleasure of a caucus, as of sacrificing our children to the grinding influence of examinations. But the party-system holds the field. An ethical view of politics is at present a sort of Utopia. It is only the fond dream of an individual here and there, and as such can have no practical effect. We grow tired of mere child's play, gradually we persuade ourselves that it is our duty to make our action as effective as possible, and we seem to see that no political action can be effective which does not conform to the rules of party.

Moreover our vague ethical notions, which we try to hold in the face of universal opposition, gradually melt away for want of support, and sometimes we suspect that they are not even harmless, that by introducing confusion they are positively mischievous. And then we are very busy! Here again what is needed is to give body and substance to floating notions. Let us suppose that a large body of cultivated and influential men, acting together, made it their business to disentangle the whole web of falsehood and fallacy which has been woven by the parties. They would not only do an immense service to public opinion, which now lies helpless within its meshes, and especially to those newly enfranchised whose untrained minds are utterly incapable of withstanding such sophistry, but they would make an ethical view of politics for the first time possible. In proportion as party was discredited the country would come into view. Our minds would be set free to study its true interest, to understand its true history; there might be a lull in the interminable scurrilous brawl which debauches the national mind; and in such a lull ethical considerations might be heard, and so a purer political school might be founded.

I am obliged to treat this subject very briefly, partly because I cannot hope to treat so great a subject adequately, partly because I do not know how far I may expect to carry you with me. Till lately Englishmen have profoundly believed in the party system, and though recent events have given a rude shock to that traditional faith, I do not suppose many are even now prepared to go so far as I do in condemning it. But I think an Ethical Society, which certainly does not intend to remain timidly silent or to utter only commonplaces on political subjects, cannot fail to take in general this view of parties, cannot fail to see that however necessary within strict limits party organization may be, the party view and the ethical view of politics are mutually exclusive, and neither can triumph but by the defeat of the other.

But my principal object in referring to these two subjects, education and politics, has been to show how vast a

field is open to an Ethical Society. How wide are these questions, how evidently do they come within the domain of ethics, and yet how seldom are they treated from the ethical point of view! Imagine education liberated from the yoke of business, and politics liberated from the yoke of party, is not this a short formula for the moral regeneration of the country?

And yet other questions are not less great, and are even more obvious, and perhaps you may think more urgent. There is the enormous social question, the whole question of poverty and riches. Here too what we want is a fixed ethical view. Here too we have had a reign of mere business—it is the English propensity to turn everything into *business*—until evils have arisen which have provoked a strong counter-current of sentimentalism. We can only escape from such wild eddies of opinion by acquiring a connected view, and you point to the only way in which this can be done. In one word, a number of people sufficiently large must give attention to the subject for a sufficient length of time, and in a spirit at once sufficiently practical and sufficiently theoretical. We thought with action, and we concentrated with co-operation, and you may grapple even with difficulties as great as these.

I have said that the Christianity of the day scarcely deals with many of these questions. Yet if you had a certain amount of success in dealing with them, sooner or later Christianity would feel that, as the great ethical teacher of mankind, it must deal with them too. It is for this reason that I think it all-important for you to decide what attitude toward the Churches you will assume. Will you elect to be doctrinaires? No doubt if you chose to regard the doctrines of theology as a kind of philosophical system, some of you may reject this system, and these may come to fancy themselves bound in the name of truth and scientific thoroughness to attack it until it is overthrown and a truer system established in its place. More probably still they will adopt a sort of middle course, so that their ethical lectures will enter into a sort of covert rivalry with the teaching of the Church, and your

society will be to Christianity as a whole what Nonconformity is to the Anglican Church.

My advice is that instead of waging war, open or covert, you enter once for all into the heartiest and most unreserved alliance with Christianity. Of course, I am speaking to those members of the society who may be heterodox, for at present I am happy to think many of you *are* sincere Christians, and therefore can no more be allies than they can be enemies of Christianity. But I hope this society will not make the mistake which the Church itself has so often made, and become a sect of dogmatists instead of a vital organ of ethical life and ethical reform. Such exclusiveness may no doubt be proper in the schools, but in practical co-operative work it seems to me so wholly out of place that the very tendency to it ought to be resolutely checked.

Is it your object to rouse ethical life among the people? I say then that attacks on Christianity, whatever else they may do, can only have the effect of paralyzing ethical life. It might be otherwise if by waving a wand you could cause Christianity to disappear and some new and powerful ethical system to take its place. As it is, by meeting with a formal negation all that the established teachers of ethics affirm you neutralize their influence; and as, in any case, many years or centuries must pass before an authority so ancient as that of Christianity can be subverted or another set up, you condemn the people during those years or centuries to have no ethical rule of life at all. And it seems to me that much of the confusion we already witness, much of the unrestrained folly and frenzy which fill us with dismay, is the effect of this conflict of authorities. The ancient authority affirms and forthwith the modern authority denies. Do you regard the public as an intelligent judge, calmly deciding between the disputants? Is it not rather a bewildered listener, whom the uncertainty reduces to despair?

But if you do not elect to be doctrinaires, what will you elect to be? I do think that in England we are too familiar with co-operative work to dream that there is anything dishonest in the forbearances and the reticences that are im-

posed by it. In this very movement you have already proceeded far enough along the road of mutual forbearance to have grown accustomed and attached to it. Orthodox and heterodox persons, zealous clergymen and persons who have not a Christian dogma left, have worked amicably together hitherto. They do not conceal their opinions, much less betray them; but they feel that they have a common object which must not needlessly be sacrificed. They resolve therefore to keep company until the time shall come when they are forced to separate, and they find, perhaps to their surprise, that this time never comes.

I have said that the Christian teaching of the day seems to me ethically very insufficient. It is drawn too exclusively from an ancient text-book. But I can never be brought to see that any Christian dogma is responsible for this insufficiency, and I think that, without giving up any dogma, the Churches might go heart and soul into this ethical movement. I for my part am not dissatisfied in the main with what the Churches teach, but with what they do not teach. The kind of ethical reform I desire to see is one which Christianity itself might have initiated. It is now undertaken independently of the Churches, but, I believe, without the faintest impulse of hostility or jealousy toward the Churches. It is my opinion that only by a friendly and hearty alliance can you achieve any great success. By means of it opposition will be disarmed, and your influence will have a passport into every nook and corner of the community. Meanwhile both parties to the alliance will be morally improved by it. The Churches may acquire a certain freshness of tone by association with a more independent body of teachers. The many strong thinkers, who in the present state of opinion cannot be clergymen, may thus from an independent position give help and advice to the clergy, and they may contribute to make Christian teaching ethically more practical and powerful, more masculine, less conventionally solemn and pathetic. But the Churches, it is my opinion, have quite as much to give as to take—to teach as to learn. After all, Christianity is the original Ethical Society. It has the ancient tradition and

store of precedents, it has the ubiquitous organization, it has the unapproachable classical literature, it has the long line of prophets and saints. We are all morally its children, and most of us are not even its grown-up children. I say, let us not be guilty of presumption. It is a pity that in a Christian country it should be necessary to found ethical societies at all; it would be arrogant, and at the same time it would be suicidal, for these societies to hold themselves aloof from the Christianity of the country. Rather let the new influence blend freely, and even be prepared to lose itself in the old. Let the new teachers assist the old; let the new and old clergy

be indistinguishable. I am in favor of what some have called compromise. Surely we moderns do not believe much in cataclysms. Development is our word. The present grows out of the past. The most vital, the most influential ethical teaching of the present day ought to grow out of Christianity; and thus it seems to me that if in this society some are orthodox and others are heterodox—even in an extreme degree—they may not only work together, but may even adopt, if in somewhat different senses, the same sacred motto and say, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid."—*Fortnightly Review*.

WITH FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.*

BY EDWARD CLIFFORD.

THE little steamer "Mokolii" leaves Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, on Mondays at five o'clock for Molokai, and I took my passage on the 17th of last December and went on board.

The sunset was orange, with a great purple cloud fringed with gold. It faded quickly, and by the time we reached a small pier-head outside the town it was dark, and the moon was casting a long greenish light across the sea. From the pier came a continuous tremolo wail, rather mechanical, but broken by real sobs. I could see a little crowd of lepers and lepers' friends waiting there. "O my husband!" cried a poor woman again and again. Thirteen lepers got into the boat and were rowed to the steamer. Then we sailed away, and gradually the wailing grew fainter and fainter till we could hear it no longer.

These partings for life between the lepers and their families are most tragic, but they are inevitable; for whether the disease be propagated by heredity or by contagion, the necessity for absolute segregation is equally evident, and the Hawaiian Government has risen to the emergency—would that our Indian Government with its hundred and thirty

thousand lepers would do likewise!—and, sparing neither labor nor expense, has sought out the cases one by one, and provided a home so suitable to their needs, so well ordered, and so well supplied, that, strange to say, the difficulty often arises of preventing healthy people from taking up their abode there. I know many sadder places than Molokai, with its soft breezes, its towering cliffs, and its sapphire sea. The Hawaiians are a happy, simple, generous people, the fit offspring of these sunny windy islands; they yield themselves up readily to the emotion of the present whether for grief or laughter, and (even with lepers) smiles and play follow close behind tears and sorrow.

The sleeping accommodation on the "Mokolii" is necessarily limited, but being a foreigner, and therefore a passenger of distinction, a mattress was spread for me on the little deck. It was very short, and, moreover, it was soon invaded from the lower end by two pairs of legs—a Chinese pair and a Hawaiian pair. I could not be so inhospitable as to complain of their vicinity, and as a lady kindly enlivened the company by continuous guitar music, accompanied by her own voice and by as many of the passengers as chose to chime in, I relinquished my couch, and, retiring to another part of the vessel,

* Father Damien, a Christian hero worthy to rank with any of the martyrs, according to late news has passed to his great reward.

gave myself up to the enjoyment of the moonlit precipices and ravines of Molokai, which we began to coast about midnight. Very solemn and rather terrible they looked.

The island is long, and shaped like a willow-leaf ; it lies in the form of a wedge on the Pacific, very low on the south coast, and gradually rising to its greatest altitude, from which the descent—1,500 feet—to the northern coast is precipitous. Between the base of these precipices and the sea lie the two leper villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. Not improbably, half the island is sunk in the sea, and the villages are in the actual cup of the crater of an immense volcano, half of which is submerged.

The Sandwich Islands are a collection of volcanoes of which the fires appear to have died out in southward order. In the largest and most southerly island they still rage. Out of its great lake of liquid boiling lava the fire-fountains toss themselves high into the air, red as blood in daylight, orange at twilight, and yellow as a primrose by night—a fearful sight, and approached by three miles of scarcely less terrible lava, black and glittering, and hardened into shapes like gigantic crocodiles and serpents. Sometimes the traveller sees that it is red-hot only eight inches below the sole of his foot.

But in Molokai the slow work of centuries has nearly covered its lava with verdure. At dawn we were opposite Kalaupapa. Two little spired churches, looking precisely alike, caught my eye first, and around them were dotted the white cottages of the lepers, who crowded the pier to meet us. But the sea was too rough for us to land. The coast is wild, and, as the waves dashed against the rocks, the spray rose fifty feet into the air. I never had seen such a splendid surf.

We went on to Kalawao, but were again disappointed : it was too dangerous to land. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers, and "There is Father Damien !" said our purser ; and, slowly moving along the hill-side, I saw a dark figure, with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat near the

water-side. and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold—a long business ; for, owing to the violence of the sea, nothing else was to be put on shore. The captain and the purser were both much interested in a case of gurjun oil, which I was bringing for the lepers' use, and they spared no trouble in unshipping it. At last all was ready, and we went swinging across the waves, and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien helped me up the rock, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face.

He is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black curly hair, and short beard, turning gray. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose ; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and body also show many signs of the disease, but he assured me that he had felt little or no pain since he had tried Dr. Goto's system of hot baths and Japanese medicine.

I think he had not much faith in the gurjun oil, but at my request he began using it, and after a fortnight's trial the good effects became evident to all. His face looked greatly better, his sleep became very good instead of very bad, his hands improved, and last Sunday he told me that he had been able that morning to sing orisons—the first time for months. One is thankful for this relief, even if it should be only temporary ; but it is impossible not to fear that after several years' progress the disease has already attacked the lungs or some other vital organ, and that the remedy comes too late.

I may mention here that gurjun oil is the produce of a fir-tree which grows plentifully in the Andaman Islands. Its efficacy was first discovered by Dr. Dougall, and I am assured by Sir Donald Stewart, who was then governor of the islands, and who has sent me the official medical report, that every single

case in the place was cured by it. The lepers were convicts, and it was therefore possible to enforce four hours a day of rubbing the ointment all over their bodies, and the taking of two small doses internally. In some of the cases the disease was of many years' standing, and the state to which it had reduced its victims was indescribably dreadful, yet after eight months the sufferers were able to run and to use a heavy pickaxe, and every symptom of leprosy had disappeared.

The oil is brown and sticky in its raw condition, but when mixed with three parts of lime-water it makes an ointment as soft and smooth as butter. It can be obtained in London.

The real difficulty in the cure lies in the fact that lepers are too inactive and too callous to take the exertion of sufficient rubbing in of the oil, and it is difficult both in Hawaii and in India to force them to do so. In Molokai there are three Franciscan sisters who take charge of the leper girls, and who are now using the oil. I think that their quiet systematic endeavors are likely to produce important results, and that children will be more obedient patients than adults.

I had brought with me a large wooden case of presents from English friends, and it was unshipped with the *gurjun* oil. It was so large that Father Damien said it would be impossible for his lepers either to land it from the boat or to carry it to Kalawao, and that it must be returned to the steamer and landed on some voyage when the sea was quieter. But I could not give up the pleasure of his enjoyment in its contents, so after some delay it was forced open in the boat, and the things were handed out one by one across the waves and carried separately by the lepers and our two selves.

First came an engraving of Mr. Shield's "Good Shepherd," from Lady Mount Temple; then a set of large pictures of the Stations of the Cross, from the Hon. Maude Stanley; then a magic lantern with scriptural slides, then numbers of colored prints, and finally an ariston from Lady Caroline Charteris, which would play about forty tunes by simply having its handle turned. Before we had been at the settlement half an hour, Father Damien was showing

his boys how to use it, and I rarely went through Kalawao afterward without hearing the ariston active.

There were beautiful silver presents from Lady Grosvenor and Lady Airlie, and several gifts of money. And, most valuable of all, there was a water-color painting of the Vision of St. Francis by Mr. Burne Jones, sent by the painter. This now hangs in Father Damien's little room.

I did not feel disposed to have my bag carried by a leper, so the walk to Kalawao was a tiring one, up and down hill, through a broad stream, and then along a beach of great boulders. But the pleasure of gradually discovering that Father Damien was a finer man than I had even expected made it delightful. And about half way I refreshed myself by a bathe in the foam of the waves, which were too big to allow of a swim, even if the sharks which infest the place had not been a sufficient reason against it.

The cliffs of Molokai are in many places almost perpendicular, and rise to a great height from the water's edge. They are generally in shadow, but the sun almost always casts long rays of light through their sundered tops, and I shall always remember these rays as a distinguishing mark of the leper towns. The sea foam, too, rises up from their bases in a great swirling mist, and makes an enchanting effect in the mornings. Where the slopes are not precipitous the tropical vegetation grows very rank, and not beautiful, I think, to eyes that have learned to love the birch, the gorse, and the heather.

The coarse wild ginger with its handsome spikes of flowers grows everywhere, and the yellow hibiscus (ugliest of trees), and quantities of the Ki-tree, from the root of which is made the intoxicating spirit which has done such a disastrous work among the natives. The ferns are magnificent. Of birds, the most noticeable that I saw were an exquisite little honeybird with a curved beak and plumage like scarlet velvet, a big yellow owl which flies about by daylight, a golden plover which is very plentiful and very nice to eat, and a beautiful long-tailed, snowy-white creature called the *bo's un* bird, which wheels about the cliff heights. Besides these

there are plenty of imported mynahs and sparrows. The curious little apteryx is almost extinct.

Father Damien is building a church with which he incorporates as a transept the small building which has hitherto been in use. By the side of it grows the palm-tree under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement in 1873. It was then a miserable place; the houses were wretched, undrained, and unventilated, the people were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and worse washed. The water supply was very bad. The sufferers were desperate, and often lived vicious and lawless lives. Now all these things are changed. The cottages built by the Government are neat and convenient, raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. The water is brought in pipes from a never-failing supply, and is excellent in quality and quantity. There are five churches, there is a large general shop, and the faces one sees are nearly always happy faces.

Of course, I saw cases in the hospitals that were terribly emaciated and disfigured, but there is no doubt that the disease has taken a milder form than it wore years ago. As a rule, the lepers do not suffer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai is about four years, at the end of which time the disease generally attacks some vital organ. Women are less liable to it than men. One woman accompanied her husband to Molokai when he became a leper, and at his death became the bride of another leper. He died and she married another, and another after his demise. So that she has lived with four leper husbands, and yet remains healthy.

Dr. Swift, the resident physician, is kind and diligent, and the Government is scrupulous about meeting the wishes of the people in all possible ways.

The children are well cared for in the Kapiolani Home at Honolulu if they show no signs of disease, and those in Molokai certainly do not lead an unhappy life.

One sees the people sitting chatting at their cottage doors, pounding the taro root, to make it into their favorite food poi, or galloping on their little ponies—men and women alike astride—between the two villages. And one always re-

ceives the ready greeting and the readier smile.

It would undoubtedly be a great trial to heart and nerve to live at Molokai, as eight noble men and women have elected to do for Christ's sake. I found it very distressing during only fourteen days to see none but lepers, and it often came with a specially painful shock to find a child of ten with a face that looked as if it might belong to a man of fifty.

But I had gone to Molokai expecting to find it scarcely less dreadful than hell itself, and the cheerful people, the lovely landscape, and the comparatively painless life were all surprises.

God's care is surely over all His children, and sooner or later the darkest horrors reveal Divine wisdom and love. I was specially impressed by a good old blind man in the hospital, who told me that he was thankful for the disease, because it had saved him from so much evil.

Father Damien's little house almost joins the church; he lives upstairs, and his comrade, Father Conradi, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms as a precaution against contagion. Two laymen, Brother Joseph and Brother James, assist them in nursing, teaching, visiting, and other ways, and they are often in communication with Kalaupapa, where live and work Father Wendolen and three Franciscan sisters. The church at Kalaupapa was built partly by Father Damien's own hands. He is good at carpentering and building, and apparently able and ready to work at anything as long as it is work. He is specially scrupulous and businesslike about accounts and money matters.

I wished I could have understood the sermon he preached on Christmas morning. It was long and animated. In the afternoon he was catechizing the boys, and he translated for me some of his questions and some of their answers, chiefly bearing on the Nativity and on the nature of God.

It has been generally said in England that he is a Jesuit, but this is not the case. He belongs to the "Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary," and is a devout but generous-minded Roman Catholic.

He was, of course, desirous that the English friends whose sympathy and affection have helped him should belong to his Church, but I was glad to find in conversation with him that it was no part of his belief that Protestants must be eternally lost. He and Father Conradi talked much to me of the infallible authority of the Church, and I felt that if that one enormous dogma could be swallowed, nothing else need surely be refused.

Assent is probably a different thing from conviction, but I tried to explain to him that we in England have not the power in us to believe that the Roman Church has made no mistakes in her beliefs, any more than that she has committed no faults in her practice.

He spoke of the comfort it gave him to know that all his fellow-priests preached precisely the same doctrine that he preached, while we on the other hand would rather have a growing faith on which fresh light can be cast and from which old abuses can be detached than a system of doctrine which has been defined at every point for centuries. We do not regard as a desideratum the routine which comes of strict orthodoxy, and we owe much of the force of our spiritual life to the fact that men who have held strongly the primary beliefs as to the difference between right and wrong, the goodness and love of the Almighty Father, and His manifestation in Jesus Christ, have freely searched for truth with no haunting fear that they must not differ from other good men who have gone before them. We are content to believe that perfection of creed grows with perfection of practice.

But, notwithstanding such differences, no sincere man could feel a real barrier in intercourse with a man so good as Father Damien, and on his side he always showed a true and wholesome charity while he dealt with views which he considered erroneous.

We must all rejoice that the Roman Catholic Church produces such saints, and not hesitate to accord them the fellowship, the sympathy, and the hearty honest praise which they deserve.

As I sat in his little veranda making sketches of Father Damien, he told me about his early history. He was born

on the 3rd of January, 1841, near Louvain, in Belgium, where his brother (a priest) still lives. His mother, a deeply religious woman, died about two years ago, and his father twelve years sooner. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was preparing for the priesthood, and he left him there to dine while he himself went on to the neighboring town.

Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided that here was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take, and when his father came back, he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewell. His father consented unwillingly, but, as he was obliged to hurry to the conveyance which was to take him home, there was no time for demur, and they parted at the station. Afterward, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged; but at the last he was laid low with fever, and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation for his brother to go instead, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote surreptitiously, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished. The students were not allowed to send out letters till they had been submitted to the Superior, but Joseph ventured to disobey.

One day, as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in, and said, with a tender reproach, "Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter, and you are to go."

Joseph jumped up, and ran out, and leaped about like a young colt.

"Is he crazy?" said the other students.

He worked for some years on other islands in the Pacific, and finally reached Molokai in 1873, his heart having been stirred by the report of the sufferings and darkness of the lepers.

When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work."

I did not find one person in the Sand-

wich Islands who had the least doubt as to leprosy being contagious, though it is possible to be exposed to the disease for years without contracting it. Father Damien told me that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he caught it he does not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their death-beds, and even digging their graves. The sights and smells were very sickening, and the moral evil was worse. But he set himself steadily to the work of reformation, and a change soon became apparent. The Government was generous and wise; the queen and the heir-apparent visited the settlement in person; food, dwellings, and water were all supplied.

The Hawaiians are a singularly lovable people, touchingly guileless, generous, affectionate, and light-hearted. They bear no grudge against the white men, though we have brought them small-pox, intoxication, and evil diseases, and though their numbers are decreasing so rapidly since our advent as to threaten almost total extermination.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that, though the Hawaiians have suffered terribly from the godless whalers and merchants who have wrought such iniquity in their midst, the noble band of Protestant missionaries from Boston who began working there sixty years ago have changed their lives from barbarism to civilization and Christianity. Only sixty years ago a native would be killed if he allowed even the shadow of his chief to pass over him, and a woman would be killed or have her eye gouged out if she ate a banana. The three wives of the reigning king called on the first missionary's wife soon after her arrival. They came in dripping from the sea, with no attempt at robes. One of the princesses wished to adopt the missionary's little boy, but the tempting offer was respectfully declined by his mother. The people are passionately fond of flowers, and I saw old women of ninety with large wreaths of blue flowers and green leaves above their wrinkled faces.

After living at Molokai for about ten

years, Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. The doctors assured him that this was not the case; but anæsthesia began in his foot and other fatal signs appeared. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination.

"I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you say is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Joseph, "for I have long felt sure of it."

And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness.

He said to me, "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

A lady wrote to him, "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter."

"Tell her," he said, with a quiet smile, "that it is true I do have that joy now."

While I sketched him he read his breviary, and at those times, and while he was listening to hymn-singing, the expression of his face was very sweet and tender.

He looked mournfully at my sketches. "What an ugly face!" he said; "I did not know the disease had made such progress." Looking-glasses are not in great request at Molokai.

I need scarcely say that he gives himself no airs of martyr, saint, or hero. A humbler man I never saw. He smiled modestly and deprecatingly when I gave him the Bishop of Peterborough's message: "He won't accept the blessing of a heretic bishop, but tell him that he has my prayers and ask him to give me his."

"Does he call himself a heretic bishop?" he asked doubtfully, and I had to explain that the Bishop had used the term playfully. He asked many affectionate questions about Mr. Chapman, who had sent him a large sum of money for his work.

He would never come inside the guest-house where I was staying, but sat in the evening on the steps of the veranda and talked on in his cheery pleasant simple way. The stars shone over his head and all the valleys glimmered in

golden moonlight. There is often wild weather in Molokai. The cona wind rushes up from the southern coast, and reaches with steady force the heights of the island; then it seems staggered at finding the ground suddenly come to an end, and descends through the gorges to the leper villages in gusts which, though warm, are so violent that one evening our roof was mainly torn off, and the rain came pouring through a dozen fissures. The china-roses by the balcony were ruthlessly withered and torn to pieces, and in a ride from Kalau-papa I was driven in exactly opposite directions within a distance of two hundred yards, while the rain in my face felt more like gravel than water. This weather sometimes lasts for days together, and the wind continues, though the skies may be full of starlight or sunshine.

Generally the weather is what would universally be described as lovely; but Mr. Sproull, the clever young engineer who was busy with the water-supply, and my companion at the guest-house, told me that the heat and stillness were sometimes so exhausting that every one got "as limp as a wet collar."

The ground at Molokai is strewn with great black blocks of lava, round which grows a tall delicate grass so closely that one has to be careful of pitfalls as one walks. There are not many wild flowers in the Sandwich Islands. The lilac major convolvulus, a handsome white poppy, the diverse-colored lantana, and a bright orange-blossom with a milky stem are among the principal. On the hills grow the crimson-blossomed Lehna, and various pretty berries, white, black, purple, yellow, and red—some of them (the ohelo especially) excellent to eat.

Half way between the two leper towns rises a lowish hill, which is found on ascending it to be an extinct volcano with a perfect cup, and at the bottom of the cup a hole 130 feet wide which is said to be unfathomable. It is nearly full of turbid green water. Half skeleton trees grow on its sides, and some big cactuses. The place looks like the scene of some weird fairy tale.

The fathers were on very affectionate, playful terms with the lepers. I found Father Conradi one morning making a list of the boys' names, which I think

are worth recording with some others that I got from Mr. Sproull and Dr. Nicholls. It must be remembered that they are boys' names: Jane Peter, Henry Ann, Sit-in-the-cold, The rat-eater, The eyes-of-the-fire, A fall-from-a-horse, Mrs. Tompkins, The-heaven-has-been-talking, Susan, The window, The wandering ghost, The first nose, The tenth heaven, The dead house, The white bird, The bird-of-water, The river-of-truth, The emetic.

The lepers sing very nicely. One man had a full sweet baritone, and there was a tiny child who made a great effect with a bawling metallic voice. A refined-looking woman played the harmonium well, with hands that looked as if they must have been disabled. She had been a well-known musician in Honolulu.

I enjoyed their singing the Latin Christmas hymn "Adeste fideles." But the most touching thing was the leper song (composed by a native poet), a kind of dirge in which they bewailed the misery of their lot.

The last Sunday evening I showed them the magic lantern, and Father Damien explained to them the pictures from the life of Christ. It was a moving sight to see the poor death-stricken crowd listening to the story of His healings, and then of His sufferings, His crucifixion, and His resurrection.

Father Damien told me that there had been beautiful instances of true devotion among them. Roman Catholics and Protestants are about equally numerous, and both churches were well filled. The total number of lepers was a thousand and thirty. I heard good accounts of the Protestant native minister who had come to Molokai in charge of his leprous wife. I visited him, but we could only understand each other through an interpreter.

The next morning I left the island, for a ship came bringing two hundred friends of lepers to spend a few hours at Molokai—a treat generously provided by Mr. Samuel Damon of Honolulu. The scenes of meeting and parting were never to be forgotten. When the vessel sailed away all the population seemed to have come out to say farewell, and there was much wailing and waving of handkerchiefs. But what a difference it must

make to the sufferers and to their relatives to look forward to such meetings instead of an unbroken separation !

As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village with its three churches and its white cottages lay

at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist.—
Nineteenth Century.

MEDITATIONS OF A WESTERN WANDERER.

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

ALL the world over meseemeth, wherever my footsteps have trod,
The nations have builded them temples, and in them have imaged their God.
Of the temples the Nature around them has fashioned and moulded the plan,
And the gods took their life and their being from the visions and longings of man.

So the Greek bade his marble be instinct with curves of the rock-riven foam,
Within it enshrining the Beauty and the Lore of his sunlitten home ;
And the Northman hewed deep in the mountain and reared his huge pillars on
high,
And drank to the strength of the thunder and the force flashing keen from the
sky.

But they knew did those builders of old time that wisdom and courage are vain,
That Persephone rises in springtide to sink in the winter again,
That the revelling halls of Walhalla shall crumble when ages have rolled
O'er the deep-rooted stem of the World-ash and the hardly-won Treasure of gold.

I turn to thee, mystical India, I ask ye, ye dreamers of earth,
Of the Whence and the Whither of spirit, of the tale of its birth and re-birth.
For the folk ye have temples and legends and dances to heroes and kings,
But ye sages know more, would ye tell it, of the soul with her god-given wings.

Ah, nations have broken your barrier, ah, empires have drunk of your stream,
And each ere it passed bore its witness, and left a new thought for your dream :
The Moslem saith, " One is the Godhead," the Brahmin, " Inspiring all,"
The Buddhist, " The Law is Almighty, by which ye shall stand or shall fall."

Yea, verily One the All-Father ; yea Brahmin, all life is from Him
And Righteous the Law of the Buddha, but the path of attainment is dim.
Is God not afar from His creature—the Law over-hard to obey ?
Wherein shall the Life be of profit to man seeing evil bear sway ?

Must I ask of the faith which to children and not to the wise is revealed ?
By it shall the mist be uplifted ? By it shall the shrine be unsealed ?
Must I take it, the often-forgotten yet echoing answer of youth—
"'Tis I," saith the Word of the Father, " am the Way and the Life and the
Truth ?"

The Truth dwelleth aye with the peoples, let priests hide its light as they will ;
'Tis spirit to spirit that speaketh, and spirit aspireth still ;
Wherever I seek I shall find it, that infinite longing of man
To rise to the house of his Father, to end where his being began.;

And the secret that gives him the power, the message that shows him the way,
Is the Light he will struggle to follow, the Word he perforce will obey.
It is not the voice of the whirlwind, nor bolt from the storm-kindled dome,
'Tis stillness that bringeth the tidings—the child knows the accents of Home.

—*National Review.*

CHRISTIANITY AND AGNOSTICISM.*

BY REV. DR. WACE.

READERS who may be willing to look at this further reply on my part to Professor Huxley need not be apprehensive of being entangled in any such obscure points of Church history as those with which the Professor has found it necessary to perplex them in support of his contentions; still less of being troubled with any personal explanations. The tone which Professor Huxley has thought fit to adopt, not only toward myself, but toward English theologians in general, excuses me from taking further notice of any personal considerations in the matter. I endeavored to treat him with the respect due to his great scientific position, and he replies by sneering at "theologians who are mere counsel for creeds," saying that the serious question at issue "is whether theological men of science, or theological special pleaders, are to have the confidence of the general public," observing that Holland and Germany are "the only two countries in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them," and thus insinuating that English theologians are debarred by selfish interests from candid inquiry. I shall presently have something to say on the grave misrepresentation of German theology which these insinuations involve; but for myself and for English theologians I shall not condescend to reply to them. I content myself with calling the reader's attention to the fact that, in this controversy, it is Professor Huxley who finds it requisite for his argument to insinuate that his opponents are biassed by sordid motives; and I shall for the

future leave him and his sneers out of account, and simply consider his arguments for as much, or as little, as they may be worth. For a similar reason I shall confine myself as far as possible to the issue which I raised at the Church Congress, and for which I then made myself responsible. I do not care, nor would it be of any avail, to follow over the wide and sacred field of Christian evidences an antagonist who resorts to the imputation of mean motives, and who, as I shall show, will not face the witnesses to whom he himself appeals. The manner in which Professor Huxley has met the particular issue he challenged will be a sufficient illustration to impartial minds of the value which is to be attached to any further assaults which he may make upon the Christian position.

Let me then briefly remind the reader of the simple question which is at issue between us. What I alleged was that "an Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which He lived and died." As evidence of that teaching and of those convictions I appealed to three testimonies—the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the story of the Passion—and I urged that whatever critical opinion might be held respecting the origin and structure of the four Gospels, there could not be any reasonable doubt that those testimonies "afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching." In his original reply, instead of meeting this appeal to three specific testimonies, Professor Huxley shifted the argument to the question of the general credibility of the Gospels, and appealed to "the main results of Biblical criticism, as they are set forth

* This article was received too late to group with the others on the same subject. It is a rejoinder to the argument of Professor Huxley published in our symposium.

in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar." He referred to these supposed "results" in support of his assertion that we know "absolutely nothing" of the authorship or genuineness of the four Gospels, and he challenged my reference to Renan as a witness to the fact that criticism has established no such results. In answer, I quoted passage after passage from Renan and from Reuss showing that the results at which they had arrived were directly contradictory of Professor Huxley's assertions. How does he meet this evidence? He simply says, in a foot-note, "for the present I must content myself with warning my readers against any reliance upon Dr. Wace's statements as to the results arrived at by modern criticism. They are as gravely as surprisingly erroneous." I might ask by what right Professor Huxley thus presumes to pronounce, as it were *ex cathedra*, without adducing any evidence, that the statements of another writer are "surprisingly erroneous." But I in my turn content myself with pointing out that, if my quotations from Renan and Reuss had been incorrect, he could not only have said so, but could have produced the correct quotations. But he does not deny, as of course he cannot, that Reuss, for example, really states, as the mature result of his investigations, what I quoted from him respecting St. Luke's Gospel—namely, that it was written by St. Luke and has reached us in its primitive form, and further, that St. Luke used a book written by St. Mark, the disciple of St. Peter, and that this book in all probability comprised in its primitive form what we read in the present day from Mark i. 21 to xiii. 37. These are the results of modern criticism as stated by a biblical critic in whom Professor Huxley expressed special confidence. It was not therefore my statements of the results of biblical criticism with which Professor Huxley was confronted, but Reuss's statements; and unless he can show that my quotation was a false one, he ought to have had the candor to acknowledge that Reuss, at least, is on these vital points dead against him. Instead of any such frank admission, he endeavors to explain away the force of his reference to Reuss. It may, he says, be well for him

to observe that approbation of the manner in which a great biblical scholar—for instance, Reuss—does his work does not commit me to the adoption of all, or indeed of any, of his views; and, further, that the disagreements of a series of investigators do not in any way interfere with the fact that each of them has made important contributions to the body of truth ultimately established.

But I beg to observe that Professor Huxley did not appeal to Reuss's methods, but to Reuss's results. He said that no retraction by M. Renan would sensibly affect "the *main results of Biblical criticism as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar.*" I have given him the results as set forth by Reuss in Reuss's own words, and all he has to offer in reply is an *ipse dixit* in a foot-note, and an evasion in the text of his article.

But, as I said, this general discussion respecting the authenticity and credibility of the Gospels was an evasion of my argument, which rested upon the specific testimony of the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the narrative of the Passion; and, accordingly, in his present rejoinder Professor Huxley, with much protestation that he made no evasion, addresses himself to these three points; and what is his answer? I feel obliged to characterize it as another evasion, and in one particular an evasion of a flagrant kind. The main point of his argument is that from various circumstances, which I will presently notice more particularly, there is much reason to doubt whether the Sermon on the Mount was ever actually delivered in the form in which it is recorded in St. Matthew. He notices, for instance, the combined similarity and difference between St. Matthew's Sermon on the Mount and St. Luke's so-called "Sermon on the Plain," and then he adds:—

I thought that all fairly attentive and intelligent students of the Gospels, to say nothing of theologians of reputation, knew these things. But how can any one who does know them have the conscience to ask whether there is "any reasonable doubt" that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth?

It is a pity that Professor Huxley seems as incapable of accuracy in his quotations of an opponent's words as in his references to the authorities to whom he appeals. I did not ask "whether

there is any reasonable doubt that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth," and I expressly observed, in the article to which Professor Huxley is replying, "that Professor Reuss thinks, as many good critics have thought, that the Sermon on the Mount combines various distinct utterances of our Lord." What I did ask, in words which Professor Huxley quotes, and therefore had before his eyes, was "whether there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching." That is an absolutely distinct question from the one which Professor Huxley dissects, and a confusion of the two is peculiarly inexcusable in a person who holds that purely human view of the Gospel narratives which he represents. If a long report of a speech appears in the *Times*, and a shortened report appears in the *Standard*, every one knows that we are none the less made acquainted—perhaps made still better acquainted—with the essential purport and cardinal meaning of the speaker. On the supposition, similarly, that St. Matthew and St. Luke are simply giving two distinct accounts of the same address, with such omissions and variations of order as suited the purposes of their respective narratives, we are in at least as good a position for knowing what was the main burden of the address as if we had only one account; and perhaps in a better position, as we see what were the points which both reporters deemed essential. As Professor Huxley himself observes, we have reports of speeches in ancient historians which are certainly not in the very words of the speakers; yet no one doubts that we know the main purport of the speeches of Pericles which Thucydides records.

This attempt, therefore, to answer my appeal to the substance of the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is a palpable evasion, and it is aggravated by the manner in which Professor Huxley quotes a high German authority in support of his contention. I am much obliged to him for appealing to Holtzmann; for, though Holtzmann's own conclusions respecting the books of the New Testament seem to me often ex-

travagantly sceptical and far-fetched, and though I cannot, therefore, quite agree with Professor Huxley that his *Lehrbuch* gives "a remarkably full and fair account of the present results of criticism," yet I agree that it gives on the whole a full and fair account of the course of criticism and of the opinions of its chief representatives. Instead, therefore, of imitating Professor Huxley, and pronouncing an *ipse dixit* as to the state of criticism or the opinions of critics, I am very glad to be able to refer to a book of which the authority is recognized by him, and which will save both my readers and myself from embarking on the wide and waste ocean of the German criticism of the last fifty years. "Holtzmann then," says Professor Huxley in a foot-note, "has no doubt that the Sermon on the Mount is a compilation, or, as he calls it in his recently published *Lehrbuch* (p. 372), 'an artificial mosaic work.'" Now, let the reader attend to what Holtzmann really says in the passage referred to. His words are: "In the so-called Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v.-vii.) we find constructed, on the basis of a real discourse of fundamental significance, a skilfully articulated mosaic work."* The phrase was not so long a one that Professor Huxley need have omitted the important words by which those he quotes are qualified. Holtzmann recognizes, as will be seen, that a real discourse of fundamental significance underlies the Sermon on the Mount. That is enough for my purpose; for no reasonable person will suppose that the fundamental significance of the real discourse has been entirely obliterated, especially as the main purport of the Sermon in St. Luke is of the same character. But Professor Huxley must know perfectly well, as every one else does, that he would be maintaining a paradox, in which every critic of repute, to say nothing of every man of common sense, would be against him, if he were to maintain that the Sermon on the Mount does not give a substantially correct idea of our Lord's teaching. But to admit this is to admit my point, so he rides off

* "In der sog. Bergpredigt, Mt. 5-7. gibt sich eine, auf Grund einer wirklichen Rede von fundamentaler Bedeutung sich erhebbende, kunstreich gegliederte Mosaikarbeit."

on a side issue as to the question of the precise form in which the Sermon was delivered.

I must, however, take some notice of Professor Huxley's argument on this irrelevant issue, as it affords a striking illustration of that superior method of ratiocination in these matters on which he prides himself. I need not trouble the reader much on the questions he raises as to the relations of the first three Gospels. Any one who cares to see a full and thorough discussion of that difficult question, conducted with a complete knowledge of foreign criticism on the subject, and at the same time marked by the greatest lucidity and interest, may be referred to the admirable *Introduction to the New Testament* by Dr. Salmon, who, like Professor Huxley, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and who became eminent as one of the first mathematicians of Europe before he became similarly eminent as a theologian. I am content here to let Professor Huxley's assumptions pass, as I am only concerned to illustrate the fallacious character of the reasoning he founds upon them. He tells us, then, that—

there is now no doubt that the three Synoptic Gospels, so far from being the work of three independent writers, are closely interdependent, and that in one of two ways. Either all three contain, as their foundation, versions, to a large extent verbally identical, of one and the same tradition; or two of them are thus closely dependent on the third; and the opinion of the majority of the best critics has, of late years, more and more converged toward the conviction that our canonical Second Gospel (the so-called "Mark's" Gospel) is that which most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three. That I take to be one of the most valid results of New Testament criticism, of immeasurably greater importance than the discussion about dates and authorship. But if, as I believe to be the case, beyond any rational doubt or dispute, the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition, whether written or oral, how comes it that it contains neither the "Sermon on the Mount" nor the "Lord's Prayer," those typical embodiments, according to Dr. Wace, of the "essential belief and cardinal teaching" of Jesus?

I have quoted every word of this passage because I am anxious for the reader to estimate the value of Professor Huxley's own statement of his case. It is, as he says, the opinion of many critics of authority that a certain fixed tradition,

written or oral, was used by the writers of the first three Gospels. In the first place, why this should prevent those three Gospels from being the work of "three independent writers" I am at a loss to conceive. If Mr. Froude, the late Professor Brewer, and the late Mr. Green each use the *Rolls Calendars* of the reign of Henry the Eighth, I do not see that this abolishes their individuality. Any historian who describes the Peloponnesian War uses the memoirs of that war written by Thucydides; but Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote were, I presume, independent writers. But to pass to a more important point, that which is assumed is that the alleged tradition, written or oral, was the groundwork of our three first Gospels, and it is therefore older than they are. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument. But how does this prove that the tradition in question is "the oldest," so that anything which was not in it is thereby discredited? It was, let us allow, an old tradition, used by the writers of the first three Gospels. But how does this fact raise the slightest presumption against the probability that there were other traditions, equally old, which they might use with equal justification so far as their scope required? Professor Huxley alleges, and I do not care to dispute the allegation, that the first three Gospels embody a certain record older than themselves. But by what right does he ask me to accept this as evidence, or as affording even the slightest presumption, that there was no other? Between his allegation in one sentence that the Second Gospel "most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three," and his allegation, in the next sentence but one, that "the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition," there is an absolute and palpable *non sequitur*. It is a mere juggle of phrases, and upon this juggle the whole of his subsequent argument on this point depends. St. Mark's Gospel may very well represent the oldest tradition *relative to the common matter of the three*, without, therefore, necessarily representing "the oldest tradition" in such a sense as to be a touchstone for all other reports of our Lord's life. Professor Huxley must know very well that from the time of Schleier-

macher many critics have believed in the existence of another document containing a collection of our Lord's discourses. Holtzmann concludes (*Lehrbuch*, p. 376) that "under all the circumstances the hypothesis of two sources offers the most probable solution of the Synoptical problem;" and it is surely incredible that no old traditions of our Lord's teaching should have existed beyond those which are common to the three Gospels. St. Luke, in fact, in that Preface which Professor Huxley has no hesitation in using for his own purposes, says that "many had taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us;" but Professor Huxley asks us to assume that none of these records were old, and none trustworthy, but that particular one which furnishes a sort of skeleton to the first three Gospels. There is no evidence whatever, beyond Professor Huxley's private judgment, for such an assumption. Nay, he himself tells us in a foot-note that, according to Holtzmann, it is at present a "burning question" among critics "whether the relatively primitive narration and the root of the other Synoptic texts is contained in Matthew or in Mark." Yet while his own authority tells him that this is a burning question, he treats it as settled in favor of St. Mark, "beyond any rational doubt or dispute," and employs this assumption as sufficiently solid ground on which to rest his doubts of the genuineness of the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer!

But let us pass to another point in Professor Huxley's mode of argument. Let us grant, again for the sake of argument, his *non sequitur* that the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition. "How comes it," he asks, "that it contains neither the Sermon on the Mount nor the Lord's Prayer?" Well, that is a very interesting inquiry, which has, in point of fact, often been considered by Christian divines; and various answers are conceivable, equally reasonable and sufficient. If it was St. Mark's object to record our Lord's acts rather than His teaching, what right has Professor Huxley, from his purely human point of view, to find fault with him? If,

from a Christian point of view, St. Mark was inspired by a Divine guidance to present the most vivid, brief, and effective sketch possible of our Lord's action as a Saviour, and for that purpose to leave to another writer the description of our Lord as a Teacher, the phenomenon is not less satisfactorily explained. St. Mark, according to that tradition of the Church which Professor Huxley believes to be quite worthless, but which his authority Holtzmann does not, was in great measure the mouthpiece of St. Peter. Now St. Peter is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, in his address to Cornelius, as summing up our Lord's life in these words: "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him;" and this is very much the point of view represented in St. Mark's Gospel. When, in fact, Professor Huxley asks, in another foot-note, in answer to Holtzmann, who is again unfavorable to his views, "what conceivable motive could Mark have for omitting it?" the answers that arise are innumerable. Perhaps, as has been suggested, St. Mark was more concerned with acts than words; perhaps he wanted to be brief; perhaps he was writing for persons who wanted one kind of record and not another; and, above all, perhaps it was not so much a question of "omission" as of selection. It is really astonishing that this latter consideration never seems to cross the mind of Professor Huxley and writers like him. The Gospels are among the briefest biographies in the world. I have sometimes thought that there is evidence of something superhuman about them in the mere fact that, while human biographers labor through volumes in order to give us some idea of their subject, every one of the Gospels, occupying no more than a chapter or two in length of an ordinary biography, nevertheless gives us an image of our Lord sufficiently vivid to have made Him the living companion of all subsequent generations. But if "the Gospel of Jesus Christ" was to be told within the compass of the sixteen chapters of St. Mark, some selection had to be made out of the mass of our Lord's words and deeds

as recorded by the tradition of those "who from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word." The very greatness and effectiveness of these four Gospels consist in this wonderful power of selection, like that by which a great artist depicts a character and a figure in half a dozen touches; and Professor Huxley may perhaps, to put the matter on its lowest level, find out a conceivable motive for St. Mark's omissions when he can produce such an effective narrative as St. Mark's. As St. John says at the end of his Gospel, "there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." So St. John, like St. Mark, had to make his selection, and selection involves omission.

But, after all, I venture to ask whether anything can be more preposterous than this supposition that because a certain tradition is the oldest authority, therefore every other authority is discredited? Boswell writes a *Life of Johnson*; therefore every record of Johnson's acts or words which is not in Boswell is to be suspected. Carlyle writes a *Life of Sterling* first, and Archdeacon Hare writes one afterward; therefore nothing in the Archdeacon's life is to be trusted which was not also in Carlyle's. What seems to me so astonishing about Professor Huxley's articles is not the wildness of their conclusions, but the rottenness of their ratiocination. To take another instance:—

Luke either knew the collection of loosely connected and aphoristic utterances which appear under the name of the "Sermon on the Mount" in "Matthew;" or he did not. If he did not, he must have been ignorant of the existence of such a document as our canonical "Matthew," a fact which does not make for the genuineness, or the authority of that book. If he did, he has shown that he does not care for its authority on a matter of fact of no small importance; and that does not permit us to conceive that he believed the first Gospel to be the work of an authority to whom he ought to defer, let alone that of an apostolic eyewitness.

I pass by the description of the Sermon on the Mount as a "collection of loosely connected utterances," though it is a kind of begging of a very important question. But supposing St. Luke

to have been ignorant of the existence of St. Matthew's Gospel, how does this reflect on the genuineness of that book unless we know, as no one does, that St. Matthew's Gospel was written before St. Luke's, and sufficiently long before it to have become known to him? Or, if he did know it, where is the disrespect to its authority in his having given for his own purposes an abridgment of that which St. Matthew gave more fully? Professor Huxley might almost seem dominated by the mechanical theory of inspiration which he denounces in his antagonists. He writes as if there were something absolutely sacred, neither to be altered nor added to, in the mere words of some old authority of which he conceives himself to be in possession. Dr. Abbott, with admirable labor, has had printed for him, in clear type, the words or bits of words which are common to the first three Gospels, and he seems immediately to adopt the anathema of the book of Revelation, and to proclaim to every man, evangelists and apostles included, "if any man shall add unto these things . . . and if any man shall take away from the words" of this "common tradition" of Dr. Abbott, he shall be forthwith scientifically excommunicated. I venture to submit, as a mere matter of common sense, that if three persons used one document, it is the height of rashness to conclude that it contained nothing but what they all three quote; that it is not only possible but probable that, while certain parts were used by all, each may have used some parts as suitable to his own purpose which the others did not find suitable to theirs; and lastly, that the fact of there having been one such document in existence is so far from being evidence that there were no others, that it even creates some presumption that there were. In short, I must beg leave to represent, not so much that Professor Huxley's conclusions are wrong, but that there is absolutely no validity in the reasoning by which he endeavors to support them. It is not, in fact, reasoning at all, but mere presumption and guesswork, inconsistent, moreover, with all experience and common sense.

Of course, if Professor Huxley's quibbles against the Sermon on the Mount go to pieces, so do his cavils at the au-

thenticity of the Lord's Prayer; and, indeed, on these two points I venture to think that the case for which I was contending is carried by the mere fact that it seems necessary to Professor Huxley's position to dispute them. If he cannot maintain his ground without pushing his agnosticism to such a length as to deny the substantial genuineness of the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, I think he will be found to have allowed enough to satisfy reasonable men that his case must be a bad one. I shall not, therefore, waste more time on these points, as I must say something on his strange treatment of the third point in the evangelical records to which I referred, the story of the Passion. It is really difficult to take seriously what he says on this subject. He says:

I am not quite sure what Dr. Wace means by this—I am not aware that any one (with the exception of certain ancient heretics) has propounded doubts as to the reality of the Crucifixion; and certainly I have no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong. But if Dr. Wace means, as I suppose he does, that that which, according to the orthodox view, happened after the Crucifixion, and which is, in a dogmatic sense, the most important part of the story, is founded on solid historical proofs, I must beg leave to express a diametrically opposite conviction.

Professor Huxley is not quite sure what I mean by the story of the Passion, but supposes I mean the story of the Resurrection! It is barely credible that he can have supposed anything of the kind; but by this gratuitous supposition he has again evaded the issue I proposed to him, and has shifted the argument to another topic which, however important in itself, is entirely irrelevant to the particular point in question. If he really supposed that when I said the Passion I meant the Resurrection, it is only another proof of his incapacity for strict argument, at least on these subjects. I not only used the expression "the story of the Passion," but I explicitly stated in my reply to him for what purpose I appealed to it. I said that "that story involves the most solemn attestation, again and again, of truths of which an Agnostic coolly says he knows nothing;" and I mentioned particularly our Lord's final utterance, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," as conveying our

Lord's attestation in His death agony to His relation to God as His Father. That exclamation is recorded by St. Luke; but let me remind the reader of what is recorded by St. Mark, upon whom Professor Huxley mainly relies. There we have the account of the Agony in Gethsemane and of our Lord's Prayer to His Father; we have the solemn challenge of the High Priest, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" and our Lord's reply, "I am; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven," with His immediate condemnation, on the ground that in this statement He had spoken blasphemy. On the Cross, moreover, St. Mark records His affecting appeal to His Father, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" All this solemn evidence Professor Huxley puts aside with the mere passing observation that he has "no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong." But these prayers and declarations of our Lord are not mere details; they are of the very essence of the story of the Passion; and whether Professor Huxley is inclined to argue about them or not, he will find that all serious people will be influenced by them to the end of time, unless they can be shown to be unhistorical.

At all events, by refusing to consider their import, Professor Huxley has again, in the most flagrant manner, evaded my challenge. I not only mentioned specifically "the story of the Passion," but I explained what I meant by it; and Professor Huxley asks us to believe that he does not understand what I referred to; he refuses to face that story; and he raises an irrelevant issue about the Resurrection. It is irrelevant, because the point specifically at issue between us is not the truth of the Christian creed, but the meaning of Agnosticism, and the responsibilities which Agnosticism involves. I say that whether Agnosticism be justifiable or not, it involves a denial of the beliefs in which Jesus lived and died. It would equally involve a denial of them had He never risen; and if Professor Huxley really thinks, therefore, that a denial of the Resurrection affects the evidence

afforded by the Passion, he must be incapable of distinguishing between two successive and entirely distinct occurrences.

But the manner in which Professor Huxley has treated this irrelevant issue deserves perhaps a few words, for it is another characteristic specimen of his mode of argument. I note, by the way, that, after referring to "the facts of the case as stated by the oldest extant narrative of them"—he means the story in St. Mark, though this is not a part of that common tradition of the three Gospels on which he relies; for, as he observes, the accounts in St. Matthew and St. Luke present marked variations from it—he adds:

I do not see why any one should have a word to say against the inherent probability of that narrative; and for my part, I am quite ready to accept it as an historical fact, that so much and no more is positively known of the end of Jesus of Nazareth.

We have, then, the important admission that Professor Huxley has not a word to say against the historic credibility of the narrative in the 15th chapter of St. Mark, and accordingly he proceeds to quote its statements for the purpose of his argument. That argument, in brief, is that our Lord might very well have survived His crucifixion, have been removed still living to the tomb, have been taken out of it on the Friday or Saturday night by Joseph of Arimathæa, and have recovered and found His way to Galilee. So much Professor Huxley is prepared to believe, and he asks "on what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe any more?" But a prior question is on what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe as much as this? In the first place, if St. Mark's narrative is to be the basis of discussion, why does Professor Huxley leave out of account the scourging, with the indication of weakness in our Lord's inability to bear His cross, and treat Him as exposed to crucifixion in the condition simply of "temperate, strong men, such as the ordinary Galilean peasants were"? In the next place, I am informed by good medical authority that he is quite mistaken in saying that "no serious physical symptoms need at once arise from the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet,"

and that, on the contrary, very grave symptoms would ordinarily arise in the course of no long time from such severe wounds, left to fester, with the nails in them, for six hours. In the third place, Professor Huxley takes no account of the piercing of our Lord's side, and of the appearance of blood and water from the wound, which is solemnly attested by one witness. It is true that incident is not recorded by St. Mark; but Professor Huxley must disprove the witness before he can leave it out of account. But, lastly, if Professor Huxley's account of the matter be true, the first preaching of the Church must have been founded on a deliberate fraud, of which some at least of our Lord's most intimate friends were guilty, or to which they were accessory; and I thought that supposition was practically out of account among reasonable men. Professor Huxley argues as if he had only to deal with the further evidence of St. Paul. That, indeed, is evidence of a far more momentous nature than he recognizes; but it is by no means the most important. It is beyond question that the Christian society, from the earliest moment of its existence, believed in our Lord's resurrection. Baur frankly says that there is no doubt about the Church having been founded on this belief, though he cannot explain how the belief arose. If the resurrection be a fact, the belief is explained; but it is certainly not explained by the supposition of a fraud on the part of Joseph of Arimathæa. As to Professor Huxley's assertion that the accounts in the three Gospels are "hopelessly discrepant," it is easily made and as easily denied; but it is out of all reason that Professor Huxley's bare assertion on such a point should outweigh the opinions of some of the most learned judges of evidence, who have thought no such thing. It would be absurd to attempt to discuss that momentous story as a side issue in a review. It is enough to have pointed out that Professor Huxley discusses it without even taking into account the statements of the very narrative on which he relies. The manner in which he sets aside St. Paul is equally reckless:—

According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigor of his manhood, with every means of

becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eyewitnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but "persecuted the Church of God and made havoc of it." . . . Yet this strange man, because he has a vision one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion.

"A vision"! The whole question is, what vision? How can Professor Huxley be sure that no vision could be of such a nature as to justify a man in acting on it? If, as we are told, our Lord personally appeared to St. Paul, spoke to him, and gave him specific commands, was he to disbelieve his own eyes and ears, as well as his own conscience, and go up to Jerusalem to cross-examine Peter and John and James? If the vision was a real one, he was at once under orders, and had to obey our Lord's injunctions. It is, to say the least, rash, if not presumptuous, for Professor Huxley to declare that such a vision as St. Paul had would not have convinced him; and at all events the question is not disposed of by calling the manifestation "a vision." Two things are certain about St. Paul. One is that he was in the confidence of the Pharisees, and was their trusted agent in persecuting the Christians; and the other is that he was afterward in the confidence of the Apostles, and knew all their side of the case. He holds, therefore, the unique position of having had equal access to all that would be alleged on both sides; and the result is that, being fully acquainted with all that the Pharisees could urge against the resurrection, he, nevertheless, gave up his whole life to attesting its truth, and threw in his lot, at the cost of martyrdom, with those whom he had formerly persecuted. Professor Huxley reminds us that he did all this in the full vigor of manhood, and in spite of strong, and even violent prejudices. This is not a witness to be put aside in Professor Huxley's offhand manner.

But the strangest part of Professor Huxley's article remains to be noticed; and so far as the main point at issue between us is concerned, I need hardly have noticed anything else. He proceeds to a long and intricate discussion, quite needless, as I think, for his main object, respecting the relations between the Nazarenes, Ebionites, Jewish and Gentile Christians, first in the time of

Justin Martyr, and then of St. Paul. Into this discussion, in the course of which he makes assumptions which, as Holtzmann will tell him, are as much questioned by the German criticism on which he relies as by English theologians, it is unnecessary for me to follow him. The object of it is to establish a conclusion, which is all with which I am concerned. That conclusion is that, "if the primitive Nazarenes of whom the Acts speak were orthodox Jews, what sort of probability can there be that Jesus was anything else?" But what more is necessary for the purpose of my argument? To say, indeed, that this *a priori* probability places us "in a position to form a safe judgment of the limits within which the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth must have been confined," is to beg a great question, for it assumes that our Lord could not have transcended those limits unless His disciples transcended them simultaneously with Him. But if our Lord's beliefs were those of an orthodox Jew, we certainly know enough of them to be quite sure that they involved a denial of Professor Huxley's Agnosticism. An orthodox Jew certainly believed in God; and in his responsibility to God; and in a Divine Revelation and a Divine Law. It is, says Professor Huxley, "extremely probable" that He appealed "to those noble conceptions of religion which constituted the pith and kernel of the teaching of the great prophets of His nation seven hundred years earlier." But, if so, His first principles involved the assertion of religious realities which an Agnostic refuses to acknowledge. Professor Huxley has, in fact, dragged his readers through this thorny question of Jewish and Gentile Christianity in order to establish, at the end of it, and as it seems quite unconsciously, an essential part of the very allegation which I originally made. I said that a person who "knows nothing" of God asserts the belief of Jesus of Nazareth to have been unfounded, repudiates His example, and denies His authority. Professor Huxley, in order to answer this contention, offers to prove with great elaboration that Jesus was an orthodox Jew, and consequently that His belief did involve what an Agnostic rejects. How much beyond these elementary truths Jesus

taught is a further and a distinct question. What I was concerned to maintain is, that a man cannot be an Agnostic with respect to even the elementary truths of religion without rejecting the example and authority of Jesus Christ ; and Professor Huxley, though he still endeavors to avoid facing the fact, has established it by a roundabout method of his own.

I suppose I must also reply to Professor Huxley's further challenge respecting my belief in the story of the Gadarene swine, though the difficulty of which he makes so much seems to me too trivial to deserve serious notice. He says "there are two stories, one in 'Mark' and 'Luke,' and the other in 'Matthew.'" In the former there is one possessed man, in the latter there are two," and he asks me which I believe? My answer is that I believe both, and that the supposition of there being any inconsistency between them can only arise on that mechanical view of inspiration from which Professor Huxley seems unable to shake himself free. Certainly "the most unabashed of reconcilers cannot well say that one man is the same as two, or two as one;" but no one need be abashed to say that the greater number includes the less, and that if two men met our Lord, one certainly did. If I go into the operating theatre of King's College Hospital, and see an eminent surgeon perform a new or rare operation on one or two patients, and if I tell a friend afterward that I saw the surgeon perform such and such an operation on a patient, will he feel in any perplexity if he meets another spectator half an hour afterward who says he saw the operation performed on two patients? All that I should have been thinking of was the nature of the operation, which is as well described by reference to one patient as to half a dozen ; and similarly St. Mark and St. Luke may have thought that the only important point was the nature of the miracle itself, and not the number of possessed men who were the subjects of it. It is quite unnecessary, therefore, for me to consider all the elaborate dilemmas in which Professor Huxley would entangle me respecting the relative authority of the first three Gospels. As two includes one, and as both witnesses are in my

judgment equally to be trusted, I adopt the supposition which includes the statements of both. It is a pure assumption that inspiration requires verbal accuracy in the reporting of every detail, and an assumption quite inconsistent with our usual tests of truth. Just as no miracle has saved the texts of the Scriptures from corruption in secondary points, so no miracle has been wrought to exclude the ordinary variations of truthful reporters in the Gospel narratives. But a miracle, in my belief, has been wrought, in inspiring four men to give, within the compass of their brief narratives, such a picture of the life and work and teaching, of the death and resurrection, of the Son of Man as to illuminate all human existence for the future, and to enable men "to believe that Jesus is the Christ, and believing to have life through His name."

It is with different feelings from those which Professor Huxley provokes that I turn for a while to Mrs. Humphry Ward's article on "The New Reformation." Since he adopts that article as a sufficient confutation of mine, I feel obliged to notice it, though I am sorry to appear in any position of antagonism to its author. Apart from other considerations, I am under much obligation to Mrs. Ward for the valuable series of articles which she contributed to the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* under my editorship, upon the obscure but interesting history of the Goths in Spain. I trust that, in her account of the effect upon Robert Elsmere and Merriman of absorption in that barbarian scene, she is not describing her own experience and the source of her own aberrations. But I feel especially bound to treat her argument with consideration, and to waive any opposition which can be avoided. I am sorry that she too questions the possibility in this country of "a scientific, that is to say, an unprejudiced, an unbiassed study of theology, under present conditions," and I should have hoped that she would have had too much confidence in her colleagues in the important work to which I refer than to cast this slur upon them. Their labors have, in fact, been received with sufficient appreciation by German scholars of all schools to render their vindication unnecessary ; and if Professor Huxley

can extend his study of German theological literature much beyond Zeller's *Vorträge* of "a quarter of a century ago" or Ritschl's writings of "nearly forty years ago," he will not find himself countenanced by Church historians in Germany in his contempt for the recent contributions of English scholars to Early Church History. However, it is the more easy for me to waive all differences of this nature with Mrs. Ward because it is unnecessary for me to look beyond her article for its own refutation. Her main contention, or that at least for which Professor Huxley appeals to her, seems to be that it is a mistake to suppose that the rationalistic movement of Germany has been defeated in the sphere of New Testament criticism, and she selects more particularly for her protest a recent statement in the *Quarterly Review* that this criticism, and particularly the movement led by Baur, is "an attack which has failed." The *Quarterly Reviewer* may be left to take care of himself; but I would only ask what is the evidence which Mrs. Ward adduces to the contrary? It may be summed up in two words—a prophecy and a romance. She does not adduce any evidence that the Tübingen school, which is the one we are chiefly concerned with, did not fail to establish its specific contentions; on the contrary, she says that "history protested," and she goes on to prophesy the success of other speculations which arose from that protest; concluding with an imaginary sketch, like that with which *Robert Elsmere* ends, of a "new Reformation preparing, struggling into utterance and being, all around us." "It is close upon us—it is prepared by all the forces of history and mind—its rise sooner or later is inevitable." This is prophecy, but it is not argument; and a little attention to Mrs. Ward's own statements will exhibit a very different picture. The Christian representative in her dialogue exclaims:

What is the whole history of German criticism but a series of brilliant failures, from Strauss downward? One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the Ur-Evangelist, now Matthew—now the Synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the Synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first.

Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philippians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap toward the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just about 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D.; Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent; Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated; and Pfleiderer's fancies are now in the order of the day.

A better statement could hardly be wanted of what is meant by an attack having failed, and now let the reader observe how Merriman in the dialogue meets it. Does he deny any of those allegations? Not one. "Very well," he says, "let us leave the matter there for the present. Suppose we go to the Old Testament;" and then he proceeds to dwell on the concessions made to the newest critical school of Germany by a few distinguished English divines at the last Church Congress. I must, indeed, dispute her representation of that rather one-sided debate as amounting to "a collapse of English orthodoxy," or as justifying her statement that "the Church of England practically gives its verdict" in favor, for instance, of the School which regards the Pentateuch or the Hexateuch as "the peculiar product of that Jewish religious movement which, beginning with Josiah, . . . yields its final fruits long after the exile." Not only has the Church of England given no such verdict, but German criticism has as yet given no such verdict. For example, in the Introduction to the Old Testament by one of the first Hebrew scholars of Germany, Professor Hermann Strack, contained in the valuable *Handbook of the Theological Sciences*, edited, with the assistance of several distinguished scholars, by Professor Zöckler, I find at p. 215 of the third edition, published this year, the following brief summary of what, in Dr. Strack's opinion, is the result of the controversy so far:

The future results of further labors in the field of Pentateuch criticism cannot, of course, be predicted in particulars. But, in spite of the great assent which the view of Graf and Wellhausen at present enjoys, we are nevertheless convinced that it will not permanently lead to any essential alteration in the conception

which has hitherto prevailed of the history of Israel, and in particular of the work of Moses. On the other hand, one result will certainly remain, that the Pentateuch was not composed by Moses himself, but was compiled by later editors from various original sources. . . . But the very variety of these sources may be applied in favor of the credibility of the Pentateuch.

In other words, it may be said that Dr. Strack regards it as established that "The Law of Moses" is a title of the same character as "The Psalms of David," the whole collection being denominated from its principal author. But he is convinced that the general conclusions of the prevalent school of Old Testament criticism, which involve an entire subversion of our present conceptions of Old Testament history, will not be maintained. In the face of this opinion, it does not seem presumptuous to express an apprehension that the younger school of Hebrew scholars in England, of whose concessions Mrs. Ward makes so much, have gone too far and too fast; and, at all events, it is clear from what Dr. Strack says—and I might quote also Delitzsch and Dillmann—that it is much too soon to assume that the school of whose conquests Mrs. Ward boasts is supreme. But, even supposing it were, what has this to do with the admitted and undoubted failures on the other side, in the field of New Testament criticism? If it be the fact, as Mrs. Ward does not deny, that not only Strauss's but Baur's theories and conclusions are now rejected; if it has been proved that Baur was entirely wrong in supposing the greater part of the New Testament books were late productions, written with a controversial purpose, what is the use of appealing to the alleged success of the German critics in another field? If Baur is confuted, he is confuted, and there is an end of his theories; though he may have been useful, as rash theorists have often been, in stimulating investigation. In the same valuable Handbook of Dr. Zöckler's, already quoted, I find, under the History of the Science of Introduction to the New Testament, the heading (p. 15, vol. i. pt. 2), "Result of the controversy and end of the Tübingen school."

The Tübingen school (the writer concludes, p. 20) could not but fall as soon as its assumptions were recognized and given up. As Hil-

genfeld confesses, "it went to an unjustifiable length, and inflicted too deep wounds on the Christian faith. . . . No enduring results in matters of substance have been produced by it."

Such is the judgment of an authoritative German Handbook on the writer to whom, in Merriman's opinion, "we owe all that we really *know* at the present moment about the New Testament," as though the Christian thought and life of eighteen hundred years had produced no knowledge on that subject!

In fact, Mrs. Ward's comparison seems to me to point in exactly the opposite direction.

I say to myself it has taken some thirty years for German critical science to conquer English opinion in the matter of the Old Testament. . . . How much longer will it take before we feel the victory of the same science . . . with regard to the history of Christian origins?

Remembering that the main movement of New Testament criticism in Germany dates not thirty, but more than fifty years back, and that thirty years ago Baur's school enjoyed the same applause in Germany as that of Wellhausen does now, does it not seem more in conformity with experience and with probability to anticipate that, as the Germans themselves, with longer experience, find they had been too hasty in following Baur, so with an equally long experience they may find they have been similarly too hasty in accepting Wellhausen? The fever of revolutionary criticism on the New Testament was at its height after thirty years, and the science has subsided into comparative health after twenty more. The fever of the revolutionary criticism of the Old Testament is now at its height, but the parallel suggests a similar return to a more sober and common-sense state of mind. The most famous name, in short, of German New Testament criticism is now associated with exploded theories; and we are asked to shut our eyes to this undoubted fact because Mrs. Ward prophesies a different fate for the name now most famous in Old Testament criticism. I prefer the evidence of established fact to that of romantic prophecy.

But these observations suggest another consideration, which has a very important bearing on that general disparagement of English theology and theologians which Professor Huxley expresses so

offensively, and which Mrs. Ward encourages. She and Professor Huxley talk as if German theology were all rationalistic and English theology alone conservative. Professor Huxley invites his readers to study in Mrs. Ward's article

the results of critical investigation as it is carried out among those theologians who are men of science and not mere counsel for creeds ;

and he appeals to

the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute in the only two countries, Holland and Germany, in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found, whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them.

Well, passing over the insult to theologians in all other countries, what is the consequence of this freedom in Germany itself ? Is it seen that all learned and distinguished theologians in that country are of the opinions of Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward ? The quotations I have given will serve to illustrate the fact that the exact contrary is the case. If any one wants vigorous, learned, and satisfactory answers to Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward, Germany is the best place to which he can go for them. The professors and theologians of Germany who adhere substantially to the old Christian faith are at least as numerous, as distinguished, as learned, as laborious, as those who adhere to sceptical opinions. What is, by general consent, the most valuable and comprehensive work on Christian theology and Church history which the last two generations of German divines have produced ? Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, of which the second edition, in eighteen large volumes, was completed about a year ago. But it is edited and written in harmony with the general belief of Protestant Christians. Who have done the chief exegetical work of the last two generations ? On the rationalistic side, though not exclusively so, is the *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch*, in which, however, at the present time, Dillmann represents an opposition to the view of Wellhausen respecting the Pentateuch ; but on the other side we have Meyer on the New Testament—almost the standard work on the subject—Keil and De-

litzsch on the Old Testament and a great part of the New, Lange's immense *Bibelwerk*, and the valuable *Kurzgefasstes Kommentar* on the whole Scripture, including the Apocrypha, now in course of publication under the editorship of Professors Strack and Zöckler. The Germans have more time for theoretical investigations than English theologians, who generally have a great deal of practical work to do ; and German professors, in their numerous universities, in great measure live by them. But it was by German theologians that Baur was refuted ; it is by German Hebraists like Strack that Wellhausen and Kuenen are now being best resisted. When Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward would leave an impression that, because German theological chairs are not shackled by articles like our own, therefore the best German thought and criticism is on the rationalistic side, they are conveying an entirely prejudiced representation of the facts. The effect of the German system is to make everything an open question ; as though there were no such thing as a settled system of the spiritual universe, and no established facts in Christian history ; and thus to enable any man of great ability with a sceptical turn to unsettle a generation and leave the edifice of belief to be built up again. But the edifice is built up again, and Germans take as large a part in rebuilding it as in undermining it. Because Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward can quote great German names on one side, let it not be forgotten that just as able German names can be quoted on the other side. Take, for instance, Harnack, to whom Mrs. Ward appeals, and whose *History of Dogmas* Professor Huxley quotes. Harnack himself, in reviewing the history of his science, pays an honorable tribute to the late eminent divine Thomasius, whose *History of Dogmas* has just been republished after his death, and who wrote in the devoutest spirit of the Lutheran communion. Of course Harnack regards his point of view as narrow and unsatisfactory ; but he adds that "equally great are the valuable qualities of this work in particular, in regard of its exemplarily clear exposition, its eminent learning, and the author's living comprehension of religious problems."

A man who studies the History of Christian Theology in Harnack without reference to Thomasius will do no justice to his subject.

But, says Mrs. Ward, there is no real historical apprehension in the orthodox writers, whether of Germany or England, and the whole problem is one of "historical translation." Every statement, every apparent miracle, everything different from daily experience, must be translated into the language of that experience, or else we have not got real history. But this, it will be observed, under an ingenious disguise, is only the old method of assuming that nothing really miraculous can have happened, and that therefore everything which seems supernatural must be explained away into the natural. In other words, it is once more begging the whole question at issue. Mrs. Ward accuses orthodox writers of this fallacy; but it is really her own. Merriman is represented as saying that he learned from his Oxford teachers that

it was imperatively right to endeavor to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, or third, or second century; . . . but the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous and however apparently akin to what surrounds them on either side, were to be treated from an entirely different point of view. In the one case there must be a desire on the part of the historian to discover the historical under the miraculous, . . . in the other case there must be a desire, a strong "affection," on the part of the theologian toward proving the miraculous to be historical.

Mrs. Ward has entirely mistaken the point of view of Christian science. Certainly if any occurrence, anywhere, can be explained by natural causes, there is a strong presumption that it ought to be so explained; for though a natural effect may be due in a given case to supernatural action, it is a fixed rule of philosophizing, according to Newton, that we should not assume unknown causes when known ones suffice. But the whole case of the Christian reasoner is that the records of the New Testament defy any attempt to explain them by natural causes. The German critics Hase, Strauss, Baur, Hausrath, Keim, all have made the attempt, and each, in the opinion of the others, and finally of Pfleiderer, has offered an insufficient solution of the problem. The case of

the Christian is not that the evidence ought not to be explained naturally, and translated into everyday experience, but that it cannot be. But it is Mrs. Ward who assumes beforehand that simply because the *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, by that learned scholar and able writer, Dr. Edersheim, whose recent loss is so much to be deplored, does not "translate" all the Gospel narratives into natural occurrences, therefore it is essentially bad history. The story has been the same throughout. The whole German critical school from the venerable Karl Hase—and much as I differ from his conclusions, I cannot mention without a tribute of respect and gratitude the name of that great scholar, the veteran of all these controversies, whose *Leben Jesu*, published several years before Strauss was heard of, is still perhaps the most valuable book of reference on the subject—all, from that eminent man downward, have by their own repeated confession started from the assumption that the miraculous is impossible, and that the Gospels must, by some device or other, be so interpreted as to explain it away. "Affection" there is and ought to be in orthodox writers for venerable, profound, and consoling beliefs; but they start from no such invincible prejudice, and they are pledged by their principles to accept whatever interpretation may be really most consonant with the facts.

I have only one word to say, finally, in reply to Professor Huxley. I am very glad to hear that he has always advocated the reading of the Bible, and the diffusion of its study among the people; but I must say that he goes to work in a very strange way in order to promote this result. If he could succeed in persuading people that the Gospels are untrustworthy collections of legends, made by unknown authors, that St. Paul's Epistles were the writings of "a strange man," who had no sound capacity for judging of evidence, or, with Mrs. Ward's friends, that the Pentateuch is a late forgery of Jewish scribes, I do not think the people at large would be likely to follow his well-meant exhortations. But I venture to remind him that the English Church has anticipated his anxiety in this matter. Three hundred years ago, by one of the

greatest strokes of real government ever exhibited, the public reading of the whole Bible was imposed upon Englishmen; and by the public reading of the Lessons on Sunday alone, the chief portions of the Bible, from first to last, have become stamped upon the minds of English-speaking people in a degree in which, as the Germans themselves acknowledge,* they are far behind us. He has too much reason for his lament over the melancholy spectacle presented by the intestine quarrels of Churchmen over matters of mere ceremonial. But when he argues from this that the clergy of our day "can have but little sympathy with the old evangelical doctrine of the 'open Bible,'" he might have remembered that our own generation of English divines has, by the labor of years, endeavored at all events, whether

successfully or not, to place the most correct version possible of the Holy Scriptures in the hands of the English people. I agree with him most cordially in seeing in the wide diffusion and the unprejudiced study of that sacred volume the best security for "true religion and sound learning." It is in the open Bible of England, in the general familiarity of all classes of Englishmen and Englishwomen with it, that the chief obstacle has been found to the spread of the fantastic critical theories by which he is fascinated; and, instead of Englishmen translating the Bible into the language of their natural experiences, it will in the future, as in the past, translate them and their experiences into a higher and a supernatural region.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MR. BRIGHT.

BY R. W. DALE, LL.D.

It may be too early as yet to trust ourselves to determine what rank will be permanently attributed to Mr. Bright among English statesmen. Our grief for his loss is too fresh to allow us to form a just and measured estimate of his public services. Although his illness was protracted through many months, and although early last autumn it had become certain that he would never again take an active part in public affairs, his death came upon the nation as a surprise and a shock. His place in the political life of the country was unique: now that it has become vacant it cannot be filled. It is not merely an eminent statesman that has passed away: a great and original force has disappeared, which for more than forty years contributed to form the political temper and direct the political action of the people of England. But while it must be left to the next generation to pronounce a final judgment on the magnitude of the services which Mr. Bright has rendered to his country, there need

be no hesitation in expressing the profound impression which his great personal qualities have made upon his contemporaries.

To those who had known Mr. Bright by his public reputation only, it was often a surprise to discover, when they met him in private, how gentle he could be in his speech and temper, and how courteous and gracious in his manners. There was nothing rugged about him, nothing coarse. Occasionally, indeed, he was brusque and peremptory in his conversation, as well as in his speeches; and, if he was provoked to political discussion, he was strenuous and sometimes stern. But he did not care to be always fighting, and when he had taken off his armor he could be as playful as a child and as charming as a woman. On the platform the volcano might have been fiercely active; an hour after he had done speaking, the mountain which had poured forth streams of angry fire was covered to the very crater with vines and flowers. Some men in their combative moods show great strength, but in their kindly hours their strength disappears. They seem to *lapse* into a

* See the preface to Riehm's *Handwörterbuch*.

more gracious temper when their force is spent, and then they are positively weak. With Mr. Bright the strength was always present. It was always apparent that beneath the gentleness and the kindness there were foundations of granite.

He had a robust conscience. He cared for plain and homely virtues. He had an intellectual and moral scorn for the subtleties of casuistry. For him the line between right and wrong was strongly and firmly marked; on one side there was light, and on the other darkness. He had no eye for the fine gradations with which to men of a different genius and culture good shades off into evil. There was a noble austerity in him. This austerity was the result, in part, of his temperament, in part of the traditions and manners of that remarkable religious society into which he was born, and from which he never separated; but it was the result, I think, in part, of a noble moral austerity in his conception of God.

Although his speeches are penetrated with a religious spirit, and contain many passages which derive their dignity and splendor from the recognition of the divine and eternal order which environs the conflicts and vicissitudes, the misery and injustice of human history, it was only on rare occasions that Mr. Bright gave explicit expression in public to his deep religious faith. But there must be many still living who heard his first words spoken to a public meeting of his Birmingham constituents, and, though they were spoken thirty years ago, none who heard them can have forgotten them. He had recently recovered from a serious illness. He had been returned for Birmingham in his absence, and some time passed before he was able to meet us. The Town Hall was densely crowded. Mr. Bright had rarely spoken in Birmingham, and his constituents were eager to hear him. When he rose to speak there was immense excitement: the passionate and prolonged cheering was renewed again and again, and seemed as though it would never cease. In his first words he told us that it was nearly three years since he had been permitted—since he had been able—to stand upon any public platform, and that, during that peri-

od, he had passed through a new and great experience. From apparent health he had been brought down to a condition of weakness exceeding the weakness of a little child, in which he could neither read nor write, nor converse for more than a few minutes, without distress and without peril; and from that condition, by degrees so fine as to be imperceptible to himself, he had been restored to the comparative health in which we then beheld him. And then, after a pause, he added: "In remembrance of all this, is it wrong in me to acknowledge here, in the presence of you all, with reverent and thankful heart, the signal favor which has been extended to me by the Great Supreme?" The hush which had fallen on the vast and excited assembly as soon as he began to speak deepened into awe. Most of us, I suppose, had come expecting an eloquent and vehement appeal for justice on behalf of the millions of adult Englishmen who were, at that time, excluded from the political franchise, and denied all direct and constitutional control over the legislation and policy of their country. We had expected a fierce assault on the "obstinacy" and "iniquity" of the defenders of what the orator afterward described as "the fabric of privilege;" but the storms of political passion were for a moment stilled; we suddenly found ourselves in the presence of the Eternal, and some of us, perhaps, rebuked ourselves in the words of the patriarch, "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

In private he was also reticent—perhaps too reticent, as is the manner of most devout Englishmen—on religious subjects.* But when he spoke—as he did occasionally—on the great objects of faith, and on the deeper experiences of the heart, it was with a simplicity and depth of feeling which showed how large and constant a place they held in his thought and life. He used to talk of his favorite religious books; one of these was "The Jesus of the Evangelists," by Mr. Row; another was

* It is an illustration of the extent to which this reticence secularizes our public life that, in the speeches delivered in both Houses of Parliament on the occasion of Mr. Bright's death, there was no reference, as far as I have noticed, to his religious earnestness.

"Catholic Thoughts on the Bible," by Mr. Myers. Copies of these he was in the habit of giving to his friends. His faith, I believe, was largely due to the religious influences which surrounded him in his childhood and youth, and to those silent hours which he had spent in the Friends' Meeting House at Rochdale waiting on God. But it was greatly deepened and strengthened after he reached manhood. During one of Mr. Bright's early visits to Birmingham, he told a friend, with whom he was spending a quiet Sunday evening, that some years previously the late Benjamin Seebohm had believed himself divinely called to undertake a religious mission to the "meetings" and families of Friends in different parts of England, and that in fulfilling this duty he had visited One Ash. Mr. Seebohm is said to have been a man of great purity and simplicity of nature, of deep devoutness and unusual spiritual power. The directness, earnestness, affectionate solicitude, and spiritual wisdom of his conversation with Mr. Bright produced a profound and enduring impression. Mr. Bright was already engaged in severe and exciting political struggles; tens of thousands of his countrymen regarded him with an enthusiasm of admiration, tens of thousands with unmeasured hostility and distrust; but, through God's grace, the words of his venerable and saintly guest went home to him, and in the central depths of his life new springs were opened, which never ceased to flow. The lofty and mystic faith of the Society of Friends, which dispenses with priests and sacraments and all inferior aids to fellowship with God, and claims for the humblest of men the light and life of the Spirit, sometimes leads those who have received it to attribute inadequate worth to the revelation of God in the personal history and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. For, is not God as near to man in our time as in any time gone by? Have not we, too, direct access to the Eternal? In reporting to my friend the effect produced upon him by Mr. Seebohm's visit, Mr. Bright seems to have implied that he had not wholly escaped this danger. I had always, he said—I quote the substance of his words, their form has perished—I had always de-

lighted in the Bible; I had delighted in its noble English,* in its magnificent poetry, and in the lofty morals of the New Testament; but I had not so fully discovered in it a divine revelation to every man on the authenticity of which I could fully rely. He then went on to speak with great clearness and force of the comfort of a firm faith in our Lord, and of the wonderful teaching contained in the four Gospels. From the time of that memorable conversation he was brought more fully under the personal power of Christ, and found rest and strength in His infinite mercy and love.†

The reverence with which it was his habit to speak of God was very impressive. It was apparent that he had known the fear—the fear in which there is no terror, and which, instead of paralyzing the soul, nerves it to the highest exertion of its moral energy and to the most courageous endurance—the fear which has filled the hearts of prophets and saints when in solitary hours they have seen the glory of God, and have learned that already, and during this earthly life, God is always near. To

* On a later visit to the friend who reported this conversation to me, Mr. Bright received a handsome copy of the Revised Version. While he was writing an acknowledgment to the giver, he looked up, and remarked, "I do not think the Revisers understood English as well as the translators of the Authorized Version, however much better they may have understood Greek."

† This conversation was with Mr. Alderman White, by whom it was recently reported to me. Mr. White permits me to use it in this paper. Mr. Bright was staying at the time with Mr. Charles Sturge, and this fixes its date during the earlier years of his connection with Birmingham. The exact date of Mr. Seebohm's visit to Rochdale is uncertain; but according to Mr. White's remembrance of Mr. Bright's account of it, it must have been some time after Mr. Bright became well known in connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League, and may even have been as late as the Crimean War. Mr. White, employing a word which I believe is much in use among the Friends, emphasized the "tenderness" with which, on that evening, he opened his heart in relation to these great topics. To many of the readers of the CONTEMPORARY, it will be unnecessary to say that Mr. Alderman White is well known, not in Birmingham alone, but all over England, for the devotion which he has shown in many good works, and especially in the movement for establishing Sunday morning schools for adults—a movement which largely owes its extraordinary success to Mr. White's energy and zeal.

him God was infinitely great and august ; the will of God was one with the eternal law of righteousness—commanding obedience and submission, whatever may be the cost—not to be resisted, not to be forgotten, either by individual men or nations, except at their infinite peril. And, as I have said, the noble austerity of his moral and political life was, in part, the result of the noble moral austerity of his conception of God.

For very many years Mr. Bright was assailed incessantly and with extraordinary vehemence and rancor, as an incendiary agitator who provoked the poor to regard the rich with envy, jealousy, and hatred ; as a reckless demagogue who wished to destroy all those ancient institutions which had made England great ; as the friend and ally of the worst enemies of his country ; as a traitor who cared nothing for her safety and honor. Now that the stormiest of those stormy times are sufficiently remote to be recalled without bitterness and passion, even those who were Mr. Bright's most loyal supporters may see that it was natural, perhaps inevitable, that he should have been regarded as a revolutionist. For, during the greater part of his political life, he was the strenuous assailant of laws and institutions which were protected by the interests, by the affections, by the convictions, and by the traditions of the wealthiest and most powerful classes in the State.

He became known by the energy and vehemence with which he attacked the Corn Laws. He did not merely argue against them as economically indefensible ; he denounced them as criminal. He insisted that while they enriched the landholders they impoverished the nation, and he attributed to them a large part of the misery from which the great masses of the people, both in the manufacturing towns and in the agricultural districts, were suffering. But the Corn Laws were supposed to be necessary to the maintenance of the prosperity and the social and political influence of the country gentlemen and the landed aristocracy. If that influence was broken—if it was very much diminished—the growing political power of the great towns would be unchecked ; and the economic change—so men believed—

would be the prelude of political disasters. After the Corn Laws were repealed, the next great agitation in which Mr. Bright engaged was for the extension of the franchise ; and this was regarded with terror by the same classes in the State that had opposed Free Trade in corn. No great harm had come from the Reform Bill of 1832, which granted a vote to ten-pound householders and gave representatives in the House of Commons to the great manufacturing towns in the Midlands and in the North. The throne was still secure. Property and life were as sacred as they had ever been. The material prosperity of the country was advancing under the policy of Free Trade. But what might not be feared if all adult householders, or even all six-pound householders, were added to the register ? When Mr. Bright was first returned for Birmingham the constituency numbered about 8000 ; only one household in five or six had the franchise. It was contended that to give a vote to those who were not prosperous enough to pay ten pounds a year rent would be the certain ruin of the country ; that it would confer dangerous political power on the idlest, the most improvident, and the most vicious members of the community ; that it was dangerous to entrust the franchise even to the honest and industrious poor ; that they had not sufficient political knowledge to use it wisely ; and that they would be under strong temptation to endeavor to enrich themselves at the cost of the wealthier classes of the community. The fears were genuine, however ill-founded ; and the name of Mr. Bright was a name of terror. He was also hostile to the relations which have existed in England for many centuries between the Church and the State. While he was still a youth he had stood on a tombstone in Rochdale Churchyard and denounced Church Rates. In his maturer life he was a frank and vigorous supporter of the policy of Disestablishment. He condemned the system of patronage under which the clergy are appointed to their livings. He condemned the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords. He protested against the legal appropriation of tithes to the maintenance of a Church whose worship has been forsaken

by a majority of the nation. Every measure for removing the legal disabilities imposed on Dissenters received his support. And so he was branded as the enemy of all that is most sacred, as well as of all that is most venerable and stately, in our ancient institutions. In his advocacy of other political measures, such as the reform of the Land Laws and the abolition or reform of the Game Laws, and in the earnestness and energy with which he insisted on the necessity of great changes in Irish policy, he also came into sharp and incessant collision with those who desired to maintain the ancient order.

In his foreign policy he had the same opponents—strengthened, in some instances, by the alliance of other classes in the State. Of the policy of Lord Palmerston, who for many years exerted an extraordinary personal fascination on the country, Mr. Bright was a relentless enemy; and, as Lord Palmerston claimed to represent and support the authority of England in controlling and modifying the policy of European States, Mr. Bright was condemned as unfriendly to the greatness and power of his country. He lost his seat for Manchester because he condemned the war with China and with Russia. During the great conflict in the United States he had to renew the battle with his old opponents, though they were reinforced by the alliance of some Liberal politicians with whom, on questions of domestic policy, he was in general agreement; and it was largely owing to the courage and eloquence with which he pleaded for the North, and the lasting unity of the great Republic, that the Confederacy was not recognized by the English Government. From first to last, during the tempestuous period of his political life, he had against him the immense majority of the aristocracy, and of the country gentry, and of the wealthier middle-classes. It was not unnatural, therefore, and, as I have said, it was perhaps inevitable, that he should be called a Revolutionist; and since he protested strongly against a foreign policy, which commanded great popular enthusiasm, it was not unnatural, perhaps it was inevitable, that he should be called a traitor to the honor of England.

But he was never a revolutionary politician. He never had any sympathy, intellectual or moral, with those political theorists who are eager to break up the settled order of States, and to reconstruct political institutions on the basis of the abstract rights of man. He had as little faith as Edmund Burke in "paper constitutions." The make of his mind, as well as his moral seriousness, prevented him from desiring violent political catastrophes. His policy was always a policy of orderly and peaceful progress. It was his conviction that only as the political beliefs and the political temper of the majority of the people are changed can there be any real and enduring change of national policy. He had a true historic sense of the continuity of the national life. He saw that, if we are to make any sure approach to a wiser and happier political or social order, we must begin where we are; that every advance must be from the point which we have already reached; that the past history of the nation has determined its present condition, and that its present condition determines both the measure and the kind of progress which is attainable in the immediate future. And so it was his habit to claim to be, in the true sense of the word, a conservative politician. He saw that the noble stream of English freedom had been widening and deepening for many centuries; and he had no desire to turn it out of its old course. All that he wished to do was to remove the obstacles which impeded its flow, and to give it a broader channel, that it might receive those new affluents which had their springs in new conditions of the national life.

The charge that he cared nothing for the "honor" of England rested on two grounds. He regarded war with the deepest abhorrence. He could admire the personal qualities of great soldiers; but he seems to have been incapable of sympathizing with the pride of nations in their military glory. When he thought of battle-fields his imagination was filled with horror by the agonies of the wounded and the dying, and he saw thousands of darkened and desolate homes in which widows and orphans were mourning for their dead. He regarded with severe moral condemnation

the anger, and distrust, and mutual hatred which separated nations whose duty and highest interest was to live in peace and in the exchange of friendly services. He deplored the paralysis which great wars inflicted on industry—a paralysis which ruined the fortunes of manufacturers and merchants, and caused immense misery to the great masses of the people. He was fiercely indignant at the heavy burdens which the wars of past generations have imposed on this country, and at the enormous taxation which is necessary to meet the annual charge of the public debt.

He refused, indeed, to acknowledge that he ever insisted on the doctrine of non-resistance as containing a law which in the present moral condition of mankind can be a law to statesmen. His position was defined in one of the speeches which he delivered during the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with Birmingham.

“Unless you can come to the time when men, in obedience, as they believe, to the will of God, will submit to every sacrifice, I do not see myself, and have never said, how war can be always escaped. I know that when I preach the doctrine of peace you are told I do not think war can be justified or ought ever to be carried on. I think it was Lord Palmerston, in his, I would say, rather ignorant manner, who said that what people of my opinion would do in the case of an invasion would be to bargain with the invader for a round sum if possible to get him to go home again. But what I say with regard to war, speaking of it practically, is this—that the case for it should be clear; not a case supported only when men are half crazy, but when they are cool; that the object of it should be sufficient; that the end sought for should be peaceable and should be just; and that there should be some compensation for, and justification of, the slaughter of 100,000 men.”

These conditions would probably have been accepted by most of those who supported the wars which Mr. Bright regarded as criminal. It was in the application of them that differences of opinion arose and were inevitable. The whole temper in which he regarded war was different from that of the great majority of his countrymen. And so, when the blood of the nation was hottest, and men of all ranks and conditions were passionately resolved to break the power of our national “enemy,” he was insisting that a wise and Christian

statesmanship would regard all nations as our friends; and, when news of victory came, he, instead of exulting in the “glory,” was mourning its awful cost.

The second reason which subjected him to the charge of caring nothing for the honor of England, was his settled conviction that nothing but evil had come from the forcible intervention of this country in the affairs of the European Continent. He thought that it was no part of our business, either on our own authority or in alliance with other Powers, to settle the map of Europe. He believed that nations should be left to find a solution for their own internal difficulties without the promise or the menace of the armed intervention of foreign States; and, when nations with which we were friendly quarrelled with each other, he thought that we were exceeding our duty if we took part with either. It is unjust to say that his foreign policy was a policy of selfishness. Rightly or wrongly—and this is not the time to discuss the question—he had a deep and immovable conviction that, as a rule and in the long run, intervention in the affairs of other countries, whatever its motive, is mischievous. He regarded with no admiration and no pride the great position in Europe which England held during the Napoleonic wars; and resisted every attempt to resume it. Nor did he believe that uncivilized races, or races with a civilization different from our own, are to be civilized after our manner and Christianized, by taking possession of their country and subjecting them to our rule. The country which they occupy is theirs, not ours. We recommend neither our civilization nor our faith by depriving them of it. And he believed, rightly or wrongly, that the “little wars” in which we are almost incessantly engaged with the tribes which are living immediately beyond the boundaries of the empire in Africa and Asia, are commonly the result of the violence, the injustice, or the reckless folly of our own people. With these views, which he expressed with the most resolute vigor, and sometimes with a stern severity, it is not surprising, I think, that he was charged with caring nothing for the “honor” of England. His uniform reply was a simple

one : he cared for her righteousness and peace.

The "hurricanes of abuse" which once raged against him have long ago been still. At his death he was regarded with reverence by the whole nation.

This immense change of feeling with regard to Mr. Bright is commonly attributed to an immense change in the political mind of the country. Mr. Bright never renounced, he never modified, as far as I can remember, any article of his political creed. But it is alleged that, thirty years ago, he was very far in advance of both of the great political parties, and that, while he remained stationary, they gradually approached his position, and at last reached it.

It is true, no doubt, notwithstanding the recent reappearance of Protectionist doctrines under a new name, that the great body of both Liberals and Conservatives have become Free Traders. It is also true that, with the immense extension of the suffrage under the two last Reform Bills, one of the old controversies between the two great political parties has been finally closed. The Crimean War is perhaps condemned as strongly by most living Englishmen as it was condemned by Mr. Bright when his condemnation of it made him the most unpopular man in England. And, as things have turned out, I suppose that those who were the most ardent friends of the Southern States are grateful that the English Government refused to recognize their independence.

With regard to particular measures of domestic policy which Mr. Bright supported against the fiercest hostility, the country has come to be of his mind. And the country generally has also come to be of his mind in reference to particular questions of foreign policy on which he was at one time separated from the great majority of the nation.

But I have some hesitation in believing that the majority of the English people, or even the majority of either of the great political parties, have accepted Mr. Bright's characteristic political principles or inherited his characteristic political temper. In justifying my hesitation I might insist that Mr. Bright believed in the Disestablishment of the Church ; it is not certain that this article of his creed has been finally accepted

either by Liberals or Conservatives ; that it has been finally accepted by the great majority of Englishmen is still less certain. I might insist on his deep and intense abhorrence of war ; it is not certain that the nation generally shares his abhorrence, or would condemn wars which he would regard as criminal. I might insist on his views concerning the relations of England to her colonies—views which he expressed with uncompromising definiteness and vigor in the last speech which he delivered in Birmingham. Fifteen or twenty years ago they were, I suppose, the views of the Colonial Office, and had the general concurrence of both Liberal and Conservative politicians. Now they are under revision, and by some conspicuous statesmen of both parties they are rejected with vehemence. But I am thinking of something deeper and more central, something which entered into the very fibre and substance of his mind, and which controlled his political views, not on one subject merely, but on all subjects.

The political creed which he held when he entered public life, and which he held to the last, was in formal agreement with the Radical creed of the first forty years of this century ; and on economic and social questions he was faithful to the teaching of Adam Smith and his orthodox successors. But the moral austerity in his conception of God and in his personal character, of which I said something earlier in this paper, appeared in his political faith and in his political temperament, and exerted a very powerful influence on his opinions upon all questions of legislation and policy.

He cared supremely for the industry, the providence, and the self-reliance of the individual citizen. Whatever was likely, in his judgment, to enfeeble these severe virtues, he regarded with apprehension. To him it was first of all necessary that the State should deal with the people as a community of men—not a community of children ; should do nothing for them that they could do for themselves. It was better, in his judgment, that the material prosperity and the material comfort of the people should advance slowly, as the result of their own independent efforts, than that

they should advance more rapidly as the result of the interference of the State. He opposed the Factory Acts, because he believed that, whatever temporary evil they might check, they would not only interfere with the freedom of manufacturing industry, but would also induce among the people the habit of relying on the State rather than on themselves for the protection of their interests. He advocated the extension of the franchise for many reasons, but partly because he believed that to trust political power to the great masses of the people would discipline them to self-respect, and that a sense of responsibility for the fortunes of the State would contribute to the development of many other manly virtues; it was better, he thought, that they should sometimes make grave mistakes in the management of their own affairs—and suffer from their mistakes—than that they should be saved from suffering, even if that were possible, by being treated as children whose affairs must be managed for them by wiser and more experienced persons. His Free Trade policy was an extension of the same principle. He believed that the agricultural industry had suffered from the special protection which it had received from the State; that if the protection were withdrawn, farmers would show more self-reliance and more inventiveness; would be compelled to abandon traditional and imperfect methods in their treatment of the land, and would be more eager to adopt all improvements. He would not, I imagine, have founded his policy on the scientific law of the survival of the fittest, but I think that he substantially believed that the State could never disregard that law without inflicting injury both on the material interests and the moral life of the community.

He was not indifferent to human misery; he was profoundly affected by it; and when it was apparent that the misery was the result of injustice, he was moved to passionate indignation. But the organization of the State was, in his judgment, too coarse and too rigid to be an efficient instrument for the gracious works of charity. The State is incapable of carefully discriminating between the suffering which is the result of improvidence, indolence, and vice, and

the suffering which comes upon the best of men through misfortune. Legislation intended to afford direct relief to large masses of people it would be his instinct to regard with distrust, as likely to lessen the penalties of recklessness and wrongdoing, and so to diminish the motives to virtue. It is for churches, it is for voluntary organizations of charitable persons, it is for individual men and women who have learned their kinship to the most wretched—yes, and to the most vicious—of mankind, to undertake the tasks for which the State is incompetent. It is for them to console the sorrowful, to relieve the destitute, to repair the fortunes of the despairing. They can discriminate as the law cannot; they can support and strengthen, as the law cannot, the better purposes of those who are suffering through their own follies and vices, but who now desire to do better. They can rescue and ennoble the man, while they are lessening the hardships of his condition. They can temper justice with mercy. But the State—this, I think, was Mr. Bright's judgment—should be inflexibly just. It exists for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. It has fulfilled its duty when it has instituted such laws, and so administered them, that it can say to all its citizens, "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is not clear to me that in this conception of the State, which entered into the substance of all Mr. Bright's political beliefs, the nation has come to be of his mind. It is not clear to me that either of the great political parties has come to be of his mind. We are repelled rather than attracted by what I have called the moral austerity which characterized Mr. Bright's political faith. We are not more sensitive to suffering than he was; but we are of weaker fibre. We are so distressed by suffering that, whatever may have been its cause, we are impatient to remove it. We are not always careful to remember that suffering may be only a symptom of disease, and that, unless the disease is cured, the suffering, though it may be temporarily lessened or removed, will return in an aggravated form. We have even changed the meaning of great and sacred words, and appeal for Justice

when our fathers would have appealed for Pity. To some of us the individual is always innocent and society always guilty. We are wanting, I say, in the moral austerity which distinguished Mr. Bright, and which controlled his conception of the true duty of the State and the limits of its powers.

Even those who believe, as I believe, that he contracted too narrowly the functions of the State, that he had too little confidence in what the State may accomplish even by direct legislation for the general elevation of the life as well as the improvement of the material condition of the people, must acknowledge that there was a certain nobleness and dignity in his more austere conception of public policy, and that among the immense losses that we have sustained by his death, this is not the least—never again shall we listen to that vigorous and impressive eloquence which derived a large part of its force from his sense of the immeasurable worth of the industry, endurance, courage, and self-reliance of private citizens; never again shall we listen to the warnings of his sagacity when we are tempted to give alleviation to the hardships of any class of the community by measures which would enfeeble these masculine virtues.

As an orator his place was not merely first in the first rank of the English orators of his generation; he belonged to a separate order: in some of the highest qualities of eloquence none of them approached him. And it was the testimony of some who heard the great orators of the preceding generation that he excelled them too, even when they were at their best. Many of his contemporaries had far greater wealth of political knowledge; some surpassed him as skilful debaters. In the clear and simple exposition of a great subject he was very felicitous, but he could never have explained the multifarious details of an intricate Budget with the almost miraculous lucidity of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli was his equal in wit, and in the art of inventing happy phrases which took the ear of the House of Commons and of the country, and which concentrated in an epigram an argument and a denunciation. Mr. O'Connell had a more abundant humor. But, in that perfect blending of imagi-

nation, pathos, passion, and the noblest ethical feeling, which gave to the great passages in Mr. Bright's great speeches their dignity and their power, he stood apart and alone. And even when he did not touch the heights which were beyond the reach of other men, there was a unique charm in him.

Part of the charm consisted in the ease with which he seemed to speak. There was no appearance of effort. He never spoke beyond his strength. The only effort—and this sometimes produced an immense impression—was, not to give the most intense and energetic expression to his passion, but to restrain it. However fierce were his denunciations of a great injustice his audience felt that behind the terrible and fiery words there were the fires of a fiercer wrath which he was struggling hard to subdue.* This reserve, which was akin to the austerity of his personal character, gave elevation to his speeches. He always retained his self-command. It was not his habit to "let himself go." He had a rich humor, but he never became riotously humorous; a sentence or two, sometimes a phrase, sometimes a word, satisfied him, and he became serious again. His scorn—what one of his critics called his "superb scorn"—was also held under firm restraint; it sometimes made its presence felt in long passages of his speeches; it penetrated the very substance of the thought and colored its expression; but it was rarely

* This restraint was not apparent merely, it was real. He was speaking in Birmingham just after the appearance of the famous "Bath letter" of Mr. Disraeli, in which the Conservative leader said that for nearly five years Mr. Gladstone had "harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class, institution, and species of property in the country." In his speech Mr. Bright referred to the Tories and to the letter of Mr. Disraeli in the following words:—"Without doubt, if they had been in the Wilderness they would have condemned the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation, though it does happen that we have the evidence of more than thirty centuries to the wisdom and usefulness of those commandments." This was very effective. But the next morning I was travelling with Mr. Bright, and he told me the form in which the passage had first occurred to him; it was positively fierce, not to say savage. He added, "I thought that I had better not put it so," and I agreed with him.

permitted to break out except in a single epithet ; it was still more rarely suffered to have free and open course through a whole sentence. Nor did he ever throw the reins on the neck of his imagination ; it was his servant, or, at best, his friendly ally, not his master. In one of his speeches there was a passage in which he wanted to impress his audience with the enormous magnitude of our national expenditure, which, according to his calculation, was equal annually to the whole of the wages paid during the year to the agricultural laborers of this country. I cannot lay my hand upon the passage just now, but I remember that he introduced his statement by a sentence in which there was a charming but only a momentary glimpse of the loveliness and fertility of England—its pastures, its wheat-fields, its orchards—fenced and cared for like a garden, every acre showing the results of careful labor ; and then he said that the men whose toil had brought the country to this perfection received no more wages in the course of the year than we were raising in taxes and spending for purposes of government. Nothing could have been more beautiful, nothing more vivid, than the picture ; but if the vision of England which he saw had come to almost any other speaker, the account of it would have extended through sentence after sentence of picturesque description ; and if Mr. Bright's own intellectual habits had been less severe, he would have been betrayed into the creation of a passage of imaginative and poetic prose which would have been quoted through many generations for its music and its beauty. But he was intent upon his end. It was no part of his business at that moment to fill the minds of those who were listening to him with the loveliness of England. He said enough for his purpose, and then he passed on. Even in the use of his splendid intellectual powers, the austerity of his moral life prevented him from yielding to luxurious self-indulgence.

His noble English style was formed by a constant and affectionate study of the English Bible and the English poets. He once told me that for many years he almost always spent his Sunday evenings alone during the session of

Parliament, and that every Sunday evening he read through Milton's "Paradise Regained." I said that I should have thought that the earlier books of "Paradise Lost," containing the debates in Hell, would have had more attraction for him ; but he answered that he valued the moral wisdom of the "Paradise Regained." His taste was catholic. He expressed great admiration for Pope ; and when asked whether he did not prefer the sinewy strength of the verse of Dryden, he acknowledged Dryden's force, but still seemed to assert a preference for Pope. He also admired Cowper, Scott, Byron, and Whittier ; and he had a curiously familiar acquaintance with the minor poets of the last century. Nor did he care only for poets who had made their reputation. Very shortly after Mr. Lewis Morris's "Epic of Hades" was published, he quoted it in a speech and expressed his high estimate of its poetic qualities.

On one occasion when we were discussing the merits of great English authors, he said that it was his habit to select one poet for reading during every session ; that when he went home to his lodgings at night after leaving the House of Commons, he was unable to sleep at once, and that he sat up reading his selected poet. I asked him whether, when he delivered his first speech to his Birmingham constituents, he was reading Byron. Some years had passed and he could not remember. "But why do you want to know ?" I replied that one of the sentences of his peroration recalled a line in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," and I quoted his words : "*I speak with a diminished fire ; I act with a lessened force.*" But such as I am, my countrymen—my constituents—I will, if you will let me, be found in your ranks in the impending struggle." * He was silent for a few moments, and then said : "This is the passage you are thinking of," and he quoted the whole of stanza 137, beginning—

* I find that the sentences which I quoted to him were preceded by the pathetic words which I ought to have remembered but had forgotten : "I feel now sensibly and painfully that I am not what I was." That sentence, too, recalls two lines in the last stanza but one of the same canto :—

"But I am not now
That which I have been."

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain ;
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering
 pain ;
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I ex-
 pire."

The late Mr. Henry Fawcett told me of a delightful day that he once spent with Mr. Bright in Scotland. They were there to fish, but the weather was unfavorable. To pass the time Mr. Bright recited to him, for several hours, single verses and long passages from poets of every rank, famous and obscure, interspersing the quotations with comments. It must have been his habit for many years to commit to memory the lines which impressed him.

In his English style, thus formed, there was a consummate union of simplicity and dignity. Its resources were equal to every demand that he made upon it. It was perfect for all purposes—for plain narrative, for homely humor, for picturesque description, for fierce invective, for pathos, for stateliness, for the expression of lofty moral sentiment, for imaginative splendor. To attribute its unique excellence—as is the habit of critics—to Mr. Bright's anxiety to adhere to an almost exclusive use of the Saxon elements of our language is an error ; and it is an error from which the critics should have been saved by Mr. Bright's delight in Milton, who, of all our great poets, did most to enrich our plainer speech with the spoils of Greece and Rome. He knew exactly the moment when the Saxon element of our tongue would not serve him. Mr. Hutton pointed out many years ago the illustration of his wonderful felicity which is afforded by the famous sentence in which he looked forward to the time when it will be possible to say that "England, the *august* mother of free nations, herself is free." It is the word "*august*," with its train of splendid imperial associations, that gives to the sentence its spell for the imagination and its impressive dignity. It was the distinction of his style that the most cultivated men and women admired it, and that the most uncultivated understood him and felt his power—though many of these, I suspect, were of opinion that they had heard much "*finer*" speakers.

His English was accurate as well as

vigorous and beautiful. Twenty years ago three well-known Parliamentary reporters told me that Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli were the only men in the House of Commons at that time whose speeches they could report *verbatim*. There were no formless sentences to complete or to reconstruct. The only kindly service which his speeches required from them was the elimination of an unnecessary "*Now*," or "*Well now*," with which he occasionally began a sentence.

His voice in his later years was often husky ; in the years of his great activity it was clear and strong, and could be heard without effort in every part of the largest buildings. It was musical in its quality, and he used it as naturally when addressing six or seven thousand people as when talking to a friend at the fireside. It was his habit to speak slowly, but in his more vehement and impassioned passages there was what might be called a restrained eagerness, a subdued intensity, which had all the effect of rapidity, and which often created great excitement ; then there sometimes came a sentence declaimed in tones which thrilled his audience like the notes of a clarion ; or sometimes a phrase, or even a single word—not shouted—but suddenly projected, with enormous force, like a ball from the mouth of a cannon.

When Mr. Bright had to make a great speech he brooded over it day after day. But he did not care to do all his preparation at his desk or in solitude. As arguments and illustrations occurred to him he liked to try their effect by talking them over with his friends ; and when he was at home, if nobody else was within reach, he talked them over with his gardener. The speech took shape in conversation. Then he made the "*Notes*" which he intended to use when the speech was delivered. He gave an account of these "*Notes*" in a letter written to the Rev. G. E. Cheesman, who had asked his advice as to various methods of preparation for public speaking—namely, "(1) writing speeches and reading them ; (2) writing, and committing to memory ; and (3) sketching the heads of the topic, and trusting to the inspiration of the moment for the words in which to clothe

the thought." Mr. Bright said in reply :—

"As to modes of preparation for speaking, it seems to me that every man would readily discover what suits him best. To write speeches and then to commit them to memory is, as you term it, a double slavery, which I could not bear. To speak without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness, and cannot be recommended. When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written. This is very nearly all I can say on this question. The advantage of this plan is that while it leaves a certain and sufficient freedom to the speaker, it keeps him within the main lines of the original plan upon which the speech was framed, and what he says, therefore, is more likely to be compact, and not wandering and diffuse."

It was his habit, when he spoke on the platform, to place his Notes on the brim of his hat, which stood on the table before him; they were written on half-sheets of note-paper. Extracts of more than three or four lines in length which he intended to quote in support of his statements were usually written on similar half-sheets, separately numbered, and were carefully placed on the table by the side of the hat. His annual speeches to his constituents rarely extended over less than an hour; and they as rarely exceeded an hour and five minutes. But the sheets of Notes varied greatly in number; sometimes he had only four or five; sometimes he had

eight or nine; and I think that occasionally he had still more.

To those who listened to Mr. Bright with admiration these details may be interesting. But the secret of his eloquence is not to be discovered in his methods of preparation, or in the mechanical aids which he used to assist him while speaking, but in himself. He had great gifts of many kinds—the genius of the orator, masculine sagacity, and a certain largeness of intellectual manner in handling every subject that he discussed. These gifts he used, not for the ends of personal ambition, but in the service of his country. He loved the people well enough to face their anger and their insults. He never flattered them. His public life was laborious and honorable; his private life stainless. He feared God, and had no other fear. Many years ago, when he sat down at the close of one of his speeches, which had deeply moved me, I said to him, "I have been thinking what a preacher you would have made;" and he answered, "I hope I have always been a preacher of righteousness." The claim was a just one. It was his honest endeavor to apply the highest moral laws—the laws of God—to the solution of all political difficulties. It was the depth and energy of his moral and religious earnestness which gave him his immense power while he lived; and this, beyond his genius, beyond his eloquence, beyond the great material advantages which he has conferred on the country, constitutes his chief title to the enduring gratitude and reverence of the English people.—*Contemporary Review*.

A PICKLE OF SALT.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MONOPOLY.

In every country where there has been a tax on salt, cruelty and oppression have followed in its train. In France, under the Government monopoly known as the *gabelles*, the law was most severe. In the fifteenth century, French history shows that hundreds of men were executed for salt-smuggling. In the time of Louis XIV., almost every year saw

some three hundred salt-smugglers sent to the galleys for life. In China, where salt is one of the most important sources of imperial revenue, a breach of the salt-laws involves fearful penalties. The offenders are sometimes flayed alive, their smuggling-junks are confiscated and sawn asunder; while a crucified or impaled boatman is lashed to the mast,

as a warning to others. The Chinese jails are full of men lingering on under trial, or in vain hope of being brought to trial, for offences against the State salt monopoly.

It is very natural for the Indian Government to boast of the ease and smoothness with which its revenue from salt is collected. That is perfectly true; but there is, unfortunately, another side to the case. A very large portion of the salt which is used in Bengal is imported from England. No doubt it is beautifully white and clean, and in this respect is very attractive. But India produces salt in great abundance along the shore of the Bay of Bengal. The soil is often white with the salt efflorescence, so that a man has only to stoop and scrape up sufficient for his daily wants. But he must not do so; it is illegal to use the indigenous salt of the country. The local salt is strictly boycotted by Government, and this boycotting is enforced by a severe system of pains and penalties, just as much as boycotting in Ireland depends on the terrors and penalties authorized or connived at by the National League.

It is doubtless an old saying, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The native excise officers, who were usually appointed to prevent the people from making or using illicit salt, were persons of little probity or social status among their own countrymen. They were imperfectly supervised by a few special English officers who could not be ubiquitous. It was hoped that they would be held in some check by the ordinary police force, whose proper duty it was to deal with crime. But this was simply a delusion. The black wolves only combined with the gray wolves. As a fact, when the salt police and the criminal police were acting in unison, they found the greatest opportunities for plundering and oppressing the people. The tale which we are about to tell will show to what a shameful extent these two classes of native officials co-operated with one another for evil. The tale is not a new one; but it is almost certain that what has happened once in India, or in any other country, may under similar conditions happen again at any time, and it may serve as a warning to the present generation.

In the district of Chittagong, about 25 miles south of the town and station of that name, there was a village called Pullas, of which the chief resident was one Jaffir Ali, an old and respected Mohammedan gentleman. The village was prettily situated near the foot of a low range of hills, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the river Sunkoo, a tidal stream which falls into the Bay of Bengal, about 15 miles from Pullas. The village contained about 500 inhabitants, and the houses or huts were well built, with dry clay foundations and bamboo-mat walls, covered with sloping thatched roofs, and sheltered in the shade of fine old mango-trees. The people were generally thriving and contented. Unfortunately for them, their village was the site of the local police station, and a police inspector, with some twelve constables dwelt there. The salt-excise inspector, with several peons, also had his headquarters in the village, so that officially Pullas was a place of some importance. Once or twice in the year an English official, either the magistrate or the salt superintendent, would visit Pullas for a day or two; but for the rest of the year the natives were left entirely to their own devices.

Many of the inhabitants of the village derived a considerable part of their income from being employed in the manufacture of salt, which was then carried on by the Indian Government on the low marshy lands along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The process of making salt was a sort of hereditary business with the men of Pullas, whose ancestors had been engaged in it from time immemorial. The work was popular with them, and they were well paid for it—almost the only drawback being the liability to occasional attacks from tigers and other wild beasts which infested the jungles near the salt-flats. When the salt was made it was collected in heaps, and weighed in the presence of the salt-makers, with a view to their being paid for making it. It was then carried away in boats to the Government storehouses at Chittagong. Not a pinch of this beautiful salt might be eaten or used by the men who had made it. It all belonged to the Government, who took it away for sale in other parts of India.

When the people of Pullas and the rest of Chittagong wanted salt, they could only buy a coarse, dirty, solar-evaporated salt, which was brought over from the Madras coast, where it was manufactured on behalf of the Government.

The object of this extraordinary and barbarous system was to prevent smuggling. If the Chittagong people had been allowed to use the locally made salt, it would have been impossible to distinguish between licit and illicit salt. Whenever a Chittagong man was found in possession of the white local salt, it was evidence that he was guilty of a breach of the salt-law. It seems an exquisite form of injustice and tyranny; but the natives of the country are docile and law-abiding, and they had been brought up in the stern faith that it was wrong and criminal to eat the salt of their own country.

But it would have been contrary to human nature if there had not been some law-breakers, and the Government expected that the law would occasionally be infringed. Therefore, they employed their excise officers to detect and arrest offenders, and a certain number of persons were duly punished for breaches of the salt-laws every month. This led to the introduction of a charming system. The *average* numbered of offenders was steadily forthcoming every month. They were arrested and sent before the salt superintendent on charges to which they usually pleaded guilty. They were fined in small sums, and the fines were regularly paid. As a fact, the whole thing was arranged and provided for by a local subscription, just as trades-unions and other associations now pay the costs of prosecutions and defences in England. The Government was satisfied; the salt department was complacent; the native officials prospered; and the people who subscribed to the fund compensated themselves for their expenditure by doing a little real salt-smuggling, at which the native salt-officers kindly connived.

But it came to pass that events occurred in Pullas which have not even yet ceased to be remembered in that unhappy village. It is the custom in India to transfer the native officials from one post to another, to prevent them from forming local connections. And so it

chanced that the inspector of the police station and the salt-excise inspector were removed to other places, and two new men from other parts of the district were sent to relieve them. On the arrival of these new men, old Jaffir Ali, as the chief resident in Pullas, made the usual arrangements to conciliate them, and to provide for the safety of the community, most of whom were his tenants. But both the new officials were bad and discontented men, who did not like their banishment (as they considered it) to Pullas; and they determined to console themselves by making money as fast as possible, through all those unscrupulous devices which an uncontrolled native officer has at his disposal.

It was very soon intimated to Jaffir Ali that the peace-offerings and presents which he had made were insufficient. It happened that both the new officials were Hindoos, while both their predecessors had been Mohammedans. This change was therefore not acceptable to the people of Pullas, of whom nine-tenths were Mohammedans. The Hindoo official had the reputation of being more rapacious and grasping than the Mohammedan. Be this as it may, the people of Pullas soon began to feel the difference between their old and new masters. From time to time respectable men were arrested on frivolous charges, and carried off to the police station or to the salt-office, from which they did not emerge until they had humbly come to terms with their captors. It is perhaps difficult for the English mind to conceive the amount of arbitrary power which a police officer could exercise in those days. The station being twenty-five miles from the magistrate's headquarters, and the letter-post carrying despatches, which arrived only on the third day, the police officer could lord it over the fifty thousand people who were subject to his jurisdiction; and for them there was little chance of redress unless they walked the twenty-five miles' journey into Chittagong and petitioned the magistrate in person.

Eventually a dispute about a woman brought matters to a climax. The salt inspector set his affections on the good-looking daughter of a Mohammedan peasant, named Barker Ali, whose house

was near the salt-office ; and in spite of the seclusion of the harem, he managed to see her and to open communication with her. But such advances from a Hindoo were unacceptable to the Mohammedan woman ; and when the inspector sent some of his emissaries to try and carry off the girl by force, they were set upon and soundly beaten by the men of her family. This was a very bad business. The Hindoo police inspector would gladly have come to the aid of his brother officer, but there was so much dirt in the case that it could not be stirred with impunity before the magistrate. On the other hand, the assailants of the inspector's men were satisfied with their victory, and were not anxious to take the case into court, and to publish the family scandal. So the officials determined to take their revenge in a more deliberate and cunning manner. The incident of the beating was allowed to drop. The police appeared to draw in their horns for a time, and the Mohammedans of Pullas rather flattered themselves that they had got the best of it.

From what has been already told, it will be understood that the use of local illicit salt was not unknown to some of the inhabitants of Pullas, though it was connived at by the salt inspector so long as it suited him. According to the law, if the salt inspector had reason to suppose that illicit salt was to be found on the premises of any householder, it was his duty to apply in writing to the English superintendent at Chittagong for permission to search the premises. If he wished to have the aid of the police, it was sufficient for him to state that he anticipated forcible resistance ; and the superintendent would then obtain an order from the magistrate authorizing the police to assist the salt inspector in his proceedings. All that was needed to set this machinery in motion was to find an informer who would make a sworn information to the inspector that he knew that illicit salt was concealed on the premises of certain persons. The inspector had little difficulty in finding a *soi disant* informer, who deposed that he knew that illicit salt was to be found in the house of Barker Ali, the father of the young woman who had repudiated the inspector's

amorous advances. It was added, insinuatingly, that there was similar suspicion against other leading Mohammedans in the village, concluding with the name of the headman, Jaffir Ali.

There was necessarily a little delay in communicating with the superintendent and the magistrate before the search-warrant and subsidiary orders to the police could be received at Pullas. This interval was improved by the two inspectors in organizing a sufficient force to overpower the villagers, in case they should make any resistance. The police constables and the salt peons were only about twenty in number. But this body could be strongly reinforced by calling in the services of the *chokedars*, or village watchmen, of all the hamlets within convenient distance. The *chokedars* were supposed to be the servants of the landowners and the villagers, but their official duties brought them under the control of the inspector of police. As a fact, the *chokedars* lived chiefly on the breath of the police inspector's favor ; and as their salaries were small and irregularly paid, they were only too glad to give their assistance to the police inspector when he was engaged in any duty that offered an opportunity for any profit or plunder. Thus a force of above a hundred *chokedars*, armed with spears and bludgeons, was organized for the aid of the police whenever it might suit the inspector's convenience to search the houses of Barker Ali and the other villagers suspected of having illicit salt on their premises.

It was a dark and sultry night, a little before midnight, when the inmates of Barker Ali's house were aroused by a loud knocking at the gate of their homestead. Before they could obey the summons to open the door, it was burst open ; and while the inspector and several of his myrmidons with lanterns approached the main building, where Barker Ali and some of his family were standing, dazed and surprised, two or three of the party stole off in the darkness toward the cowshed, and deposited some bags of salt under the fodder collected for the cattle. The inspectors politely informed Barker Ali of the object of their visit, while he stoutly repudiated the charge, and dared them to search for illicit salt. The inspectors

expressed their regret that they should be obliged to disgrace him by such a proceeding, but as it was their duty, they must perform it, however disagreeable. So the men at once invaded the house, and turned everything topsyturvy, while the nimble hands of *chokedars* appropriated any articles of value that came in their way. No salt having been found in the outer part of the house, they next broke into the women's apartments, without giving time to the women to be put out of sight, and ransacked every possible hiding-place for salt, amid the cries and lamentations of the women. They next proceeded to search the outhouses, and as those who hide can find, of course they soon turned up the bags of salt that had been hidden in the cattle-shed. At this discovery Barker Ali and his friends became furious. They had submitted to the search of the house, and to the insults to the women, because they hoped that, being innocent, the time would come when they might get their revenge or redress. But when they saw the salt that had been "*planted*" on their premises, they felt that nothing short of their ruin was intended; and with furious imprecations, Barker Ali rushed at the salt inspector and felled him to the ground. Of course this mad act was unpleasant for the inspector, but it was very much what the police wanted. With loud shouts they attacked Barker Ali and his little party, and beat them unmercifully, and having overpowered them, tightly bound their hands and feet as they lay prostrate. They next laid hands upon the women, and treated them with every indignity, in spite of their screams and cries. In the course of the *mélée* some one set fire to the outhouses, which speedily blazed up and added to the terrors of the night. Meanwhile the uproar had awakened the rest of the villagers, and the neighbors, headed by old Jaffir Ali, came in numbers to see what was the matter. The police, professing to fear a rescue, promptly turned their forces against them, and after a short conflict Jaffir Ali was knocked down with a broken head, while many of his companions were seized and made prisoners by the police. The others fled away to their own houses, where they were followed

by the police and the *chokedars*, who began to plunder whatever they could lay hands upon, and also set fire to several other houses,—so that a large part of the village was consumed in the conflagration. At last when all resistance had ceased, and the rest of the terrified villagers had fled, the police found themselves masters of the field, with some forty prisoners, both men and women, in their custody. So the inspectors drew off their forces and retired with their plunder and their captives to the police station, where a large supply of food had been prepared to reward the victorious army of *chokedars*. The unhappy prisoners were all crowded into the guardroom of the police station, bound hand and foot, and left to pass the night with every possible discomfort.

In the early morning the time came for business on the part of the police, and for reflection on the part of their captives. It was the duty of the police to send their prisoners into Chittagong within twenty-four hours of their arrest, and it was also necessary that a careful report should be drawn up and sent in, so as to reach the magistrate before the arrival of the accused, in order that he might be prepared to try them for the offences with which they were charged. The police were great adepts in drawing out these reports, or "*dressing a process*," as the French call it; and the draft of the report, sketched by the police inspector, concisely informed the magistrate of the discovery of the illicit salt in Barker Ali's premises, and of the assault committed on the salt inspector, and the general resistance offered, and the dangerous attempt at rescue on the part of the other villagers, who had set fire to the houses in order to release their friends. This draft was carefully revised, and was being copied, when an entirely new state of affairs arose. It has been said that the prisoners had had time for reflection. Poor old Jaffir Ali, with his broken head, was sick and sorry for himself. His companions had also been beaten and knocked about, and they were weak and miserable from want of food and water. Incredible as it may seem, they proposed to capitulate. They sent a message to the inspector, and asked him to make terms, and so save them from the disgrace and

trouble, and all the possible penalties of imprisonment and fine, which might be expected if they were taken before the magistrate. They had no friendly hand to advise them, and there was no one to take their part, and testify to the insults and cruelty of the police. There is a native saying that he who bathes in the river must make friends with the crocodiles. Alas ! they had fallen into the clutches of the crocodiles, and must now get out of them on any possible terms. It will be understood that the position of these unfortunate men was really very precarious. If they were sent before the magistrate and convicted of the charges against them, they might be sentenced to terms of imprisonment or heavy fines ; and pending their trial, they and the women would almost certainly be kept in jail ; and whatever this might be for the men, it would undoubtedly mean disgrace and probably ruin to any respectable woman. Even if they should be acquitted by the magistrate, they would have to come back to their village and live there with a hostile police and revengeful salt-officers. The temperament of the natives of Bengal is very submissive, and so they humbled themselves before the tyrant inspectors. They agreed to pay down a large sum of money immediately, and to continue to pay a monthly sum of considerable magnitude for another twelve months ; and they bound themselves in further penalties never to complain to any authority of the treatment they had received. So, after a sufficient show of hesitation and deliberation, the inspectors agreed to the compromise, and the captives were released. The police inspector then prepared the following brief report to the magistrate, in substitution for the elaborate process which has been mentioned above :—

“ May it please your honor,—In obedience to the orders received from you, dated 13th instant, I beg humbly to report that on the 20th instant, two hours before sunset, I proceeded with the salt inspector and certain constables to search the house of Barker Ali for illicit salt, in the presence of the headman Jaffir Ali and certain other respectable men of the village ; but in spite of the most diligent search, no illicit salt was discovered, and Barker Ali declares that the accusation of the informer (who has now absconded) was due to private enmity. This report, as your honor will observe, is attested by the signatures of Jaffir Ali and the

other village elders who attended at the search of Barker Ali's house.”

This report was safely despatched to the magistrate in the usual way, and the police and their victims parted in apparent amity. The next day the villagers were already employed in beginning the rebuilding of their burned huts, when suddenly two Englishmen rode into the village about ten o'clock in the morning, and made their way straight to the police station. These new arrivals were the magistrate and the salt superintendent. But how was it that they had come so opportunely and unexpectedly ? It happened thus. On the night that the outrages were committed, a nephew of Jaffir Ali's had been on a visit to the village. He was an *employé* in the Chittagong magistrate's office, and when he saw the outrages which had been committed, he slipped off quietly without saying a word to any one, and girding up his loins made for Chittagong at full speed. There he went straight to the magistrate, and told him what he had seen at Pullas. The magistrate consulted with the salt superintendent, and they agreed to ride out at once to Pullas, and thus they had arrived before any intimation of their intended visit could reach either the police or the villagers.

Having arrived at the police station and confronted the terrified inspector, the magistrate took possession of the official papers ; and among the first documents which met his eyes were the draft and copy of the elaborate proceeding which the police had drawn up, inculcating the accused, before they had changed their mind and arranged to come to terms with them. The news of the magistrate's arrival soon spread through the village, and old Jaffir Ali and his friends learned that the avenger of their wrongs had appeared. They quickly thronged to the police station with very different feelings from those with which they had lately left it ; and after a while the magistrate went with them to see the havoc which had been made in their houses, and to hear their lamentable tales of their personal sufferings and losses.

There is little need to go further. Never, perhaps, were the tables so completely turned by the despoiled upon

the spoilers. As soon as it was clear that the inspectors were doomed and ruined men, their own confederates and constables turned upon them and offered evidence against them, pleading that they themselves had only acted under the pressure of superior authority. There was no lack of witnesses, and much of the property plundered from the villagers was brought back and returned to them. The police inspector and the salt inspector and several of their subordinates were sent off to Chittagong in custody; and after a time they were committed for trial, and sen-

tenced by the judge to long terms of imprisonment. Jaffir Ali and the villagers returned to their homes—and it may be easily believed that for a long time they were not molested either by the police or by the salt-officers. But they had had a wonderful escape from their troubles; and it was merely a lucky chance that there was an interested stranger in the village, who could get off without being missed, and go straight to headquarters and awake the wrath of the avenging magistrate. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

RIGHT AND LEFT.

ADULT man is the only animal who, in the familiar scriptural phrase, "knoweth the right hand from the left." This fact in his economy goes closely together with the other facts, that he is the only animal on this sublunary planet who habitually uses a knife and fork, articulate language, the art of cookery, the common pump, and the musical glasses. His right-handedness, in short, is part cause and part effect of his universal supremacy in animated nature. He is what he is, to a great extent, "by his own right hand;" and his own right hand, we may shrewdly suspect, would never have differed at all from his left were it not for the manifold arts and trades and activities he practises.

It was not always so, when wild in woods the noble savage ran. Man was once, in his childhood on earth, what Charles Reade wanted him again to be in his maturer centuries, ambidextrous. And lest any lady readers of this magazine—in the Cape of Good Hope, for example, or the remoter portions of the Australian bush, whither the culture of Girton and the familiar knowledge of the Latin language has not yet penetrated—should complain that I speak with unknown tongues, I will further explain for their special benefit that ambidextrous means equally-handed, using the right and the left indiscriminately. This, as Mr. Andrew Lang remarks in immortal verse, "was the manner of Primitive Man." He never minded twopence which hand he used, as long

as he got the fruit or the scalp he wanted. How could he when twopence wasn't yet invented? His mamma never said to him in early youth, "Why-why" or "Tom-tom," as the case might be, "that's the wrong hand to hold your flint scraper in." He grew up to man's estate in happy ignorance of such minute and invidious distinctions between his anterior extremities. Enough for him that his hands could grasp the forest boughs or chip the stone into shapely arrows; and he never even thought in his innocent soul which particular hand he did it with.

How can I make this confident assertion, you ask, about a gentleman whom I never personally saw, and whose habits the intervention of five hundred centuries have precluded me from studying at close quarters? At first sight, you would suppose the evidence on such a point must be purely negative. The reconstructive historian must surely be inventing *à priori* facts, evolved, *more Germanico*, from his inner consciousness. Not so. See how clever modern archæology has become! I base my assertion upon solid evidence. I know that Primitive Man was ambidextrous, because he wrote and painted just as often with his left as with his right, and just as successfully.

This seems once more a hazardous statement to make about a remote ancestor, in the age before the great glacial epoch had furrowed the mountains of Northern Europe; but, nevertheless, it

is strictly true and strictly demonstrable. Just try, as you read, to draw with the forefinger and thumb of your right hand an imaginary human profile on the page on which these words are printed. Do you observe that (unless you are an artist, and therefore sophisticated) you naturally and instinctively draw it with the face turned toward your left shoulder? Try now to draw it with the profile to the right, and you will find it requires a far greater effort of the thumb and fingers. The hand moves of its own accord from without inward, not from within outward. Then, again, draw with your left thumb and forefinger another imaginary profile, and you will find, for the same reason, that the face in this case looks rightward. Existing savages, and our own young children, whenever they draw a figure in profile, be it of man or beast, with their right hand, draw it almost always with the face or head turned to the left, in accordance with this natural human instinct. Their doing so is a test of their perfect right-handedness.

But Primitive Man, or at any rate the most primitive men we know personally, the carvers of the figures from the French bone-caves, drew men and beasts, on bone or mammoth tusk, turned either way indiscriminately. The inference is obvious. They must have been ambidextrous. Only ambidextrous people draw so at the present day; and indeed, to scrape a figure otherwise with a sharp flint on a piece of bone or tooth or mammoth-tusk would, even for a practised hand, be comparatively difficult.

I have begun my consideration of rights and left with this one very clear historical datum, because it is interesting to be able to say with tolerable certainty that there really was a period in our life as a species when man in the lump was ambidextrous. Why and how did he become otherwise? This question is not only of importance in itself, as helping to explain the origin and source of man's supremacy in nature—his tool-using faculty—but it is also of interest from the light it casts on that fallacy of poor Charles Reade's already alluded to—that we ought all of us in this respect to hark back to the condition of savages. I think when we have

seen the reasons which make civilized man now right-handed, we shall also see why it would be highly undesirable for him now to return, after so many ages of practice, to the condition of his undeveloped stone-age ancestors.

The very beginning of our modern right-handedness goes back, indeed, to the most primitive savagery. Why did one hand ever come to be different in use and function from another? The answer is, because man, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, is really one sided. Externally, indeed, his congenital one-sidedness doesn't show: but it shows internally. We all of us know, in spite of Sganarelle's assertion to the contrary, that the apex of the heart inclines to the left side, and that the liver and other internal organs show a generous disregard for strict and formal symmetry. In this irregular distribution of those human organs which polite society agrees to ignore, we get the clew to the irregularity of right and left in the human arm, and finally even the particular direction of the printed letters now before you.

For primitive man did not belong to polite society. His manners were strikingly deficient in that repose which stamps the caste of *Vere de Vere*. When primitive man felt the tender passion steal over his soul, he lay in wait in the bush for the Phyllis or Daphne whose charms had inspired his heart with young desire; and when she passed his hiding-place, in maiden meditation, fancy free, he felled her with a club, caught her tight by the hair of her head, and dragged her off in triumph to his cave or his rock-shelter. (Marriage by capture, the learned call this simple mode of primeval courtship.) When he found some Strephon or Damocetas rival him in the affections of the dusky sex, he and that rival fought the matter out like two bulls in a field; and the victor and his Phyllis supped that evening off the roasted remains of the vanquished suitor. I don't say these habits and manners were pretty; but they were the custom of the time, and there's no good denying them.

Now, Primitive Man, being thus by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his great canine teeth, his nails, and his fists; till in

process of time he added to these early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillelagh. He also fought, as Darwin has very conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and species. And if you fight, you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence. To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant, that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a very strong man. Hence, from a very early period, men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offence and defence supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defence the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the matter of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way, at last, for its supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword, or knife made the nerves and muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left. The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the very word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and in all the other manifold activities of savage life. It was the hand with which he grasped his weapon; it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. To the very end, however, the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife;" and that is exactly how our own children to this day decide the question which is which,

when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

A difference like this, once set up, implies thereafter innumerable other differences which naturally flow from it. Some of them are extremely remote and derivative. Take, for example, the case of writing and printing. Why do these run from left to right? At first sight such a practice seems clearly contrary to the instinctive tendency I noticed above—the tendency to draw from right to left, in accordance with the natural sweep of the hand and arm. And, indeed, it is a fact that all early writing habitually took the opposite direction from that which is now universal in western countries. Every schoolboy knows, for instance (or at least he would if he came up to the proper Macaulay standard), that Hebrew is written from right to left, and that each book begins at the wrong cover. The reason is that words, and letters, and hieroglyphics were originally carved, scratched, or incised, instead of being written with colored ink, and the hand was thus allowed to follow its natural bent, and to proceed, as we all do in naïve drawing, with a free curve from the right leftward.

Nevertheless, the very same fact—that we use the right hand alone in writing—made the letters run the opposite way in the end; and the change was due to the use of ink and other pigments for staining papyrus, parchment, or paper. If the hand in this case moved from right to left it would of course smear what it had already written; and to prevent such untidy smudging of the words, the order of writing was reversed from left rightward. The use of wax tablets also, no doubt, helped forward the revolution, for in this case, too, the hand would cover and rub out the words written.

The strict dependence of writing, indeed, upon the material employed is nowhere better shown than in the case of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions. The ordinary substitute for cream-laid note in the Euphrates valley in its palmy days was a clay or terra cotta tablet, on which the words to be recorded—usually a deed of sale or something of the sort—were impressed while

it was wet and then baked in, solid. And the method of impressing them was very simple; the workman merely pressed the end of his graver or wedge into the moist clay, thus giving rise to triangular marks which were arranged in the shapes of various letters. When alabaster, or any other hard material, was substituted for clay, the sculptor imitated these natural dabs or triangular imprints; and that was the origin of those mysterious and very learned-looking cuneiforms. This, I admit, is a palpable digression; but inasmuch as it throws an indirect light on the simple reasons which sometimes bring about great results, I hold it not wholly alien to the present serious philosophical inquiry.

Printing, in turn, necessarily follows the rule of writing, so that in fact the order of letters and words on this page depends ultimately upon the remote fact that primitive man had to use his right hand to deliver a blow, and his left to parry, or to guard his heart.

Some curious and hardly noticeable results flow once more from this order of writing from left to right. You will find, if you watch yourself closely, that in examining a landscape, or the view from a hill-top, your eye naturally ranges from left to right; and that you begin your survey, as you would begin reading a page of print, from the left-hand corner. Apparently, the now almost instinctive act of reading (for Dogberry was right after all, for the civilized infant) has accustomed our eyes to this particular movement, and has made it especially natural when we are trying to "read" or take in at a glance the meaning of any complex and varied total.

In the matter of pictures, I notice, the correlation has even gone a step farther. Not only do we usually take in the episodes of a painting from left to right, but the painter definitely and deliberately intends us so to take them in. For wherever two or three distinct episodes in succession are represented on a single plane in the same picture—as happens often in early art—they are invariably represented in the precise order of the words on a written or printed page, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, and ending at the

lower right-hand angle. I first noticed this curious extension of the common principle in the mediæval frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa; and I have since verified it by observations on many other pictures elsewhere, both ancient and modern. The Campo Santo, however, forms an exceptionally good museum of such story-telling frescoes by various painters, as almost every picture consists of several successive episodes. The famous Benozzo Gozzoli, for example, of Noah's Vineyard represents on a single plane all the stages in that earliest drama of intoxication, from the first act of gathering the grapes on the top left to the scandalized lady, the *vergognosa di Pisa*, who covers her face with her hands in shocked horror at the patriarch's disgrace in the lower right-hand corner.

Observe, too, that the very conditions of *technique* demand this order almost as rigorously in painting as in writing. For the painter will naturally so work as not to smudge over what he has already painted; and he will also naturally begin with the earliest episode in the story he unfolds, proceeding to the others in due succession. From which two principles it necessarily results that he will begin at the upper left, and end at the lower right-hand corner.

I have skipped lightly, I admit, over a considerable interval between primitive man and Benozzo Gozzoli. But consider further that during all that time the uses of the right and left hand were becoming by gradual degrees each day still further differentiated and specialized. Innumerable trades, occupations, and habits imply ever-widening differences in the way we use them. It is not the right hand alone that has undergone an education in this respect: the left, too, though subordinate, has still its own special functions to perform. If the savage chips his flints with a blow of the right, he holds the core, or main mass of stone from which he strikes it, firmly with his left. If one hand is specially devoted to the knife, the other grasps the fork to make up for it. In almost every act we do with both hands, each has a separate office to which it is best fitted. Take, for example, so simple a matter as buttoning one's coat, where a curious distinction between the

habits of the sexes enables us to test the principle with ease and certainty. Men's clothes are always made with the buttons on the right side and the button-holes on the left. Women's, on the contrary, are always made with the buttons on the left side, and the button-holes on the right. (The occult reason for this curious distinction, which has long engaged the attention of philosophers, has never yet been discovered, but it is probably to be accounted for by the perversity of women.) Well, if a man tries to put on a woman's waterproof, or a woman to put on a man's ulster, each will find that neither hand is readily able to perform the part of the other. A man, in buttoning, grasps the button in his right hand, pushes it through with his right thumb, holds the buttonhole open with his left, and pulls all straight with his right forefinger. Reverse the sides, and both hands at once seem equally helpless.

It is curious to note how many little peculiarities of dress or manufacture are equally necessitated by this prime distinction of right and left. Here are a very few of them, which the reader can indefinitely increase for himself. (I leave out of consideration obvious cases like boots and gloves : to insult that proverbially intelligent person's intelligence with those were surely unpardonable.) A scarf habitually tied in a sailor's knot acquires one long side, left, and one short one, right, from the way it is manipulated by the right hand ; if it were tied by the left, the relations would be reversed. The spiral of corkscrews and of ordinary screws turned by hand goes in accordance with the natural twist of the right hand : try to drive in an imaginary corkscrew with the right hand, the opposite way, and you will see how utterly awkward and clumsy is the motion. The strap of the flap that covers the keyhole in trunks and portmanteaus always has its fixed side over to the right, and its buckle to the left ; in this way only can it be conveniently buckled by a right-handed person. The hands of watches and the numbers of dial-faced barometers run from left to right ; this is a peculiarity dependent upon the left to right system of writing. A servant offers you dishes from the left side : you can't so readily help

yourself from the right, unless left-handed. Schopenhauer despaired of the German race, because it could never be taught like the English to keep to the right side of the pavement in walking. A sword is worn at the left hip : a handkerchief is carried in the right pocket, if at the side ; in the left, if in the coat-tails ; in either case for the right hand to get at it most easily. A watch-pocket is made in the left breast ; a pocket for railway tickets half-way down the right side. Try to reverse any one of these simple actions, and you will see at once that they are immediately implied in the very fact of our original right-handedness.

And herein, I think, we find the true answer to Charles Reade's mistaken notion of the advantages of ambidexterity. You couldn't make both hands do everything alike without a considerable loss of time, effort, efficiency, and convenience. Each hand learns to do its own work and to do it well ; if you made it do the other hand's into the bargain, it would have a great deal more to learn, and we should find it difficult even then to prevent specialization. We should have to make things deliberately different for the two hands—to have rights and lefts in everything, as we have them now in boots and gloves—or else one hand must inevitably gain the supremacy. Sword-handles, shears, surgical instruments, and hundreds of other things have to be made right-handed, while palettes and a few like subsidiary objects are adapted to the left ; in each case for a perfectly sufficient reason. You can't upset all this without causing confusion. More than that, the division of labor thus brought about is certainly a gain to those who possess it : for if it were not so, the ambidextrous races would have beaten the dextro-sinistrals in the struggle for existence ; whereas we know that the exact opposite has been the case. Man's special use of the right hand is one of his points of superiority to the brutes. If ever his right hand should forget its cunning, his supremacy would indeed begin to totter. Depend upon it, Nature is wiser than even Charles Reade. What she finds most useful in the long run must certainly have many good points to recommend it.

And this last consideration suggests another aspect of right and left which must not be passed over without one word in this brief survey of the philosophy of the subject. The superiority of the right caused it early to be regarded at the fortunate, lucky, and trusty hand ; the inferiority of the left caused it equally to be considered as ill-omened, unlucky, and, in one expressive word, sinister. Hence come innumerable phrases and superstitions. It is the right hand of friendship that we always grasp ; it is with our own right hand that we vindicate our honor against sinister suspicions. On the other hand, it is "over the left" that we believe a doubtful or incredible statement ; a left-handed compliment or a left-handed marriage carry their own condemnation with them. On the right hand of the host is the seat of honor ; it is to the left that the goats of ecclesiastical controversy are invariably relegated. The very notions of the right hand and ethical right have got mixed up inextricably in every language : *droit* and *la droite* display it in French as much as right and the right in English. But to be *gauche* is merely to be awkward and clumsy ; while to be right is something far higher and more important.

So unlucky, indeed, does the left hand at last become that merely to mention it is an evil omen ; and so the Greeks refused to use the true old Greek word for left at all, and preferred euphemistically to describe it as *euonymous*, the well-named or happy-omened. Our own *left* seems equally to mean the hand that is left after the right has been mentioned, or, in short, the other one. Many things which are lucky if seen on the right are fateful omens if seen to leftward. On the other hand, if you

spill the salt, you propitiate destiny by tossing a pinch of it over the left shoulder. A murderer's left hand is said by good authorities to be an excellent thing to do magic with ; but here I cannot speak from personal experience. Nor do I know why the wedding-ring is worn on the left hand ; though it is significant, at any rate, that the mark of slavery should be put by the man with his own right upon the inferior member of the weaker vessel. Strong-minded ladies may get up an agitation if they like to alter this gross injustice of the centuries.

One curious minor application of rights and lefts is the rule of the road as it exists in England. How it arose I can't say, any more than I can say why a lady sits her side-saddle to the left. Coachmen, to be sure, are quite unanimous that the leftward route enables them to see how close they are passing to another carriage ; but, as all continental authority is equally convinced the other way, I make no doubt this is a mere illusion of long-continued custom. It is curious, however, that the English usage, having once obtained in these islands, has influenced railways, not only in Britain, but over all Europe. Trains, like carriages, go to the left when they pass ; and this habit, quite natural in England, was transplanted by the early engineers to the Continent, where ordinary carriages, of course, go to the right. In America, to be sure, the trains also go right like the carriages ; but then, those Americans have such a curiously unEnglish way of being strictly consistent and logical in their doings. In Britain we should have compromised the matter by going sometimes one way and sometimes the other. —*Cornhill Magazine*.

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

BEFORE me, on my table here in Florence, lies a paper or prospectus of a certain London association, curiously styling itself (I know not why) the Liberty and Property Defence League, which enumerates as one of its chief ob-

jects, among others not now immediately interesting, "the advocacy of Individualism as opposed to Socialism, irrespective of party politics." This prospectus, with its cheering promise, was sent me by some kind correspondent

somewhere (who omitted to prepay it), presumably because he had heard me described by somebody else as an Individualist (which is quite true), and because he thereupon jumped at once to the illogical and practically erroneous conclusion that I must therefore be necessarily opposed to what calls itself Socialism (which is of course a profound mistake). And as this mistake appears to be widely spread throughout Great Britain at the present moment, where fine old crusted Toryism, tricked out as Individualism, in the borrowed feathers of Liberty and Property Defence Leagues, is prowling about the country generally, seeking what good but weak-kneed Liberals it may devour unawares, it may, perhaps, be worth while to discuss briefly the supposed opposition between Individualist and Socialist, and to show that on closer examination it melts away for all practical purposes into a phantom of language.

I will begin by plunging at once *in medias res* with the fundamental principle which Liberty and Property Defence Leagues and all their kind so studiously avoid recognizing in any way: the principle that Individualism, in any true sense of the word, is only possible where all start fair, without any artificial handicapping whatsoever. A Liberty and Property Defence League which sets out with the indefensible principle that one man may own apothecary as his private chattel, or may hold an inalienable lien over some portion of another man's time or labor, or the product of his labor, or may monopolize more than his own fair share of the common stock of raw material, or (what comes to the same thing) of the earth's surface—is not Individualist at all, but simply rapacious, predatory, and lawless. Before you can defend liberty or property, you must be sure that the liberty *is* Liberty and that the property *is* Property; and this is just what these so-called Individualists, masquerading in other men's philosophical principles, borrowed with reservations from Mill and Spencer, wholly fail to do.

Let me illustrate my case by a short and palpably exaggerative parable. Once upon a time, in a certain island kingdom of the planet Mars, a number of prominent citizens, of Conservative

tastes, shocked at the growing wave of Socialism, which was just then inundating the Martian world, determined to get up, on their own account, a Liberty and Property Defence League on the mundane pattern. So they invited to their deliberations a delegate from the parent body in London, who duly went over to assist the committee at their constitutive sittings. But to this English delegate's immense astonishment, it shortly appeared that the Liberty which the Martian society wished to defend was the immemorial liberty of the small hereditary red-haired caste to boil and eat a dozen each of the black-haired majority every year; while the Property whose interests they held so sacred was the immemorial right of each red-haired individual to levy a tax upon all ships passing through his own well-demarcated portion of the Martian seas, and to exact a toll of 90 per cent. upon all fish caught within its precincts. The London delegate, shocked at this discovery, pointed out with newly awakened warmth of sentiment that property, to be real, must be produced by the person who owns it, or must have been acquired by him from the original producer by free gift or fair barter; and that liberty meant the equal right of each individual to do as he liked, provided he did not in any way infringe the similar right of each other individual to do likewise. Upon which the Martian league, justly outraged by such revolutionary remarks, promptly expelled him as a Socialist, a Communist, and a public enemy.

Now, suppose we inquire how far the London League itself can lay any fair claim to be truly Individualist, and how far it shares in a minor degree these distorted ideas of the Martian society.

Individualism, I take it, is only logically and consistently possible if it starts with the postulate that all men must, to begin with, have free and equal access to the common gifts and energies of Nature—soil, water, air, sunshine; and to the common stock of raw material—stone, wood, coal, metal. Any other pretended basis for Individualism falls at once most feebly to the ground. For if your citizen has no other right but the right of being turned out loose upon the desert sands, or driven from the fields and farms into the ocean by persons

who have already monopolized all the soil, and allow him no resting place for the sole of his foot, then it practically involves slavery and murder, and every other conceivable social monstrosity. Freedom of contract (as we know too well, alas! in the case of Ireland) is a mere verbal quibble for the landless man. To him, it means but the insult that is piled above injury. He must take the terms the monopolists and land-tabooers choose to impose upon him: and those useless and idle people, by virtue of their taboo, can deprive him, legally, of all the fruits of his own labor, except the narrowest possible margin sufficient for a human family to support life upon. If this is Individualism, then the Individualists of the old stock will have nothing to do with it. They have not so read their *Mill on Liberty*, and their *Social Statics*. They will leave it gladly with a cheerful countenance to its new godfathers and protectors, the Tories.

True Individualism, however, as understood by all the Individualist Fathers, means something very different from this. It doesn't begin half-way down the subject: it goes straight at once to the root of the whole matter. An individualist is a man who recognizes without stint the full, free, and equal right of every citizen to the unimpeded use of all his energies, activities and faculties, provided only he does not thereby encroach upon the equal and correlative right of every other citizen. I add the last words in obedience to a time-honored usage of language: but, as a matter of logic, the former clause itself includes the latter: for "full, free, and equal right" implies already the limitation stated in the second part of the stereotyped sentence.

In the world into which the British subject—we cannot yet say the British citizen—is actually born, however, no such right or principle as this has anywhere reached any general practical acknowledgment. On the contrary, the young citizen finds himself from the outset turned loose upon a world where almost every natural energy, and almost every kind of raw material, has been already appropriated and monopolized beforehand by a small and unhappily compact class of squatters and tabooers.

Not one solitary square inch of English soil remains unclaimed on which he can legally lay his head, without paying tax and toll to somebody; in other words, without giving a part of his own labor, or the product of his labor, to one of the squatting and tabooing class, in exchange for their permission (which they can withhold if they choose) merely to go on existing upon the ground which was originally common to all alike, and has been unjustly seized upon (through what particular process matters little) by the ancestors or predecessors of the present monopolists. He cannot sleep without paying rent for the ground he sleeps on. He cannot labor without buying the raw material of his craft, directly or indirectly, from the lords of the soil, the encroachers on the native common rights of everybody. He cannot make anything of wood or stone: for the wood and the stone are already fully appropriated; he cannot eat of the fruits of the earth, for the earth itself, and all that grows upon it, is somebody else's. The very air, the water, and the sunlight are only his in the public highway: nay more, even there, for a single day alone. His one right, recognized by the law, is the right to walk along that highway till he reels with fatigue—for he must "keep moving:" and then he is liable, if he sleeps or faints in the open, to be brought up before the magistrates charged with the heinous crime and misdemeanor of being a vagabond, without visible means of support, who has paid no rent to the lords of the soil for a square yard of room on which to die comfortably.

The persons who uphold such an atrocious state of things as this are clearly not in any sense Individualists. The persons who thus (in the absurd and illogical language of our day) "own landed property"—a plain self-contradiction—are clearly aggressors upon the equal rights of others, impeding them in the free exercise of their energies and activities, and debarring them from their natural equal right of access to a fair share of the common stock of raw material. For such persons to describe themselves as Individualists, or to talk about the defence of Liberty and Property, is as absurd as for slave-holders to declaim about liberty or for brigands to

piate about their sacred right to the ransoms of their prisoners. It is perfectly clear that they do not know, or will not learn, what Liberty is. I shall try to show a little later on that they do not know, or will not learn, the true nature of Property either.

But, for the moment, let us confine ourselves to Liberty alone. It is obvious to any one with a grain of logic in his composition, that the state of things described above contains within it the root-element of slavery.

For slavery or serfdom is a state of society in which one man is compelled to give up the whole or a portion of his labor or its products to another person, not by free barter, but by brute force, and in return for no adequate or just remuneration. Now, in no state of slavery is it possible or conceivable that the slave or serf should be deprived of quite everything: he must retain, or have returned to him (the distinction is immaterial), at least as much of the product of his toil as will suffice on the average to support himself, and in most cases his women and children. (I say in most cases to cover the specially hideous instance where, either because war makes up the loss, or because "it's cheaper to buy than to breed," the slave is systematically worked to death by the owner or landlord.) And the habit of paying rent agrees with it in this—that each member of the community has to give up the whole or a larger or smaller portion of the product of his labor to another person (called a landlord), at least in return for the right to live upon a few square yards of soil, and often also for the right of access to the raw material or producing energies of the earth's surface. In the case of non-capitalist prædial labor, the citizen must practically pay everything but the narrowest possible life-supporting margin. What we commonly call an Irish landlord, for example, is a person tabooing for his own benefit a certain portion of the soil of Ireland, and exacting from every other person who lives upon it, in return for permission to use the soil, a fixed amount of the product of his or her labor. If the other persons won't submit to this unjust exaction, they are turned out upon the highway to starve, and are liable if they camp out even

there to be imprisoned in turn for having no settled place of residence.

A system based upon this fundamentally false idea that every man except a favored few must pay tax and toll for the right to live, is obviously one which encloses within itself the root-principle of slavery. Whenever a Liberty Defence League is started to oppose it, I for one, as a consistent Individualist, will be happy to give in my name to the committee.

Furthermore, any person who so taboos a portion of the soil (above his own fair share) is not an Individualist, because he is an encroacher upon the free activities of others. He impedes several of his fellow-citizens in their natural right of equal access to all the raw material and energies of Nature.

Again, as to Property. Property, as conceived by the Individualist, means the product of a man's own labor, exerted upon his fair share of the common stock of raw material. That common stock is not and cannot itself be Property: for nobody made it, and it belongs in equity to all of us equally. For instance, the county of Sutherland, or the river Thames, or the Bristol Channel, or Trafalgar Square, cannot be property: nor can a square mile of ocean, or the sunlight that falls on the 5th of August, or a mass of coals in the bowels of the earth, or the stratum of air for five miles above sea-level in the City of London. If any man lays a claim to any of these natural areas or energies as his by birth, inheritance, or purchase, he is clearly encroaching upon the common rights and liberties of us all. If, for example, he charges us a royalty for the privilege of extracting iron from his mine, or exacts rent from us for the privilege of building our chimneys into his stratum of air, or appropriates 70 per cent. of the fish caught in a certain space of ocean, or compels us to bolt our shutters and remain indoors on the 5th of August unless we consent to pay him ten pounds a head all round for the use of his sunlight, then he is obviously encroaching on our rights, and treating as Property by brute force what is not and cannot possibly ever be so.

True Property consists of the product of labor, and it can be owned only by

the producer himself, or by the person to whom the producer himself has freely given, bartered, or bequeathed it. To have stolen or plundered it gives no real title. And it must be the product of labor exerted upon the laborer's fair share of the common stock of raw material, and no more: if he has filched or unjustly appropriated the raw material, if he has taken more than his due proportion, if he has robbed another of the stuff from which he made it, his right in it is vitiated, and it is no longer Property in the Individualist sense of the term.

In the beginning of things, of course (to use a transparent but convenient fiction), no great difficulty was likely to arise about the question of this common stock of raw material. The hunter, for example, who deftly fashioned a flint hatchet out of a lump of shapeless stone, did not take largely enough from the general mass of raw flint then and there existing to make his draughts upon the common store worthy of notice. It was the labor expended upon the hatchet in the course of chipping, grinding, and polishing that gave it all its real value: and hence in this early stage, the question as to the right of access to raw material never assumed practical importance. From a very early time, accordingly, all sorts of encroachments were permitted by use and wont upon the common stock; at first unimportant, later, under the military organization, monopolist; until at last in our own time and in civilized countries, almost every form of raw material has been appropriated and tabooed by somebody somewhere. That evil legacy of the feudal system the European race carries with it everywhere. Soil, with its crop-raising and stock-feeding potentialities; moor, waste, bog, and woodland; tree, bush, shrub, and herbage; coal, iron, tin, and lead; nay, even in many cases, streams, rivers, water-power, and tides, have been converted by an evil use into what passes for Property by individuals; so that all members of the community at large are mulcted of a portion of their own real Property (I am not using the phrase in its topsy-turvy, etymologically indefensible legal sense) in order to pay for access in some form or other to the false or pretended Property of other

people in space, air, and raw material.

This, it can hardly be necessary to point out, constitutes a real aggression against Property, a partial admission of the principle of slavery—that nobody can even exist in England without paying rent, that is to say, without giving up to an irresponsible monopolist some portion of the product of his own labor, in order to purchase the bare right of existence, and the freedom to exercise his trade or calling.

Now, I am not a visionary or revolutionary land-nationalizer. I don't for a moment mean to deny that this question of land, raw material, natural energies, is complicated on every hand by many and serious practical difficulties. I don't for a moment mean to deny that money-purchase and investment of capital have introduced into the question all sorts of intricacies impossible of disentanglement. I don't for a moment mean to deny that it is mixed up with innumerable conflicting real rights—that in Westminster, for instance, it is hard to decide how much of the wealth now existing on the soil belongs by rights to the capitalists and builders; how much to the journeymen laborers and bricklayers; how much to the prime common stock of the community or to its joint earnings (the "unearned increment"), and how little, if any, to the so-called freeholder, the gentleman known as the Duke of Westminster. I don't for a moment mean to suggest that an immediate or even a gradual resumption of all this wealth, nay, a redistribution of its component parts between the true proprietors, individually or collectively, is practically possible or practicably desirable. You can't unravel great tangles of fact and justice offhand like that on abstract principles. But what I do mean to assert is that all this embroilment, this hopeless embroilment, has come about through the absence of the Individualist idea in politics: and that the main thing we Individualists have now to do is tentatively and gradually to bring about, as far as in us lies, such remedial measures (however slight) as may redress the grossest of these gross injustices, and may pave the way for putting us all back to some small extent on a platform where we can start fair in

the race for life, without finding our individuality encroached upon on every side by hampering monopolies.

And as Individualists don't like to see one man or set of men (say, for example, the Irish tenants) arbitrarily deprived of their own Property, the product of their labor, in order to provide for a set of idle people, who do and have done nothing on earth to serve them, I was glad when they said unto me, "We have got up a Liberty and Property Defence League," imagining as I did from the mere name of the Society that its object must be to defend Liberty from violent encroachment, and to safeguard Property against unjust aggression.

Conceive of my surprise, then, when at the head of the list of officers of the League, I saw the name—of Mr. Joseph Arch? of Mr. Herbert Spencer? of Mr. William Morris? of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace?—oh, dear no, none of these, I assure you, but of the Earl of Wemyss, in plain black and white Roman characters.

Now this gentleman who is called Earl of Wemyss, but whose real name, I am given to understand, ought to be Charteris, sits as a member of a body known as the House of Lords—a body, which far from admitting the equal right of every citizen to unimpeded use of his own activities, actually lays claim to an inherited privilege of making laws irresponsibly of its own mere motion for the whole community. The mere existence of such a claim, or the mere membership of such a body, in itself of course militates utterly against the central and most vital conceptions of the individualistic creed. But that is not all: this body has further, as a matter of common notoriety, placed itself often in opposition to the free exercise of their will by the citizens generally—for example, to take a big case, it has always endeavored to prevent the people from obtaining a vote, that is to say, an equal right of management in the common political affairs of the nation: and to take a small one, it has interposed, and continues to interpose, iniquitous barriers against the free union of such citizens as desire it with their deceased wives' sisters—an incredible piece of busybody meddlesomeness. To belong

to such a body at all is therefore *ipso facto* an obvious offence against the first rules of Individualism. It is equivalent to a constant and standing assault upon the free and equal liberties of others.

Furthermore, when I come to inquire, I learn in addition that this person, whose real name is Charteris, but who permits himself to be styled the Earl of Wemyss, owns or claims to own (say rather to taboo) some 62,000 acres, more or less, of British soil. (I don't guarantee the exact correctness of the figures given: I am writing in Italy, away from most British sources of information, and I take the statement at random from the first book of reference that comes to my hand: but a thousand acres or so, one way or the other, matter very little to the principle involved.) Now, I don't think it probable that the gentleman in question farms all that enormous acreage himself. In any case, he is encroaching on the equal rights of others; for if the soil of England were divided up fairly between us all, it is mathematically impossible that each man should get so much as 62,000 acres. Again, I learn from the same source that his rental is estimated at some £56,000 per annum. Now, that rental is so much money earned by others, or due to the prime producing value of the soil; and therefore in neither case really belonging to Lord Wemyss in any way. If he rack-rents (which I don't for a moment mean to suggest he does), part of it is really the property of the tenants: if he takes merely what is currently though absurdly known as "a fair rent," then all of it is the income of all of us together, as representing the annual dividend on the undivided common stock of raw material. Thus, in two important particulars, Lord Wemyss shows himself to be really on the side of confiscation and slavery, not on the side of property and freedom.

And now, *soyons sérieux*. Of course, we Individualists are not so narrow-minded as to object to Lord Wemyss and Lord Bramwell and all the rest of the Leaguers standing up, if they like, tooth and nail, together, for their preposterous privileges. Let them, by all means, get up a Confiscation and Aristocracy Defence League. But when they begin to masquerade in borrowed

feathers as Individualists, to trot about the country under other men's colors, the farce becomes absurd enough to demand exposure. The little doll they have dressed up to impose upon their admirers is not individualism at all, when you come to look close at it : it is Privilege tricked out under false pretences.

With the Socialists, on the other hand, I do not for a moment deny that the thorough-going Individualists of the old school—the logical Individualists who insist on basing their Individualism on a firm and solid bottom of principle—appear at first sight to have profound differences. In theory, I think, most Individualists are utterly opposed to much that the Socialists proclaim as their end and aim. We do not believe, for example—we of the old type—that one man ought to be taxed to pay for teaching another man's children. We do not believe that one man ought to be taxed to pay for another man's books, or beer, or preaching, or amusement. We do not believe that the State, that *deus ex machina* of current Socialistic writing and thinking, should take aught from any man for any purpose save for the most necessary public objects of defence against external or internal enemies. Our ideal is the ideal of a world in which everybody should start fair at the outset, and every boat should stand thereafter by its own accidents.

But in the practical world, the world that men live in, ideals are not easily realized. The Socialist ideal and the Individualist ideal are both little more than phantoms or imaginary goals, toward which, by vague and uncertain ways, we are each, as we think, manfully striving. What is common to us both is a strong sense of the injustice and wickedness of the existing system. What we both hate is inequality and wrong. What we both aim at is a more equitable distribution of the goods of life among those who do most to produce and defend them. While our abstract principles seem to differ in some places as wide as the poles, our practical judgment upon most moot points comes as a rule pretty close to identity. The great question, in short, for every one of us at the present crisis, is simply

this—Are we on God's side or are we on the Devil's? Are we for keeping up and obstinately defending these prime injustices, or are we for mitigating, modifying, and, if possible, abolishing them?

Moreover, the so-called Socialist is often found on strict examination to be a Socialist, after all, in name only. Feeling deeply the goad of these fundamental wrongs under which the proletariat at present smarts, he accepts at once the Socialistic solution as being the first and easiest then and there offered him. But when one presses him hard as to the separate clauses and items of his creed, one finds generally that what he lays stress upon is the injustice itself, not the supposed Socialistic cure ; and that in instinct and spirit he is Individualist at bottom. I do not, myself, believe that true Socialism has, or ever had, any large following among the people in England. I believe the solid, somewhat selfish English mind really runs in quite another groove, and looks upon the world in quite another fashion. And I am perfectly sure that if it came to the pinch, anything like true Socialistic measures would rouse the fiercest opposition and indignation of nine out of ten *soi-disant* Socialists.

But the question is not going to come to the pinch at all, either now or at any time. In spite of Lord Wemyss and his alarmist friends, we are not in the slightest danger in England to-day of a Socialist revolution. There is no hope of anything so satisfactory. In the real revolutions actually in progress, the so-called Socialists and the real Individualists can work in harness side by side most amicably. Do we want to allow the Irish people a voice in the management of their own affairs? Every Socialist is with us to a man. Do we want to make the harpies who monopolize so large a portion of the soil disgorge some small fraction of their unholy plunder for public purposes? Every Socialist will join us in that just struggle. Do we want to equalize all forms of religious thought before the eye of the law, to depose the overfed hierarchy of a particular creed from the official position it has so grossly abused, and to restore to the people in its entirety the ecclesiastical wealth now arrogated to itself by a

special faction? Every Socialist will rally with us gladly to that righteous crusade. In short, wherever there is a real abuse to be attacked, a monopoly to be assailed, a wrong to be righted, our cause and the Socialists' is one and the same. It is only when we come to imaginary reconstructive schemes for the remote future that we part company; and even then the difference between us is far slighter than most Socialists would themselves believe beforehand.

For reconstructive schemes—platforms—Utopias—are all of them more or less ideal and fanciful. When once we have got rid of certain grand fundamental injustices (which will take us a few hundred years more yet, at a modest computation), we and the Socialists may begin to quarrel between ourselves about the details and minutiae of our new commonwealth. But as long as we are both engaged in fighting a common foe—the monopolists and the privileged—we can afford to fight shoulder to shoulder. I quite admit that we old-fashioned Individualists are utterly opposed to board schools, to free libraries, to heavy municipal expenditure, to the taxation of some for the benefit of others. In principle, these things are all utterly unjustifiable. If we could only once start all fair, their injustice would at once be obvious to every taxpayer, Mr. Hyndman himself, I doubt not, included. But in practice they amount to little more than the rough justice of the unscientific Socialist: they mainly take from those who benefit too much by the common stock of raw material to give to those who benefit too little. It is of no use preaching abstract principles of political economy to starving souls who see that another is unjustly absorbing the lion's share of the wealth they themselves have created. What we have got to do meanwhile is to wink at, and if possible to minimize, these infractions of principle, while we strive with the aid of all our allies to break down the vastly greater evil of the monopolies which alone give to such infractions a rude semblance of popular justice. In proportion as we get rid of the real inequalities, so-called Socialists, I firmly believe, will themselves begin to resist any aggression on the part of the State upon their own individuality.

Seeing very well where the machine works wrong, they don't exactly know as yet how to right it. But as fast as each joint gets eased and reset, they will learn quickly enough how to prevent in future all needless tampering with it.

The fact is, nationalization of raw material, whenever it comes, or if ever it comes (say about the date of the Greek Kalends), will give the Socialist practically everything for which he is now so blindly fighting. (I prefer the somewhat cumbrous term "nationalization of raw material" to the more concise and customary "land-nationalization," because the latter phrase has a tendency to confine the view to the agricultural value of the soil only; whereas the word land really includes as well rock, coal, metal, water-ways, water-power, natural scenery, and the actual *emplacement* of all our cities, towns, and villages. And how great is the economic value of natural scenery alone one may recognize, not only if one looks at Torquay, Cannes, Aix-les-Bains and Carlsbad, but also if one remembers that a single squatter family at Niagara made a large fortune by admitting the public through a turnstile, at a dollar a head, to view the Falls, which its ancestors, I suppose, must originally have created.) Well, nationalization of this sort practically amounts to the realization in another form of the Socialist programme. Only, the Socialist fails to see just yet that this is the justest and most practicable method of attaining his aims. By-and-by, precisely in proportion as we arrive nearer and nearer the goal—as we remove every disability and smooth down every injustice—will the honest, hard-working, intelligent Socialist, the cream of the producers, begin to object to any State interference with his own fair earnings, for the benefit of the idle, the dissolute, or the incapable. In those days, it is not improbable, the incompetent and helpless descendants of do-nothing squatter or robber families will fare hardly at the hands of the quondam Socialist leaders.

But even nationalization of raw material itself is not at present a practical end: it is an ideal alone, a remote and perhaps unattainable ideal, toward which we can but slowly and tentatively ap-

proximate through hard fighting and by most gradual stages. If in the present generation we can only succeed in taxing ground-rents with an adequate tax, we shall have done our utmost in that direction. How foolish then, how quixotic, how pedantic, how provincial to separate ourselves, in working toward practical and realizable aims, from those who are otherwise our best allies, because forsooth we differ, or think we differ, on some abstract points, which may possibly come to have practical significance some time about the twenty-fifth century! "We are all Socialists now," says the finger-post politician; so much the better then, say all sensible Individualists among us. The slight encroachments made by taxation upon the earnings of the individual—earnings already vitiated from the very outset by the unequal distribution of raw material—are as nothing compared with the steps taken toward a more equitable division of natural goods. For the capitalist himself, that great bugbear of Socialism (with whom we as Individualists have no personal quarrel), hangs in the last resort to the skirts of the squatter monopolist: without the inequality of

wealth produced by monopoly, he would be rendered so insignificant as to be practically innocuous. If we could all be pure Individualists on an even basis at once, if we could get rid of all the artificial monopolies, the hereditary inequalities, the land-grabbing and coal-taxing, the ground-rents and tithes—then indeed we might have fair ground to complain of the slightest infringement of our personal liberty. But as long as all these greater evils and injustices remain unredressed, how absurd to make a noisy fuss about small contributions for the public good, which mainly fall upon the broad shoulders of those already too rich, through these very monopolies and unjust privileges! Individualism is only a tenable creed if it is thorough-going and consistent, if it bases itself upon first principles: to pretend to Individualism while upholding all the worst encroachments upon individuality in the shape of robbery from the common stock, with its consequent restriction of individual liberty to the right of starving in the public highway, is a sham and a delusion.—*Contemporary Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN AUTHOR'S LOVE. Letters written in answer to Prosper Mérimée's "Letters à une Inconnue." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Prosper Mérimée was one of the most characteristic men of his period—an epoch when France was peculiarly brilliant, and Paris was truly the literary Mecca of the world. There were men far more distinguished in letters, more successful and astute in diplomacy, more brilliant social lions. But Mérimée was all these and something more beside; what that something was everybody believed in and yet no one exactly knew. He was a mystery even to his most intimate friends, if such a man of reserves could be said to have intimates. Witty, cynical, constitutionally impassive, with the power of suggesting vast unknown depths and possibilities of character, he went through life creating impressions which he never fulfilled. Mérimée was supposed to have been the main agent in effecting Napoleon III.'s marriage; and the complacency with which he

encouraged the rumors of the secret family relation between himself and the Empress Eugénie, while indirectly denying it, was eminently characteristic of the man.

Prosper Mérimée wrote several brilliant and effective novels, but unquestionably the work by which he will live in the world of letters is the "Letters à une Inconnue," a work quite unique in its wit, brilliancy, and charm. More than one critic has ventured to doubt the genuineness of these letters as ever having been written to a real person, and considered the book as a literary *tour de force*. But the internal evidence is sufficiently strong that the letters were genuine to satisfy all reasonable doubt. Who the "unknown" was to whom these letters, which sound the whole gamut of sentiment and passion and range from the bitterest cynicism and satire to the most tender eroticism, were written has never been discovered, any more than the authorship of the Junius letters. Covering a period of many years, it may be said that the letters are the only revela-

tion of the real man which he ever made. This gives them their serious and permanent charm aside from their delightful wit and *esprit*, their caustic shrewdness of reflection, and their insight into that mad masquerade of people known as Parisian life. Merimée was never at home so much as in writing about France and Frenchmen, though his novels of Spanish and Corsican life are marked by a tragic power and elevation which set him apart from most of his contemporaries, at least in their indication of the author's literary tendencies and ideals.

The volume before us purports to be a collection of the answers of the unknown to her lover's letters. The preface is artfully designed to create the illusion of the genuineness of these answers, but we fancy that the reader of discrimination will not take long to make a decision antagonistic to this notion. It is not necessary, however, to suppose them genuine to make them enjoyable as literature. It goes without saying that the love of a man like Prosper Merimée, which united respect for the intellectual qualities of the beloved object, while glowing with devotion to her personal charms, must have been directed to a woman of splendid mental gifts. These supposed answers do not belie that assumption, as they are quite in the vein which we might fancy would characterize the "Inconnue." They are gay and melancholy by turn, full of womanly passion dashed with coquetry, now sparkling with the sprightliest wit, now charged with the most reckless tenderness, implying a relationship which should satisfy the most exacting of men. The author has caught the spirit of her work (for, of course, a woman must have been the writer) with a skill and sympathy which one cannot fail to admire. The letters are short, often fragmentary, but they are artistically true to the situation of the heroine, and match the Merimée letters so subtly as to show the most conscientious study and working out of the problem of the book. If the chain of probabilities, explaining the rationale of the theory that genuine letters could finally get themselves collected after a considerable lapse of time under the conditions involved, could be made reasonable, it would not be very difficult for many readers to trust the author's implication.

AN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Townsend MacCoun. New York: *Townsend MacCoun*.

This novel map will at once appeal to those

who have met with that difficulty which so often occurs in historical reading—the difficulty of clearly fixing in the mind the changes made by conquest, annexation, cession by treaty, or any of the causes which operate to change the limits of nations. The lack of such reliable guides and landmarks often makes historical study almost chaotic, unless in the case of one of exceptionally clear perceptions and tenacious memory. Though the history of the United States makes such an atlas less essential than would be a similar one of Europe, one has but to glance at this book to perceive how valuable it is. There are in it forty-eight maps illustrating the different changes in the United States since the days of the earliest discovery. The student perceives at a glance all the stages in the growth of the nation. The maps are accompanied by letter-press explanations, which make a lucid commentary on them. Such a book as this is an outline history in itself. We can most cordially commend it either for school or family purposes. It will certainly contribute largely to the ease with which the young student will grasp the facts in the history of his own country. We hope that Mr. MacCoun's success in the present instance will encourage him to follow it up with similar historical geographies of other countries.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

ICELAND, which has hitherto possessed five newspapers, has just started a sixth. The new venture is called *Lytur*, and is edited by the well-known poet and journalist Pastor Jochumsson. It is published at Akureyri. It is to represent liberal and independent ideas, and a new feature is to be a direct appeal to those Icelanders who have emigrated to America, and for whom, at present, the home press of Iceland provides no special points of interest. In politics *Lytur* will be sympathetic with the mother country, Denmark.

"FÜRST BISMARCK UND DIE LITTERATUR" is the title of a forthcoming monograph by a German man of letters, Dr. Adolf Kohut, who has undertaken the task of presenting the Chancellor in his capacity of writer, and of recording his relations to authors and journalists.

THE prolific writer F. A. Strubberg, who wrote, under the pseudonym of "Armand," a large number of American sketches and novels based on American life, has just died at the ancient town of Gelnhausen.

THE house at Mohrungen, in East Prussia, where Herder was born, is in danger of being demolished. Only a few thousand marks would be required for its purchase and restoration, and the *Ost-Preussische Zeitung* has recently issued an appeal for subscriptions toward the preservation of the relic.

REGULATIONS have recently been issued for encouraging the study of Russian by Indian covenanted civil servants. The regulations are much the same as those applicable to military officers. A certain number of civil servants will be allowed while on leave to attend the examination held by the Civil Service Commissioners, and if they pass satisfactorily will be permitted to reside in Russia for some eight months. If they qualify as interpreters at a final examination held by the Commissioners, they will receive a gratuity of £200 and their travelling expenses to and from Russia, and be permitted to count the residence in Russia as service.

A BUST of Dr. Priestley was recently unveiled in the Unitarian Chapel at Philadelphia. This chapel was in the last century attended by Priestley, also by John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and other eminent men. Dr. W. H. Furness, father of Dr. H. H. Furness, the Shakespearian editor, was for fifty years minister of the society.

THE "New Atlas" just published by Messrs. Longmans devotes special attention to ethnology. Not only are there maps of the world showing races and religions, and of Europe showing languages, but there are also two plates containing no less than thirty-six types of mankind, classified under stocks, which have been specially prepared for the work under the supervision of Professor A. H. Keane. Many will be surprised to learn, by ocular demonstration, of the wide spread of the negro stock outside Africa, and also that the Berbers and Somalis both belong to the Caucasian stock.

THE London *Athenaeum* congratulates Mr. Murray, the *doyen* of English publishers, on his having reached his eightieth birthday and preserving an intellect as keen and a heart as warm as in his youth, and a bodily vigor which would do credit to a man fifteen years his junior.

MISS LAWLESS is going to publish through Mr. Murray a volume of sketches, the title story of which will be "Plain Frances Mowbray."

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD has, it is said, made publishing arrangements for a new story, in which Queen Esther will prominently figure. To study local color for the new volume, Mr. Rider Haggard will shortly start for a tour in Asia Minor and Persia, visiting Persepolis, Shiraz, and probably Baghdad.

THE Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

To the sixth edition of "At the Sign of the Lyre" (just ready), which has been revised and enlarged in order to make it the exact counterpart of "Old-World Idylls," Mr. Austin Dobson has added supplementary eighteenth century title-pages, so that the volume and its predecessor can, if desired, be bound up as "Poems on Several Occasions," vols. i. and ii. "Old-World Idylls," which reached its eighth edition in 1888, bids fair, we learn, to enter speedily upon its ninth.

A CURIOUS experiment in literature has recently been made. This is a collection of letters purporting to be written in reply to Prosper Mérimée's well-known "Lettres à une Inconnue." Whether the "unpublished letters" will throw much light upon the identity of this mysterious correspondent, our readers must judge for themselves. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers, and the title of the book is "An Author's Love."

THOSE who have read the series of papers from the Congo, by an English engineer on one of the river steamers, which have recently been appearing in *Blackwood*, will be glad to know that the writer, who has returned to this country, has collected them into a volume, with numerous illustrations, which will be published shortly under the title "With Stanley's Rear-Guard: Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruwihimi." The name of the author will also be given.

THE next volume in the series of "English Men of Action" will be "Lord Lawrence," written by Sir Richard Temple, who—it may be remembered—was Lawrence's secretary in the Punjab, both before and after the outbreak of the Mutiny, and afterward foreign minister under his viceroyalty.

MESSRS. ELLIS & ELVEY, of London, are about to publish a small work on the copy which has lately come into their possession of the Spanish letter written by Christopher Columbus to Luis de Sant Angel, announcing the discovery of the New World. As this was

probably printed within a very short time of Columbus's return to Spain, it appears to be the earliest documentary notice of the New World now in existence.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, K.C.B., has undertaken a life of Sir Charles Napier. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan as an addition to the biographies already announced for the "Men of Action" series.

THE library of the late General Gordon has just been presented to the Southampton Free Library by Miss Gordon.

MISCELLANY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE FURNISHING.—An ingenious Frenchman has been discussing the "Philosophy of House Furnishing" in the *Débats*, and comes to some interesting conclusions. His fundamental position, with which no one will disagree, is that "the art of embellishing the human dwelling-place is in a state of anarchy resembling that of our literature, our philosophy, and everything else." We can talk of the style of Louis Quatorze or (less accurately) of the style of Queen Anne in furniture, but what the style of the nineteenth century is it would indeed be hard to say. There are, no doubt, the two great divisions of the average room and the æsthetic room (to translate the French into English equivalents), but the worst of it is that the latter is always tending to pass into the former. "The history of art may be summed up in this single formula—how the Distinguished becomes the Commonplace;" and of course there are any number of furniture dealers prepared to turn out "art" furniture by the cart load. The effort to have a room which is not like everybody else's is regarded by this authority as commendable but arduous, and he lays down the following general principles by which to attain success:—Principle 1: The dwelling must be like the dweller. Principle 2: The first duty of a man who wants ideal surroundings in his home is to understand not so much art as himself. Principle 3: Only interesting people have any right to such surroundings. Principle 4: In every house the chief room should correspond to the chief interest of the dweller. In an artist's home it should be the studio, in the case of a man of letters the study, and the dining-room (this is a characteristic French touch) in the case of a candidate to the French Academy. Principle 5: It is indispensable to buy one's furniture bit by

bit, and not all at once, just as it is by degrees that the mind is formed and developed. Principle 6: The important psychological moment is when a purchase is made; you must be guided by your taste only, by deep-lying affinities and a kind of need, but never by any idea of symmetry, nor by imitation, nor by vanity, *nor by the price* (this last is perhaps a counsel of perfection). Principle 7: Avoid presents as you would the plague. The general conclusion is that you can only arrive at a good result by "being a person," possessing an individuality of your own; and as our writer has further told us that that individuality must be "interesting," it is clear that his principles are not exactly of universal application.

THE AMERICAN POET.—Since Mr. Gosse, greatly daring, asked whether there has been a great American Poet, many literary citizens of the United States have given the matter their attention. The *Critic*, a literary journal, asked their opinions. Though it has nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand, purists may ask the *Critic* not to speak of "Mother Goose Redivivus." About the gender of *Notre Mère l'Oye* there has never been any doubt, and even the most elementary acquaintance with the Latin grammar pleads for "Mother Goose Rediviva," if "revived" is too simple an expression. But this is a digression. On the whole, the critics appealed to do not seem certain that among the poets dead and gone of the United States any one deserves to be placed with Mr. Gosse's thirteen. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says, with great common sense, that "the question seems to be idle speculation," and so it is, like arguments about the Origin of Language, and other metaphysical conundrums. But man may be defined as an Idly Speculative Animal; indeed idle speculation is perhaps what really distinguishes him from the practical creatures which do not idly speculate. Throwing themselves into the spirit of the game, the friends of the *Critic* answer, some of the ladies in sonnets, the rest, and the men, in prose. On the whole, they think that if America has an inheritor of unassailed renown in poetry, it is Mr. Emerson. But they show a laudable desire not to be emphatic on such a delicate matter. The original list included Pope and Gray, but excluded Scott and Collins, whom Mr. Swinburne, perhaps, will prefer to Gray. "Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward exclaims 'Longfellow, surely,'" and probably most English readers agree with Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward that Mr. Longfellow was

the first of American poets. Mr. Whittier (who *is* a poet at all events) disclaims all pretensions to be a critic, and "can only say that he should not rank Gray above Bryant, or Keats above Emerson." It is all a matter of taste, and perhaps one might as reasonably say that he does not rank beer above skittles. If Mr. Whittier finds that Mr. Emerson's verse gives him more pleasure than Mr. Keats's, we can only say that it is a sentiment like another; and that Mr. Whittier probably looks in poetry more to find what Mr. Emerson could give than what Mr. Keats could give. There is no Court of Appeal; we have only the general verdict of mankind, and even for that we must wait the judgment of generations which we shall never see. Beyond the diversion of the moment there is no value in these discussions. Not unnaturally Mr. Christopher P. Cranch finds the question "rather difficult." It is more, it is impossible. Miss Louise Imogen Ginney says that the conditions of American life "have not enough of old sun and shower in them to bring forth a lazy, gorgeous blossom, like Coleridge." They can already bring forth a gorgeous blossom, like the author of "Asmodeus," but who can call that blossom "lazy"? "The question seems to me altogether futile," says another critic, and he speaks wisely.—*Daily News*.

PRISON DISCIPLINE AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.—An American contemporary furnishes some interesting items concerning the system pursued at the Elmira Reformatory, in which the experiment has been in progress for some years of using prison confinement as an opportunity of conferring educational advantages on the inmates. The little book of some hundred pages which sets forth the results of the system is printed by the prisoners themselves. Only such convicts are sent to the institution as have never been in a State prison before. They are sentenced to an indefinite term subject to the discretion of the board of managers, but cannot be detained beyond the maximum period for which they might have been incarcerated under the law. For burglary, *e.g.*, a man may be kept in Elmira for ten years, but not longer; but if the superintendent believes that a prisoner, from his record, will lead an honest life on discharge, he may be allowed to go free at any time after one year. To obtain his release he must get a perfect record in three branches—for good conduct, zeal and efficiency as a workman, and proficiency and diligence as a scholar. In this latter field is found the distinguishing characteristics of the Elmira sys-

tem. It is, in fact, a school for convicts, and the results are surprising. On the average, it is said, sixty per cent of convicts released from other prisons find their way back, but thus far eighty per cent of the discharges from the Elmira Reformatory during the eight years the experiment has been continued are believed to be permanent reformations. Every improvement has been introduced not inconsistent with proper discipline, looking to the health and well being of convicts. The experience of those engaged in this humanitarian work is opposed to the view that intellectual development increases the capacity for wrongdoing. By enforced study the energies formerly employed in criminality seem diverted toward more praiseworthy pursuits. It is found, however, that even the so-called intelligent criminal appears mentally deficient as soon as he passes out of the groove in which he has been accustomed to exercise his cunning, so that it is no easy task to broaden his views of the aims and duties of life, and thus qualify himself for occupying a useful place in society. The experiment appears to us to be well worthy of consideration by social reformers, and by all who desire that penal inflictions should be made subservient to reformatory results in our criminal population.—*Lancel*.

THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.—There appear to be always certain persons who are desirous of promoting what can scarcely be called "dissension," but let us say "rivalry," between the War Office and the Admiralty as to the amount of the nation's cash placed at the disposal of the respective departments. No sooner is it known that an agitation, which is now the admitted and recognized way of bringing Ministers up to the scratch, is likely to result in greater expenditure upon the Fleet, than there are persons who think it right—possibly on the principle that there is nothing like leather—to urge that more money should also be spent on the Army. On the other hand, if it is the War Office which seems likely to have a chance of spending, then there are groans because the Admiralty is not equally dowered. Persons of this nature are now hard at work, and they find in the fortification scheme a text for their lucubrations, inspired or otherwise. Then, again, the knowledge that the country is alarmed, has been scared by the agitation into opening its purse-strings, brings to the front all the faddists in a row, and a large number of these well-meaning people have projects for defending the Empire by fortresses around its heart. Stirred up by

persons of these types and others, a belief has been growing among unthinking people that London can be and should be rendered secure from capture by a circle of permanent fortresses. We very much doubt if the military authorities have given much time or thought to such an absurd project, but that others have is certain, and last week a paragraph appeared in most of the daily papers which gave color to the rumor that Mr. Stanhope would shortly introduce a scheme in Parliament of this nature.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

THE SEA-GOING CURE.—The success of the sea-going cure, however, is not due so much to the mere fact that it brings these soothing influences to bear on the sea-goer, as that it gently constrains him to resign himself to them; that the overtaxed and excited brain accepts them not with feverish resistance but with mild submission. This is sometimes, but, I think, mistakenly, attributed to the mere mechanical exclusion of distracting influences from the outer world. Disconnection with the telegraph wire, estrangement from the penny post, and elimination from the area of the newspaper, are supposed to account in themselves for the placidity with which the patient submits to the regimen under which he is placed. So far from this they would probably aggravate his impatience if they stood alone. To bar out the postman and the telegraph boy, and to cut yourself off from newspapers are no very difficult things to do without going to sea; and many an over-worked man has tried the experiment before this, but with signal ill-success. It is at sea alone that he bears these privations—and they are as much privations to him in his morbidly excited state, as is the cutting off of his morning drink to the confirmed drunkard—without chafing at them. It is the visible infinite of the sea which subdues even the most restless of mortal men—that, and the monotony which necessarily belongs to the infinite, and which acts upon the finite being when he gets a deep enough draught of it like a true opiate. On land he only takes his monotony, as a rule, in small quantities, and under the extremely irritating condition of knowing that there are sure to be others near him who are escaping from it by distraction of some sort or other. At sea he feels that there is no one perhaps within a thousand miles of him who is not being bored by “the Immensities”—with which Carlyle pretended to be, though he was not really on such good terms—and the thought is inexpressibly soothing. With a sense of awe which he may perhaps

but imperfectly analyze, and which indeed he refers as often as not to the wrong cause, this human atom of consciousness floating on the ocean of the Unconscious Infinite gets some faint foretaste of the time when the One and the Changeless—metaphysics always seem to make a large expenditure of capital letters—shall succeed that agitating and exhausting flux of sensation that we call life. Even the most frivolous excitement-hunter who endeavors to snatch a fearful joy from deck-quoits, or *bézique* in a corner of the saloon, shows at last a solemnized perception that the monotony against which he fights is only a fancied enemy whom he must one day recognize as his truest friend; that this “immense ennui” of the world and nature is nothing other than the calm which broods eternally over that ocean-universe of impersonal existence into which every individual consciousness, despite the vain struggles of the body which is its jailer, is forever seeking to escape and be submerged. You do not perhaps suspect the *bézique*ist or the fanatic of deck-quoits of perceiving this, but unconsciously the perception is there. And it explains the reason why *bézique* and deck-quoits satisfy them; and that, for the rest, they accept the intense monotony of the voyager’s life with the philosophic composure of a fasting priest of Buddha, or an entranced Quietist of the Middle Ages.

GERMICIDES FOR CONSUMPTION.—It is satisfactory to know that to some extent two germicides for consumption have been discovered, the one gaseous and the other liquid. Salicylic acid, however, appears to be the more lastingly successful. Perhaps a better germicide may be yet found, yet the principle of the method of treatment is quite revolutionary. In consumption the blood contains living bacilli-tubercles; and this system introduces into the blood by injections the microbes of salicylic acid to kill the bacilli. When the bacilli are destroyed nature will have a chance of repairing the damage done. The war against this insidious, dire, and fatal disease has now commenced in earnest; the best medical authorities are at work to reinforce their germicidal agents, and thousands are interested in the result of the campaign. What a blessing to many would victory bring! How many who spend a living death would revive with fresh vigor! How many who now watch with feverish anxiety the flickering flame would leap with joy to know of a restorer! Suffering humanity wishes them God-speed in their noble work.—*Research*.

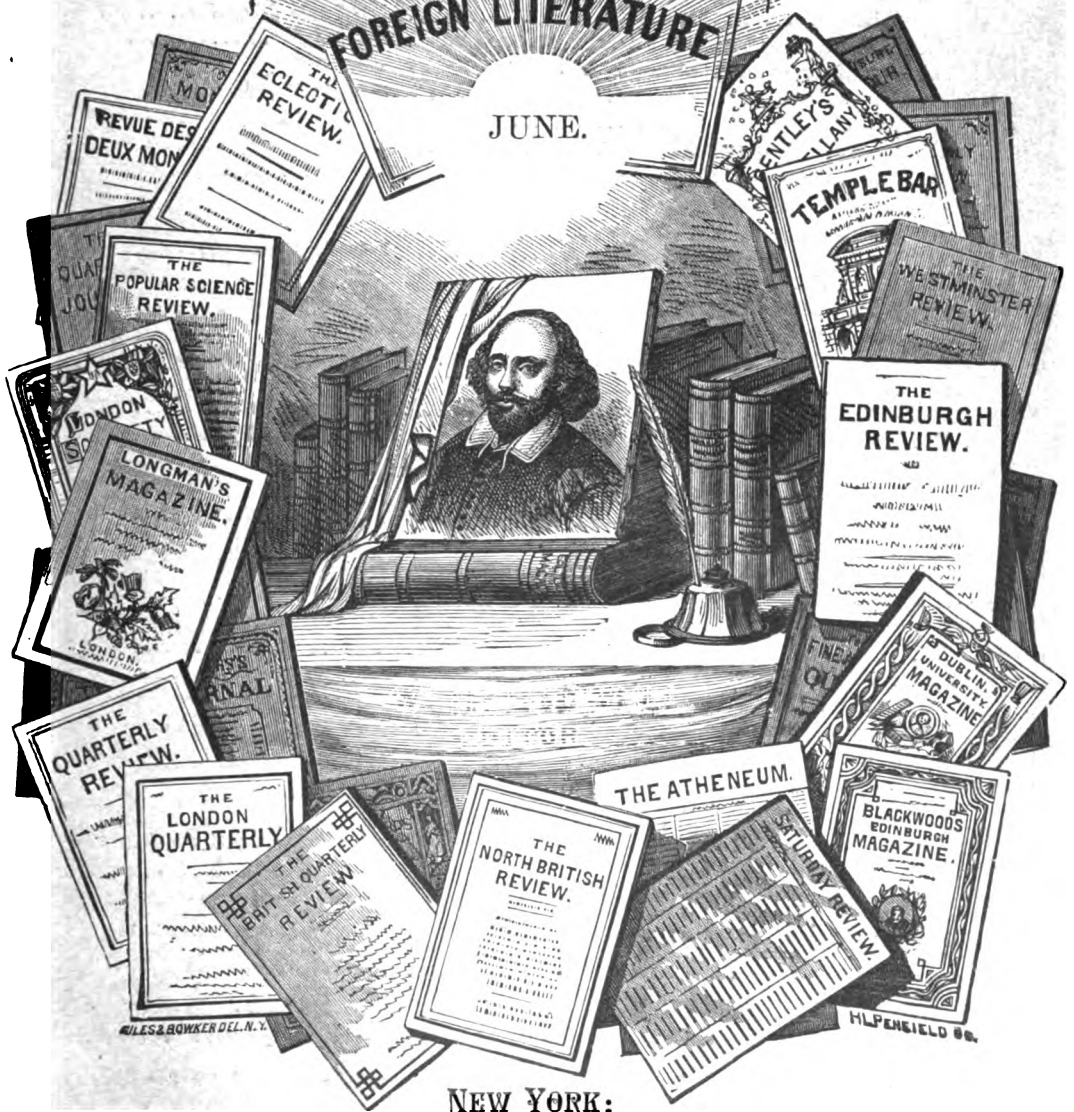


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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE ECLECTIC is sent to subscribers until it is ordered discontinued and all arrearages paid, according to the decisions of the Courts.

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PHOTOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY.—At the last meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, some enlargements by Mr. Isaac Roberts from photographs he has taken of the Dumb-bell Nebula and the Great Nebula in Andromeda were exhibited, and excited much attention, since they show new details of nebula structure which have hitherto not been seen by eye-observers, and have been too faint to be registered on previous photographs. The probable result of the study of these photographs was pointed out by Mr. Norman Lockyer, who said that, provided they were sustained by sufficient cometic enquiry, they would enable astronomers to determine, in a few years, the number of miles each meteorite of the swarm was distant from the surrounding ones.—*Photographic News.*

NATURAL GAS IN INDIANA.—Some idea of the vast importance of the natural gas interests of Indiana may be gained from a study of the report recently made by the State geologist. He has been collecting all the information he could possibly get concerning the subject, and from the results of his investigations we learn that the gas area of Indiana is 165 miles in length by 65 miles in width; altogether there are 381 paying wells in the district. The entire flow of gas is placed at 600,000,000 feet, of which, it is calculated, something like 1,000,000 feet go to waste. The average flow of gas from each well is stated as being about 150,000 feet. The report further mentions the fact that during the past two years seventy-nine manufactories have located in Indiana, simply and solely because of the fact that they could

obtain this fuel. Their combined capital is stated, in *Fire and Water*, as reaching \$4,500,000, and it is said that they will employ 5,800 men.

THE TRUE TEST.—All those who have reached middle age can look back upon scores of popular medicines which came into notice and were extensively used, but are now heard of no more. Time tests all things, and the purity and excellence of Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps are more famous for the twenty years' constant use and comparison with other special remedies. The very fact that it has steadily grown in popularity for a generation, shows that there must be good reason for the general favor it has received from all who have used it. Not like nearly all preparations having an alcoholic basis, the purity of the Schnapps leaves no dull stupor nor painful nervous reaction after use. The most delicate female can use Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps with a steady and gratifying improvement in general health. As a corrective to the effects of the change of drinking water, the preparation is invaluable to travellers and tourists, relieving them from the unpleasant effects of a transition from hard lime water to spring water, or mineral water. And also as a tonic and appetizer it is no less wonderful in its effects for good. Taken all in all, it deserves the unsolicited and hearty endorsement of the medical faculty which it has so freely received, and only needs a brief trial to convince the most skeptical that Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps is one of the greatest remedial agents of the present century.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAX FOUND IN LARGE QUANTITIES IN UTAH.—A carload of a peculiar mineral arrived in New York a few days ago. It was ozocerite, or mineral wax, and it came from Utah. Until recently this substance has not been known to exist in any quantity except in Moldavia and in Galicia, Austria. Three years ago, however, a deposit of the queer substance was discovered on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, about 114 miles east of Salt Lake City. The mine is known to cover at least 150 acres, and over 1,000 tons per year can now be produced.

Ozocerite resembles crude beeswax in appearance, and can be used for nearly all purposes for which wax is employed. It is now largely used in the manufacture of waxed paper. It enters into the composition of

several brands of shoe polish. Mixed with paraffine, it produces an excellent grade of candles. One of the largest fields for the new material is the insulation of electric wires. It is claimed that ozocerite is preferable to any substance previously employed for this purpose. As the mineral wax comes out of the ground in condition to be used without refining, unless it is required for some especial purpose, it is much cheaper than the product of the honey bee, and is evidently destined to be extensively used in the future.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Ethical Religion. By WM. M. SALTER. 12mo, cloth, 332 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

History of the People of Israel. By ERNEST RENAN. 8vo, cloth, 455 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$2.50.

Near to Happiness, from the French. By FRANK H. POTTER. 12mo, cloth, 261 pages. New York: Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

Constance and Calbot's Rival. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 12mo, cloth, 227 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

The Playtime Naturalist. By DR. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S. 12mo, cloth, 287 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Prompt Aid to the Injured. By ALVAH H. DOTY, M.D. 12mo, cloth, 224 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

The Way—The Nature and Means of Revelations. By JOHN F. WIER. 12mo, cloth, 431 pages. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.75.

The Story of Happinoland. By OLIVER BELL BUNCE. 12mo, paper, 188 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 25 cents.

Cooperative Savings and Loans. By SEYMOUR DEXTER. 12mo, cloth, 299 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Ladies' Gallery. A Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED. 12mo, cloth, 352 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

Marriage and Divorce in the United States. By D. CONVERS. 12mo, cloth, 266 pages. Phila: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

John Charaxes. A tale of Civil War in America. By PETER BOYLSTON. 12mo, cloth, 289 pages. Phila: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

A False Couple. 12mo, paper, 227 pages. New York: Exchange Publishing Co. Price, 50 cents.

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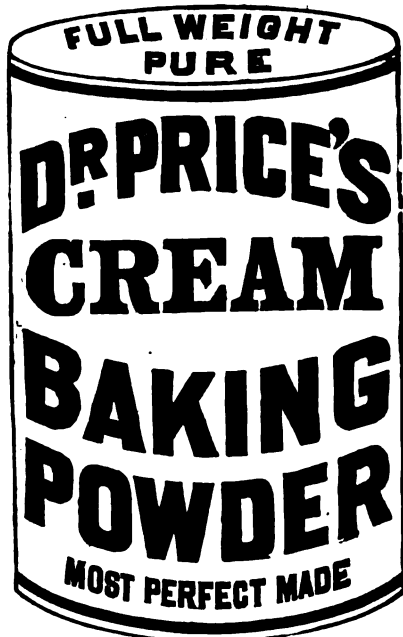
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